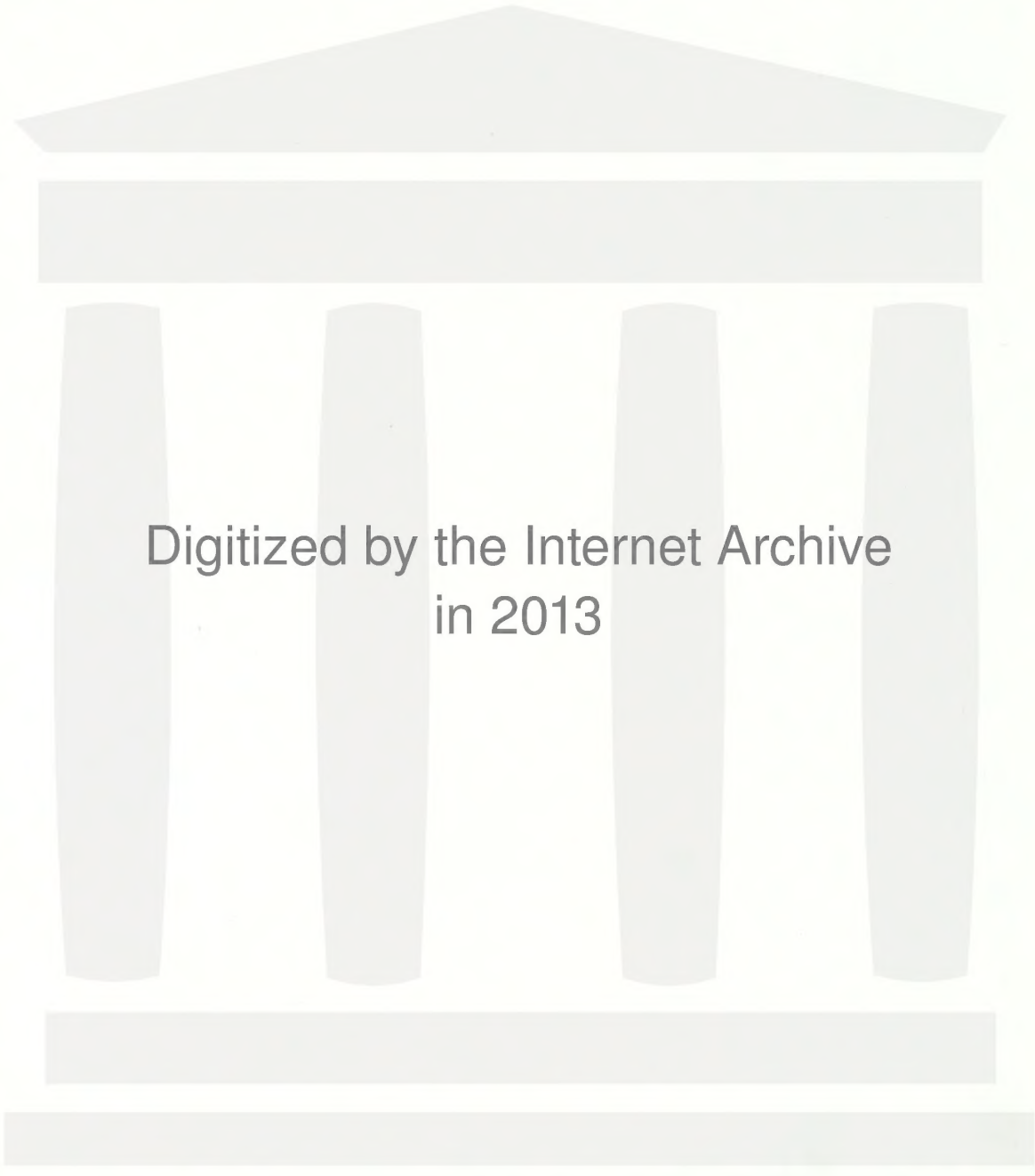

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

http://archive.org/details/harpersmagazine251alde

For Reference

Not to be taken from this room

324404

Every person who maliciously cuts, defaces, breaks or injures any book, map, chart, picture, engraving, statue, coin, model, apparatus, or other work of literature, art, mechanics or object of curiosity, deposited in any public library, gallery, museum or collection is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Penal Code of California, 1915, Section 623.

MASCULINITY

Wraparound presents 60 points of view

July 1975 $1.00

Harper's

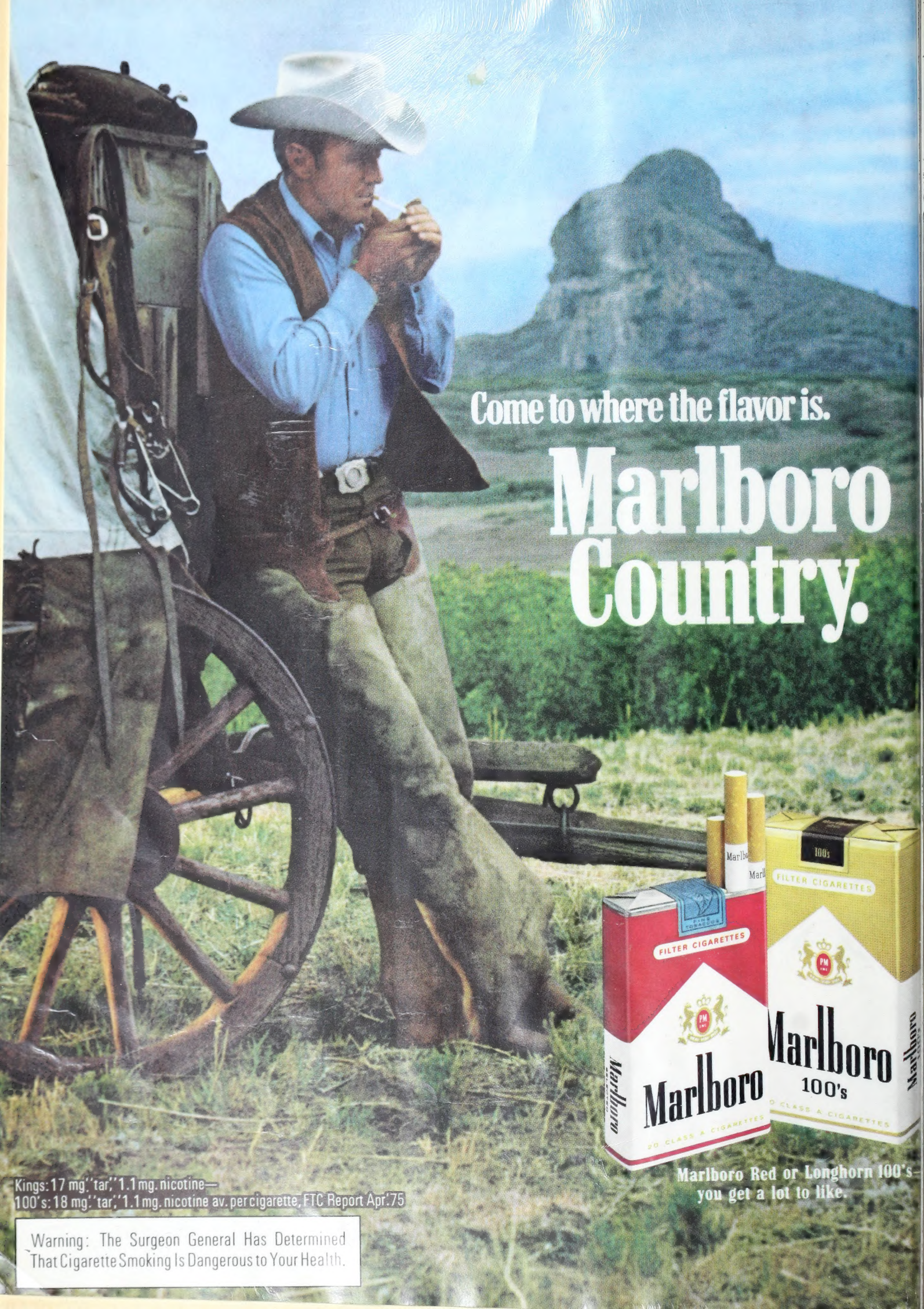
Magazine

BURLINGAME
JUL 5 1975
LIBRARY

LAST DAYS IN SAIGON

by Dennis Troute

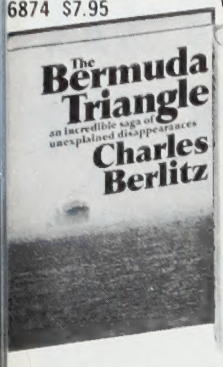
"Don't look in their eyes."


Come to where the flavor is.
Marlboro Country.
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
100's
Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's you get a lot to like.
Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine—
100's: 18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

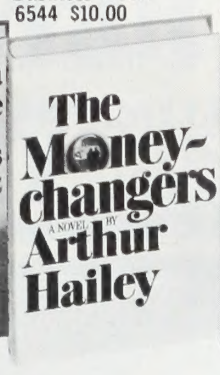
Read what the critics wrote:

324404

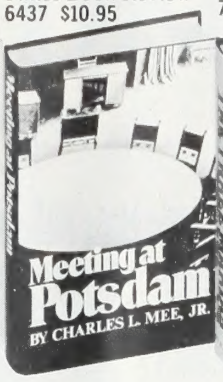
"Frankly, it's spellbinding."
The Kirkus Review
6874 $7.95



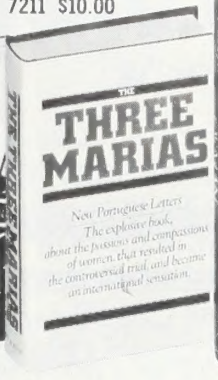
"Bestows the absolutely delicious sense of being on the inside."
Business Week
6544 $10.00



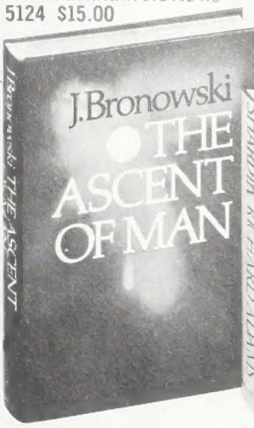
"A Masterpiece... vigorous analysis of global realities."
Times Book Review
6437 $10.00



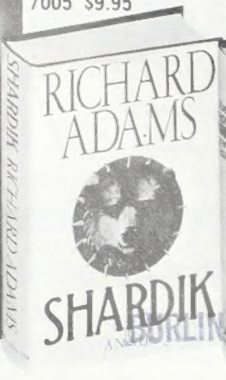
"A courageous book ...openly erotic... moving, poetic, impressive."
John Barkham Reviews
7211 $10.00



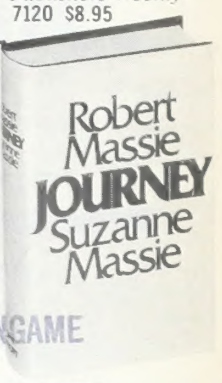
"Superb work of popularization... rich in insights... lavishly illustrated."
John Barkham Reviews
5124 $15.00



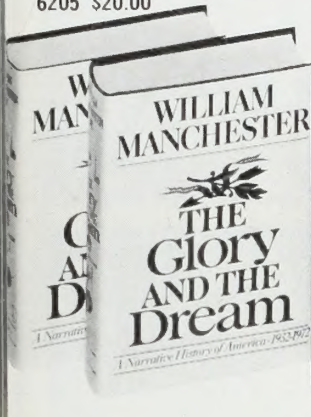
"Really something special, far from the peaceable rabbits of *Watership Down*."
Publishers Weekly
7005 $9.95



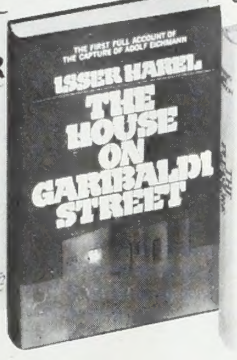
"A miracle of affirmation... a love story in the profoundest sense."
Publishers Weekly
7120 $8.95



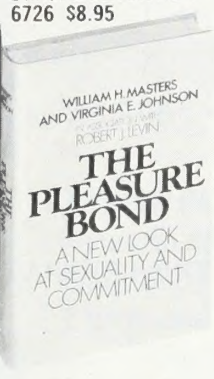
"A stunning performance."
Times Book Review
(2 vols. count as 1 choice)
6205 $20.00



"Eichmann's capture ...a grim thriller and an emotional chronicle of evil brought to justice."
Publishers Weekly
7286 $8.95



"Sounds a clarion of sanity in a sexual revolution."
Times Book Review
6726 $8.95



JUL 5 1975
LIBRARY

Here are 6 brand new best sellers to choose from:

6361 THE PROMISE OF JOY
Allen Drury
(Pub. ed. $10.00)

6932 THE STRAW MAN
Barbara Goldsmith
(Pub. ed. $7.95)

7229 ANOTHER PART OF THE WOOD
Kenneth Clark
(Pub. ed. $11.00)

6775 THE MASSACRE AT FALL CREEK
Jessamyn West
(Pub. ed. $8.95)

7070 WHEN I SAY NO, I FEEL GUILTY
Manuel J. Smith, Ph.D.
(Pub. ed. $8.95)

7237 WE ARE YOUR SONS Michael and Robert Meeropol
(Pub. ed. $10.00)

Here are 15 more critically acclaimed books:

0182 THE GREAT NOVELS OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY
The Sun Also Rises,
For Whom The Bell Tolls,
A Farewell to Arms.
3 vols. count as 1 choice.
(Pub. ed. $19.85)

2402 F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
Tender Is The Night,
The Last Tycoon,
The Great Gatsby,
This Side of Paradise.
4 vols. count as 1 choice.
(Pub. ed. $28.80)

5538 SOMETHING HAPPENED
Joseph Heller
(Pub. ed. $10.00)

5827 THE EBONY TOWER
John Fowles
(Pub. ed. $7.95)

5090 THE SEVEN-PER-CENT SOLUTION
Nicholas Meyer
(Pub. ed. $6.95)

6254 MONSIEUR
Lawrence Durrell
(Pub. ed. $8.95)

6981 NICE GUYS FINISH LAST
Leo Durocher
(Pub. ed. $9.95)

7054 THE FAMILY LEGAL ADVISOR
Alice K. Helm
L.L.B., J.D.
(Pub. ed. $9.95)

7260 THE ROMAGNOLIS TABLE
Margaret and G. Franco Romagnoli
(Pub. ed. $8.95)

7278 BACKGAMMON THE CRUELEST GAME
Barclay Cooke and Jon Bradshaw
(Pub. ed. $8.95)

1073 TREASURY OF KAHLIL GIBRAN
Kahlil Gibran
2 vols. count as 1 choice.
(Pub. ed. $15.90)

8490 THE RACE FOR ROME
Dan Kurzman
(Pub. ed. $10.00)

7088 NO SURRENDER: MY THIRTY YEAR WAR
Hiroo Onoda
(Pub. ed. $7.95)

7195 BELLEVUE
Don Gold
(Pub. ed. $10.00)

7252 THE WORLD FROM ROUGH STONES
Malcolm Macdonald
(Pub. ed. $8.95)

ny 4 best sellers for $1 when you join The Literary Guild.

e's how The Literary Guild works:

er your membership is accepted and you get your 4 books for $1, you y have to buy four more books during your membership. Then you can ncel anytime you want.

So, choose 4 books (or sets) now and send in the coupon. Pay $1—plus a harge for shipping and handling. If, after 10 days, you decide you don't want he books, send them back and we'll cancel your membership.

About every four weeks (14 times a year) you'll get the Literary Guild agazine. Free. Each issue will offer dozens of books covering a wide range subjects, all at up to 40% off.

ou want the main selection featured in the magazine, do nothing and it vill be shipped to you automatically. If you would like an alternate, or no at all, tell us so on the convenient form always provided and return it the date specified.

ate is designed to allow you at least 10 days for making your decision. not receive the form in time to respond in 10 days and receive an l selection, you may return it at our expense. There will be a small and handling charge on all books ordered.

uild offers its own complete, hardbound editions, sometimes altered fit special presses and save members even more.

OTE: First number listed beside each book is the order number. All prices quoted are for publishers' editions.

The Literary Guild

Dept. HR 078, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Please accept my application for membership in The Literary Guild. I have printed the order numbers of the 4 books or sets I want in the boxes at right and agree to the membership plan described in the ad. Bill me only $1 plus shipping and handling. I understand that I need buy only 4 more books, at regular low club prices, whenever I want them.

Mr.
Mrs. _____
Miss (Please Print)
Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only.
Canadian members will be serviced from Toronto.
Offer slightly different in Canada. 52-G211

Harper's

JULY 1975 FOUNDED IN 1850/VOL. 251, NO. 1502

WRAPAROUND 3 **In Search of Masculinity**

96 Tools for Living

98 Game

98 Classified

Walter Laqueur and Leopold Labedz 20 A QUESTION OF SURVIVAL
Some reasons for the weakness of American foreign policy

Saul Friedman 27 THE DISMAL RELIGION
In which the author suggests that many economists enjoy the benefits of a senior clergy

Timothy Ferris 38 THE UNIVERSE AS AN OCEAN OF THOUGHT
Are we outcasts on a lonely island?

Dennis Troute 45 LAST DAYS IN SAIGON
An account by a correspondent who reluctantly left Vietnam on the last helicopter

Joseph B. Treaster 61 PAPER ARMY
Why the ARVN fell apart without American support

Stoyan Christowe 66 BIRDS ON THE LEFT
An old man and a child see a vision above the Macedonian hills

Benjamin DeMott 71 HOT-AIR MEETING
A last hurrah of the participational ethos

BOOKS

Garry Wills 85 OPUS DEI WAS A VERY GOOD SHOW

Jack Richardson 87 A RATIONAL MAN

Harold Meyerson 90 THE SCREENWRITER'S LEVERAGE

VERSE

George Bower 19 Thoughts from behind a Sealed Window

Darryl Pinckney Destinies

Anne Sexton The Yellow Balloon

COMMENTARY

91 A SATIRE FOR THE UNEMPLOYED—AND FOR AYN RAND, by Allen B. Borden

92 ZERO HISTORIAN GROWTH, by David Sarasohn

LETTERS

14 On a CIA cover-up, the morality of hunting, nuclear holocaust contingency plans, and siren songs

Cover photograph by Pete Turner

EDITOR IN CHIEF: Robert Shnayerson; **MANAGING EDITOR:** Lewis H. Lapham; **ART DIRECTOR:** Sheila Berger; **SENIOR EDITOR:** Nelson W. Aldrich, Jr.; **COPY EDITOR:** Rhoda Koenig; **ASSOCIATE EDITOR:** John Fischer; **WASHINGTON EDITOR:** Taylor Branch; **WRAPAROUND EDITOR:** Michael Aron; **STAFF EDITORS:** Valerie Brooks, Lawrence S. Burns, Melanie Pulik; **EDITORIAL ADMINISTRATOR:** Angela Santoro; **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** Gwyneth Cravens, George Crile, Timothy Dickinson, Annie Dillard, Barry Farrell (West Coast), Jim Hougan, Russell Lynes, George Plimpton, Marion K. Sanders, Earl Shorris, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.; **CONTRIBUTING ARTIST:** Martim Avillez; **BOOKLETTER EDITOR:** Suzanne Mantell

PUBLISHER: Russell Barnard; **ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER:** Griff Ellison; **ASSISTANT PUBLISHER:** Ernest M. Walker, Jr.; **CONTROLLER:** Louis A. Isidora; **CIRCULATION MANAGER:** Elizabeth Jacobsen; **PRODUCTION MANAGER:** Louis Seeger; **REPRINTS/PERMISSIONS:** Lucy Mattimore

HARPER'S MAGAZINE PRESS **EDITOR:** Lawrence S. Freundlich

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine Company, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Cass Canfield, Honorary Chairman; Russell Barnard, President; Robert Shnayerson, Executive Vice-President; Lewis H. Lapham, Vice-President. Subscriptions $8.97 one year; $17.94 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan America: $1.50 per year additional. Harper's Magazine Company is a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. John Cowles, Jr., Chairman; Otto A. Silha, President; Norton Armour, Secretary; William R. Beattie, Treasurer.

For advertising information contact Harper-Atlantic Sales, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Other offices in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, and San Francisco. Copyright © 1975 by the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Company under license, and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row, Publishers, Incorporated.

Printed in the U.S.A. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

POSTMASTER: Please send Form 3579 to Harper's Magazine, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302.

Eastern's you-can-be-vacationing-in-Walt Disney World Sale.

324404

$227* INCLUDING REDUCED AIRFARE.



You-can-ride-an-elephant-and-bask-on-the-beach Sale.
Daytona Beach/Walt Disney World Vacation.
Only $227* to $278 including reduced airfare and hotel for 8 days and 7 nights. Children vacation for about half price.

You stay at one of 19 selected air-conditioned hotels in Daytona Beach. Round-trip transportation from the airport is provided. Play in the surf, bask on the beach and have a cocktail at a selected Daytona Beach night spot. For a terrific break from the beach, you get a day at Walt Disney World with admission to the Magic Kingdom and 8 attractions. Transportation to and from Walt Disney World is also provided. Two children under 12, sharing room with parents, only $102 each including airfare.

©



You-can-be-where-fantasies-come-alive Sale.
Orlando and Walt Disney World Vacation.
Only $234 to $287 including reduced airfare and hotel for 7 days and 6 nights. Children vacation for about half price.

You stay at any of 16 selected air-conditioned hotels only minutes from Walt Disney World. You get admission there for any 2 days of your vacation and Eastern's exclusive 18-ride ticket book, plus transportation to the Magic Kingdom. Your vacation also includes an official NASA guided tour of the Kennedy Space Center, a day's trip to Busch Gardens, plus admission to Sea World and Cypress Gardens and its famous Water-Ski Show. Transportation to and from your hotel to all these sights and attractions and within the Magic Kingdom is provided.

Two children under 12 sharing room with parents, only $133 each including airfare.

These vacation prices are based on Eastern's reduced coach excursion airfare of $129 round-trip Chicago to Daytona Beach and $134 round-trip Chicago to Orlando. To qualify for these airfares, you must buy your ticket 7 days in advance and return on or after the Monday of the following week. These airfares are effective until 12/18/75 except July 1-3, August 29-30, November 25, 26 and 30. Vacation prices are per person based on double occupancy in hotel and do not include local taxes, meals, gratuities or security charges. The above airfares are also available without ground arrangements. And require a 3 to 30 day stay.

You gotta believe! The people of Eastern are doing everything they can to make your vacation a great one.

You can charge your Walt Disney World Vacation on the American Express Card. Ask about extending your payments on the American Express Card "Sign & Travel"® plan.

Call Eastern at 467-2900 in Chicago. Or call the travel specialist, your travel agent.

©Walt Disney Productions

EASTERN THE WINGS OF MAN

"THE WINGS OF MAN" IS A REGISTERED SERVICE MARK OF EASTERN AIR LINES INC.

The Amateur Executor.

His hard work only caused hard feelings.



Administering a will through probate is no job for a novice. George found that out when he served as executor for a friend.

Inexperience caused him to make some costly errors. And now the family blames him. In spite of the personal sacrifice he made in time and effort.

It wasn't all wasted, though. George's experience—or lack of it—caused him to re-think his own will. And to revise it, naming The Northern Trust as executor.

His lawyer recommended us because of our objectivity, experience, administrative abilities, investment skills, and tax expertise.

But George was most impressed with our reputation for sensitivity in dealing with a family's needs when tact and good judgment are needed most.

Ask your lawyer about us. And for our free booklet "Choosing Your Executor," contact Ray E. Marchman, Jr., Vice President, The Northern Trust Company, 50 S. LaSalle St., Chicago 60690. (312) 346-5500.

The Northern Trust

Bring your future to us.

CHI 11/2

WRAPAROUND

In Search of Masculinity



Nature is a web of symbiotic petites, of rival species ineluc- bly dependent on one another food and survival. If one ecies "erupts," wiping out hers, it starves and perishes. nature, victory equals defeat. The trouble with humans is at we alone have taken vic- ry for granted. Blinded by r conquest of other creatures, think we're immune to na- re's penalties, a delusion that flates human egotism, excus- wars and ecological indiffer- ce, and poisons relations be- een the sexes.

As the chief culprits in this general human folly, men are the humans most vulnerable to a comeuppance, some jolting challenge to their insouciant power, and they may be fortunate that it's come first in the form of a militant feminist backlash. Dealing with angry women is good training for dealing with angry nature. But it's not easy: some women are demanding nothing less than a radically new definition of masculinity—and how many men can honestly say that they know even the old definition?

This issue of **WRAPAROUND** presupposes that no single answer suffices. To the extent that masculinity is a conditioned trait, it has been defined in different ways by different cultures in different times. The male animal's plumage alone has undergone bewildering changes. In their search for this elusive topic, our contributors offer multiple perspectives that will at least equip you to join the conversation, if not to speak as an authority on masculinity. Even so, the following pages have been edited with a naturalist's respect for the interdependence of all creatures, including men and women. We're against sexual enclavism, whether it's the superfeminist variety or the macho world of men without women. We're against a weakening of sexual roles, especially the fashionable trend toward hermaphroditism. We assume that true sexuality requires even stronger men and stronger women, joined in common effort and experience and completion. And ever the twain shall meet.

—Robert Shnayerson



TRAPAROUNDWRAPA

Statesman on Horseback

Yes, China was an important element in the mechanics of my success. And yet, that isn't the main point. The main point —well, why not? I'll tell you. What do I care after all? The main point stems from the fact that I've always acted alone. Americans admire that enormously. Americans admire the cowboy leading the caravan alone astride his horse, the cowboy entering a village or city alone on his horse. Without even a pistol, maybe, because he doesn't go in for shooting. He acts, that's all: aiming at the right spot at the right time. A Wild West tale, if you like. . . . This cowboy doesn't need courage. It's enough that he be alone, that he show others how he enters the village alone and does everything on his own. This romantic, surprising character suits me, because being alone has always been part of my style, or of my technique if you prefer. Independence, too. Yes, that's very important to me and in me. And, finally, conviction. I am always convinced of the necessity of whatever I'm doing. And people feel that, believe in it. And I attach great importance to being believed: when one persuades or conquers someone, one mustn't deceive them. **—Henry Kissinger**

The New Republic
December 16, 1972



Eduard Thony

"You're better off—your assets are visible at first glance. Unfortunately, I can't attach my checkbook to my bathing suit."

No man who feels secure in his masculinity spontaneously fears the competition of woman; he knows that her role in life is fundamentally different from his own. Only a man who has been in one way or another shorn of his male self-confidence can regard woman as a competitor. **—Karl Bednarik**

The Male in Crisis, 1970

Erect in Utopia

Men and women. How quaintly ring those words on the liberty bells of the revolution! Masculinity and femininity. What dubious battles are fought under those banners of bigotry! Testosterone: the hormone of aggression and dominance. How inequitable and discriminatory has been its distribution by the incumbent authorities! Height and muscle. How invidious the male preeminence! The future. How fair the vision of free personhood, androgynous humanity, reversible roles, single standards, contract cohabitations, proud gays, polymorphous and undiscriminatory access to all public orifices! How happy the omens of emasculinity!

It's all right, fellas. Get your hands out of your pockets. It's still there. But the future is in rationalized relationships, logical liaisons, plastics (electronically vibrated), not in your erratic passions, endocrinological fallacies, trumpets of an uncertain reveille. Yes, yes. I *see* those knockers. But they don't matter. Look at her as a whole human being, rather than vice versa, regard her as a potential bank executive, four-minute miler, company commander, bowling champion, telephone repairperson. Sure you can have another beer. . . .

Yes, deliver us, O Lord, from "sex role stereotypes." By all means. Let us all thrive as "human beings," flames of neutral spirit, transcendent of hormones and their ugly, meaningless discriminatory work. Let us be sexless agglomerations of egalitarian lumps and orifices. To be a "real man"—or a "true woman"—is to bow to sexism, walk a rut well below the airy reaches of personhood, showing a mind sweaty with social pressures, gripped by an oppressive past, role-ruled, fearful of freedom, shrinking from "sexuality" and its "exploration." By all means, let us don androgynous denim; let us turtleneck together at the faculty club; let us say nothing to prick the little soufflés of risen consciousness, the hors d'oeuvres of the revolution that we melt on our tongues while our eyes search out the female figures sufficiently stereotypical to excite our sexual interest. It will be later that we will discuss those fascinating articles in *Ms.* and in *Psychology Today*—which once and for all demonstrate the obsolescence of masculinity—with a lady from the sociology department who, as D. Keith Mano put it, is "temporarily between sexes, waiting for the best offer." It will be later that we will discuss the "end of the double standard" with Ms. Pussy Karate. Down, boys, that does not mean that she will ball you; it means that your Aunt Louise will ball her psychiatrist and sue him for damages. In general, feminists will relieve their "equally compulsive sexual drive" by the lingual orgasm, attained through the vibration of the tongue to ideological climax. That's right, she doesn't *need* you anymore. You're liberated. You don't have to provide for her, or protect her, or hold her coat, or be strong and aggressive (unless, of course, you want to sleep with her, not to mention marry her). But don't worry about that. The gay bar is down the block, and, of course, no one will mind if your sexual preferences, emancipated from outmoded stereotypes, the tyranny of the genital orgasm, lead you down to the docks to meet the sailors returning from their winter cruise in their cutely fitting bell bottoms.

Here we are in Utopia. Yes, it does rather resemble New Jersey. That is because it is a purely rhetorical redemption. Hypothetically, you are free to eschew masculinity, but not if you want to have a woman, or keep her, or father children, or avoid relegation to the fringes of life, where you can relish your newly ensured right to cry, while you watch from the distance as the nursery-school teacher, the man with his hair in a bun and the manicotti muscles, teaches your son how to play with dolls. **—George Gilder**

George Gilder is the author of Sexual Suicide *and* Naked Nomads (*Quadrangle*), *for which achievements he has been prevented from speaking at Yale and Dartmouth.*

"I believe that much of man's character will be foun betokened in his backbone. would rather feel your spin than your skull, whoever yo are. A thin joist of a spine neve yet upheld a full and noble sou I rejoice in my spine, as in th firm audacious staff of that fla which I fling half out to th world." —Herman Melvill

Moby Dick, 185

Genital Theology

I found out about the ne masculinity when I moved i with a militant feminist. Sh explained to me that treatin women either as unfeeling se objects or as delicate, angeli ideals would be equally despic able. We would relate to eac other as persons of equal huma dignity and worth. Obedientl I assumed her to be perfectl capable of seating herself restaurants. Since I do nc smoke, I stopped carryin matches to light her cigarette I quit rushing around my ca to open her door when w arrived at parties.

One day I ventured the sug gestion that my friend migh pay for her own theater ticke She called me a chauvinist pi and sent me to have my cor sciousness raised.

Consciousness is raised thes days in odd gatherings know as male rap groups. I attende a typical assembly and disco ered an old-time fundamenta ist revival simmering behin the facade of modern cultura dynamics.

First on the agenda was cor fession. The rap group congre gation admitted all sorts of ac of exploitation. They analyze motives. They speculated abo how personal failings exace bated the larger problem of cu tural bias.

This set the stage for th sermon—sociology, as befittin so secular a sect. A noted au thority spoke at length, situa ing the man-woman dilemma i its wider context: the repre

"In human beings there is n such thing as pure masculinit or pure femininity, either in th psychological or the biologica sense." —Sigmund Freu

Three Essays on the Theor of Sexuality, 192

DUNDOWRAPAROUND

e society, which makes re-essive relationships inevitable. A collection was taken.

After the formal presenta- n the religious fervor grew ore intense. Breasts were aten in contrition; heads lled drunkenly in piteous ap- als for absolution. At last the p group broke up, all hearts rified and brimming over th the joy of the Spirit.

When I returned home I und my lady waiting up. Good heavens!" she cried. What happened?"

"I got in a fistfight," I told r, climbing stiffly into bed.

"A fistfight," she repeated ornfully. "Defending your pre- ous masculinity, I suppose?"

"No," I announced proudly, eeping the faith."

—James David Harkness

rmerly a free-lance writer-editor d consultant to the president of ichigan State University, James avid Harkness is now working on M.F.A. in fiction writing at the iversity of Massachusetts.

"Women marry men without iving the serious chasm be- veen their essential natures a ought. They think that a man ants a home. Well, he does, in vague sort of way. Not so uch a home, however, as a ouse. He likes to be able to y where he lives when he goes vote, and things like that."

—James Thurber and E. B. White

Is Sex Necessary? 1929

A-STUDENTS

I have harbored for many ears the strong suspicion that oys who are real boys—mas- uline types—have a tougher ime in school than those who ook and act more like girls. I ave felt that the school makes issies out of many boys and eminizes many more by insist- ng that they act like girls. While t is true that school makes no mpression at all on many boys, t is also true that as the value f school diplomas inflates, as t has in recent years, boys will e more likely than ever to go ut for them and try to win onors in school. The more a oy gives in to what the school vants, the more feminized he will become.

—Patricia Sexton

The Feminized Male, 1969

The Rising Whimper of Doubt

In examining subjects that have been defined since ancient times, it may be useful to examine the implications of ancient definitions. *Human,* say the scholars, seems to mean "of the earth" (cf. *humus*), *man* seems to mean "thinking" (cf. *mind*). But *masculine,* although, curiously enough a diminutive, seems to have no external referents; maleness is maleness is maleness, and what can you analogize it to or derive it from?

But this ancient and apparently settled category, having burrowed outward into virtually every way we think of ourselves, regulate our conduct, and divide the burdens of living, seems in the disorder of a Marine division marching through a playground: the dignity, the good sense, the fitness and proportion of the whole enterprise are called into question.

It is surely no coincidence that the very generation showing such signs of confusion was the one in whose name was launched the great macho surges of the Sixties—variously manifesting the New Frontier, that Marlboro Country of the Salinger set, the "sexual revolution," or "revolution" *tout court.* One calls it a generation: it was, of course, at its most generous definition, half of one. Jacqueline Kennedy was not its token woman but its interior decorator. Feiffer drew a memorable sequence of its modal Lothario enthusiastically seducing a girl only to have his potency struck from him by the revelation that she was, as one said back then, "promiscuous" (was that word ever applied to a man?); and Stokely Carmichael observed, taking the logical point of view, before marrying a woman older, richer, and more famous than himself, that women indeed had a place in the Movement—on their backs.

In such crass bugling of apparent self-confidence one may detect the rising whimper of real doubt. It was never, of course, so simple: but Fitzgerald knew that from the assertive combination of power, abundance, and sexuality—"the orgiastic future"—we are borne eternally back. The so-called crisis of masculinity may be no more than a department of the agony of failed expectations: the authority which informs the voices of the would-be rivals, sharers, or supplanters of the male role, fuller of triumphant resentment than inner confidence. Like class or beauty, masculinity is a stuff that may be consciously sought but only unthinkingly enjoyed. And is unthinking enjoyment of that kind—"a sudden glory," as Hobbes so strangely says of laughter—easily found in a society which simultaneously so deeply challenges its traditional categories and expects so much of its new ones?

"Othello's occupation's gone!" cries the great soldier when he has destroyed himself not as a commander but as a husband. There is a lesson here: what is in jeopardy is not strength, not skill, not will, but love, understanding, and, as with all endeavors to create easy resolutions of enduring problems, self-forgiveness.

—Timothy Dickinson

Timothy Dickinson is a contributing editor of Harper's.

Separate Closets

To the extent that abolishing the differences in the approved personalities of men and women means abolishing any expression of the type of personality once called exclusively feminine, or once called exclusively masculine, such a course involves a social loss. Just as a festive occasion is the gayer and more charming if the two sexes are dressed differently, so it is in less material matters. If the clothing is in itself a symbol, and a woman's shawl corresponds to a recognized softness in her character, the whole plot of personal relations is made more elaborate, and in many ways more rewarding. The poet of such a society will praise virtues, albeit feminine virtues, which might never have any part in a social Utopia that allowed no differences between the personalities of men and women.

—Margaret Mead

Sex and Temperament in Three Primitive Societies, 1935

"What we have a right to expect of the American boy is that he shall turn out to be a good American man. The boy can best become a good man by being a good boy—not a goody-goody boy, but just a plain good boy."

—Theodore Roosevelt

"The American Boy," 1910

THE ENLIGHTENED STUD

Many men today have learned that the best way to come on to women now is to deny macho and all its attributes, which does require a certain amount of real toughness. The neo-macho male is strong enough to reveal his vulnerabilities, confident enough to be sensitive, successful enough to be proud of his mate's career, virile enough to wash dishes, fearless enough to take care of the children, manly enough to say "no" *gently* when a beautiful woman propositions him, self-assured enough not to become anxious while he waits for *her* to call, secure enough to understand when *she* gets up at three o'clock in the morning and goes home.

—John Mariani

"The New Macho"

New York, February 17, 1975



"Yes, Sonny, some day you too will wonder what the hell life is all about. Then you'll quit picking flowers."

All drawings are from Simplicissimus.

APAROUNDWRAPARO

"The important point is not that individual minds of greater or lesser caliber, from Aristotle to Moebius, have expended an astonishing amount of energy and intellectual capacity in proving the superiority of the masculine principle. What really counts is the fact that the ever precarious self-respect of the 'average man' causes him over and over again to choose a feminine type which is infantile, non-maternal and hysterical, and by so doing to expose each new generation to the influence of such women."

—Karen Horney
The International Journal of Psychoanalysis, 1932

FIXATIONS

There is reason to believe that more males in our culture are psychically aroused by contemplation of the female breast than by the sight of female genitalia. In the light of this fact, it is interesting to observe the lengths to which censors and law enforcement agencies go to prohibit the exhibition of genitalia, although they frequently allow the display of the nude female breast. How much of the American male's interest in female breasts is cultural, and how much of it is biologically based, would be an interesting matter to investigate, especially in view of the frequent display of breasts among primitive peoples elsewhere in the world.

—Alfred C. Kinsey et al.
Sexual Behavior in the Human Male, 1948

Why Are We in Thailand?

Masculinity is not something given to you, something you're born with, but something you gain. And you gain it by winning small battles with honor. Because there is very little honor left in American life, there is a certain built-in tendency to destroy masculinity in American men. The mass media, for instance—television first, movies second, magazines third, and newspapers running no poor fourth—tend to destroy virility slowly and steadily. They give people an unreal view of life. They give people a notion that American life is easier than it really is, less complex, more rewarding. The result is that Americans, as they emerge from adolescence into young manhood, are very much like green soldiers being sent into difficult terrain ignorant of the conditions. A lot of virility immediately gets massacred. **—Norman Mailer**
Cannibals and Christians, 1966



"It's really improper to bring a male into the ladies' bath!"
"Oh, come now, a little kid like this doesn't understand anything!"
"Yes, but the boy will remember it."

War Story

Very late one night in the spring of 1971, two of us were listening to a story a friend of ours was telling. We had all been in Vietnam together, although our friend had stayed on four or five months after we had left. I'll call him Frank.

He is a creature of that thin little generation of men who had been in college when John Kennedy was President: the generation between the cultures of *Pillow Talk* and *Easy Rider.* He is the most brilliant man I ever knew, and the brightest (as we now construe that silly word), and among the bravest and most passionate. He was also of a generation which valued higher degrees from universities like Harvard and MIT, medals for valor, rapid, accurate thinking leading to "elegant" solutions, and a certain style one might call macho-sensitive. It's all in David Cecil's book *The Young Melbourne,* if you're familiar with it.

We had never seen Frank break down.

He told the story in my kitchen; we were fairly drunk.

"This particular afternoon," he said, "we were on a sweep south of Tan An, and I had the battalion. My Alpha Company was getting the shit shot out of it from a tree line, and I got two Cobras from the cav to work on the tree line. The one Cobra pilot, the first one, was so goddamn good I couldn't believe it, everything he shot hit something. I had the pilot on my push, and I told him how good he was. 'Glad to oblige, Frank,' he said.

"It was my roommate from West Point, and I hadn't seen him in seven years. I hadn't had a letter from him, or anything. He was unbelievable. He bought off on the whole Renaissance-man idea. One day he'd read Keats, the next day a history of Jubal Early's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley. He played the goddamn *flute* and was the head of sports parachuting. Plus the son of a bitch looked like Leslie Howard.

"He was around 800 feet, and this time he started to pull out and go back to get more ordnance.

"You ever see a Cobra sling a blade? Well, this guy slung a blade. You could see the rotor separate from the chopper like a boomerang, and suddenly he's got—what?—about twelve, fifteen seconds to live. He's in a sealed bomb headed straight down.

"'Frank,' he says, 'wife's name is Margie, Fifty-five-Oh-One Mayfair, Santa Barbara. I got Aetna Life plus that insurance thing in San Antonio. Also a bank in LA. Take my son out Frank, keep taking him. . .'

"The Cobra blew up, cinders and rotten . . ."

Our friend Frank stopped and when he resumed it was in that aching glottal tone; he was trying to finish the story before he lost control.

"I take the kid to football games, the Spectrum, hockey. I make him go with me to the art gallery, concerts, you know? Everywhere, baseball games.' Frank couldn't finish, and he ran out of the kitchen and kept running away from my house.

—Josiah Bunting

Josiah Bunting, a former professor at the Naval War College, is the president of Briarcliff College and the author of The Lionheads *(Popular Library), a novel based on his experiences in Vietnam.*

The Bulldozer Rapist

He is six feet tall, fifty years old, balding, with a bulbous nose and stomach. His upper arms are tree trunks, and he's got no use for culture or the English language properly spoken. He has, however, great respect for money and power, as evidenced by his flamboyant house and $30,000 bulldozer. I hired his bulldozer to grade my front lawn; he came with it.

At 7:00 A.M., the middle of the night to me, he pounded on my door. My hair standing on end, my eyes not fully open, I answered the door, wrapped in a scruffy bathrobe. "Hey, babe, make me a cup of coffee," he ordered and grabbed my backside. To get out of his reach, I dashed to the stove but before I could light the fire the 250-pound giant was standing over me again. "Hell," he said, each burly, hairy hand grabbing a breast as if he were testing fruit in a supermarket. "Forget the coffee, let's go upstairs." Backed up against the stove, I screamed, "Take your hands off me!" He was surprised and hurt. "Gee," he said, "I guess you don't like fellows.

NOWRAPAROUNDOWR

'God created man, and, find- him not sufficiently alone, e him a female companion make him feel his solitude re keenly."
—Paul Valéry (1871-1945)

Mid-morning, nervously plant- my bulbs upside down in garden, I heard the bull- zer approaching. Time for his ch break, time for some nly fun. Opening wide the uth of his bulldozer, he sed me around the yard, ching out with the metal s and snapping them closed hin inches of my derriere. A v Keystone Cop passes around property, and I stopped vely, faced the mighty steel vs, and screamed over the tor, "For God's sake, stop ' A mischievous boyish grin his face and he lifted a enty-foot pine from the earth, aved it high above me, and llered, "Catch!" He dropped tree into my arms; I dropped my knees. Looking down m his throne on the bull- zer, he said, "You want to be nan, learn to act like one."

I don't want to be a man. at's not what women loving men is about. It's the Bull- zer Rapist concept of mascu- ity, a concept shared to one gree or another by most of male population that leads men to choose a lesbian life- le. (A woman in pajamas nts to be laid; if she won't it, she must be queer; if she's eer, she wants to be a man; go, she admires me. I'm won- rful.) Lesbianism is a flight m association with or de- ndence on the Masculine; it a decision, usually made early life, not to be the victim. It the seeking of gentleness, mpassion, equality, a same- ss that allows you to con- ue to be yourself. Contrary popular male opinion, it has thing to do with penises. I n't want one and I never did. always seemed to me to be a sadvantage. When I was seven, could never figure out how ys shinnied down a pole with- it skinning it. A short stop on bike could be disastrous with e of those between your legs. remember telling my mother w sorry I felt for boys, that ing getting in their way all e time and sticking out for good reason. It must have ched a lot, I thought, because the fifth-grade boys always had their hands between their legs. "Well, dear," mother said, "it's handy at a picnic."

I chose lesbianism because I'm a female chauvinist. The strongest reason for my female chauvinism is women's innate respect for life, unshared by men, I believe, because men do not bear or nurture living things. Perhaps if Nature had been referred to as a "he," men would not have raped our native animals, our soil, and our seas.

"Masculinity," as I see it, is rude and ugly and at the root of most of the world's problems. Maybe these qualities are not innate in males—maybe we train them this way. But the horror remains: most of the male world still finds these traits attractive and desirable, and severely punishes the male child who doesn't conform to this image. Men invented "masculinity," and only men can change it.

Meanwhile, unfortunately, we women have to live in a society where our asses are pinched, our identities are squelched, our bodies are raped, and our children murdered on battlefields for the sake of the masculine mystique and the masculine bank account; a world in which single women are considered freaks, and lesbians are frightening people who must be immediately fired from their jobs. For which insane and infuriating reason, I must sign this article **—Weary Victim of the Bulldozer Rapist**

WVOTBR writes television and film scripts, and is the winner of a number of awards including an Educational Television Award and a National Writers' Guild Award.

About 130 to 135 boys for every 100 girls are born dead. About 200 miscarriages of boys occur for every 100 girls. In the first year of life 27 percent more boys than girls die—25 percent more of premature birth; 54 percent more of injury at birth; 18 percent more of congenital malformations; 27 percent more of congenital debilities; 35 percent more of circulatory diseases; 23 percent more of diarrhea, enteritis, et cetera; 22 percent more of influenza and pneumonia; 44 percent more of syphilis. Only whooping cough leads to more deaths of girls.

Mama's Boy

Where did you get the idea that the most wonderful thing I could be in life was *obedient?* A little *gentleman?* Of all the aspirations for a creature of lusts and desires! "Alex," you say, as we leave the Weequahic Diner—and don't get me wrong, I eat it up: praise is praise, and I take it however it comes—"Alex," you say to me all dressed up in my clip-on tie and my two-tone "loafer" jacket—"the way you cut your meat! the way you ate that baked potato without spilling! I could kiss you, I never *saw* such a little gentleman like that!" *Fruitcake,* Mother. Little *fruitcake* is what you saw—and exactly what the training program was designed to produce. Of course! Of course! The mystery really is not that I'm not dead like Ronald Nimkin, but that I'm not like all the nice young men I see strolling hand in hand in Bloomingdale's on Saturday mornings. . . . Mother, your little gentlemen are all grown up now, and there on lavender beach towels they lie, in all their furious narcissism. **—Philip Roth**

Portnoy's Complaint, 1969

BABOON LOGIC

While I am not saying there is a necessary connection between baboon patterns and human patterns (though it has already been noted that terrestriality may be central to the development of male dominance among primates), I am proposing that "human nature" is such that it is "unnatural" for females to engage in defense, police, and, by implication, high politics. **—Lionel Tiger**

Men in Groups, 1969

Private Thoughts

I lay in the dark with my eyes open and thought of all the girls I had ever known and what kind of wives they would make. It was a very interesting thing to think about and for a while it killed off trout-fishing and interfered with my prayers. Finally, though, I went back to trout-fishing, because I found that I could remember all the streams and there was always something new about them, while the girls, after I had thought about them a few times, blurred and I could not call them into my mind and finally they all blurred and all became rather the same and I gave up thinking about them almost altogether. **—Ernest Hemingway**

"Now I Lay Me," 1927



Eduard Thony

"When we're on the street, please drop your eternal nagging and quarreling. What have we got a home for?"

AROUNDWRAPAROU

"Political life seems to sublimate many homosexual trends. Politicians characteristically work together in little cliques and clubs, and many of them show marked difficulties in reaching a stable heterosexual adjustment." —Harold Lasswell
Psychopathology and Politics, 1960

JAWOHL!

The National Socialist Movement is in its nature a masculine movement. . . . While man must give to life the great lines and forms, it is the task of woman out of her inner fullness and inner eagerness to fill these lines and forms with colour. The realms of directing and shaping . . . politics . . . must without qualification be claimed by man. When we eliminate women from public life, it is not because we want to dispense with them but rather because we want to give them back their essential honour. . . . The outstanding and highest calling of woman is always that of wife and mother and it would be an unthinkable misfortune if we allowed ourselves to be turned from this point of view. **—Joseph Goebbels**
Quoted in *Nazi Germany: Its Women and Family Life*
by Clifford Kirkpatrick, 1938

"I scarcely ever see in the hands of a woman an employment that ought more naturally to be in the hands of a man, but I constantly see in the hands of a man employment which might be more beneficially and economically in the hands of a woman." —William Gladstone
House of Commons speech, May 3, 1871



"So, Mother dear, I'm going now—important appointment at the club—in case you die, don't forget to turn off the lamp first."
"The good boy, he thinks of everything."

Grand Illusion

"He loves to think of himself as bold and bad. He is neither one nor the other; he is only a coward. Call him tyrant, murderer, pirate, bully; and he will adore you, and swagger about with the consciousness of having the blood of the old sea kings in his veins. Call him liar and thief; and he will only take action against you for libel. But call him coward; and he will go mad with rage; he will face death to outface that stinging truth. Man gives every reason for his conduct save one, every plea for his safety save one; and that one is his cowardice. Yet all his civilization is founded on his cowardice, on his abject tameness, which he calls his respectability." **—George Bernard Shaw**
Man and Superman, 1902

The Male Animal

The male stickleback guards the young. If they roam too far, the father picks up the strays in its mouth and spits them back into the nest.

The grayling butterfly's courtship ritual ends with an elegant bow in which the male spreads its wings, moves them far forward, and then, catching the female's antennae between them, presses them slowly together. This act brings the male's scent-producing organs, which lie on the upper surface of its forewings, in contact with the female's organs of smell, which are located in the antennae. The resulting chemical stimulus starts the mating behavior. The male, however, will court a dead female, too. Not only that, but once the male has started its courting bow, the female can be removed and he will go right on through the entire ritual.

If an egg from a queen bee is not fertilized by sperm, it will develop into a male, a drone. . . . While the females dig, hunt, and lay their eggs, the males of the Ammophila digger wasp group live carefree, roaming over the heath and eating nectar. . . . There are few records in scientific literature of attempts at bloodsucking on the part of male mosquitoes. When such males have been caught and carefully examined, they have always turned out to be hermaphrodites.

In courting, the male snow bunting runs away spreading his wings and tail and displaying his wonderful black-and-white plumage. After this he quickly returns to the female, often in a threat posture, and then he runs away again. . . . If young chaffinches are raised without hearing other chaffinches sing, all they can produce is a kind of warble. But if, in the early weeks of their lives, they can hear the song of experienced males, they develop the normal song of the species. . . . Recent evidence suggests that the secretion of male sex hormone may, in certain instances, also take place in female birds, and that its artificial injection results in typically male behavior in some respects. This might perhaps account for the marked territorial instinct exhibited by some females, accompanied as it is by active singing.

Among the howler monkey the few solitary bachelor male are shouted off by the cla males when they try to approac a clan. . . . Male gorillas displa more frequently and with mo intensity than female gorilla During display, gorillas of bot sexes beat their chests an throw leaves. But only the ma kicks a leg into the air an emits a series of hoots.

The sperm whale bull is th only large whale that attacl ships. He is also the only or known to guard a harem an to battle with rival bulls fo the possession of females. Whe a "ship animal" invades his te ritory, it disrupts the dominan order, and he rushes to attac

Some female elephants, b all male elephants, are period cally afflicted with a strang emotional state known as must When on musth they either su fer from violent paroxysms excitement or become unusual dull and morose. . . . Althoug elephants normally live in here led by females, solitary spec mens are not unknown. The are almost always bulls, usuall of exceptionally large size an inclined to be truculent.

—Observations t male animal behavioris N. Tinbergen, V. Scheffe G. Schaller, W. H. Dowdeswel M. Bates, and R. Carringto Compiled by **Susan Wit**
Susan Witty is on the staff of Har er's.

WHY LOVE FAILS

She is supposed to admi him for the masculinity in hi that she fears in herself. He supposed to desire her for t femininity in her that he d spises in himself.

He desires her for her fem ninity which is *his* femininit but which he can never lay clai to. She admires him for h masculinity which is *her* ma culinity, but which she c never lay claim to. Since may only love his own fem ninity in her, he envies her h femininity. Since she may on love her own masculinity him, she envies him his ma culinity.

The envy poisons their lov **—Betty and Theodore Rosz** *Masculine/Feminine: Readin in Sexual Mythology and t Liberation of Women*, 19

The normal range of testosterone plasma in men is between 5 and 725 nanograms (a nanogram is one billionth of a gram); in women it is 35 to 65 nanograms.

Manly to the Corps

In the United States, at least, ar has lately become unfashionable. Enlightened parents discourage their sons from playing th toy rifles and speak of litary crew cuts as if they re vestiges of an earlier civilation. Yet the traditional ime of American masculinity mains embodied in the offirs and men of the U.S. Mahe Corps.

The belief that the Marine orps actually does build men ll nestles in the consciousness even the most sophisticated merican male. And the potenof the myth is hardly surising, for behind his primary entity of professional killer e ideal Marine symbolizes a mplex of traits which even e most relentless critics of eeping militarism must acowledge as manly.

The obvious elements of Mane Corps masculinity are physal. Marines, so the story goes, e tough, "in shape." Their aining prepares them to enre the most extreme hardips visited by nature or huans. They are cool and conolled in crises, ready and able hit the beach or whisk civilns from the clutches of adncing enemy hordes. They're e ones you send for. They do eir job well.

But the essence of the myth spiritual. Individually it rests on the mastery of fear—fear pain, fear of death. Sheer ysical size or strength is not much valued by Marines emselves as is the willingness face up to a challenge even hen—or especially when—a screet avenue of escape is vailable. The self-confidence stilled by Marine training omes not from the acquisition deadly physical skills; little that is actually taught in reuit training. It stems more om the nurturing of a conction that one will do one's est when the crunch comes; and one's ground, whatever e consequences; be a man.

In its extreme form, this attude reaches beyond the issue of honor in a barroom confrontation to reflect, if crudely, an awareness that the central issue of a man's life is his death.

Collectively, the Corps is a brotherhood of individuals who have sworn the ultimate oath of allegiance to each other. From this follows the boisterous camaraderie of the barracks and the fierce loyalty of the battlefield. *"Semper fidelis"* may seem a quaint slogan for a bunch of aging juvenile delinquents. But they believe in it: it, too, is part of being a man.

At Parris Island boot camp, each day ends with the recruits lying in their bunks waiting for the drill instructor to hurl a final epithet before turning out the lights. On the last night, when months of abuse and humiliation are finally over, he calls out, "Goodnight, Marines." From that moment the boys are men.

The flaws in Marine Corps masculinity stem not from the values constituting the myth but from the ones that are discarded. In order to gain membership in the brotherhood, the recruit must banish the impulse to question its totalitarian regimen. To achieve the identity of a Marine he must disown his individuality. He obtains manhood at the price of freedom.

But the myth lives on, in part perhaps because American men today have somewhat reduced expectations about such things as freedom and individuality, or are resigned to considering them luxuries to be savored only after the mantle of masculinity has been won. Which may explain why the most vigorous proponents of the Marine Corps myth are ex-Marines.

—William Hart

William Hart, an ex-Marine, is on the staff of the Santa Fe Reporter.

Best Man

In every case in which latent or manifest homosexual impulses have made themselves felt, the man has been jealous of some female rival; he has felt hatred, envy and jealousy of any woman who was on intimate terms with the male object of his desire. These jealous impulses can be very clearly observed in a man whose close friend has just been married.

—Felix Boehm

"The Femininity Complex in Man," 1929

Accusatory Case

When a man personifies the masculine ideal, other men call him a *he-man*, a *man's man*, or possibly a *stud*. Beyond these we seem to run out of synonyms. But men have invented all sorts of synonyms and epithets for the opposite:

Sissy	Tool	Ladyfinger
Prig	Wonk	Dandy
Queer	Baby	Fop
Milquetoast	Pantywaist	Sop
Milksop	Smockface	Sap
Pussy	Sweetheart	Fairy
Chicken	Pansy	Darling
Chickenshit	Melon	Lady
Goody-goody	Worm	Pretty boy
Namby-pamby	Tenderling	Candy ass
Cream puff	Tenderfoot	Longhair
Powder puff	Mother's darling	Pointy-head
Weak sister	Mama's boy	Bleeding-heart
Old woman	Henhussy	Creep
Old wife	Little Lord Fauntleroy	Jellyfish
Lily	Molly	Squirrel
Softie	Miss Molly	Marshmallow
Twerp	Mollycoddle	Fruitcake
Twink	Percy	Loser
Twit	Wimp	Real winner



Olaf Gulbransson

"Miss, do you too have something in your character that you constantly have to fight against?"

INITIATION

Among the Thonga, a tribe in South Africa, every boy must go through a very elaborate ceremony in order to become a man. When a boy is somewhere between ten and 16 years of age, he is sent by his parents to a "circumcision school" which is held every four or five years. Here in company with his age-mates he undergoes severe hazing by the adult males of the society. The initiation begins when each boy runs the gauntlet between two rows of men who beat him with clubs. At the end of this experience he is stripped of his clothes and his hair is cut. He is next met by a man covered with lion manes and is seated upon a stone facing this "lion man." Someone then strikes him from behind and when he turns his head to see who has struck him, his foreskin is seized and in two movements cut off by the "lion man." Afterwards he is secluded for three months in the "yards of mysteries," where he can be seen only by the initiated. It is especially taboo for a woman to approach these boys during their seclusion, and if a woman should glance at the leaves with which the circumcised covers his wound and which form his only clothing, she must be killed.

—J. W. M. Whiting et al.

Readings in Social Psychology, 1958

WRAPAROUND

Norman Mailer: The Pugilist as Prince

He stands, his back against the wall, ready to take on all comers, a belligerence to his stance. He smiles, and his Paul Newman-blue eyes sharpen as he waits, speculating as to who on the rim of the crowd might step up and be the next challenger. It is a woman, and immediately the calculating glance becomes personal and intense. I had attended this performance before—more than once—when the star was John Garfield. There is a difference here—impeccable manners. Norman's glance never slips to bared shoulder or exposed cleavage. His unguarded smile, the unshorn curls, belie his age, though I am struck by his courtliness, and so is the woman who now has his total and absorbed attention.

The only thing casual about Norman is his dress. Yet even in jeans and T-shirt he seems to be costumed for a role. One senses he has now decreed that it is time for him to be casual, and of course he must be serious in this endeavor. Perhaps that is the point. Norman Mailer is serious about each and every encounter in his life, expecting always to be changed or to change others by that moment's confrontation. He is a man who harbors warship emotions and has the explosive ability to arouse and exhaust the emotions of others. He is a man with a strong conscience, a man who cares, a man who deems it his personal responsibility to make every passing incident matter.

He has been my friend and neighbor for a number of years. I have never had to call upon him in need. But there is that aura Norman projects which make the women who touch his life feel safer, more protected. They feel that he is in their corner: that he could rout an intruder, take over in a crisis, and be relied upon for cogent advice. He possesses a Jewish maleness, a second-generation American quality that combines emotion, hard-headedness, gut, drive, and unabashed intelligence. At the same time he manages to convey the feeling that he is set on a path of self-destruction. The battle he wages makes superhuman demands and inevitably gains him brutal abuse. Yet how many men remain in our society who are on the ready to go into battle?

Norman Mailer chauvinistic? Without reservation! So, most certainly, was Garfield. I could argue for hours with Norman about his sexist attitudes, his shabby treatment of his fictional women, his pashalike concept of the way to relate to the women in his life—mother, sister, ex-wives, mistresses, and daughters—but all the while an image persists:

A bloodied fighter takes a lethal punch from a much younger opponent, an arrogant kid who spits out expletives as the champ hits the canvas. The champ is this tough Jewish kid grown to cynical manhood that Garfield has portrayed, oh, maybe a dozen or more times. The boos of the audience rise above the sputtering of the contender. They are for the fallen champ. Ringside are the champ's mother, sister, wife, and mistress (all four of whom have reaped rewards from the pain and abuse their fighter has absorbed in the ring). The women jump to their feet. The camera spins with his pain, crazily bobbing back and forth. Sound dims to a hornet's buzz. The women's faces appear in sequence.

"Get up!" screams the wife who has been deceived.

"Get up!" yells the mistress who knows she has lost him.

"Help him," says the mother to her God, with eyes raised to heaven as she pulls her daughter against her breast, shielding her from the sight of the fallen, bleeding man.

The fighter sees them all, hears them with gasping emotions above the pain and the agony; he stumbles, rises to his feet and enters the battle again, this time victoriously.

That was the Garfield film-image, but there was also something of the rising phoenix in the real-life Garfield. The body had soul. And the women in the darkened theaters thrived on that. Garfield chauvinistic? You bet your feminist manif to! But all the same you kn he cared and was capable o deeper caring and ultimately deeper understanding of wom than most men in your orbit. is, for me, that way with M er. He represents a species American man which has be nearly annihilated. He seems be a man without cowardice apathy, a man steeped in t dition, a man who expects children to be exceptional, women the most regal and co passionate, a man who does shrink from work or respo bility. He is the kind of m who does not make the aver woman feel comfortable, but does make her feel infinit more a woman.

I find that reassuring. cept for Mailer the breed see to be extinct. The thou shakes me. Yes, yes—of cou I want liberation, equal right but something primal, so thing in my Jewish woma core fights for the essence the kind of man Mailer knowing, and fearing, that N man Mailer might be the of the Jewish pugilists.

—Anne Edwa

Anne Edwards's latest book is J Garland: A Biography (Simon Schuster). Her novel Child of N *will be published this fall by F dom House.*

Libs and Libbies

Most liberal men believed it was right to go along with the basic tenets of women's liberation. But they were not willing to examine with genuine candor what their underlying reactions to those basic tenets were. Once again, their masculine images were at stake, only now that image no longer depended upon taking the "masculine role" of chest-thumping hero, but depended instead on something that was only a variation—a strong and stoical acceptance of what women were asking for. Fundamentally, this doesn't represent anything new.

—Ingrid Bengis

Combat in the Erogenous Zone, 1972



Bruno Paul

"It's ridiculous that you have to wear dinner clothes here, you can't tell us apart from the waiters."
"Oh, yes, you can, they behave decently."

"Men who smoke have a t dency to be more effemin than those who do not smoking may represent t search for masculinity."

—Science News Le June 12, 1

"We regard the smoking large, heavy cigar as a sign specially virile nature and are accustomed to think of cigar as a penis-symbol. But forget that there is another to this: the smoker keeps putting the cigar into his mo which he is using as a recept erotogenic organ. Freud tr a strong craving to smoke the pleasurably-toned act smoking at the mother's brea"

—Felix Bo "The Femininity Comple Man," 1

"There are times when a gar is only a cigar."

—Sigmund Freud (1856-19

WRAPAROUND CONTINUES ON PAGE

HAVE YOU EVER experienced the great good fortune of finding the very book you're shopping for "on sale"? That's the kind of pleasure you'll enjoy again and again when you shop in America's Bookstore — the Book-of-the-Month Club. You start by choosing four books you're eager to read — all for only $1. Then, as a member, you'll regularly be offered a choice of the best books published, almost always at substantial savings. If you continue your membership past the trial period, you'll be eligible for our unique Book-Dividend® plan — a delightful way to save even more, at least 70% of bookstore prices.

Outstanding books. Significant savings.



183 Pub price $10

109 Pub price $12.50

184 Pub price $12.95

372 Pub price $6.95

252 Pub price $10

232 Pub price $7.95

396 Pub price $8.95

219 Pub price $10.95

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC., Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

invites you to

take any 4 for only $1

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree to buy four Club choices within a year at substantial savings on most books you choose

586 THE ULTRA SECRET *by* F. W. WINTERBOTHAM (Pub price $8.95)



554 Pub price $12.50

127 THE POETRY OF ROBERT FROST *Edited by* EDWARD CONNERY LATHEM. (Pub price $12.95)

147 THE DOCTOR'S BOOK OF VITAMIN THERAPY Megavitamins for Health *by* DR. HAROLD ROSENBERG *and* A. N. FELDZAMEN, PH.D. (Pub price $7.95)

530 STRICTLY SPEAKING Will America Be the Death of English? *by* EDWIN NEWMAN (Pub price $7.95)

178 ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL *by* JAMES HERRIOT (Pub price $8.95)

593 HERS *by* A. ALVAREZ (Pub price $7.95)

578 SAMUEL JOHNSON *by* JOHN WAIN Illustrated (Pub price $12.50)



399 Pub price $17.50

223 HOW TO BE AWAKE AND ALIVE *by* MILDRED NEWMAN & BERNARD BERKOWITZ (Pub price $4.95)

323 TALES OF POWER *by* CARLOS CASTANEDA (Pub price $7.95)

420 LOVEROOT *by* ERICA JONG (Pub price $4.95)

590 THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD *by* JOHN EHLE (Pub price $7.95)

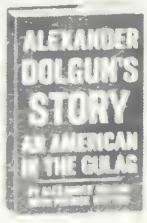


197 Pub price $9.95

114 EINSTEIN The Life and Times *by* RONALD W. CLARK Photographs (Pub price $15)

207 THE HAMMOND WORLD ATLAS Superior Edition (Pub price $12)

335 SNEAKY PEOPLE *by* THOMAS BERGER (Pub price $8.95)

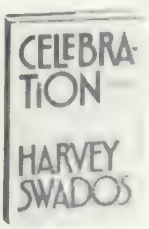


188 Pub price $10

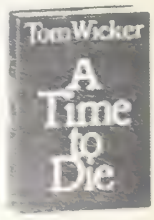
275 ALIVE The Story of the Andes Survivors *by* PIERS PAUL READ Photographs (Pub price $10)

336 BIRTH WITHOUT VIOLENCE *by* FREDERICK LEBOYER (Pub price $7.95)

383 THE BANKERS *by* MARTIN MAYER (Pub price $15)



122 Pub price $8.95



584 Pub price $10

408 BLACK SUNDAY *by* THOMAS HARRIS (Pub price $7.95)

375 THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF JULIA DENT GRANT (Mrs Ulysses S. Grant) *Edited by* JOHN Y. SIMON. Photos (Pub price $12.50)

140 THE COMPLETE MEDICAL GUIDE *by* BENJAMIN F. MILLER, M.D. Illus. (Pub price $12.50)

307 ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN *by* CARL BERNSTEIN *and* BOB WOODWARD. Photos (Pub price $8.95)

376 TOTAL FITNESS IN 30 MINUTES A WEEK *by* LAWRENCE E. MOREHOUSE, PH.D. *and* LEONARD GROSS (Pub price $6.95)

338 TINKER, TAILOR, SOLDIER, SPY *by* JOHN LE CARRÉ (Pub price $7.95)

576 A MONTH OF SUNDAYS *by* JOHN UPDIKE (Pub price $7.95)

310 THE GULAG ARCHIPELAGO *by* ALEKSANDR I. SOLZHENITSYN (Pub price $12.50)



412 Pub price $14

244 THE NEW YORK [illegible] (Pub price $12.50)

Prices shown are publishers' U.S. prices. Outside the U.S., prices are generally somewhat higher.

LETTERS

The cult of misintelligence

Either Sam Adams's article ["Vietnam Cover-Up: Playing War With Numbers," May] was heavily edited or Sam's memory isn't so good these days. There was no cover-up in the CIA.

Most of the knowledgeable people in the CIA, including the director and myself, thought Sam's analysis of the strength of the VC had merit. The question was, How much merit? Most agreed that, where the evidence existed, Sam's figures could be supported. But where there was little or no evidence, considerable doubt existed as to how reliable Sam's extrapolations were. Sam thought his extrapolations to be sound. Other equally competent and knowledgeable analysts and their supervisors were not so sure.

As I remember the consensus, it was that VC strength was indeed a good deal greater than had been estimated but probably not as much greater as *Sam* thought. Even the CIA was inclined to agree, but Military Assistance Command headquarters remained skeptical. Sam wanted to take the matter directly to the President. Our director—quite correctly, I thought—didn't feel he could do that without stronger evidence and a consensus in support of it.

The director asked me to look into the matter. I did so and spent considerable time on the question, including a long interview with Sam which he neglects to mention, or perhaps he confused it with the one he says he had with our then executive director. Anyway, Sam made a long memo of our conversation, and I agreed to its substance.

As a result of all this, I discussed the matter with the chairman of the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board. He then arranged to have Patrick Coyne, executive secretary of that board, interview Sam Adams. This was done.

The net result was that we could perceive no merit in presenting Sam and his conclusions to the President, and that close scrutiny and revision of VC strength figures should be continued as evidence became available and along the lines he had pursued.

Sam was not satisfied with that decision and kept insisting that arrangements be made for him to present his case personally to at least the PFIAB and Rostow.

At that point Helms and the rest of us had had enough of what I considered intellectual arrogance on Sam's part, so I told him in writing to get back to work with the rest of the team or resign and pursue his campaign on his own time. At no time do I recall Sam Adams being suppressed, ignored, or restrained or his ideas pigeonholed, nor was any question of security restraint raised.

I think *Harper's* owes an apology to Messrs. Graham, Procter, and Hyland for the gratuitous and insulting comments it printed about them.

RUFUS L. TAYLOR
Vice Admiral, U.S. Navy (Ret.)
Whispering Pines, N.C.

The writer was Deputy Director of Central Intelligence from 1966 to 1969.

Sam Adams's article presents a distorted picture of the CIA's analytical effort on Vietnam. *Harper* has become an accomplice in an u justified attack on precisely those e ments of the CIA—the Directora of Intelligence and the Office of N tional Estimates—that worked co sistently to put forth an honest a objective picture of Communist c pabilities and determination to p long the war against the imposi military might assembled by the U. government.

This work comprised a vast ou pouring of studies on Commun logistics, Communist manpower r sources in both South and North Vi nam, and the effects of U.S. a bombing (a subject which involv the Agency in long and sometim bitter arguments with the U.S. Se enth Air Force). The product of th work went to the President and t principal members of the Natio Security Council (Secretaries of Sta and Defense).

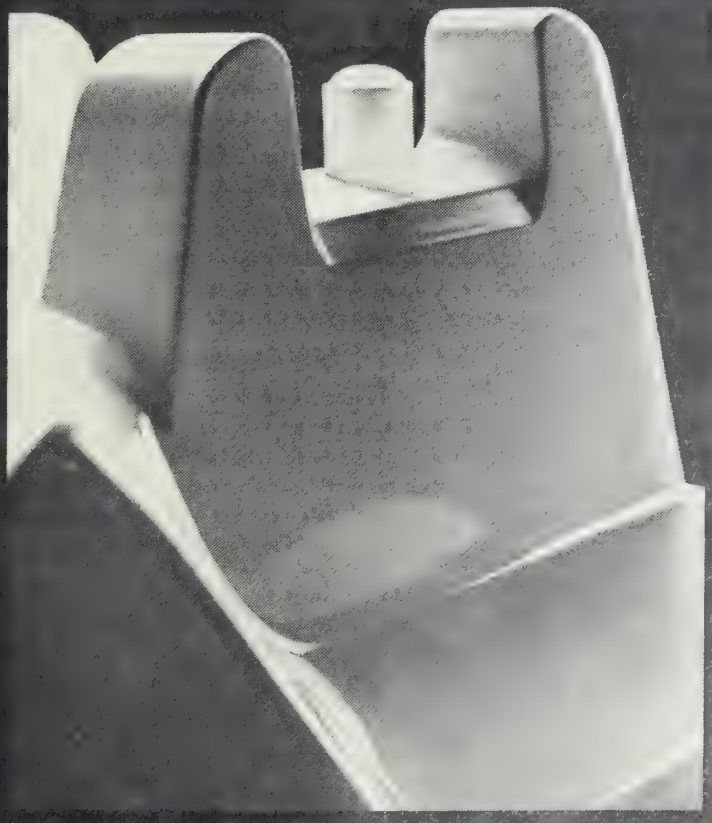
By mid-1967, if not by mid-196 the Agency had clearly passed t word that the Communists' manpo er resources were adequate to susta the war, that their logistics syst was bearing up under bombardme and that the Hanoi leadership w determined to protract the strugg

Unfortunately, Adams fails to ta any of this work into account and conveys a misleading impression a single-handed and lonely strug to get the truth about the war to t White House against the massive c position of countless knaves and co ards. His charge that his resea findings were suppressed does n stand up against a careful readi of his article. And his assumpti that these findings were generally cepted within the CIA is a distorti

PLANNED UN-OBSOLESCENCE.









The Bell System's research and manufacturing people design and build phones to last. In fact, our phones must pass "torture tests" that simulate 20 years of average use. Not that you'll keep your phone that long. But isn't it good to know that if you finally decide to get a new phone it's because you want one instead of need one? The Bell Companies know you want a dependable, reliable phone.

WE HEAR YOU.

of the facts. His research subject, order-of-battle analysis, was arcane and complex. This was particularly the case when dealing with paramilitary or irregular forces that do not appear on the battlefield in regular units. Adams's methodology for estimating the strength of these irregular and paramilitary forces often raised more questions than it answered. He was dependent on captured Communist documents, which meant that there were valid questions as to the timeliness and accuracy of the data as well as to the statistical significance of the available sample. Beyond the question of the numbers of Communist irregulars was the larger question of their military capabilities and staying power. There was always room for debate on these points, but it is clear that there was no neglect of the subject.

One paper which dealt with all these issues at length was the 1967 National Intelligence Estimate on Vietnam, which Adams describes as a sellout to the "generals" on the order-of-battle figures. Apparently Adams was so obsessed with his own figures that he never read the entire paper. It included an extended discussion of order-of-battle methodology, with particular attention to the problems of estimating strengths of paramilitary forces. It also provided a lengthy discussion of the various categories of Communist irregulars and the nature of their contribution to the total Communist effort. The paper as a whole gave a fair and objective picture of Communist strengths and weaknesses. I stand by it and would welcome action by the CIA to release it to the public.

In my twenty-five years in the CIA I never saw an analyst given more individual attention, more opportunities to present his evidence and state his case. Yet the impression created by the *Harper's* article is that of a man whose work was suppressed and whose views were ignored. Many of us were sympathetic to Sam because of his diligence and persistence, but these traits were not uncommon among the many outstanding analysts at the CIA. Adams was only uncommon in his inability to see that he, like the rest of us, was occasionally fallible, and in his belief that all who disagreed with his findings had base and ulterior motives.

JAMES C. GRAHAM
Potomac, Md.

The writer is a former member of the Board of National Intelligence Estimates.

SAM ADAMS REPLIES:

Vice Adm. Rufus L. Taylor and Mr. James C. Graham suggest that in arguing with the military over Vietcong strength in 1967 and 1968 I somehow got carried away. Vice Admiral Taylor ascribes my zeal for higher numbers to "intellectual arrogance," Mr. Graham to an obsession. The dispute over numbers, they say, was a reasonable debate between reasonable men over different ways of counting enemy soldiers.

As they ought to know, however, the real concern at that time was that the military was deliberately lowering VC numbers in order to promote an "image of success." I did not make this phrase up. It appeared on August 21, 1967, in a secret cable composed by General Abrams, approved by General Westmoreland, and sent to General Wheeler—head of the Joint Chiefs of Staff—and finally to Mr. Helms, Director of the CIA.

The principal reason for dropping two categories from the order of battle, the cable said, was that the press would draw "an erroneous and gloomy" conclusion if the categories were left in and that "all those who have an incorrect view of the war will be reinforced and [our] task will become more difficult." I found this argument outrageous, and I would be surprised if both Vice Admiral Taylor and Mr. Graham did not feel the same way.

In my opinion, some of the actions taken to slash enemy strength figures may well have constituted a violation of the Uniform Code of Military Justice, particularly that article which forbids false official statements. For example, in February 1968, a lieutenant in Westmoreland's Order of Battle Section returned to his desk in Saigon to find that his superiors had cut one of the categories still remaining in the order of battle from some 80,000 to about 40,000. Incredulous—since the category was his analytical responsibility, and since he had seen no evidence to justify the drop—he went to the chief and deputy chief of the Order of Battle Section to demand an explanation. "Lie a little, Mac, lie a little," he was told. He refused to do so, and was transferred from Westmoreland's headquarters to a outlying post. Fortunately, he su vived the war to tell Senate inves gators looking into intelligence ma ters recently of what transpired.

Two months later, in April 196 the same head of the OB Section, Lieutenant Colonel Weiler, appeare at CIA headquarters with Brig. Ge Daniel O. Graham to argue for tl lower numbers. The question aris whether General Graham—one the persons to whom Admiral Ta lor thinks *Harper's* should apologi —was aware of the alleged falsific tion. If he was, the question then b comes whether Daniel Graham, no head of the Defense Intelligen Agency, should keep his job.

Unfortunately, sufficient space h not been allotted to me to answ Mr. Graham and Admiral Taylo criticisms point by point. I hav however, spent several days goi over the points raised in the *Harpe* article with Senate investigators, a I have hopes that more will be hea on this subject through the comm tee's continuing work. My concern this time is that the controversy n stray from the central question issue here. The question is twofol first, whether we now have in o intelligence establishment the co petence to accurately evaluate pote tial and existing threats to our n tion's security; second, whether v have the courage and the integrity present this information, no matt how unpopular it might be, to t men in government who presumab rely on it to formulate a rational fo eign policy.

Hunting hunte

There was a rock star a few yea ago who gained notoriety by disme bering a baby doll onstage. That the most charitable analogy I c draw to Spencer Brown's act ["Hu ers Unlimited," May]. Less chari ble analogies would be with the la Sen. Joe McCarthy, who channell neurotic fears of a minority upon t liberal minority or with Preside Nixon, who similarly channelled t neurotic fears of the hardhats up the political minority, the activ students.

Due to the circumstances of mo ern living and the reduced wildl habitat, hunters are a minority the U.S., and Brown is using them

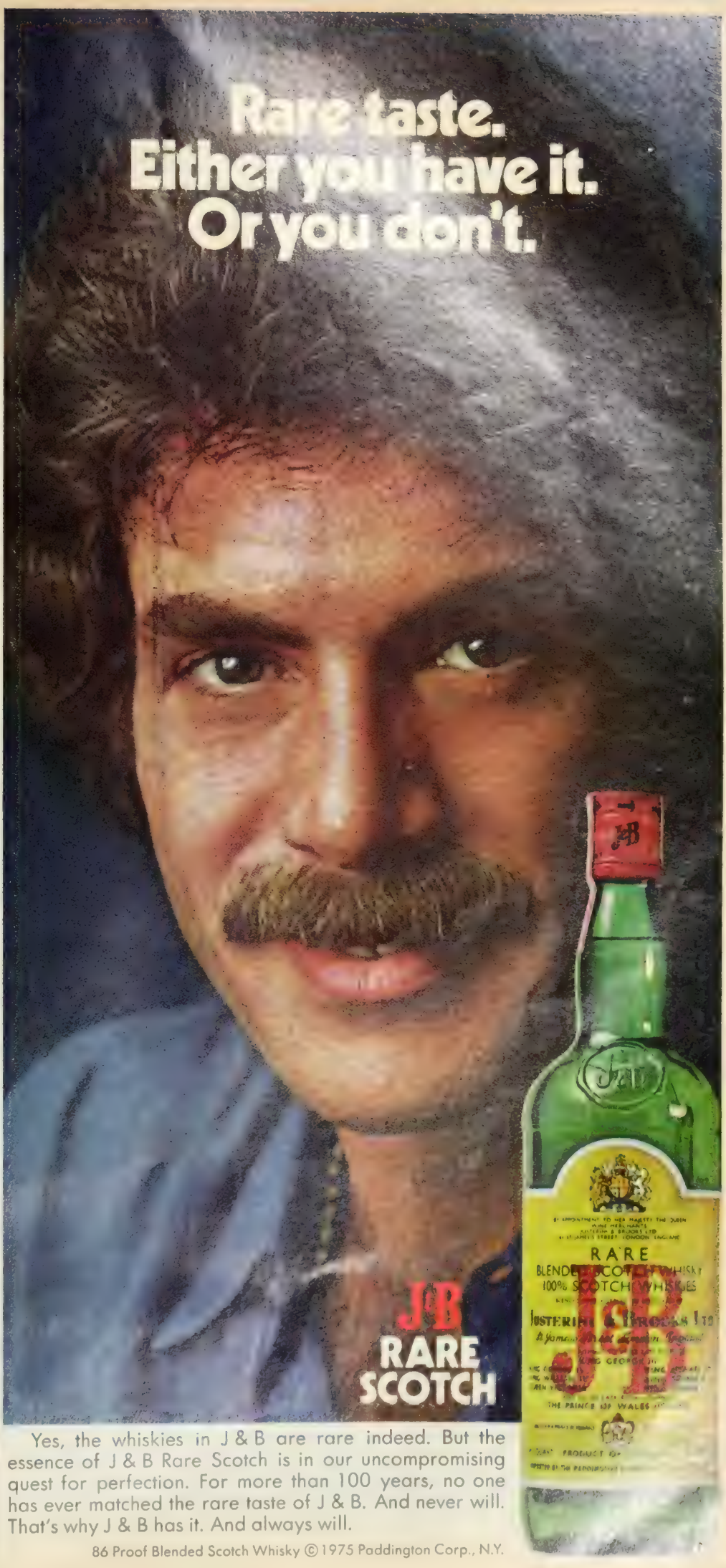
l the neurotic fears of a minority
› find it difficult to cope with the
cepts of life and death, man and
ure, man and the universe. The
cle has two telltale symptoms of
cynical capitalization upon hys-
a. First, his statement on preda-
s: "Most predators . . . take off
weak, the diseased, the old, those
› cannot look forward to a long
successful life." This is exaggera-
n to the point of nonsense. Most
dators take what is available. I
ly observe pronghorn antelope.
ring this time of year the most
ilable food for coyotes are prong-
n doe, heavy with fawns, or the
vborn fawns. Last year the coy-
s took about two out of every
ee pronghorn fawns. If two or
ee coyotes fix their attention on a
gle antelope, they will take it—
or young, diseased or healthy.
d yet, if one feels at peace with
ure, one no more "hates" the coy-
than he "loves" the pronghorn.
rom another point of view—does
. Brown think death by a coyote
nore pleasant to the antelope if it
veak and "cannot look forward to
ong or successful life?")

The second telltale symptom is
t Brown takes care not to alienate
majority of Americans who are
nivorous consumers of domestic
ats, poultry, and eggs. He does
t suggest that they become vege-
ians or confine their consumption
"the weak, the diseased, the old"
imals.

I am a hunter. Hunting has been
rt of man's nature at least as long
poetry—and women's nature, too,
Diana, the huntress, attests. The
ht to hunting, regulated by the
be, is part of and yet older than
e Magna Carta and Mosaic law. I
ve taught my two sons to hunt,
d their understanding of man and
ture and the future of wildlife in
e U.S. has been enhanced thereby.
ey have learned to recognize that
e individual "slob" hunter and the
dividual who preaches hatred of
an to save animals represent a dis-
rtion of man's relation to man and
nature.

I cannot help but recall the record-
conversations of Hitler expressing
s horror of hunting to Goering at
e same time that he was planning
e elimination of those he deemed
ak and unfit.

ORVILLE R. MEYER
Idaho Falls, Idaho



Yes, the whiskies in J & B are rare indeed. But the essence of J & B Rare Scotch is in our uncompromising quest for perfection. For more than 100 years, no one has ever matched the rare taste of J & B. And never will. That's why J & B has it. And always will.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1975 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

Spencer Brown's put-down of hunters reveals his monumental ignorance of the facts about modern sport hunting and wildlife conservation. This is a shortcoming he shares with Cleveland Amory, Dick Cavett, and virtually all the others who refuse to acknowledge or realize that—hunters, since the 1880s or so, have borne almost the whole burden of wildlife conservation funding, training, and research.

Ignorance remains ignorance, no matter how urbane or voluble the source. Perhaps Mr. Brown was an excellent whatever-he-was at Fieldston School, where they no doubt taught some aspect of what he considers to be conservation. But it is a concept that no working, field-trained, practical wildlife scientist/biologist buys.

BILL R. DAVIDSON
Western Press Representative
National Rifle Association
of America
Alamosa, Colo.

Jonathan Swift is alive and well. These days he calls himself Spencer Brown. We antihunters are glad he decided to write for *Harper's*—and so are all the wildlife hereabouts who asked me to send their sincerest thanks.

RUTH ADAMS
Coopersburg, Pa.

We few, we happy few

So there is a plan to evacuate, in the event of nuclear war, certain "noninterruptible" members of the U.S. government to a "Federal Relocation Arc" ["The Most Embarrassing List in Washington," May]. It comforts one to know that this plan would ensure the continuation of the present high quality of government to our descendants, if any. In view of this fact, and in view of the highly appropriate concept of a Relocation Arc, I humbly submit that we should find a far more suitable term than "postattack plan" for those periodic updatings of the survivor lists.

Why not call them the Noah counts?

BRADLEY STRICKLAND
Gainesville, Ga.

In case of nuclear attack, there will be three lists. The first is God's, for those who have become involu tarily airborne. The second is t government's, may they never ma it. And the third is mine. If I a neither airborne nor underground shall be standing among a murd ous group outside a bunker near U perville, Virginia, with a battle- ready to pack the first rat who ex after the attack subsides. We m not be on their list, but they'll on ours!

LON SULLIV
University City, M

It's a great tribute to the pers tence of our leaders that if, throu some policy miscalculation on th part, 100 million or so of us " ferred functions" are burned death, or poisoned by radiati they, in the selfless performance their duty to the electorate, will sess the situation in the solitude their bunker, emerge, and make t necessary adjustments. I have fear that they will make the sa mistake twice.

JOHN C. YAG
Foley, A

Pied pip

Annie Dillard is dangerous. S is a siren tempting sailors from th course. After reading "Innocence the Galápagos" [May], I'm ready kick my heels, quit my job, and go the Galápagos to play footsie w the seals and call Darwin's finch Pssssh.

After living through *Pilgrim Tinker Creek*, I was ready to ju in my car and truck on down Tinker to stalk groundhogs at ni and examine imaginary Rotifera. nie is a writer with soul in a la that has lost its lovers. She is pied piper. Her lyrical verse ov whelms me and fills my blood w adrenaline. I will follow, if not action, then in spirit. Another es like that and I will get out of Sisyphus-rut and live. Thank y thank you, Annie.

STEPHEN R. CHAPM
Wheaton, M



use your
zip code

VERSE

HOUGHTS
ROM BEHIND
SEALED WINDOW

y George Bower

could pound my fist
bone and blood on it.
iout a fading circle of breath—

step back. A cold red sun
its through the trees, hits
id slides away like lonely rain.

i the bricked-in city north of Boston
here I grew up
ie windows in the mills
ong the Merrimack
id its canals
ere painted gray
o the workers,
cked to the clatter of their death,
ouldn't look out—
s simple as that,
id the winter sun never rose or set.

ne of my grandfathers,
ho later shrugged,
rew a vest and grin
id sat fat-assed and Republican
i the State House,
aught hell for leaning
om the Ayer's bobbin shop
o taste something in an April rain.

Most of the mills have been hollowed
id are gone.

can get out, take
wo lefts and reach the taste of dusk,
f September moving slowly to its death
verywhere.

DESTINIES

by Darryl Pinckney

i
never
rode buses
till yesterday
morning
because
i
was scared
some
two ton
mean cracker
would
embarrass
me with

move back!

so
i
walked
or took
a cab
or hitched
a ride
or bought
a car

and
never
got
where
i
was
going

THE YELLOW BALLOON

by Anne Sexton

Joanne had a yellow balloon.
It was a piece of the sun held down
by a thin white string.
It bounced like a ball of water
and there were no people there who were dead.
Joanne's father was waked on November 7, 197
Joanne rode out the mourning on a hobbyhorse,
rock, rock moving, the floor in and out like the s
Papa spoke French and worked in a woolen mill
and on the day he died Joanne drew him
a picture of a large balloon.
It lay quietly on his bed,
untouched by the filth of death.

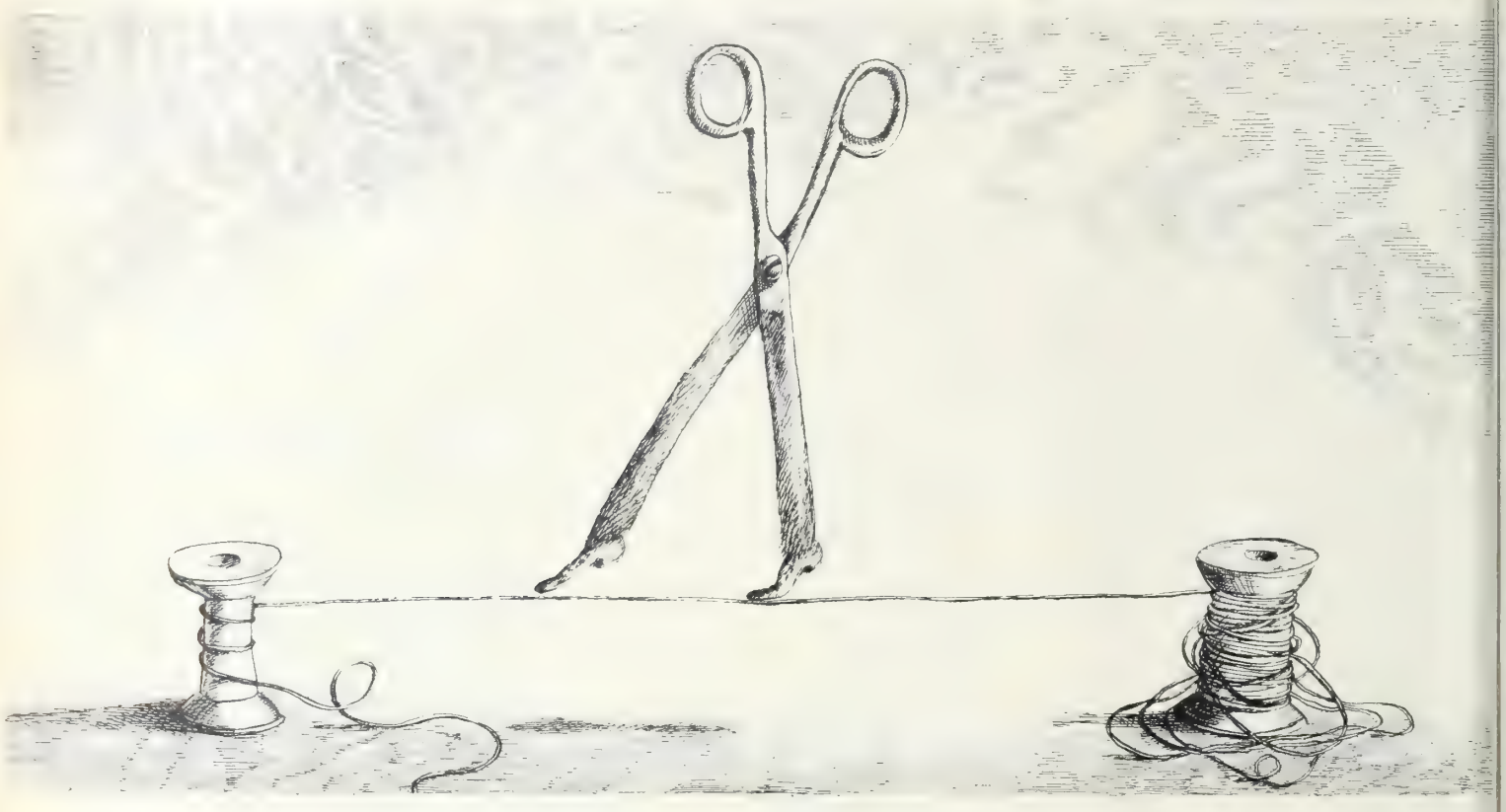
Travel into spring.
Hatred was turning the sun on and off.
Joanne had a yellow balloon
but the soldiers kept coming and coming
in her dreams, wearing their guns like underwea
Her eyes flew away if you looked at them,
flew away like geese in the hunting season.
Still she held onto the balloon,
so like a ball of water, so like the sun.
On May 19, 1972, a stranger came to her door
and opened his pants, calling,
candy, candy, candy,
And Joanne flew past him and let the balloon go.
It floated upward like milkweed,
easily, lazily, into the sun.
Joanne wanted it all to stop
so she gave the sun back to the sun.

When she looks at you
she does not forgive you.

Walter Laqueur and Leopold Labedz

A QUESTION OF SURVIVAL

The need for political will in American foreign policy



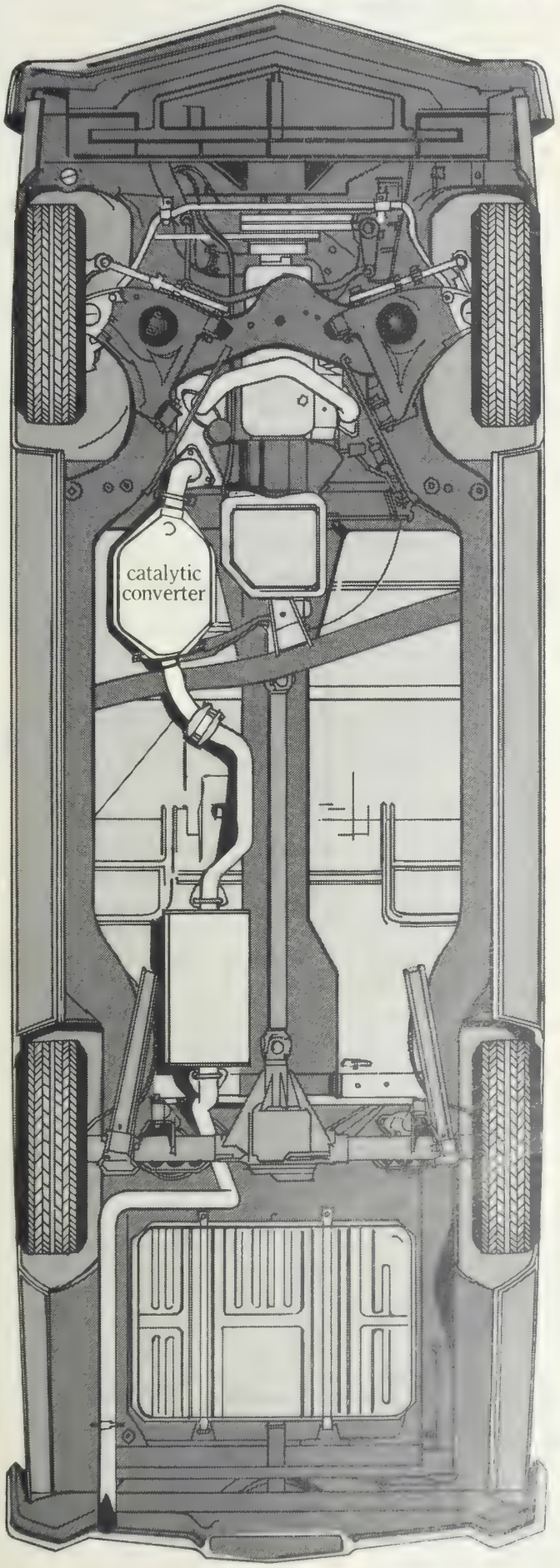
AMERICA AND THE OTHER Western democracies face the most severe crisis in their history, a major economic depression coupled with the rapid decline of their influence in world affairs and paralysis and confusion on the domestic front. It has been building up over a fairly lengthy period, but one still looks in vain for a realistic analysis of the unique character of this crisis and a policy to overcome these difficulties. On the contrary, in the current discussions about the political predicaments and the economic situation there is an unfortunate tendency to single out one specific aspect of the crisis and to believe that it will go away as the result of technical manipulation or perhaps a summit meeting. The inclination is perhaps natural. In foreign policy, capitulation, especially if dressed up as a peace policy, is almost always more attractive than resistance. Pétain in 1940 had a great many supporters, and de Gaulle only a few. But there are cris and crises, and there is every reason to believe that the present one is quite unprecedented. It is a crisis of societies, of norms and values, of the disappearance of the consensus which held society together in the past. Comparisons with past crises are, therefore, not particularly helpful, and the hope that there will be a return to normalcy with an upturn in the business cycle later this year—or the year after at the latest—seems ill founded.

We will not get out of the current trouble by temporizing, or muddling through; it is a situation in which everything depends on political will. In the presence of such will, great difficulties can be overcome; in its absence, even the smallest obstacle seems insurmountable. If the free societies should fail to respond to the challenges facing them, this would not necessarily mean suicide, for societies (like individuals) go on e isting even if economically ruine But it would almost certainly sp the end in many countries of the t ditions of freedom and basic hum rights which they have taken f granted for a very long time. Se in this light, the issue at stake is n so much survival per se but the co ditions of that survival.

Survival primarily requires a rea iness to undertake appropriate p litical action. But such action is i possible without the courage to ado unpopular policies and the willin ness to sacrifice immediate benef for long-term gains. Neither the en gy problem nor the economic diffic ties will be overcome by politicia concerned mainly with their popul ity ratings. It is the great weakness politicians in a democratic socie that they usually choose the line- least-resistance approach in their l lief that no one must be hurt—ho ever fatal the long-term consequenc The mark of true leadership is, course, to tell the public the trut

Walter Laqueur is the chairman of the Research Council of the Center for Strategic and International Studies in Washington. Leopold Labedz is the editor of Survey.

Because of the catalytic converter, GM cars use less gasoline.



Primarily because of the catalytic converter, gas mileage on GM cars has been increased by 28% on a sales-weighted average, according to EPA figure

The converter gives GM car owners the best of both worlds: emissions of carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons are cut by about 50% from the already lowered levels of 1974, and it is possible once more to tune engines for economy, drivability and performance.

Catalytic converters do add to the basic cost of a GM car. Part of that money goes for insulation that keeps the outer skin temperature of the converter in normal operation about the same as that of an ordinary muffler, and far lower than the temperature of the exhaust manifold.

But when you think of the cost, think of the reduction in fuel consumption over the life of that average GM car; and don't forget, the use of unleaded gas lowers maintenance costs by greatly increasing the life of spark plugs, engine oil and exhaust system components.

After more than a billion miles on the road, the GM catalytic converter has become a world standard in pollution control devices. GM has signed contracts to build converters for auto-makers in Europe and Asia, as well as other U.S. manufacturers.

You get the fuel-saving advantages of a catalytic converter as standard equipment on 1975 cars from General Motors, a world leader in automotive pollution control technology

General Motors

Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick

Catalytic converter, standard equipment on 1975 model GM cars.

however unpalatable. There is no surer way to disaster but to say "peace, peace" when there is no peace. The present setbacks of the United States and the other Western countries are not foreordained; only fatalists can think otherwise.

The curious pessimistic determinism now prevailing in the West inspires a sort of political somnambulism. Prophecies of doom have a soporific effect, paralyzing the political will by presenting the decline of the West and its values as inevitable. In its more extreme form this psychological reaction may well become a self-fulfilling prophecy. The malaise is admittedly not yet as widespread in the U.S. as it is in Europe. But there is a common tendency to wishful thinking and the rationalization of weakness; there are violent changes of mood and erratic swings in public attitudes, yet neither euphoria nor gloom contribute to a sober recognition of realities. Yesterday the exaggerated hopes of détente precluded a realistic assessment of the impending political crisis; today, to the extent that undifferentiated fears have a similar effect, they induce indifference and inertia.

The process has affected America, Western Europe, and Japan, though not in equal measure. America and Japan face grave internal problems, and, above all, they lack effective leadership. In Europe, the internal rot has progressed further, and, moreover, unlike America and Japan, Europe is not a single unit. It cannot shake off the dead weight of the past, the fatal particularism of nation-states that have outlived their usefulness but will not disappear. Despite the ringing declarations about European unity, despite the urgent necessity for much closer cooperation, Western Europe is still in a state of disarray, unable to coordinate its political and defense policies let alone to pool its resources. Only a year ago, far-reaching resolutions were passed about coordinating internal economic activities and foreign trade and establishing a common currency. Yet even within the last twelve months protectionism has been on the increase, and the Western European countries have been outbidding each other to the detriment of all in their negotiations with the oil producers and the Soviet bloc. With the economic deterioration in some European countries, the distance between them and those better off steadily widens, and the aim of a common currency (and other common policies) recedes into the distant future.

THE NARROW NATIONAL egotism in European foreign policies has its parallel in the growing pursuit of narrow sectional interests on the domestic scene. As the internal consensus is breaking up, there is growing anarchy in Britain with other European countries not far behind. One hesitates to apply the term *class struggles* to the struggles which now go on in many European countries; class struggles are inevitable in a society divided into classes, a natural concomitant of the democratic process. But the present situation is increasingly characterized by a novel phenomenon—the relentless pursuit of pay claims by some occupational groups in disregard not just of the general economic situation but of other, less well-paid groups without the means to assert their influence in a similar way. Working-class solidarity is giving way to the law of the jungle, as small groups of professional people, technicians, or workers effectively paralyze whole industries against the wishes of the majority. It is a return to the practices of the medieval guilds coupled with an ideology (if any) of social Darwinism with an admixture of laissez-faire. But whereas in the Middle Ages there was an authority, be it the pope or the emperor, who had the power to impose order, authority in Western democratic societies has been weakened, and in some countries has been eroded altogether. Modern society, unlike the jungle, cannot function without a minimum of orderly conduct. Hence, the alternative to anarchy is the emergence of authoritarian regimes, unless reason, responsibility, and the awareness of long-term interest assert themselves in time to prevent a backlash.

The future of the crisis affecting the United States differs in some essential respects from that in Europe. Some form of what is termed in Britain the social contract has better prospects in America, despite the inevitable hard bargaining and social struggles. On the other hand, America has been gravely handicapped by its recent troubles. The Executive has lost much of its power, and Congress jealously insists on its newly acquired influence. This would pe haps not matter so much if the were a consensus in Congress, and there were an organizational fram work to expedite the decision-ma ing process. Neither is there a centr joint committee on national securi which could be the central focus f the main political, economic, and d fense problems. The domestic as w as foreign aspects of all major pro lems nowadays, their interdepe dence, has not so far brought abo any change in the work of Congres This failure in adjustment has resu ed in harmful decisions, or more oft yet in a stalemate. The consequenc for domestic policy are only too ob ous; in foreign affairs and defense t results are likely to be even mo damaging. Even in calm periods effective foreign and defense poli cannot be conducted by a gover ment whose hands are tied. At pre ent, all signs point to a stormy e in world politics: relations with t Soviet Union and China demand clear and consistent line, and there a growing danger of regional co flicts in various parts of the worl The problem is not, of course, ins uble; in due course effective mutu ly satisfactory processes of consult tion and codecision between Co gress and the Executive may emerg But this will take a considerable tim

It has been said that the paraly of the political will shown by de ocratic governments is a consequen of the contemporary "crisis of v ues," the belief that Western civi zation is no longer on the ascenda cy. But in fact the crisis is not abo fundamental ethical beliefs but abo their application and our readine to stand by them. A substantial nu ber of American politicians, colu nists, and plain citizens seem to b lieve (to paraphrase James Resto that while it is still true in a theolo ical sense that they are their brot ers' keepers, an abstract truth of th kind need not worry them undu with regard to the conduct of U. policy. The situation in Western E rope is even worse. It is not a qu tion of rejecting values, but of lac ing courage to defend them agai their enemies. The danger is in t spread of an appeasement mentali reminiscent in some respects of th of the Thirties, a moral and intelle tual reluctance to recognize realit to smother it in a ritual of intern tional make-believe.



Sure, changing your life can be frightening.

That's why you need Ms.- the one women's magazine that's not afraid to help you do it.

Change isn't easy for any of us. Particularly change that affects the way we act and feel about ourselves and others. That kind of change takes a special sort of personal courage.

Would it help to know that thousands and thousands of women are finding that courage and are exploring ways to change their lives?

They are.

Women all over the country are taking on challenging new responsibilities in politics...business...education...medicine ...community organizing...childcare...and at home.

Once you've decided you *want* to change your life, then what? How do you shape new ways to make your old life better? While it isn't easy, many women have discovered there's help and support at hand. From a women's magazine —the only women's magazine—that's not afraid to help you grow. And that grows with you.

That magazine is **Ms.**, the publication written for, by, and about women.

Ms. doesn't pretend to have all the answers. But what it does provide is an open forum in which all of us, as women, can share our thoughts, feelings, and ideas about what it's like to be a woman ...and even more important, what it *could* be like.

Ms. writes about the changes in the lives of both women and men with clarity, freshness, and candor. And you may be surprised by the changes **Ms.** talks about...

Here's a sample of what you've been missing if you haven't become a regular **Ms.** reader yet:

...Gloria Steinem answering the age-old question: "If we're so smart, why aren't we rich?"

...Letty Pogrebin's no-nonsense nominations for the best non-sexist children's toys in America.

...Linda Brent's astounding narrative of her life as a slave and her escape to the haven of a 9 foot by 7 foot attic, in which she hid for seven long years.

...Gabrielle Burton's witty account of what it's like to hand the broom to your husband, and the dustcloth to your kid, and make some time for yourself.

...Phyllis Chesler asking the intriguing question, "Are women a threat to each other?"—and coming up with an unexpected answer.



PLUS: Other intriguing articles, such as...Why Women Fear Success...How "Just a Housewife" Can Get a Paying Job...13 Honest Views of Fatherhood... Whatever happened to Rosie the Riveter? ...How to Keep Your Own Name After Marriage...and many, many more!

They all made helpful and entertaining reading. And there are more articles like these in the latest issue of **Ms.** An issue we'd like to send you free!

That's right...*you can get the current issue of* **Ms.** *absolutely free* just by completing and mailing the card that accompanies this ad.

When we receive the card, we'll also enter your name as a subscriber to **Ms.**, and send you 12 more issues (1 year) for only $10.

But if you're not delighted with your free issue, you may simply write "cancel" across our invoice, return it, and you'll owe us nothing at all. If card is missing, write: **Ms.** Magazine, Dept. [illegible], 370 Lexington Ave., New York, [illegible]

***NOTE:** To help us record the responses we receive to this ad would you do us a small favor? In the appropriate space on the card, please write in the number 4*

THE PARALYSIS of the political will is a curious disease; its origins are largely unknown, its course is uncertain, and there is no established cure. It affects both governments and public opinion in the West, and to a certain extent it stems from the genuine intellectual confusion which is the breeding ground of all great political and moral crises in history. Furthermore, the natural tendency for a democratic government is to tell the people what they want to hear. Inertia in a democratic society is never far from the surface; only a clear and visible threat will induce the public to sacrifice some of its present well-being for the sake of resisting an indirect or seemingly distant peril.

The confusion is most palpably felt in economics. Torn between the conflicting advice of Keynesians and monetarists, Western governments decided to do a little of each. The consequences have been predictable. Intellectually, both schools were quite unprepared for the crisis—the Keynesians because they faced a situation which the master had never envisaged. The monetarists had the neater theoretical arguments in the debate, but their practical proposals failed to take into account political factors, such as the power of labor unions. Economics has again become what it was once—political economy.

This process can be observed most clearly in Great Britain. The present crisis has put on the historical agenda the need for a further increase in the role of the state in the economic process. This may be against the liberal and conservative grain alike, but it has happened all over the globe. The present economic difficulties quite apart, the increased density of the population and the growing complexity of industrial relations contribute to the increase of the role of the state. To ignore this trend is to invite disaster, but state intervention per se is not a panacea. Only strong leadership will be able to pursue unpopular policies. This refers to austerity, cuts in profits and personal consumption, changes in the standard of living which are prerequisites for a lasting economic recovery. Weak governments, on the other hand, will temporize, choose the line of least resistance, squeeze some sections of the population at the expense of others, and hope, like Mr. Micawber, that something will eventually turn up. Thus nothing essentially changes, the country as a whole still spends more than it earns, the day of reckoning is postponed, and a temporary improvement in the economic situation gives way to accelerated inflation and a deeper recession.

The absence of obvious dangers has similar effects on national defense. It has made a realistic consensus on foreign policy far more difficult. In the post-Vietnam perspective it is clear that the nuclear balance of terror is insufficient to preserve the overall balance of power. It is not just a question of the credibility of the nuclear deterrent but of the psychological elements which determine public reaction to political and military risk in general. Conventional military response is no longer flexible when the risks of confrontation are not acceptable to the public. The public is no longer convinced of the existence of a clear and present danger: the cold war is over, firm new structures of peace are about to be established, the strategic balance is assured, military power does not automatically translate itself into political influence—there are a great many ways to rationalize the isolationist impulse. There are occasional reminders in various parts of the world that the global conflict continues and that the West is losing the contest little by little. But these indications are not sufficient, for the time being, to alarm public opinion. It is a matter of slow erosion rather than dramatic breakdown, and in this situation many people prefer not to see the perils.

But the process continues, and as it gathers momentum the setbacks have a cumulative effect and their consequences can no longer be hidden. Seen in this light, the present crisis could be a blessing in disguise. Given the natural inclination of a democratic society toward somnambulism, the present crisis could lead either to darkness or regeneration. The process of recovery will involve a rewriting of the social contract; it will be possible only if there is resolute leadership backed by full popular support. Even a farsighted leadership will be ineffectual unless it succeeds in mobilizing the public. Popular goodwill, however widespread, will remain aimless unless the present intellectual confusion is dispelled and replaced by a program of realistic hope.

THE YEARS AHEAD will witness new longing for a return to sor clear authority. This is the h torical response to a process whi has affected Europe and the Unit States for almost two decades. A thority—all authority—has be questioned, if not declared altogeth redundant. This has sometimes sulted in greater freedom but mo often in growing irresponsibility, domestic polarization and, general speaking, in social disintegratic Some regarded these developmer as "irreversible," but most studer of history knew that the proce would not go on forever, and th only hoped that the pendulum wou not one day swing too far in the o posite direction. Once society fac a crisis of survival, the happy an chy of yesteryear is bound to disa pear very quickly.

The other precondition for ov coming the present world crisis closer international cooperation l tween the democracies. In times crisis, governments adopt shortcu economic nationalism, beggar-m neighbor policies. They believe headline miracles, summits, persor diplomacy, and similar cure-alls. is only after these approaches ha been tried and failed that there w be the necessary psychological rea iness to engage in a collective effo It would be unrealistic to hope th all democratic governments will l have this way—some, indeed, m not survive the present crisis. B there is a good chance that most them will, for, as Dr. Johnson o served, nothing clears the mind b ter than a sentence of death.

All this will require a moral fib in Western societies as well as an i tellectual adjustment to new realiti for which, as yet, there are few i dications. But historical experien is not altogether discouraging. A c sis, like a disease, frequently p duces its antibodies. It may maim society or an individual, but it m also make it stronger. Saint-Simo the French socialist thinker, who fi popularized the term *crisis* in modern political sense, meaning moment for decision and a turni point, firmly believed that "negativ periods in history do not necessari lead to ruin but may well prece "positive" ones. The masochistic at tudes of the last decade cannot l forever; they are neither aesthetical pleasing nor ethically superior.

ul Friedman

THE DISMAL RELIGION

conomics as faith healing

S IF THEY DIDN'T have troubles enough with the national economy, members of the American conomic Association, at their eigh--eighth annual meeting in San rancisco last December received anher piece of bad news—they had st a bundle in the stock market. he AEA's modest portfolio, which ncluded 1,900 shares in oil and gas, worth $62,300), 1,116 in entertainent ($30,436), 3,400 in banking nd finance ($90,500), 1,000 in tilities ($15,000), 400 in mining $15,600), and 7,209 in miscellaeous categories ($116,390), was upervised by several of the nation's host eminent economists: Walter W. Heller of the University of Minneota, a leading liberal and former hairman of the President's Council f Economic Advisers; Milton Friedhan of the University of Chicago, he most prominent among conservative economists; and Beryl W. Sprinel, a distinguished business econoist with Chicago's Harris Bank and he AEA finance committee chairnan.

At the 1973 convention, Sprinkel had reported to the AEA a 17 perent loss in its investments. But like Heller, Friedman, and virtually every ther economist, Sprinkel had prelicted good news in 1974. The end f the Arab oil boycott and "a deline in short-term interest rates," he explained, "should provide a real ift to the market." Sprinkel's opimism was still intact in September 1974 when he told President Ford's economic summit meeting:



Cathy Hull

"It is my judgment that our economy is neither in a depression or recession. I project slow growth (in the gross national product) in the last half of this year and into early 1975. . . . Unemployment may be, at the worst, 6 percent." Before the end of 1974, interest rates—short- and long-term—had soared to new heights, the stock market had plunged 300 points, the nation's economy was in a recession and still falling even as prices rose. Sprinkel had reason to blush when he reported to his colleagues again in December. The value of the AEA portfolio, which had been at nearly $600,000 the year before, had declined to $426,000. While the Dow Jones had dropped 24 percent, AEA's investments had lost close to 29 percent. But in the best tradition of economists who can make statistics do tricks when it suits their purpose, Sprinkel suggested the AEA look at the figures another way. If the comparisons were carried back to 1967 (which was a good year for such comparisons, since it predated the inflation of the market and everything else), the AEA portfolio had actually gained value faster than the Dow Jones, Sprinkel declared.

Saul Friedman covers economics for the Knight Newspapers.

THE SPECTACLE OF bumbling mismanagement on the part of the AEA hierarchy, which so heavily influences national policy, the job and credit markets, and the American pocketbook, produced no apparent embarrassment at San Francisco. Indeed, there was hardly a murmur of comment. Nor could one have been expected. Most AEA members—whether they work for business, banks, investment houses, the industry, universities, or the government—sanctimoniously [illegible] the cyclic system of inflation and slump. Losses in the market, the loss of a business, a life's savings, a livelihood

—these things must be understood as necessary, inevitable events in the glorious history of free enterprise. Besides, it is a standing joke among economists that they are among the worst handicappers of the stock market. And what is a paper loss of $174,000, or even the entire AEA portfolio, compared to the larger work of managing the nation's $1.4 trillion economy?

The market difficulties of the AEA are indeed small. But in their small way they seem symbolic of the relationship between the nation's troubled economic system and the men and women who attempt to describe it. Economists enjoy the reputation of objective scholarship, but, not unlike the American Medical Association or the American Bar Association, the AEA promulgates a body of pious doctrine. Among AEA members, a group of perhaps fifty or so dominates American economic policy.

They are the men whom John Kenneth Galbraith has called "the priests." They are the conventional, mainstream, brand-name economists who serve interchangeably—or at the same time—as distinguished university professors, editors of the most influential economic journals, corporate directors, business consultants, and oracles for Presidents and Congressional committees. Liberal or conservative, Democrat, Republican, or independent, they are known in the trade as neoclassical economists, the "New Economists," who are followers to one degree or another of John Maynard Keynes. An iconoclastic Englishman who did know how to play the markets, Keynes taught economists forty years ago how to manage capitalism, how to flatten the curves of inflation and depression through government intervention—regulation, the lowering and raising of public spending, and the manipulation of the money supply. The mainstream economists have been tinkering with the system ever since, and, in the American fashion, reducing all economic life to statistics, averages, and mathematical models. Confined within the limits set by Keynes, they've been refining techniques for industry, banking, and government to keep the business of America in business, to keep the economy growing—no matter how—with a minimum of inflation and unemployment.

Last January 23, at a time of rampant inflation and near-record unemployment, the Joint Economic Committee of Congress opened its annual hearings into the state of the economy by taking testimony from three of the most prominent practitioners of mainstream economics—H. Gardner Ackley, University of Michigan, Democrat, member and chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, 1962-68; Paul McCracken, University of Michigan, Republican, chairman, CEA, 1969-71; Charles L. Schultze, Brookings Institution, Democrat, Budget Director, 1965-67. During their tenure in government, all three had presided over economic policies leading to the current embarrassments. In the fall of 1974, at the economic summit, none had seen the extent of the coming slump. Like most of their brethren in the priesthood, they had applauded the President's initiatives against inflation, and called for a sharp reduction in federal spending and a tax increase. Yet there they were in January, as confused as anyone about the economy, testifying before Congress and the press as respected experts. And this time they solemnly advised that recession, not inflation, was the number-one enemy, and that the need was for increased government spending, a bigger money supply, and a tax cut. They weren't sure how much spending was necessary, how large the tax cut should be, or whether these things would work, but they didn't know what else to recommend. These were the only tools the New Economics had taught them to use. Rep. Richard Bolling of Missouri, a committee member, remarked that he had "never heard three economists agree so completely. It's almost unique in my experience." Their unanimity attested to their confusion. The coincidental high prices and high unemployment, food and material shortages, the oil cartel, multinational corporate power, and the environmental consequences of growth—all unforeseen by the economists—have littered the mainstream with rocks. Not since the Great Depression (when AEA economists simply lied about the figures in an effort to "restore confidence" in economists as well as the economy) have so many prominent economists been so wrong so often.

As the outgoing AEA President, Walter Heller (CEA chairman, 1961-64) devoted his long address at San Francisco to a defense of mainstream neo-Keynesian economics. Heller spoke not only for himself, but for the priesthood. He acknowledged the contributions to his speech from some of its most eminent members—Ackley, Schultze, Brookings's Arthur Okun (CEA, 1964-69), Harvard's Otto Eckstein (CEA, 1964-66), Yale's James Tobin (CEA, 1961-1962), and Nobel Prize winners Paul Samuelson of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Kenneth Arrow, chairman of Harvard's economics department. Presumably he voiced the general uneasiness when he said that critics outside the discipline "have declared open season on economics." Within the profession, he said, "the chorus of self-criticism has risen to a new crescendo" as dissident economists attack "the shortcomings of mainstream economics, the misuse of modern techniques, the fallacies of conventional wisdom. . . . He who comes to praise economics risks being buried in the barrage of indictments that economists have brought against themselves and their brethren."

Heller neglected to say that some of the indictments have been coming from established economists who once swam with him in the mainstream but who have come to believe that the New Economics, helbent for growth, is leading to disaster. Galbraith, who has resigned from the priesthood for semiretirement in Switzerland, now calls himself a socialist and attacks the neo-Keynesian tinkerers for losing contact with the real world. Wassily Leontief, a Nobel Prize winner who quit Harvard in a dispute with the economic teaching establishment, condemns his colleagues for building intricate mathematical models based on meaningless aggregates and averages. Robert Heilbroner, a political economist at the New School for Social Research, noted at San Francisco that "the great body of economists failed to predict the major trends of economic affairs over the past two decades. . . . Much, although not all, of contemporary theory is of almost negligible importance for policy purposes."

The unemployed worker and the beleaguered housewife may know little about the intellectual warfare among economists, but they do have a notion about the emptiness of the recent forecasts. Who can forg

My name is Tony Jones. I just quit my job as Associate Editor of Harper's Magazine because I had an offer I couldn't refuse.

You see, for some time now I've been hoping to start an entirely new kind of publication. Now the opportunity is here—*if* I can persuade you to help me make the most of it.

No, not by subscribing. I need writers. Researchers. Editors.

Requirements: You are on your own.

And by you, I mean *you*. The new publication I'm asking you to help get started will be produced by its readers. By you, I hope.

As a matter of fact, the whole idea hinges on whether or not you contribute. Let me give you some background:

I was proud to work on Harper's Magazine, and I worked hard on it, but Harper's and other top magazines are committed to publishing the "best" writers in the world. This is understandable. And I agree we need this kind of source.

But this policy locks out communication of another, and in my opinion just as necessary, sort—different, honest, independent messages from the great numbers of intelligent and involved men and women who don't happen to be writers who know editors.

I want to offer a variety of communications from real people about just about anything. Short and pithy. Or longer if it plays that way. I'd have more by-lines than any other publication in the world. *If* my readers really did contribute.

In a real sense, this communication would be a collection of points of view. A swatch of our consciousness. An ongoing biopsy of our civilization.

When I announced my intention to Russell Barnard, the publisher of Harper's, he pledged that if I could actually develop the kind of magazine I wanted, he would publish it.

So I've decided to revive the famous HARPER'S WEEKLY, a national newspaper that flourished concurrently with the monthly Harper's Magazine from 1857 to 1916.

The people who ran that old weekly had the temerity to call it "a journal of civilization." Well, that is exactly what I have in mind for the new Harper's Weekly.

I want *you*, its reader, to write for it. I want you to write about your point of view from where you are. If you are a businessman and you want to talk about business, go ahead. If you are a housewife and you want to write about the effects of permissiveness on children, I think you are highly qualified. If you are a doctor who wants to pick up a pen and write a piece on your secret desire to become a hod carrier, I think it would be interesting.

Do you see it? A magazine containing people's thoughts and shouts. A kind of extended variant of the Op-Ed page of The New York Times, the letters to the editors of all times, hubbubby, and reflective of our civilization.

Frankly, many "experts" say Harper's Weekly doesn't have a chance. Reason? That you won't believe that I really mean what I say about *you* writing for it or researching for it.

Friend, I not only mean it, I mean it so much that *my* main worry about this enterprise is that you *won't* contribute.

I believe we need more exchange. We need more men and women of letters. People who can sit down and think something through and then write about it—not necessarily for posterity but to get the rest of us *thinking*.

Look, I'm also going to go out and buttonhole a person I think we should hear from who may not be a subscriber. And ask him to write. And I'm thinking of challenging some young artists to see if they can do as well with cartoons as old Thomas Nast did. I reserve rights like that. But once again, reader friend, the nub of the magazine will be your contributions, clips, original writing, or responses to other writing.

I've always felt it was a distinctly American trait that we *had* something to say. All of us. And that we couldn't be scared off or even bored off from saying it.

That when it came right down to it, we stood up and spoke our minds and left it at: "That's my opinion, bub."

I believe this is still true. And I love it about us. As for the reading, I believe we have a genuine and unfulfilled hunger to talk to each other.

O.K. If you're interested, you can help us in any of 3 ways.

1. *Do research for us.* As an active reader, you no doubt scan a wide variety of publications such as your local newspaper, specialized newsletters, professional, literary and political journals. Clip and send us items you think deserve attention. For each item we use, you'll receive a credit line and a research fee of $10.

2. *Write for us*, especially about things in your immediate experience that deserve sharing. Published contributions will carry your name and hometown, and you will receive an honorarium of $25.

3. *Support Harper's Weekly.* You can have a free look at Harper's Weekly and save $6

Harper's Weekly. "A Journal of Civilization." Or an inquiry into whether or not *personal accountability* is still a real force in us.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

☐ I'LL TAKE A FREE LOOK

Rush me my complimentary copy of the current issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY. If I like it, I'll send $6.00 and get the rest of my subscription (24 issues in all). If I'm not satisfied, I'll write "cancel" on my bill and keep my first issue free.

SEND NO MONEY NOW!

JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TO:
Harper's Weekly, 381 West Center St., Marion, O

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Herb Stein, as chairman of Richard Nixon's Council of Economic Advisers, holding aloft a piece of beef and ridiculing claims that meat prices were skyrocketing, and then blaming inflation on consumers who were spending too much? More sophisticated observers, including members of Congress, have grown increasingly skeptical of economists and their jargon. Many recall how Heller, Ackley, Schultze and company sought to convince the nation that it could pay for the Vietnam war, higher military expenditures, and the Great Society programs without inflation. While other scholars were challenging this notion, Heller was writing that economists ought to act as "angel's advocates" who could supply the President with resources needed to achieve great societies at home and grand designs abroad.

WHY, THEN, DO the brand-name economists remain so dominant in academic circles, so influential as advisers to business and government? Probably because theirs is the only recognized game in town. They took the heights of economic thought when the nation began its longest binge of growth. Although growth, superconspicuous consumption, and American economic superiority in the world have been called into serious question, the alternatives are not yet clear. So the brand-name economists persist. Richard Kaufman, a senior staff member of the Joint Economic Committee, the most important public forum for economic thinking, tries to get a broad range of views from committee members. He, too, has become skeptical of mainstream economists and their palliatives. But he's forced to recognize the political realities in Congress, and therefore almost always invites the names that attract attention.

"When we open our annual hearings on the economy, we have to begin with the heavy hitters, the big names," he explains. "It's like anything else in Washington. We have to try to reach the public, through the press. And we have to attract the attention of the Administration. If we don't have a name people recognize, a former member of the CEA or someone who served at Treasury, the press won't come." Recently, the committee heard from Ronald Müller of American University, a radical economist and the coauthor of *Global Reach*, a well-received study of multinational corporations and their influence on the world economy. "Not one reporter showed up," Kaufman said.

Even when members of the Joint Economic Committee have invited what they perceive to be the widest variety of opinion, the economic views usually end up running the gamut from A to B. Friedman and Galbraith, for example, are on the right and left, respectively, outside the mainstream. Yet each of them has served as a consultant or full-time employee of government, and both are proponents of either monetary or fiscal tinkering. Economists who represent the seemingly contradictory views of liberals, conservatives, trade unions, or industry, may disagree on the techniques or the timing of tinkering, but they agree on the shape of the economic machine. "Government, the press, business, and labor all go to the same big names," Kaufman said. "That's what perpetuates the system, its institutions and the mainstream."

The giant in the mainstream—several economists privately call him "the pope" of the priesthood—is Paul Samuelson of MIT, perhaps one of the wealthiest and most influential college teachers in the nation. His textbook, *Economics*, now in its ninth edition (present price, $11.95), has sold more than 3 million copies since it was first published in 1948. It is required reading in many an economics course, and his colleagues say the book has made Samuelson a millionaire. The text has helped perpetuate his brand of economics among tender freshman minds as well as among journalists and politicians who buy the book in an effort to understand what has become *the* subject of the Seventies. But a more obscure Samuelson volume published in 1947—his 1941 doctoral dissertation, entitled *Foundations of Economic Analysis*—made him a full professor at thirty-two and guaranteed his lasting influence among economists and public policy makers. In the earlier work he provided the necessary tools for postwar Keynesian economics and the unprecedented managed growth of the American economy. According to Daniel R. Fusfeld of the University of Michigan, Samuelson translated "neoclassical and Keynesian economics into mathematical terms designed to lead economic theory into new methods of theoretical analysis based on mathematical models." More specifically, Samuelson demonstrated to a depression-haunted generation of economists how the economy, if properly analyzed, could be managed. Samuelson later introduced to his disciples the use of the Phillips curve, the mathematics to find an "acceptable" balance between unemployment and inflation in order to stabilize a growing economy. Samuelson merely meant to show that the higher the rate of unemployment the lower the rate of inflation, and vice versa. But that has become a rationale, eagerly adopted by the Nixon and Ford Administrations, for putting people out of work for the sake of relieving inflation. Samuelson is among a few economists high in the priesthood (others include Arrow, Friedman, and Leontief) who despite repeated offers, have never held full-time government jobs. Their reputations are based on landmark work, and they depend on their scholarship to keep in touch with trends while influencing policy. Samuelson writes a column for *Newsweek* (as does Friedman); he commands high lecture fees ($3,000 is approximately the going rate for the most prominent New Economists), and he keeps busy teaching, studying, and consulting. His wealth enhances his ability to remain seemingly aloof from the pushes and pulls of the Washington economic bureaucracy and from the politics that could compromise his reputation. Leontief says, rather unkindly, "Samuelson only wants to keep selling textbooks." Outwardly the scholar, Samuelson has quietly used his considerable influence to put into positions of power men who practice what he preaches. Following John Kennedy's election in 1960 Samuelson was a ranking member of the small Cambridge group that helped construct the new Administration. Kennedy wanted Samuelson as chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers but couldn't lure him away from MIT. Walter Heller, then teaching at the University of Minnesota, was Samuelson's choice. Heller is barely mentioned in Samuelson's text, but he was close to Hubert Humphrey and in complete agreement with the New Economics.

Your telephone service. Such a small price to pay for such an important part of your life.

It's a bargain.

By bargain, we mean that over the last 10 years, the price of telephone service has risen only a third as much as other key prices.

But what about the future?

Well, the Independent, publicly regulated telephone companies (those outside the Bell System responsible for one of six U.S. telephones) are constantly expanding and improving your service.

To serve you well, we need fair and reasonable earnings. Because that's the only way we can attract investors whose money helps us to put new technology to work for you. Independent phone companies combined will spend about $2½ billion for growth and modernization this year.

Remember, please: Even if inflation brings some rate increases, your phone still will be a great bargain.

The Independent Telephone Companies.

Statistics from Consumer Price Index, U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics. For more information, write U.S. Independent Telephone Association, 1801 K St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006. Phone (202) 872-1200.



THE COUNCIL OF Economic Advisers, created (along with the Joint Economic Committee) by the Employment Act of 1946, was the official workshop of neo-Keynesian economics, for the law had given the government the obligation to moderate the business cycles and maintain high employment. During the Truman Administration, Leon Keyserling, chairman of the CEA (now a Washington consultant), was outspoken for government intervention in the economy. Under his direction, the CEA became a political platform for the New Economics and for the Truman economic policies. President Eisenhower reorganized it along more professional lines, with Arthur Burns as chairman. It then took a more objective, passive, and advisory role, which New Economists blame, in part, for the sluggish economy of the Fifties. Against the background of Kennedy's campaign pledge to "get the country moving again," the CEA was of central importance for the New Economists, who were eager to try out their theories. More than that, the CEA, which was supposed to provide the President and his administration with objective appraisals of the economy, became the avenue through which the priesthood and its dogma came to dominate economics. With Samuelson's approval, Heller chose James Tobin of Yale, and Kermit Gordon, then of Williams College, as the other CEA members. Gordon soon became Kennedy's budget director, and Tobin returned to New Haven. Tobin was replaced by Gardner Ackley, who had served in government during the second world war and the Korean war with Gordon. Ackley laughs as he recalls the connections which came to dominate the Kennedy-Johnson CEA.

"You've certainly hit on something there," said Ackley, now back at the University of Michigan. "There never was any great disagreement on the council, although I suppose there should have been. We all knew each other. I assume Heller and Gordon picked me after checking with Samuelson and perhaps Galbraith and Walt Rostow. Kennedy didn't know much about economics or economists, but he knew Samuelson. So he and everyone used to check with Samuelson.

"Heller knew of my work [which isn't mentioned in Samuelson's rather complete text]. And Gordon and I had been together in the Office of Price Administration during World War II and the Office of Price Stabilization during the Korean war. Anyway, there was a lot of musical chairs among friends at the CEA. When Gordon became budget director he was succeeded by John Lewis, who had also worked at OPS. Then Chester Bowles took Lewis with him to India, and Otto Eckstein, from Harvard, replaced Lewis. Eckstein was a fellow everyone knew. When Heller left to go back to Minnesota, he chose me as chairman, and Arthur Okun took Heller's seat. Okun was from Yale and was on the CEA staff because of Tobin. When Eckstein returned to Harvard, we traded him for James Duesenberry (now back at Harvard). And when I quit to become Ambassador to Italy, Okun became chairman. Warren Smith, who had been Heller's man on the staff, moved up to the council, and Merton Joseph Peck, from Yale (now chairman of the economics department), who was with Robert McNamara at Defense, came over to the CEA."

Taking care of one's friends and disciples at the CEA wasn't new. In the mid-Fifties, Burns, who had come to government from Columbia and the National Bureau of Economic Research, named his successor as chairman of the council—Raymond J. Saulnier, who had come from Columbia and the National Bureau of Economic Research. The Kennedy-Johnson years, however, were the best and the worst for the CEA and the activist neo-Keynesians. After initial political and economic problems, some of them left over from the Eisenhower recession of 1958-61, the New Economists took hold throughout the federal government, not only on the broader, "macroeconomic" issues of growth, employment, and stability. The neo-Keynesian "microeconomists," who concentrated on the detail work—the economics within specific groups, industries, and federal bureaucracies—brought to government a new lexicon of magic—systems analysis, cost-benefit ratios, input-output techniques based on computerized, mathematical models. Peck had coauthored a book which incorporated these techniques, *The Weapons Acquisition Process: An Economic Analysis*. It became the bible at the Pentagon for McNamara and his su per-rational whiz-kid economists. Th theory required the application c the economist's tools to policy-mal ing. Because the federal bureaucrac naturally will adopt any officiall sanctioned fad, systems analysis— known as PPBS (Plans, Program Budgeting System)—became the rag of government. It was used, amon other places, in the Office of Educa tion and in the war on poverty. Th techniques were devoid of politica and social reality, but with Merto Joseph Peck as "director of systen analysis" they were given their bi chance at the Pentagon. Systems an alysis became the basis not only fo decisions on military spending an procurement, but for broad defens policy. The press called it getting " bigger bang for the buck," but, mo precisely, systems analysis provide the theoretical ground for McN mara's argument that the Presider ought to have "flexibility" to respon to aggression anywhere in the worl The macroeconomists had helpe Kennedy create the "missile gap and criticize Eisenhower's defens policies as weak. The systems an alysts, the New Economics in micr cosm, provided the U.S. with th weaponry to fight non-nuclear war like the one in Indochina. On th broader economic front, higher d fense spending to close the missi gap, which turned out to be no existent, the purchase of convention arms, the race to the moon, and th domestic programs of the New Fro tier and Great Society did get th country moving again. Between 196 and 1965, the gross national produ rose by more than 30 percent, son 6 million new jobs were created, an unemployment went down to abo 4 percent.

IN 1964 HELLER was quoted saying that the New Economi had found "the pot of gold an the rainbow." And Samuelson, in 1968 *Newsweek* column, wrote rha sodically that "our economic syste in the 1960s has far surpassed th prophecies of even the most op mistic experts. The New Economi really does work. Wall Street knov it, Main Street, which has been e joying 92 months of advancing sale knows it. The accountants who cha up record corporate profits know . . . and so do the school nurses wh

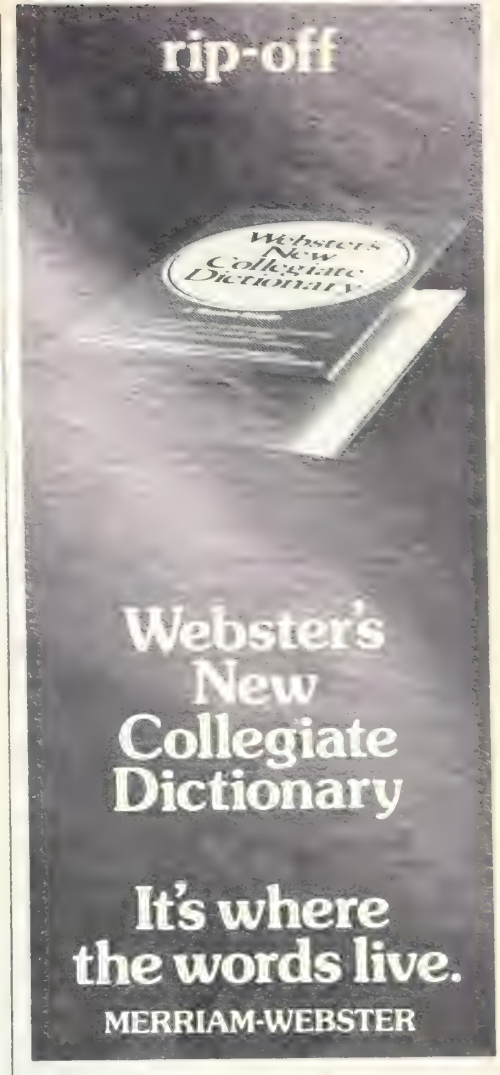
asure the heights of this genera-
n and remember the bony struc-
e of the last. You can bet that the
tisticians of the Kremlin know it
lown to the last hundred millions
GNP."

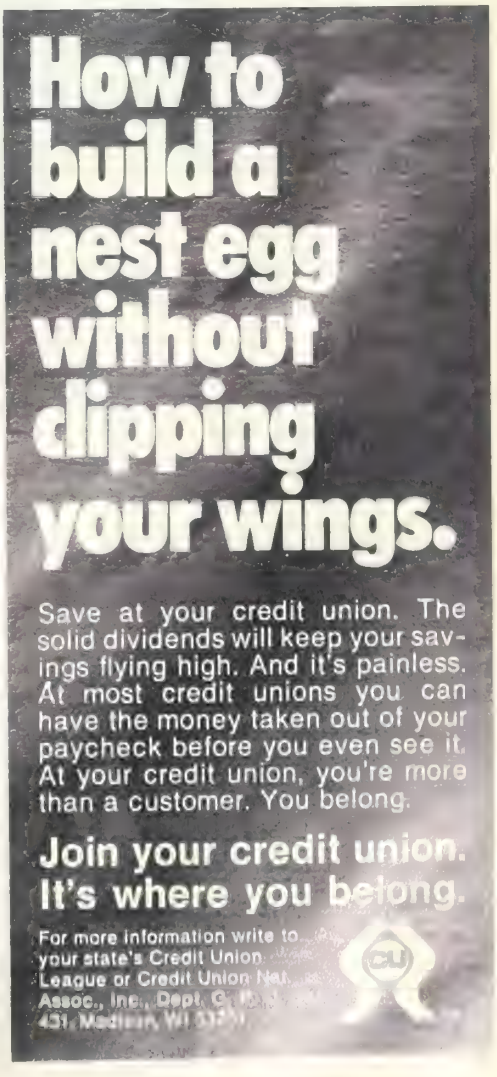
Only a few days after Samuelson's
rds were published, however, the
ers of Main Street, Wall Street,
l other parts of the country voted
New Economics and their polit-
l sponsors out of office. Their rea-
ns, in large measure, were those
e effects that had accompanied,
rhaps inevitably, the unprecedent-
growth—soaring military expen-
ures, growing inflation, a tax in-
ase, suspicion of increasing gov-
nment and corporate power, big-
y riots, and disenchantment with
eral social programs that had been
ueezed lifeless by the seemingly
dless war in Southeast Asia. Never-
eless, inside government, business,
d the profession, it appeared that
e New Economists had proven
eir point. Even in political exile,
ey dominated their discipline. Hel-
, who had left Washington in
bt, serves on the boards of four
rporations, writes an economic
wsletter for the National City Bank
Minneapolis, makes scores of well-
id lectures, works as a consultant
r business, government, and *Time*
agazine, and, in his spare time,
aches at the University of Minne-
ta. Ackley for a time was making
onomic forecasts for a brokerage
m and writing a column for *Dun's*
eview. Kermit Gordon became pres-
ent of the Brookings Institution.
mong the senior fellows at Brook-
gs are Schultze, who succeeded
ordon as Budget Director, and
kun, who also consults for the
merican Security & Trust Compa-
y in Washington and for the Wall
treet firm, Donaldson, Lufkin &
enrette.

Republican administrations have
ways had difficulty finding, among
epublicans, the kind of economists
eeded on the council. But many of
ose who served have found it prof-
able and easy to move from gov-
rnment to campus to business and
ack to government. Paul McCrack-
n, who served during the Eisen-
ower Administration as a CEA
ember and as chairman under Nix-
n, is also among the new "distin-
uished" professors at the Universi-
y of Michigan. He is a constant
onsultant (at about $200 a day)
for the Ford Administration, a perennial Congressional witness, and a columnist for *The Wall Street Journal*. He is also a director for Detroit Edison and several other companies which presumably value what he learns consulting for government. The beauty of the New Economics is that the New Economist, with his forecasts and tools for tinkering, is needed in good times or bad. Thus the recession, according to *Business Week*, has brought many academic economists who have served in government incomes of more than $100,000 a year.

The most successful CEA alumnus, however, is Otto Eckstein, who teaches undergraduate Economics 10 at Harvard, gives lectures, consults for the Administration and Congress, and runs Data Resources, Incorporated, the largest of a growing group of economic forecasting firms. It was formed by Eckstein and several academic colleagues, with backing from New York financiers, in 1968, two years after Eckstein left the council. Now, with more than 250 employees (including Harvard alumni) in nine offices around the world and its Lexington, Massachusetts, headquarters, DRI has more than 600 subscribers, including most major corporations, banks, and government agencies. They each pay at least $15,000 a year for DRI's monthly forecasts, and for additional fees clients may use DRI's computers, data banks, and thousand-equation models to devise forecasts for specific industries, countries, states, and regions. Eckstein declines to disclose DRI's revenue, claiming it is "proprietary information," but competitors estimate it at between $10 million and $25 million annually.

Eckstein's rather obvious use of his position at Harvard and his former government service to make money out of economics has become a symbolic target for much of the criticism now being leveled at the neo-Keynesian fraternity. Some critics of the New Economists charge that, in seeking influence within government and business while trying to teach, they have compromised scholarship and intellectual objectivity. Walter Adams of Michigan State University, a nonradical economist outside the mainstream, suggests the priesthood is "not unlike the military-industrial complex, which has a shuttle going between government,





the campus, and business, or the oil industry, which trades personnel with the Department of Interior."

"How much of the research is in pursuit of truth?" he asked. "I think most of it is done in pursuit of clients. Too many economists hang one of their many hats at universities as an advertising gimmick."

Ackley scoffs at the notion that he or his colleagues would tell a business client something they do not really believe. But he acknowledges that working in government is a trap for the scholar. He still winces when he remembers how he, Heller, and other economists working for Lyndon Johnson thought it wiser (if they wished to keep their jobs or remain "effective") not to enrage him by suggesting he ask for a tax increase in an election year to avoid high inflation. By the time they recommended it to pay for the Vietnam war, it was too late.

TOM WEISSKOPF, a radical economist at the University of Michigan, doubts that establishment economists change their views depending on who they serve. "They don't need to," he says. "Members of the economics establishment are simply oriented toward the business establishment. They think alike and have the same values. They are people who enjoy wealth and being close to power." In the most penetrating radical critique of the New Economics, Richard Du Boff of Bryn Mawr and Edward S. Herman of the Wharton School traced what they called "the relationship between brand-name economists and the most expansive years of American militarism." They suggested that military spending, the space program, and the Vietnam war—not tax or domestic spending policies—were responsible for the growth of the Sixties.

"If the services economists provide are bought and sold," they argued, "market logic tells us that economists in pursuit of successful careers will tend to ask questions and accept premises that meet the needs of those with 'effective demand.' Those who exert effective demand will select those intellectuals who will concern themselves with the right problems. Economists who ask the wrong questions or employ the wrong premises reduce the present value of their intellectual resources, and they may literally jeopardize their careers."

This argument has gathered power within the American Economic Association and on many campuses among younger economists and students, many of them in rebellion against capitalist-oriented neo-Keynesian economics. Not so long ago the New Economists thought they had banished Marxist economics as irrelevant in this country. But radical and Marxist economics are popular at the University of Massachusetts, the University of Michigan, American University, and among many students at Harvard. The journal of the Union of Radical Political Economists, at first full of rhetoric and slogans, has become rather sophisticated. Nonmainstream economists, like Müller on multinational corporations, and Samuel Bowles, the son of Chester Bowles, are writing and speaking with increasing effect within the profession of economics. They appear to have a growing constituency on issues they charge the New Economists with ignoring—antitrust action, income redistribution, public investment, national planning, nationalization. The dissidents, not all of them radicals or Marxists, have an important ally in Wassily Leontief, who at sixty-eight, with an established reputation, finds himself opposed to conventional economics. In a booth at a Harvard student cafeteria, he spoke rather heatedly:

"They defend what is. They play with their meaningless figures and models without regard to enormous problems which have confronted economics—the limits to growth, the absurd use of resources, shortages, unequal distribution of wealth, terrible poverty. You know, of course, that much of this model building, this econometrics, is really hot air. Today business schools are doing more good work than economics departments. Economists with their computers have been using irrelevant aggregate figures and a minimum of facts to get the largest possible conclusion. If they don't have enough facts, they invent some."

As a consequence of the student protests at Harvard and the furor among the faculty members, a visiting committee of economists investigated the school's economics department and found its graduate program poor and its approach to economics too narrow. Leontief, with similar criticisms of the departme to which he devoted forty-four yea quit to join New York Universi

Leontief, it is important to add, now active among a growing numb of non-Marxist, nonradical econ mists who differ with the Keynesia and are searching for a new N Economics. Some simply want build more realistic and accura models. "Structuralists" favor stron er government regulation and an trust enforcement. Leontief heads group of economists, including t current AEA president, Richa Gordon (whose son David is a lea ing Marxist), in a campaign for n tional economic planning.

Like Heller at the AEA, the pries hood is concerned about the restles ness among the newer, younger eco omists, and the challenges to t dogma of Keynes. Samuelson, in t latest edition of his text, treats Mar ism more fully and the radicals mo sympathetically than in past edition Eckstein bristles at a visitor inquirir about his critics: "What do you wa us to say, that the Russian system better than ours?" Then he add more calmly: "I say, 'Let many flo ers bloom.' The field of economics great, broad, and it needs peop with other views, like Galbraith an even the radicals. We have much t atone for—we did not see the o shortage, the food shortage, or the e fects of the boom in the Sixties."

Samuelson adds: "The New Ec nomics is going through an identit crisis, with much breast-beating an soul-searching. But anyone who cri icizes the Keynesian victories, wh says there has been no change fro the good old days, has a very shallo view of the economic world. We hav our victories under our belts. But w must move on."

Where? Samuelson doesn't say But the neo-Keynesians are familia with one of the most popular quo tations of John Maynard Keynes:

"The ideas of economists and po litical philosophers, both when the are right and when they are wrong are more powerful than is commonl understood. Indeed the world is rule by little else. Practical men, who be lieve themselves to be quite exemp from any intellectual influences, ar usually the slaves of some defunc economist. Madmen in authority who hear voices in the air, are distil ling their frenzy from some academ ic scribbler of a few years back." □

Jet Net
58,000 City Pairs

58,000 links make up the vast and complex network of the U.S. scheduled airline system. A network that helps tie our nation together.

These air links are called *city pairs*, connecting each part of America—large communities and small—to each other, and to the world.

A person, a letter, a shipment of freight can move by air not only between our big cities but between other places like Presque Isle, Yakima, Hobbs and Moultrie.

Each day more than half a million people, mail and freight travel on regular, dependable scheduled air service between these 58,000 city pairs. They fly at lower cost and with better performance than on any other air system in the world.

The Jet Net works because it is a system based on competition with common sense controls and regulation with reason. Improvements are always needed. But as we fine tune the system, let's be careful not to tune it out.

THE AIRLINES OF AMERICA

Public Transportation at its best.



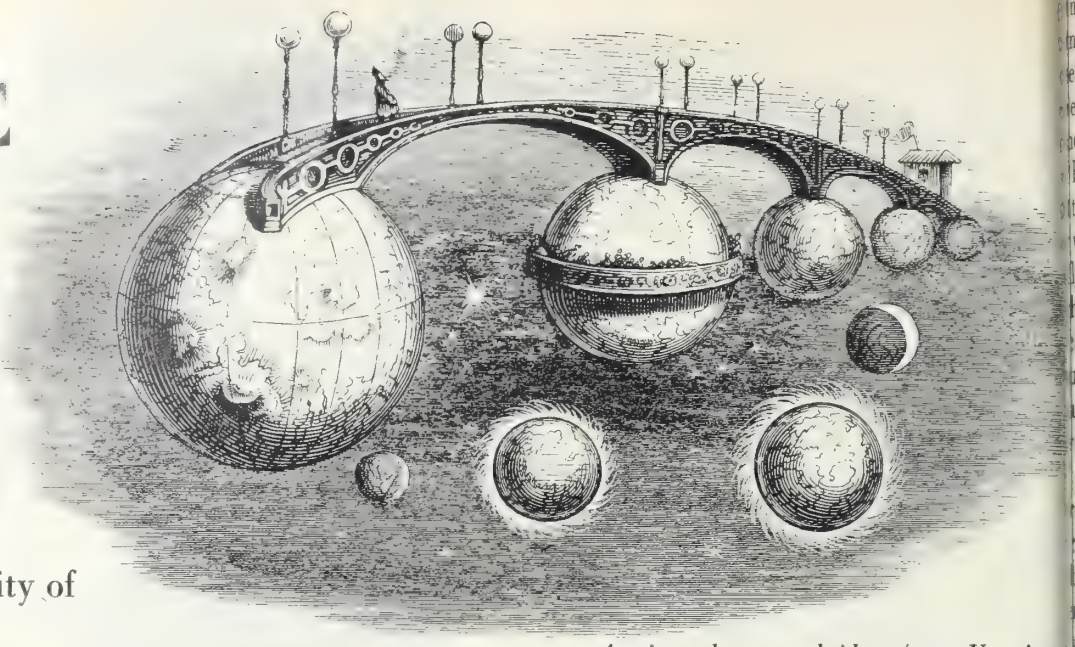
ATL PSP-C… …NG SFO-ORD PLN
…TW… …EMN-CEZ FYV
CAK PF… …A SAN
AUS DCA-LGA OMA-ABI… …G SLC-… …FAR-BIL … …AH
AVL TPL-PIT TTN-FLL PKB… …X-FYV TU… …D ASE-PDX RNO-BUF RH…
GUP YUM-ORD BFL-IAH … …NC BGR-JAN BRW-AIN BTR-LIT AHN-GSP BP…
BDL FLG-GUP FNT-LAN FLO-ISO FOD-BNA GAD-ANB AMA-PHX GBG
CVG BTV-DTW MCN-SDF MSN-ATL COS-DEN DHN-ATL MHT-JFK MHK-GCK MBL
OMA DEN-FLL DSM-COU ELP-ABQ ERI-MKE FAT-ORD GRR-BEH BRL
AX INL-SEA IMT-MKE IWD-RHI ISP-BTV ITH-ELM JXN-DTW JAN-CAE JAC-LAX JAX
CAK RIC-HTS SJT-IAH ROA-PKB SMF-LAS GTF-ITO GRB-DAY STL-ABY HNL
BLF LFT-ESF LAN-STL LCH-MSY LAS-BHM LAW-SFO BTM-BOS LAF
-LYH BGR-PWM CID-MSP LIT-MEM CMI-TPA CHS-DCA CNM-ROW CPR
-GRB MFR-SLE LGA-ABQ MLB-IAH BNA-ALB EWN-IND OAK-CAK MSY-
MCI GUP-PHX ORF-JAX GCK-GLD GFK-MSN GRI-PDX MCO-BAL EWF
BIS ABI-BOS PIA-BDL PHL-TYS ABY-DHN PHX-LNK ALB-MDT ROC-SEA ALM-
LBB HAR-MSY HRO-STL HSI-MCK TLH ATL HVR-ISN TPA-AVL IDA-SLC TOL
RIC JMS-ORD SHV-MCI TUS-AUS JBR-MLU JLN-TUL TYR-MIA UCA-ALB VLD-
BKX CRW-PBI DFW-ABI YNG-LAS DNV ORD ABQ-CMH DAY-ITH DAB-ATL DEC

For further information about the airport codes and the scheduled airlines, write:
Air Transport Association of America, 1709 New York Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20006

Timothy Ferris

THE UNIVERSE AS AN OCEAN OF THOUGHT

A speculation on the possibility of interstellar communication



An interplanetary bridge from Un Autre Monde, *by Grandville.*

THE THIRD-GRADE alphabet of Achernar Four, a handbook for surgery performed beneath ammonia seas, walls of color hypnotic to worms, symphonies that last a century, bulletins that navigation beacons have been altered in the globular cluster 47 Tucane, songs of plasma fish, heartbeats and gurgles, tangled codes anxious to build themselves into little machines, a reflection in a mud puddle, a cry for help, a *tableau vivant* of silicon bears—these messages and more wash down on us from space.

Or maybe not. Nobody on Earth knows, and almost no effort is being made to find out.

That is a shame, because for all we know quite a party is going on and we're missing it. "We may be like the inhabitants of, let's say, isolated valleys in New Guinea, who communicate with their neighbors by runner and drum, and who are completely unaware of the vast international radio and cable traffic over them, around them, and through them," said Carl Sagan, a Cornell University astronomer, at a joint U.S.-U.S.S.R. conference on extraterrestrial life held in Armenia in 1971. Scientific speculation in this field has grown increasingly respectable over the past fifteen years, though not sufficiently so to have attracted financing for a serious radio search. By now the relevant literature adds up to a heady stack of books and papers. These consider various aspects of the question up to the point that an intelligent alien signal is received. Then, wisely, nearly all of them stop, since we have little idea what such a signal might contain.

I would like to press the matter further and present the notion that if interstellar communication exists it will tend to add up to something more than the sum of its parts, as a human, a raccoon, or a gardenia is more than the sum of its parts. I think the consequence of talk among the stars may be the evolution of entire galaxies into intelligent creatures with lifetimes measured in billions of years. Societies like ours, if many manage to survive their own accreting powers, play the role of cells in these giant creatures.

As a crackpot idea, this faces heavy competition. The sidewalks these days seem jammed with people who believe that mind rays can bend forks, danger lurks in the Bermuda Triangle, the God of Moses and Abraham was an astronaut, flying saucers swoop down to kidnap cows, the pyramid of Cheops harbors the wisdom of the ages, the Earth is hollow, and plants will wither if you think harshly of them. Like each of these peddlers I disdain the others and insist I am hawking a superior truth.

To get to first base with my idea you will have to grant three premises. First, civilizations exist on planets of other stars. Second, the creatures who inhabit them are mortal; some may live a long time by our standards, but none lives forever. Third, at least some of them are interested in communicating with one another and are able to do so, which is to say that human concepts such as "intelligence," "communication," and "information" are not hopelessly parochial, that some common ground for conversation exists. From these premises derives the notion that we humans may be destined to find ourselves microorganisms in a mind as wide as a galaxy.

A GENERATION OR SO ago our presence on Earth was thought to have resulted from a cosmic accident, perhaps a near-collision of stars. Today the consensus among scientists is just the opposite. If life appeared here, its existence elsewhere is thought to be quite possible. Because it supports my argument, I will try to show that this shift in attitude is due to new discoveries in biology and astronomy; but, to be fair, I must also say it seems to have resulted almost as much from a change of heart as from a change of mind. The Copernican revolution has extended to the matter of genesis, with the result that our ancient desire to think of ourselves as alone in the universe has been supplanted by a desire to think we are not.

Sebastian von Hoerner of the Astronomisches Rechen-Institut in Heidelberg encapsulated this perspective

Timothy Ferris, a contributing editor of Rolling Stone *and assistant professor of English at Brooklyn College, is at work on* The Red Limit, *a book about the search for the edge of the universe.*

hat has been called "the assump- of mediocrity." It goes like this: ne our solar system to be an ary place; life evolved here; fore, life itself is a routine oc- nce. To demonstrate what he ed "the power of this method," Hoerner showed that had the an- Greeks simply assumed that the was an ordinary star, they could y have estimated the distances e ten brightest stars—which are h more remote—with 95 percent racy. (The two great questions t science and the Greeks are al- s "Why did they know so much?" "Why didn't they know more?" himedes, when the Roman sol- stabbed him, knew as much ematics as was known at any until, say, the fourteenth cen- ," said Alfred North Whitehead, ng the second of the questions. erything necessary for modern ce and technology existed in the of Archimedes.")

he flaw in this is, of course, that life *not* evolved on Earth there ld be no Astronomisches Rechen- tut, no Sebastian von Hoerner, no assumption of mediocrity. t is the danger in extrapolating n only a single datum. A visitor es in Manhattan for the first , steps off the airport limousine orty-second Street, and spots a k collapsed in his path. He ap- s the assumption of mediocrity concludes that sleeping drunks to be found on every block in city. In this case he hasn't done y, and his estimate is wrong by orse than about a factor of fifty. if, instead of the drunk, he dis- rs an emerald diadem on the side- , exercising the assumption gets into trouble. He could roam the the rest of his life, his gaze fixed he pavement, and never find an- r diadem. The question is, I sup- , whether life in the universe is e like the drunk or the emeralds.

O CONSTRUCT A FRAME for my picture of intelligent galaxies, I will make the argument that life e nearly resembles the drunk— monplace, if not ubiquitous. As rtlessly as galaxies (the word, in- ntally, comes from the Latin *lac*, milk) produce billions of stars, stars produce all sorts of planets, y of which in turn produce life. or there to be life on other worlds there must be other worlds. We cannot find them by looking through telescopes; even the nearest stars are too distant. But some significant indirect evidence indicates planets of other stars may be plentiful.

A few stars are close enough to us that their motion through space can be measured accurately, and some of these stagger in their paths in a way that strongly suggests they are accompanied by dark bodies, very possibly planets. About a dozen neighboring stars have been examined, and half of them appear to have planets; the limitations of this method make it hard to tell how many planets each has or what they might be like. Earth itself is a small planet, with well under 1 percent of the total mass of the sun's nine planets, and would be overlooked in a similar survey taken from a neighboring star. Yet here we are.

In another investigation, astronomers have measured the rate at which stars spin on their axes, and here a remarkable fact appeared. Yellow dwarf stars (of which the sun is one) spin much more slowly than would be expected by comparison with the hotter, larger stars. Several astronomers, among them Otto Struve of the United States, and W. H. McCrea of Great Britain, concluded that the yellow stars used up a lot of their angular momentum—which had to go somewhere for them to spin so slowly—by forming planets. And, indeed, it turns out that if you took the angular momentum of the solar system's planets and dumped it back into the sun, the sun's spin would speed up to a rate typical of the hotter stars. This strongly suggests that sun-type stars routinely give birth to planets, and since our galaxy contains at least 10 billion such stars, the potential number of planets is high.

Incidentally, we have a sort of scale-model star here in the solar system: Jupiter. It is the dominant planet in our system, more than twice as massive as the other eight planets put together, and may be regarded as a ship-in-a-bottle star: if Jupiter were fifty times more massive, thermonuclear reactions would begin ticking over in its core, and the sun would have a companion star. Does Jupiter, a miniature star, have miniature planets? The answer is yes, at least a dozen satellites, one larger

A stunning publishing event "Utterly exquisite.... captures an unprecedented kind of beauty.... the frozen jewels of insects in flight."*

BORNE ON THE WIND

The Extraordinary World of Insects in Flight

Text and Photographs by STEPHEN DALTON

Foreword by Howard Ensign Evans

64 pages of full color
8½" x 11" oversize format
$18.95 at booksellers

READER'S DIGEST PRESS
distibuted by E.P. Dutton



For the first time, the free flight of airborne insects captured with absolute clarity, "with all their irridescent appurtenances and wings glistening. (Dalton's book) reveals a fascinating array of information about his subject"* and explains his unique photographic method. Naturalists will marvel over these photographs and "photographers everywhere will drool over their perfection for years to come."*

*The Village Voice

than the planet Mercury. So Jupiter offers another strong clue that planets are manufactured routinely in the universe.

As for how many of these planets might be suitable for life, Philip Morrison of MIT estimates there are 100 million stars in the Milky Way likely to have Earth-type planets—"good suns," astronomers call them. Stephen Dole of the Rand Corporation, reasoning along lines largely independent of Morrison's, came up with a figure of 645 million planets enough like Earth to be habitable by humans. These estimates are not intended to cover all the planets where life might flourish, merely those where human life would be comfortable—where people could unpack their bags, settle down, and get a good sleep the first night.

Evidence here at home shows us life need not be so choosy. Living organisms have been found at the peak of Mount Everest, in Death Valley, at the bottom of the ocean, in subfreezing seawater and bubbling hot sulfur. Lichens get along on bare rock without soil. Grass grows in cracks in concrete pavements under the tires of cars on suspension bridges a hundred feet above the water. The arctic fir photosynthesizes sunlight in temperatures ranging from forty below zero to eighty-six above. The chemautotrophs—a group of microorganisms that date back to before the arrival of photosynthesis—live by oxidizing mineral coal, methane, ammonia, iron, and hydrogen sulfide.

EARTH SEEMS TO HAVE got down to the business of creating life without wasting any time, setting up shop within the first billion years or so after the planet came into being. In those days the atmosphere was mostly hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon dioxide, methane, ammonia, and water vapor; the Earth was seething with earthquakes, its sky stitched with lightning and flooded with sterilizing ultraviolet light. These conditions sound harsh, but they functioned as a laboratory to build the molecules needed for life—amino acids to form protein, sugars for DNA and RNA, porphyrin compounds to help transfer energy within living systems. If we ever have need of a full-scale calendar of ancient times, I think Year Zero might be fixed not when life emerged—a dividing line between complicated chemical replication and simple "living" reproduction may never be clearly drawn—but when photosynthesis took place. From our point of view, this was at least as important an event as genesis. By churning out oxygen, photosynthesis profoundly altered the atmosphere, set up an ozone screen against the sun's ultraviolet radiation, made possible animals like us, and turned Earth into the pretty place it is today. The better these developments have come to be understood, the more they have appeared natural to the planet, and therefore may be assumed to have taken place in much the same way on planets elsewhere. The old portrait of a barren Earth waiting eons for the "spark of life" has been discarded, and it seems increasingly clear that life is a product of the Earth itself. We are part of Earth's handicraft.

Since the planet was manufactured by larger forces, we can trace our lineage to the universe. This is not a matter of dreamy speculation but of fact. Hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, and carbon, the fundamental elements employed by life on Earth, are the most abundant chemically active elements in the universe. The calcium in our bones was cooked in ancient stars, then seeded into the dust and gas from which the sun and its planets formed. Earth's gold and uranium were spewed into deep space by exploding stars and swept up by the infant Earth, much later to cause us excitement and trouble. As the Nobel laureate biologist George Wald put it, "We living things are a late outgrowth of the metabolism of our galaxy."

So it seems reasonable to assume that life has evolved on other Earth-like planets throughout the galaxy, and perhaps on many non-Earth-like planets as well. Harder questions concern intelligence and civilization.

The origin of human intelligence remains a mystery. Our brains each contain 10 billion cells, and are capable of a 100,000 billion synapses. Why? Of what use was such a tool to creatures swinging from vines? Each *homo sapiens* (each dolphin, for that matter) is in the position of the occasional taxpayer who puts in for a small refund and gets back a computer-printed check for $1 million. Until this puzzle is solved, it will remain perfectly reasonable to say our brains resulted, like [illegible] million-dollar check, from a flu[illegible] and that therefore we may be uni[illegible] in the universe. Yet we all susp[illegible] this is not so, that indeed some cr[illegible] tures of the stars would find us p[illegible] ty dim.

Still steeper is the question "W[illegible] is civilization?" Is it typical to [illegible] telligent life, and if it is, will hum[illegible] society prove to share some comm[illegible] ground, however thin, with that [illegible] extrasolar creatures?

This is really another way of a[illegible] ing who we are, since each of us[illegible] more a creature of society than [illegible] our individual intelligences. W[illegible] poses the question "Why is the wo[illegible] 4.5 billion years old?" and an [illegible] swer: "Because that's how long [illegible] took to figure that out." The figur[illegible] was done, of course, not so much [illegible] intelligence but by civilization. [illegible] R. B. Lee of the University of Tor[illegible] to points out, there are people [illegible] Earth today, such as the !Kung bu[illegible] men of southern Africa, who are [illegible] intelligent as anybody else, but h[illegible] never advanced even to the inventi[illegible] of agriculture. It in no way [illegible] means a !Kung bushman's other [illegible] tues to say that he could not be [illegible] pected to retire to a tree, think de[illegible] ly for years, and return with a c[illegible] rect figure for the age of the Ear[illegible] Neither, locked in a closet, co[illegible] Einstein. It is not merely intelligi[illegible] life we seek in the universe, but ci[illegible] lized life, without knowing wheth[illegible] if we find it, we can talk to it.

Some researchers arrange all th[illegible] unknowns differently and dec[illegible] that we walk a lonely path. "W[illegible] are the chances that we could [illegible] fact learn of the existence of ext[illegible] terrestrial humanoids and eventua[illegible] communicate with them?" ask[illegible] George Gaylord Simpson, a Harv[illegible] professor emeritus of vertebrate p[illegible] ontology. "With a feeling almost [illegible] sorrow, I must conclude that [illegible] chances are vanishingly sma[illegible] Simpson's point was that the billi[illegible] of twists and turns, choices and ac[illegible] dents involved in human evoluti[illegible] and the subsequent development [illegible] human society add up to a numb[illegible] higher than that of all the stars in [illegible] universe; therefore, we probably [illegible] unique.

"If you look at it this way, th[illegible] the argument is absolutely irref[illegible] able," replied Philip Morrison. "[illegible] the other hand, it is a rather curio[illegible] way to look at it." In Morriso[illegible]

w, evolution on another world ld not be expected to follow th's in each particular any more n you could walk to work each by duplicating exactly each step took the day before. But you l get to work. The tuna (a fish), dolphin (a mammal), and the thyosaur (an extinct reptile) lved along separate paths, yet all led up looking much alike because were engaged in swimming fast catch small coastal fish. A fly's ee resembles that of a man, not ause they share a close common estry, but because that is a good y to design a knee. The eye of a nid is in some ways a lot like a man eye, and so forth.

THE WAY TO ANSWER these questions is to search for intelligence elsewhere. Until we do are likely to remain in the situan of, say, eighteenth-century Polysians on Tahiti. Had the Tahitians en interested, they could have culated endlessly about life elsehere on the globe. They knew large nd masses were to be found at eat distances across the sea, and th a little imagination they might ll have postulated such alien intntions as cities, trade routes, and ass war. Then, one June day in 67, English sails appeared on the rizon.

If we wait for sails to appear from ace, we may have a long wait, FO tales notwithstanding. Space is st and interstellar travel expensive. dio signals, in contrast, are simple, raightforward, and cheap. There is least a chance they are being amed to Earth at this moment, ailable to whoever knows how to ten.

Incredibly, almost no one is listeng. In 1960 Project Ozma, conducted at the National Radio Astronomy bservatory in West Virginia, briefexamined two nearby stars for inligent signals and found nothing. the fifteen years since, fewer than 000 stars have been studied refully, although Soviet radio asnomers have tried to intercept gnals by listening to the entire sky once, and Americans using the 000-foot Arecibo, Puerto Rico, ceiver, have aimed it at neighborg galaxies. The results were negae, which is unsurprising, since en if a million transmitters were blasting away directly toward us at the frequency employed, the odds of hitting one in a survey of 1,000 stars is .5 percent. To have a reasonable chance of hearing something would require full-time use of a radio telescope for ten or twenty years. Few scientists have been willing to risk so much time, and few money men so much money, on so speculative an experiment. "Excitement is one thing and putting your professional life on the line is another," Sagan said. "To listen systematically to several hundred thousand stars would take decades. An astronomer could spend his whole working life on it, hear nothing and go to his grave having accomplished nothing but failure to find a civilization."

I hope this situation will change, because we may be missing a lot. Simple curiosity aside, for us to hear from a nuclear technology that had managed to survive—as it is by no means assured our own will—might help rescue us from the darker potentialities of our own society.

To get back to my crackpot theory: if we listen systematically and manage to intercept a signal, I suspect it will not come directly from another planet at all, but from an interstellar network. The reasoning is this: Imagine there are a million communicative societies in the galaxy. Direct full-time contact would then require each world to maintain a million antennae. This makes no more sense than installing a different telephone in your home for each person you want to call. Networking drastically reduces the burden, so that, theoretically at least, each planet can hook up with a million others through only a single antenna.

An interstellar network may already have been built and be in operation right now, but I would like to propose a blueprint anyway. Local terminals handling, let us say, ten worlds, are constructed in space, presumably circling a star for free energy. These are automated and designed to maintain themselves indefinitely; space is a kind environment for hardware; the only problem is obtaining material for expansion and repair, which can be solved by commandeering small asteroids or comet heads. The civilizations in touch with each terminal might range from a few hundred to a few thousand light years away. The terminal receives signals from each and re-

BEST SELLERS

Now Available By Mail



PICTORIAL GUIDE

Europe's best selling sex manual. A step-by-step specific course through clear concise full-color photographs of how to engage in the many forms of physical love and sexual intercourse. 223 pages. $4.95

SEXUAL PLEASURE FROM A TO Z

An entire book devoted to the giving and receiving of Sexual Pleasures. Deals frankly and fully with sexual subjects other books are afraid to feature. Extremely candid text with over 125 full-color explicit photos. 190 pages. $7.95

PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE

One of the most beautiful and practical books on physical love ever published. Over 195 photographs, many in color, of a young exciting couple, nude, in various positions. **This is the complete edition.** Over 225,000 hardbound copies sold at $15. Now available in soft cover. 320 pages. $5.50

Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded in full

ADAM & EVE™

Mail this order to
Adam & Eve Bookshop
105 N. Columbia
Dept. DHA-14, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

Over 50,000 Satisfied Customers

Harper's Magazine subscriber service

affix Magazine Address Label here

CORRESPONDENCE

Please include your address label when writing about your subscription to help us serve you promptly. Write to: Harper's Magazine, Subscription Dept., 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

Please let us know you are moving at least five weeks in advance. Affix your magazine address label in space above and print new address below.

TO SUBSCRIBE: check boxes below.

☐ New ☐ Renewal
☐ 1 year $8.97 ☐ 3 years $17.94
☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Bill me later.
(Add'l postage: $1.50 per year outside U.S., its possessions, Canada & Pan America)

name

address

city state zip code

broadcasts them to the other members; in addition, it bumps a duplicate of the signal to a junction station further up the network hierarchy. From the junction it receives, and passes along to its member worlds, the full output of the galactic network, a great glut of information ("It will not be something that the *New York Times* will publish in its entirety," Morrison said), perhaps edited in advance for potential interest to each idiosyncratic world. The more complicated junction stations in turn report to a large central station, located perhaps at the center of the galaxy (a point which lies 30,000 light years from us in the direction of the southern constellation Sagittarius). A network of one central station and 1,000 junctions, each in turn corresponding with 100 local terminals, could handle 1 million worlds. Each society then would require only a single antenna, aimed at its local terminal. This system reflects some found in nature (our nervous system is one), and if many worlds are talking I suspect they already have it.

To the local terminals are assigned a variety of mundane tasks, among which should be the acquisition of new communicants—dawning civilizations like ours. Whatever sophisticated techniques are used for beaming messages within the network, the acquisition signal ought to be in a primitive medium, like radio, broadcast out in all directions at once to cover thousands of stars. We can expect such a signal to contain a decoding primer, a sampler of information sufficient to keep us occupied for a few centuries (since that is how long it would take our answer to get back to the terminal), and a request: "Please reply in order to receive more." If we choose to reply, the terminal points a fresh antenna our way and plugs us into the network. If not, we may content ourselves with the sampler. Space is vast, the stars are very far apart, and no salesman will call.

THIS HEAPS ONE conjecture upon another, but I want to go a bit further because at that point things get interesting. There are good reasons why the network, to operate well, must not only pass along information but must edit and remember it—in other words, *think*. The galaxy is a big place. A message traveling at the speed of light requires 100,000 years to go from one side of the galaxy to the other; question-answer times of 50,000 years are the order of business. This would seem lengthy to just about anybody. We can imagine alien beings living three or four thousand years, as do our redwood trees, or even ten times that long, but it is hard to imagine them living 100,000 years, if for no other reason than that natural selection would not have time to function meaningfully within the stable lifetime of their star. As with individuals, so with societies (and for some races there may be no such distinction). Wise or fortunate civilizations may persist hundreds of thousands of years, but I doubt many enjoy histories that span millions of years.

In other words, by cosmic standards, planetary societies are fleeting. Grand and elegant worlds may collapse into dust before their voices have penetrated to the galactic suburbs. Suppose the citizens of Zebug 4 learn that their star suffers an internal ailment that threatens to heat up and boil away their world within a million years. They broadcast a call for help. Unknown to them, 10 million years earlier Gubez 7, a society remembered for its devotion to the physical sciences, had discovered a simple way to treat just such a problem, and announced it through the network. That was a long time ago. If the network itself has no memory, the fate of Zebug 4 rests with the faulty recollections of a million varied worlds. Some will have perished, some forgotten, some have the answer in a corner of an ancient library but not know it.

Also, planetary societies are likely to be parochial. However much they learn through long participation in the network, each has its own idiosyncratic biology and thought processes. Each is interested in some things, not in others. Important information pumped through the network could be discarded in millions of worlds because nobody recognized at the time that it *was* important.

The solution is to build a network that can remember and can intelligently dispatch old information when requested or required, whether suggestions on how ant-colony worlds can avert mass suicide, handy designs for spaceships, or recordings of Bach. Further, the network shou be able to make inquiries to fill wh it perceives to be gaps in its ov understanding: curiosity, the quali of organic intelligences that broug them into the communication bu ness in the first place, would be d signed into this cosmic intelligen as well.

Technologically, the project straightforward. Appropriate devic are set to work, perhaps in an u occupied planetary system, to bui a large complex of thought an memory cells. An area as small our solar system could store the fu output of a million societies, usi nothing much more sophisticate than current Earth computer techn ogy, which presumably is primitiv Located at the galaxy's center, th brain could process messages fro most planets and reply within 50,0 years, since stars are clustered mo closely near the center of the galax Especially important material cou be looped steadily through local te minals (the human brain does som thing similar), making it available planets on relatively short notice. network that worked this way wou be much more helpful to everyo than a simple passive system. smart network works better than dumb one.

To get back to Earth: I find th idea of an intelligent galactic ne work pleasing and I hope one a ready exists, but a few brilliant i vestigators view the prospect of h mans contacting a more advance society—much less a complicate network of them—with dread. One George Wald, the Harvard biologis who, at a panel discussion at Bosto University on November 20, 197 envisioned the effects of contact a "nightmare."

"I see no escape from the thoug that more advanced technologies e ist, very likely in a number of plac within our own galaxy," Wald sai "That thought in itself is a little te rifying to me, I must say, because my view of and identification wi the human enterprise. You see, wh I ask myself as a lifelong scientis 'What's science about?' the answer not to increase the catalogue of fact it is to achieve understanding. means a great deal that one of th greatest human enterprises is ou understanding. It is something th men have sweated out, to the greate dignity and worth of man. Th

ought that we might attach, as by umbilical cord, to some more advanced civilization, with its more vanced science and technology, in ter space does not thrill me. . . . ie could fold the whole human enprise—the arts, literature, science, dignity, the worth, the meaning man—and we would just be atched as by an umbilical cord to it 'thing out there.' "

Another panelist, Krister Stendahl, an of theology at Harvard, replied, When I think as a theologian on the ssibilities of life beyond Earth and en communication with such life, y first reaction is, 'That's great!' It ems always great, to me, when od's world gets a little bigger and nen I get a somewhat more true ew of my place and my smallness that universe. . . . To achieve this a growing awareness—which I not find at all threatening, as eorge Wald does—an awareness at really sinks in . . . for man to ally become a part of cosmos in s consciousness, is a great achievent."

"What are you going to do," Wald ot back, "when all the things that ake you proud and think it worthy be a man are demonstrated to be imaginably inferior to what creares out there know and do? . . . ow do dogs feel about your God, ister? Are they proud, you know, being men's dogs, and having a g's share of man's God?"

A less passionate view was taken the Armenia conference by von oerner. "If a Stone Age culture mes into contact with us, this eans absolutely the end of that one Age culture, although this may ke a while," von Hoerner said. And if we come in contact with me superior civilization, this again ould mean the end of our civiliza-n, although also that might take a ile. Our period of culture would finished and we would merge into arger interstellar culture."

NOW FOR ONE MORE LEAP. There are, of course, millions of galaxies other than our own. The arest large spiral like ours is 1.7 llion light years away; others lie at stances of hundreds of millions to llions of light years. What if in ese an intelligent network has olved from the discourse of its ny worlds, as might have happened in our own galaxy? Each galaxy could then be regarded as, in a sense, an individual organism, with a personal memory spanning hundreds of millions of years—a creature that could virtually *feel* its own stately spin and outward march in the space-time of the expanding universe. Do these creatures talk to one another? If a message arrived here from M81, a spiral galaxy 6.5 million light-years away, we planetary creatures might listen with interest, but who would want to reply? What planet-bound intelligence is prepared to begin a conversation measured in intervals of 13 million years?

The answer, probably, is that there aren't any. Only one intelligence in the galaxy is so cosmopolitan and longevous to take up such a dialogue —the network itself. Galaxies alone can talk over eons, drawing upon sensibilities in which worlds play something of the part of brain cells.

The human brain contains 10 billion cells, the Milky Way galaxy 100 billion stars, the observable universe 100 billion galaxies.

What does a congress of galaxies mean directly to us? Almost nothing, I suppose. If we survive and ripen to the broadest dreams of whatever we desire as a race, we can still expect to have departed the stage within a few million years—not time enough for the Milky Way and M81 to get off a vaudeville two-liner.

Galaxies talk to one another anyway, it is true, whether or not they prove to develop interstellar intelligence at the prompting of their organic passengers: they ride in corporate gravities, churn through a common wash of radio flux, share an ocean of cosmic radiation. In that perspective, intelligence is nothing special. Still, we could take pride that our efforts had left behind something other than temporary deviation of the atoms we leased from the universe. Writing a book seems a richer heritage than that our body turns into coal. The poetry of the Greeks is more cherished than their skeletons. To participate in the talk of the stars would cost us nothing (except wisdom, which extracts its own toll, I guess) and would enter us upon a perceptive destiny broad as the universe.

All this may be wildly false. The universe may be empty of kindred beings, dull as a waiting room in which we are the only travelers. But we will most likely never know unless we try to find out. If a preposterous idea helps prompt us to take even so modest a risk as to build a single receiver to search for intelligent signals, it will serve a purpose, as Columbus's woeful underestimate of the girth of the world led him to set out across the Atlantic. □

READING ON:

Two good introductions to the subject are Walter Sullivan's *We Are Not Alone* (Signet, revised edition, 1973), and *Intelligent Life in the Universe*, by I. S. Shklovskii and Carl Sagan (Dell, 1968). For a more recent general updating, see *The Cosmic Connection* (Doubleday, 1973), by Carl Sagan. A wide variety of scientific papers, some fairly technical but none forbidding, are collected in *Interstellar Communication*, edited by A. G. W. Cameron (W. A. Benjamin, 1963), and *Interstellar Communication: Scientific Perspectives*, edited by Cyril Ponnamperuma and A. G. W. Cameron (Houghton Mifflin, 1974). The second of these contains an extensive bibliography of books and papers concerned with extraterrestrial intelligence, how to find it, and what might happen if we do.

Four volumes on the biological side that I found helpful are *What Is Life?* by Erwin Schrodinger (Cambridge University Press, 1946), *Habitable Planets for Man*, by Stephen Dole (Blaisdell, 1964), *Life Beyond Earth*, by V. A. Firsoff (Basic Books, 1963), and *Extraterrestrial Biology*, by Richard S. Young (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1966). The matter of mortality is considered in *Aging: The Biology of Senescence*, by Alex Comfort (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1964).

A fascinating report, though predominantly technical, is *Project Cyclops: A Design Study of a System for Detecting Extraterrestrial Intelligent Life*, available through Dr. John Billingham, NASA/Ames Research Center, Code LT, Moffett Field, California 94035. Transcripts of two conferences on extraterrestrial intelligence have been made available in book form: The 1971 U.S.-U.S.S.R. meeting in Soviet Armenia as *Communication With Extraterrestrial Intelligence (CETI)*, edited by Carl Sagan (MIT Press, 1973) and the 1972 Boston University symposium as *Life Beyond Earth and the Mind of Man* (NASA SP-328, 1973).

For valuable assistance I am indebted to Ann Druyan, Bernard Oliver, Thomas Powers, and Carl Sagan. □

TURN ALUMINUM INTO GOLD

FOR MUSCULAR DYSTROPHY

"Bring your aluminum cans, foil and aluminum food containers to a nearby Reynolds Recycling Center. Every pound is worth 15¢. But instead of taking cash, ask for a check made out to Muscular Dystrophy. You'll be turning aluminum into gold for kids with M.D. and related neuromuscular diseases...conserving our country's energy and resources, too. Please help.

"For the location nearest you, call this toll-free number anytime. Dial as you normally dial long distance."

(800) 243-6100

In Connecticut (1-800) 882-6500

Reynolds Aluminum
Recycling Pays



ennis Troute

LAST DAYS IN SAIGON

he agony of getting out

pril 18

THE HEAD OF A GIRL appears just before curfew time behind the black latticework that covers each opening at the entrance to ıe hotel. Her eyes are wide open, both inviting ıd appraising, as she gazes at the foreigners ıoving through the lobby to the garden bar at ıe back. Except for the heavy mascara that ently rounds the almond shape of her eyes, she ears no makeup. She is attractive without it, hich means she is either very young or unuıally well preserved. In Saigon few whores etain their beauty for long. There is a certain rrogance in her appraisal as more foreigners ass through the lobby. She knows what these oreign men want, and how desperately, sometmes, they need it. But few of them notice the mall face partly hidden by the iron grillwork, nd no one talks to her.

Nearly all of the men in the small, lush garen are journalists, and most have been in Vietam before. They stay at the Continental Hotel s much for its charm and memories as for its lacement at the center of Saigon. With its pen veranda, once-white walls, and dull red le roof, the Continental has the air of an aging iplomat, a grayed reminder of faded grace. he garden bar is one of the few places in Saion where journalists can drink and talk until ell past the curfew in the evening. Almost all ave seen one another covering this war or ther wars, and at times they sound like conentioneers attending an annual meeting.

"Couldn't keep you away, huh?" says a portly ıan to a younger one in jeans.

"Nah," replies the other uncomfortably, as e edges into the group of men turning to face im. "Actually I sort of wanted it. . . . I mean, t might be the grand finale." He speaks apoloetically, an attitude expressed with odd freuency among those drawn to Vietnam and its ıaunting atmosphere of danger and beauty.

Another man senses that the subject of danger has been brought up without having been specifically mentioned, and he continues in the understood line of conversation.

"Anybody going up north better get a command chopper. Those logistics choppers are bad news," he says.

"What's so bad about them?" asks somebody else.

"Well, you can't be sure you'll come back. They land, and a hundred guys try to climb on. Paratroopers and rangers kicking off wounded. You might find yourself all alone in the middle of a rubber plantation."

"It won't be the first time ARVN left me," says the portly journalist, smiling. "The boys in New York want front-line stuff, so I've got to get it." His reference to the chaotic retreats of the government army draws the expected laughter, and the group drifts apart, some to write stories and others to think about the next day.

At the tables along the edges of the garden, the conversations are earnest and sometimes intense. Even the jokes have a grim point: stories about people in trouble and seldom finding a way out of it. The laughter is curt and cynical, rarely happy. Few of the reporters can detach themselves from the suffering around them. A well-known television analyst outlines, succinctly and eloquently, the political ramifications of what he has seen. Everything about the conversation is tinged with his professionalism, from his soft but modulated speaking voice to his eyes that at times drift past the table to a middle distance of Teleprompters and cameras. But the dimension of the human anguish is too great for those terms. Many of the journalists who have been deeply involved with the Vietnamese have become confused about their own place in the tragedy.

The least certain often are the most drunk. One conversation among three men huddled over a table is louder than the rest. Two of them try to convince each other of what they both believe: as they keep shifting sides, the argument becomes completely illogical.

Dennis Troute first went to Vietnam in 1970 as a soldier. He stayed in the country for most of the next five years, becoming a free-lance journalist and then a correspondent for NBC News. While in Paris in early April of this year, his affection for the Vietnamese forced him to return to Saigon and participate in the final drama.

"So what can Ford do?" asks a short, curly-haired man rhetorically. "Bring the Marines back? Bomb 'em again? I dunno. We had to get out, and we gave 'em the equipment to fight with. Look at what happened. They just threw it away."

"Well, our role in this hasn't been so great either," says the man across the table, shaking his finger at the other. "How about Cambodia? Every time one of us saw an American showing a Cambodian how to point a gun, he ran off sniveling with a story about the great American involvement." He shakes his head, remembering his own constant questions about the legality of American adventures, and says, more softly, "I guess I did too."

Leaving town

THE SENSE OF FINALITY is everywhere. The subject of evacuation comes up in conversation more frequently than any other. Foreign journalists have been told that they are included in American Embassy evacuation plans, but the position of their Vietnamese employees and their families is less certain. Most journalists do not believe that the official American efforts will be adequate. They remember, after all, that hundreds of Vietnamese employees of the American mission were left stranded in Danang and other coastal cities during the panic in the North.

Through the news bureaus drift rumors of private evacuation plans, a few of them feasible, many of them elaborate fantasies. All are supposed to be closely held secrets, even from other newsmen. Some are hinted at out of sheer pride in their ingenuity; some are blurted out over drinks. A newsman says guardedly that his agency has three options, one involving the embassy and two others private. He admits only that both air and sea travel could be involved. He permits no further cross-examination, and leaves with the air of a man who has been tricked into revealing missile sites to the Soviet military attaché.

Another reporter, sitting alone, rolls his eyes and folds his hands over his chest before answering.

"Oh, Jesus, it's a mess. We've got three plans, and there's just no way any of them are going to work. I've been working on this for weeks, talking to flyboys and airline directors and trying to figure out what to do. I don't know what you know about this business, but I've learned a helluva lot. I've been on and off the seating capacities of DC-3s, C-47s.

"I met some of the boys who're supposed to do it for us. Real hotshot Southeast Asia flyboys—walk into the office and the first thing they do is borrow money off me.

"It gets worse. There's talk about our military contacts ordering the highway blocked for an hour so we can land a DC-3. Can you imagine that, blocking a highway?"

He closes his eyes and massages his temples, stopping for a moment before continuing.

"And I've got to take care of my girl. I have to find some way to get her out. I mean, I didn't mean for things to move along with her this fast. But I've got a responsibility to her, don't I?"

His voice has risen to a pitch that makes it more a plea for support and guidance than a question. There is no way to answer it.

Walking back into the lobby of the hotel for room keys, the last journalists to leave the garden can see that the girl who waited outside earlier has moved to a doorway closer to the hall. It is long past curfew and the lights of the town all have been shut off; her long black hair blends with the darkened background, leaving only her face visible. Her stare has lost its arrogance, perhaps from disappointment but more probably from fatigue and the knowledge that she is likely to sleep outside on the cold tiles of the veranda for the night. Still, the oval of her face peers through the iron latticework. And she waits, watching, hoping, against all reason.

April 21

NOTHING IN VIETNAM is far removed from the jungle. Death and birth are not set off against one another, separate moments in time, but seem to be constantly intermingled. Lush green plants and trees spring up out of the fertilizing decay of their predecessors. Their push toward the sun ends with eclipse by others, steadier and stronger. The last moments of any struggle may be frantic, but death itself is generous, a gift to another generation.

Danang was the first unmistakable sign of the eclipse. A sprawling city expanded by tragedy it was peopled by survivors. The tough and independent central Vietnamese had, for years, scratched a living from their sandy patches along a narrow strip of coastline. During the war they abandoned their fields for shacks built along highways and in the cities, principally Danang. Danang became the ugliest whorehouse in Vietnam, a tribute to the force of the American Army. Its economy was built on goods and services, a network of pimps and prostitutes and beggars and maids, satisfying the needs of soldiers.

That Danang was an artificial headquarters in every way added strangely to its symbolic value to both sides. Historically, for the Vietnamese, the natural headquarters of the region was in Hue, a center for intellectuals and artists and the seat of rule for the great kings of the past. But the American Army subdivided differ-

tly, catering for obvious reasons to concepts modern warfare rather than tradition. Mili- y Danang was left intact, like the useless idea starched fatigues in a tropical climate, for Saigon army that succeeded its foreign bene- tors in 1973.

The commander in Danang, Lt. Gen. Ngo ang Truong, had established a brilliant record performance untainted by corruption. A slen- r, quiet, reclusive man, he was said to drink gnac late into every evening, poring over maps d plans for coming battles. During the 1968 t Offensive, he had left his wife and family, mped into a Jeep, and shot his way through etcong lines to take command of his men at front.

The aging Vietnamese man who described neral Truong's last hours of command had rs in his eyes.

"General Truong was the first honest com- nder in Danang, and they respected him," he d, "but in Hue he was loved. Many times, ere was talk about his removal, and he would to Hue and walk along the banks of the Per- me River, so the people would know that he d not left.

"On the last day he went back to his head- arters, but it was abandoned. No one had ited for him. His staff men thought he was t of his mind, giving orders that they knew uld not be followed. So, anyway, he looked d then took a Jeep and drove himself to the ach, where the Marines had a landing site. But the last boat had already left; it was about 100 yards offshore. General Lan, the Marine commander, saw him and told two Marines to dive in the water and get him. So he started swimming, with the help of the two Marines, but when he got close to the boat he heard the other Marines insulting him—and he cried."

"Oh, the journalists"

FOR THOSE WHO HAD WATCHED the war closely during the past five years, it was as though the departing American Army had left, along with its guns and bombs and bases, a storehouse of its desperation—boxes of its confusion and anger and misunderstood objectives —waiting to be opened by its flagging Vietnamese successors. Certainly the end of it was in a cannister stamped "U.S. Army."

The American part of the war had begun in Danang with mixed and missed signals. Strapping U.S. Marines had marched ashore straight into the arms of schoolgirls in white dresses carrying garlands of flowers. Vietnam opened itself to seduction and a brief, unhappy affair, but America came for rape. A seduction might have ended quickly, with only dissatisfaction. A rape, once begun, had to be carried to its conclusion.

The collapse in Danang was the suicide of the victim. There was some resemblance between the demoralized American GIs with their

"The Americans leave the same way they entered Vietnam, in haste and confusion and ignorance. They still do not understand the extent of their responsibilities."







Dennis Troute

LAST DAYS IN SAIGON

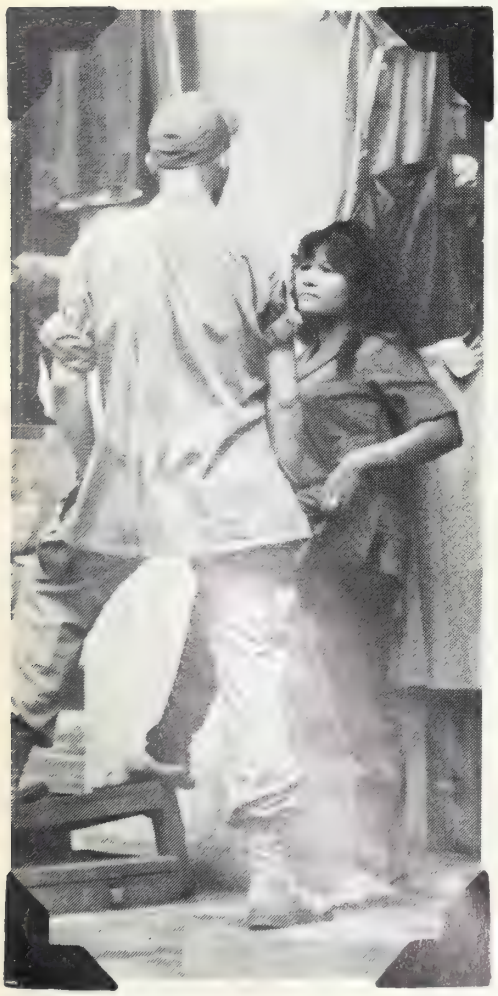
peace beads and headbands, who had left several years ago, and the Vietnamese Marines who pillaged the trembling northern city. It was not just the dark striped "tiger fatigues" and long hair. Many had punched homemade, ink-filled tattoos into their flesh. Forearms and dark narrow chests bore the legends "Love" and "Peace." They wrenched open the doors of the government's rice storehouses, grabbing at the food that indifferent superiors often did not deliver to their families or to them in the field. They turned to the houses of the wealthy, destroying rather than stealing whatever belonged to those who had ignored them. And they turned to the women who often had preferred men other than soldiers, but now were too shocked to resist the rough hands that pulled them into the narrow alleys of Danang and held them down while others mounted.

Horror followed horror. Thousands of refugees jammed the docks at Danang, shoving themselves and their children toward barges that could carry less than a quarter of them. Soldiers demanded first place there, too, even killing some who blocked them. Children were lost in the churning wakes of overloaded boats.

Those who reached the boats were not luckier than those left behind. All but a few of the rescue craft were overloaded, with many of those aboard sick and hungry. Some of the people died quickly and were tossed over the side. Others were trampled underfoot as th grew bloated and yellow in death. The soldie rampage continued, but there was no escape f the victims, who were robbed and raped a beaten within the small confines of the boa

America watched and waited. Its own resc ships bobbed listlessly offshore after the pa had begun, waiting for survivors to reach the American troops could not be used to make rescue attempt, and the Vietnamese were inca able of doing it themselves. Even those Viet mese employed by the U.S. government cou not be helped, and there were verifiable stori of deception, of Americans sacrificing Viet mese to save themselves. Vietnamese were t to wait for planes that never arrived as th watched their American bosses climb into he copters.

There was no fighting between the opposi armies for control of Danang. The Saigon ar and administration struggled only briefly maintain some sense of itself, and lost. T triumph was accomplished by men in civili clothes riding three North Vietnamese tan equipped with loudspeakers. Rolling through t streets of Danang, the loudspeakers issued structions, telling those on the streets to go ho and stay there until order could be restor Government soldiers were directed to lay do their guns and do the same thing. It's believ that most of them did, except for the sm





Black

nds of men who tried to work their way uth to Saigon.

But fugitives were not welcome in Saigon. The ldiers especially were discouraged and some-nes blocked from entering the city to spread eir sense of panic. Still, it was impossible to m the flood of stories and rumors. Like mor-d patients on the eve of a critical operation, e Saigonese wanted to know everything. Per-ps if they knew they could prepare; perhaps ying it openly would reduce the terror.

So they were receptive to the stories of those no fled the fighting in the North, but they also ceived the work of propagandists, both Viet-mese and American. And, again, the govern-ents were working at cross-purposes. They eeded to calm the Vietnamese population, nile at the same time pleading for support om the U.S. Congress. So bloodbath stories ere dredged up and replanted in the anxious naginations of overworked Saigon reporters. gainst all logic and most evidence, everybody anted to believe the worst. People became con-nced that they would be tortured or killed in e first days of a defeat. Many families made icide pacts. Asked to explain their fears, peo-e quoted stories about Danang and, just as ten, reports from Washington.

pril 22

THE HOTEL IS THE HOUSE of Vietnam. It has introduced the charm and the grace of the country to generations of foreigners, st as now it reflects almost exactly the varying grees of turmoil and apprehension in its peo-e. The newly arrived journalists and their etnamese associates talk about war and evac-tion, the managers and directors about busi-ss loss and failure, but there are others who e seldom heard at all. The clerks and bellboys d waiters sit silently and watch, moving in arts, as though shocked, at a gesture from a ent. They speak to foreigners only to clarify order; about other things they talk only nong themselves. All in white, rumpled uni-rms, they become almost invisible against the f-white stucco walls of the hotel. Their aging d expressionless faces show only acceptance d inquiry. They represent one of Saigon's old-t classes, never moved and never changing, sorptive of so many influences that they have en tainted by nothing at all.

Late in the afternoon, even the garden is hu-id and uncomfortable. The tables are empty d the waiters unoccupied. An attempt at nversation surprises them. The headwaiter nds close with attention, as though asked for dish that he has never heard of.

"I said,' Are you afraid of the situation in igon now, because it seems to be changing so ickly?' "

He squints down through badly fitted glasses, and fingers his frayed, upturned collar points as he struggles for a reply to the question.

"Oh, no. Saigon is always the same. I have been here since 1930, and it doesn't change. If there is fighting, I will be afraid, but I don't know anything about politics.

"But you have worked here with foreigners."

"I have to work. If there is a change, the people like me, who have to work, will not be hurt."

"But you have seen the journalists here, and they write stories about the people of Saigon, and how they are afraid."

"Oh, the journalists," he says, laughing quietly and shaking his head as he moves to another table.

"Danang became the ugliest whorehouse in Vietnam, a tribute to the force of the American Army."

EXCEPT FOR OPPOSITION politicians, a special class, the fear in the people rises in direct proportion to the privileges they have enjoyed during the years of the American presence. The French who remain seem almost happy. They have been asked to stay in Vietnam by a government pressing them to act as intermediary between the two warring sides. Hoping to fill other gaps left by the departing Americans, they seem to sense a moment of opportunity. The first manifestation of their revived interest is social.

The French reclaim the Cercle Sportif Tennis and Swimming Club, an ancient colonial enclave not far from the Presidential Palace. Many of the rich and lovely Vietnamese girls who tanned so beautifully in deck chairs at the pool have gone, and so have the Americans. Like colonials in any country, the French sitting on the sun deck around the pool speak in voices too loud and oddly superficial, the voices of people who talk to servants with a false cheerfulness. They chat about houses and vacations and the people they know, stopping sometimes to raise an arm languidly for a waiter's attention. Small Vietnamese men in white shorts carry drinks in bright plastic cups, charting zigzag courses around pillars that do nothing except add grace to the compound. Others set out markers in the pool for the daily swimming classes. Separated by trees and buildings and tennis courts from the noisy streets outside, the Cercle is one of a very few naturally peaceful places in Saigon. Its spacious grounds and verandas have been, for decades, a refuge for foreigners. Even at the moment, many of the French, excited rather than afraid, are reliving a period they thought was lost forever.

Couples have been separated for the first time in years, as one or the other has left the country for reasons of business or safety. Men are more obviously content to be bachelors for awhile. The women, by contrast, are shrewd and restrained, but everyone is looking. The women

have to be more careful because competition even from the few remaining Vietnamese girls is great, and the humiliation of rejection can so easily become a public secret in a small community. The air of scandal is almost palpable.

The Americans have no advantages left, only liabilities and guilt. The French cannot be credited with understanding, but they were lucky to find in the Vietnamese an emotional tenor so similar to their own. For the Americans, everything was foreign and unknowable. Instead of trying to understand the country, they built a parallel society, reaching far deeper into Vietnamese society than they could have imagined, because they could not really grasp even the terms of the association. Suddenly they are learning. Exhausted and spent from gradually pulling their own people out while trying to maintain an aura of calm support for the government, the most compassionate and sensitive seem close to collapse.

The air-conditioned bubble

THE SEPARATE AND PARALLEL worlds of the Vietnamese and Americans, suddenly pulled together as if by gravity, threaten to collide. When they moved in orbits close, though not necessarily compatible, at least the chance of complete destruction for both had been reduced to a minimum. Now the forces of change pull them together on a path prepared only for one, the retreating Americans. The Americans' world had been carpeted and air-conditioned, a bubble from which they worked changes in magical Vietnam. Some Vietnamese came into the bubble, were invited into it to work, and perhaps enjoy its pleasures, but access was always controlled. They could sit and order drinks at a leather-topped bar, but they had better say pleasant things in English, and not much at all in that language of theirs. Many Vietnamese liked the atmosphere, perhaps not for itself, but some, genuinely, for the benefits it might offer their people; others entered it for reasons of pride and avarice.

The Vietnamese world retained little of its charm during the American years. For one thing it had been compressed, as people were forced together for control, bombed out of their houses in the country, and herded into urban slums. Many things were lost in the movement, among them the strict social mores of the countryside. And they were not replaced by new rules, but by the dictates of survival. The Vietnamese always had been close in their social habits anyway, living together in large, extended families where little was private or secret. Body space was not sacred or inviolable, providing the rules were followed. In a way more sensual than sexual, the Vietnamese were more prone to touching and exploring than Westerners—men might hold hands and women could walk with their arms around one another. But in the congestion of the American period, all of this grew too crowded and uncontrolled. Eyes and bodies constantly brushed up against one another by accident. Without any rules, and without any way out, the contacts became rough and abrasive.

By Western standards, the violence of their encounters was not great, but for the Vietnamese the change was enormous. Killings and robberies and rapes were not unexpected any more. The chaos became a weapon against foreigners who had changed their world and then tried to enter it. They could not always be driven off, but they could be hurt. Those seduced by the sexuality of the Vietnamese, especially could be struck at in a thousand small ways. They could be insulted and laughed at with impunity since so few spoke Vietnamese. And they were vulnerable through their Vietnamese women who learned to accept being addressed as "whore" in taxicabs and on the streets. The insolence and anger were penetrable, but not many Americans were willing to go through it and search for the amazing reservoirs of kindness beyond that first barrier. So life in Vietnam was living apart, inviting good and civilized Vietnamese into the bubble from time to time but rarely venturing out. Evenings in the town were alert and cautious or drunken forays. The prizes were excitement and cheap food and sensual women. But, God, to be stuck or captured in that world.

The other side of it was an even greater nightmare, which is what finally happened. The Americans learned how many they had reached. Each touch from the bubble to those outside of it had sent ripples through the society to places that the Americans could not even see. All those touched directly felt tainted, and even those reached indirectly felt the United States had assumed a responsibility for them. At the end the Vietnamese could not wait for acknowledgment, but began to claw and tear at the bubble and those in it, trying to find a place somewhere before it floated away.

IT BEGINS AT THE CONSULATE, a neat, quiet building at the side of the American Embassy. Vietnamese women pour into the building, frantic to legalize their unions with men who can take them out. The crowd of wives and girlfriends and prostitutes spills through the halls and onto the lawn. For a few days, the Americans try to deal with it normally, passing out forms to those who are eligible, discouraging those who are not. Many are simply pathetic, like the girl who holds up a telegram reading, "Phuong, I love you and want to marry you. Tom."

Ford announces the new Pinto MPG and Mustang II MPG



34 mpg highway

cial test results certified by the U.S. Government ironmental Protection Agency, which rates all cars using a mon dynamometer testing procedure. Competitive fuel omy results based on EPA Buyer's Guide. Mileage may depending on your driving habits. City mileage 23 mpg.

boxes on following pages for MPG equipment.

$ Pinto: $2,769

Base sticker price of Pinto MPG 2-Door Sedan excluding title, taxes, destination and dealer prep. Price comparisons based on sticker prices. Because destination charges are extra on all cars, and dealer prep is extra on all cars except GM cars and Toyota, the price difference may vary in some areas.

at's better than VW Beetle.	$224 less than VW Beetle.
at's less than VW Rabbit.	$555 less than VW Rabbit.
at's better than Toyota Corona.	$904 less than Toyota Corona.
at's better than Datsun 710.	$694 less than Datsun 710.
at's the same as Audi Fox.	$2,075 less than Audi Fox.
at's better than Opel 1900.	$870 less than Opel 1900.
at's better than Mazda 808.	$222 less than Mazda 808.
at's better than a Monza Towne Coupe.	$795 less than Monza Towne Coupe.
at's better than many others.	And less than many others.

Take your pick of Ford's six new high-mileage models on the next 3 pages.

New Ford Pinto MPG

34mpg. $2,769

Base sticker price, excluding title, taxes, destination and dealer prep.

Official U.S. Government Environmental Protection Agency tests. 34mpg highway, 23mpg city.

The country's best-selling sub-compact economy car line now has a new model with higher mileage at a lower price than the leading foreign car.



Pinto MPG 2-Door Sedan with optional WSW tires (

New Pinto MPG with automatic transmission, 30mpg highway, 21mpg city, in official U.S. Government Environmental Protection Agency tests. It's the lowest sticker-priced 30mpg automatic you can buy.

See MPG equipment on next page.

MPG These three letters can change your mind about looking to the imports for good mileage. When you see them on our newest version of America's best-selling sub-compact, you'll know you're looking at a car that beats even the VW Beetle in price as well as EPA test mileage.

You can buy the new Pinto MPG now—at no increase in price—and get the same kind of standard equipment that makes the regular Pinto so pop-

ular: rack and pinion steering, 4-s manual with floor-mounted stick, c head cam 2.3-liter 4-cylinder en with solid state ignition, front brakes, and more. Best of all, P MPG comes with the same typ Lifeguard Design Safety Features fo in our full-size Fords including door beams, protective bumpers, many others. (If there's one t more important than better mile it's peace of mind when you're drivi



nto MPG High mileage with wide choice of models.

Pinto MPG 3-Door Runabout (above and below), with optional Exterior Decor Group, deluxe bumper group and WSW tires.

MPG The new Pinto MPG is available in three models, including the pular 3-Door Runabout. That handy r door flips up and the rear seat s down to give you a five-foot-long peted load floor. The Runabout also cludes such standard Pinto features all-vinyl front bucket seats, and a ni-console. You can have the flex- lity of the Runabout—and EPA ghway test economy of 34 miles a lon (city 23 mpg)—if you see your rd Dealer now and order a new nto MPG.



Pinto MPG Wagon with Squire Option and WSW tires.

riced lower than ny foreign wagon. 4mpg highway, official S. Government nvironmental otection Agency tests.



MPG This symbol is your tip-off to a wagon with something you don't ually buy a wagon for: good mileage. he Pinto MPG Wagon comes with all e standard Pinto equipment—and EPA rated at 34 miles to a gallon the highway, 23 in the city. And ou can get it at no increase in ice. Pinto Wagon already outsells ery other wagon in this country—g or small. If you want good mileage a wagon, see your Ford Dealer fast.

MPG equipment:

Pinto MPG comes with a 2.3-liter 2V 4-cylinder engine, 4-speed manual (or optional automatic transmission, see box on facing page), a 3.18 axle ratio and catalytic converter. This is the equipment that produced these high results in the EPA tests.

nto MPG Wagon production started June 9.

Official U.S. Government Environmental Protection Agency tests:

34mpg (4-speed manual) highway...23mpg city.

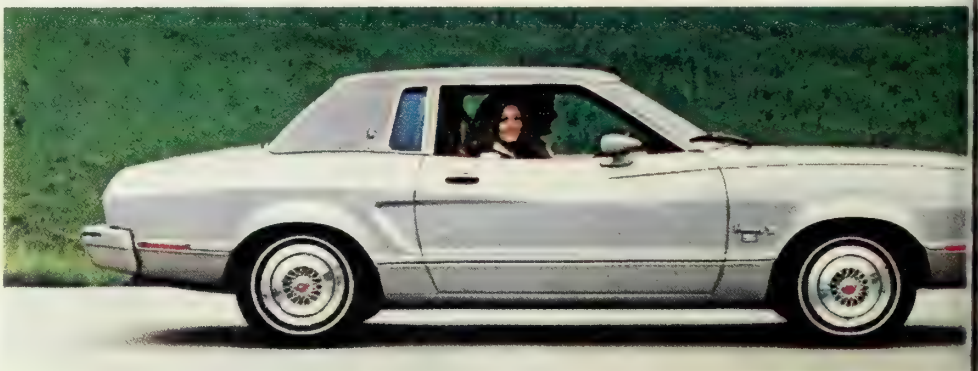
30mpg (automatic) highway...21mpg city.

New Mustang II MPG

Left, Mustang II MPG Hardtop • Right, Mustang II MI

Better mileage than any small luxury car. Lower priced than any foreign competitor.

MPG This insignia tells you America's best-selling small luxury car now gives you the luxury of increased mileage. Official EPA highway tests got 34 miles to a gallon (23 mpg city) with a 4-speed manual transmission. Even with automatic transmission, the new Mustang II MPG got better mileage than many imports. Along with good mileage you get the standard Mustang II equipment: tachometer, rack and pinion steering, steel-belted radials, floor-mounted 4-speed stick—and the same low Mustang II price. Order now for quick delivery.



Mustang II MPG Ghia. Opera windows, vinyl roof and bodyside moldi just some of the elegant touches that are standard on Ghia and make it distinctive small luxury car.

Mustang II MPG $3,529*

$2,748 less than Datsun 280Z
$158 less than Toyota Celica
$209 less than Opel Manta
$974 less than VW Dasher
$1,413 less than VW Scirocco

And $319 less than Monza Towne Coupe with its 5-speed option, which is required to achieve its best mileage results.

MPG equipment:
Mustang II MPG equipped with 2.3-liter 2V 4-cylinder engine, 4-speed manual (or optional automatic) transmission, a 3.18 axle ratio and catalytic converter.

*Base sticker price of Mustang II MPG Hardtop excluding title, taxes, destination and dealer prep. Price comparisons based on sticker prices. Because destination charges are extra on all cars, and dealer prep is extra on all cars except GM and Toyota cars, the price difference may vary in some areas.

Look close and comp Ford means value. A your local Ford Deal can show you.

FOR

FORD DIVISION

When the numbers become overwhelming, operation is moved to the huge Defense Of- compound at the air base on the edge of n. Officials try, and discard, one system after ther for handling the crush of people and the plicated paperwork that they carry with n. One temporary solution is the signature of American willing to accept financial respon- lity for a group of people, supposedly a fam- But in the official view that, too, is self-de- ing, since the Vietnamese concept of imme- e family frequently includes dozens. Also, ny Americans are persuaded to sign for des- ate friends and employees. Within a few days, signature deal, conceived as a bribe to in- e reluctant Americans to leave the country, omes the first stage of an almost completely tnamese airlift. The Americans seem more cked than the Vietnamese. A red-haired n wearing a short-sleeved safari suit wipes sweaty forehead as he gazes at the litter of cases and people scattered over the tennis rts at the American sports center. He waits ine for entry to the gym, where he will get rance to board a chartered aircraft with his ly acquired charges. He mutters questions answers to himself.

Everything I've done today is illegal. I'm ng out the father and the mother and the s . . . said the girl was my wife . . . that our ers were lost in Nha Trang. But I couldn't e them. What would they do? What are they ng to do in the States? Would you believe I got up yesterday morning thinking that play some tennis today?"

A black man with sunglasses and a Vandyke rd dances around a circle of his friends, tnamese and white Americans, trying to ease own tension as much as theirs.

What you mean, man, you got no camera?" says. "We got to have a photo of the newly- ls. This kind of stuff ain't comin' down all time." A Vietnamese girl, just married, les uneasily, so he strolls over to her hus- d, a handsome young man with long blond r.

Give my man here a little bit of the budda arijuana said to be flown in from Thai- d]," he whispers in mock confidentiality, ause you ain't gonna need it where you goin,' , back to the U.S. of A. Whooee!"

Yeah, sure," the blond man replies lacon- ly, in the listless style adopted by whites cannot compete with the patter of blacks must be hip, too. "I guess I won't."

Another black moves by quickly and looks und suspiciously, but stops for a moment. did it, man," he says in a low voice. "Me l the old lady goin' out tomorrow." He drops k and looks askance, as though asked a pid question. "Ain't nobody goin' to drop dime on this dude at the last minute. No way." Filling in the story, he admits that he was afraid, fearful that officials might still be trying to arrest the few deserters like him who are left in the country. "But I done it," he says, smiling in triumph just for a moment as he strides away, before the alert look of the hunted comes over him again.

The Vietnamese in this place, where all have tickets and seats guaranteed, are patient and resigned. Practiced refugees, many have brought straw mats that they place over the green concrete of the tennis courts. They lie down on these among their suitcases and boxes under the softly billowing parachutes strung up to shade them. But there are no trees and very little wind, so they sit up again, staring blankly ahead, paralyzed by the heat. Only the children move much, dressed in the bright, pastel outfits that Vietnamese with some money find cute, exploring what they can of their barren new surroundings. The children are colorful, sad clowns, compelled to dress and perform even when there is nothing funny to do. Every building is filled with them, playing or trailing after mothers who are lost themselves. They sit down on the lanes of the bowling alley, tugging at and examining the machinery that changes the pins. They totter into the paths of serious, preoccupied men who are not accustomed to avoiding small obstacles.

"Thousands of refugees jammed the docks at Danang. Those who reached the boats were not luckier than those left behind."

American retreat

AMERICANS HAVE NOT BEEN in wartime retreat with their wives and children and baggage for a long time, and they have to learn quickly. At first only a few of the Americans complain about the embassy's handling of the crisis. A young man in a polo shirt and khaki pants looks with distaste at the jumble of families and suitcases around him. His dress and manner suggest a college boy of fifteen years ago.

"It could have been better planned," he says. "We ought to have evacuated our top employees first. Now we've got hookers and mama-sans and kids all over the place while our own people are waiting."

The timing and the planning are bad, but in a sense useful. The exodus of girlfriends and families has provided a cover for the American mission, allowing efforts to move officials and other Vietnamese endangered by the prospect of a Communist victory to begin quietly. The response is a tightening of regulations governing those claiming to be American dependents. Some Vietnamese officials and their families are moved toward the front of things, and start to get out. For once, the Americans have given way to the frantic tide of Vietnamese emotions, and used it to their advantage.

Dennis Troute

LAST DAYS IN SAIGON

The closing circle

MOST AMERICANS CAUGHT in the maelstrom of frightened people at the evacuation processing center lines feel they are at the center of the frenzy, but they are not. In one sense, those farther from the American planes are at each stage progressively more desperate, but show it differently. Those just outside the gate of the American compound push forward toward the U.S. Marine guards and barbed wire that block their entry. At the beginning, there's little shouting or pushing, but a steady surge of people who want a hearing from the guards who cannot possibly help them.

The air base's main entrance is still further away. Shouting and screaming are necessary and occasionally useful, because the guards are Vietnamese policemen who might be persuaded. It's not easy. They cannot let many in, so they hold out for the best possible combination of bribes, pleas, and cajolery.

In downtown Saigon, cars and motorcycles clog the streets, trailing clouds of heavy blue smoke. Everyone is in motion, making plans to protect themselves from the coming changes. Bags of rice are stored in houses, relatives moved to occupy places that evacuees have left behind. The solution for many is to find an American. The number of beggars proliferates, but, rather than asking, now they grab. The small can be no more than three years old, a tiny f ure, pulling and holding sleeves and pants l until she is rewarded or pushed away. T largest group waits in front of the Continen Hotel. Two young foreigners push throu them, sweating heavily in the late morning s walking into a decrepit French building acr the street that houses both offices and apa ments. On an elevator landing, they find a wo an in cotton farm clothes, holding a piece paper out to them and sobbing. They glance it quickly, catching only phrases: "My d friend . . . please . . . sick baby . . . three th sand piasters." One reaches into his jeans a pulls out the money. She is still sobbing as t walk away.

Leaving the building later, they note with lief that no beggars stand between them a the cool French restaurant a few steps aw They talk easily over a quick meal, smil briefly at jokes that are awkward and out place. A thin, white-shirted Vietnamese n leans over them, interrupting the conversati

"Excuse me," he begins, "You are Americ You can help me leave the country." He r through his record as an American Emba employee without taking a breath, afraid of fusal before his story is finished.

"But I cannot help you," one of the yo men says evenly. "We cannot sponsor m





Black Star

ıan one family, and my people are already one. You must check at the embassy."

"You can take me to embassy," says the man, ressing for any kind of commitment, "because very hard for Vietnamese to go there. Police op everybody."

"It doesn't matter what I say to them. They re deciding who they will take."

"Maybe you can present me to another Amer-an, one of your friends, and he can help me."

"I don't know the Americans who can help ou," the young man falters. "Please." The itch of his voice has risen, but his eyes show nguish rather than anger.

The Vietnamese steps back quickly, sensing erhaps that he has tried everything, that ach emotional string has been touched. "Yes, es," he says, "thank you." Holding a small eather case in front of his chest, he backs away ather than turning. The Asian gesture is one f respect. Contact is nearly as important as uccess. Western concern and interest are a sign f hope. This is just as true among the large roups of people who could easily disavow their merican associations as it is with those who ave already tied themselves irrevocably to merican interests.

Even those who want nothing at all are drawn o the Westerners, who are seen less frequently n the streets of Saigon. Just outside the West-rn quarter of the city, where fashionable Viet-amese shops start to outnumber those cater-ng to foreigners, young men and women spend ours looking in the windows and listening to Western music blaring from speakers at street tands. The men seem absorbed, and the girls re busy, too, but looking for different things t the same time. They flirt and smile inviting-y at foreigners who pass them, although there's ttle prospect of a meeting or even brief con-ersation. They are not prostitutes, but wear lothes that, in Vietnam, foster that impression, ght snippets of cloth normally reserved for arties. Alone or with boyfriends, they speed round the few downtown streets of the city n Hondas, looking and being looked at. In the arly evening they fill the coffee shops, just as heir parents fill the restaurants, spending mon-y and laughing and trying to do everything hat they feel may be forbidden to them later.

In the final minutes before the curfew, all he downtown people seem possessed by a great-r excitement. The noise is a chorus of needs: eggars pleading for a few piasters, prostitutes yeing customers, potential evacuees searching or a sponsor, the young Vietnamese weaving hrough all the traffic, speeding past the barbed-ire barricades that now protect all important uildings at night. All of the stored-up energy nd anxiety of the war years propel the city in ircles. Saigon spins faster and faster. Swollen, ot, and restless, its pace quickens as it moves compulsively but almost without coherent reason, around itself and within itself.

President Thieu's resignation breaks the momentum, but only briefly.

April 26

POLITICAL AND MILITARY competitors in Saigon begin tearing at one another long before the situation becomes hopeless. President Thieu, particularly, must show strength in a public way, and since his army is not reliable, he turns to his police. A group of anti-Thieu politicians who talked and criticized harmlessly for years are arrested and jailed. That, at least, will slow the growth of public opposition. But Thieu himself is not seen at all.

He is forced to appear, finally, after the stunning loss of Danang and the subsequent resignation of his shrewd and influential Prime Minister. In a televised speech, Thieu casts blame in every direction, denouncing both cowardly commanders and foreign news broadcasters, who, he says, have been bought off by the Communists. He warns the United States to avoid the accusation that it has betrayed the people of South Vietnam. Since his control of the Vietnamese government is so complete, he cannot easily attribute his problems to anything except insubordination and, of course, foreigners. Still, the town is filled with pronouncements about Thieu and his ineffectuality. Even old women in the market talk openly, muttering dark predictions that Thieu will pay for what he has done to the country.

But his advisers and his American associates seem unable to persuade him to resign. He is secluded and brooding during his last days in office, and stubbornly refuses to acknowledge his failure. When he does leave at last, the military situation is more than critical; it is immediately threatening. One common public belief is that Thieu simply has realized that the decline of his fortunes cannot be reversed. Several Vietnamese who know him think otherwise.

They say the signs that finally forced themselves on his attention carry the scent of blood. The Presidential Palace has been bombed, government forces in Cambodia have been defeated, and there is a curious and violent killing in a military headquarters near Saigon. The deputy commander of the region surrounding the capital is found shot to death following a meeting with other officers. Although the official explanation is suicide, military men prepare the body for burial and the general's family is not allowed to view the corpse. Thieu's role in the shooting cannot be determined, but it can only leave him with a sense of foreboding. If he knew in advance, he has begun a blood purge that can only progress upward. If not, then it has begun without him.

"Like patients on the eve of a critical operation, the Saigonese wanted to know everything. Perhaps saying it openly would reduce the terror."

Dennis Troute

LAST DAYS IN SAIGON

For those who have seen both, the small and private killing in Vietnam is more frightening than the random killing of the battlefield. Especially in political murders, precedents include brutality and torture. With a true and personal enemy, killing is not enough. Humiliation and desecration of the body make the victory more complete. Thieu cannot help but understand how brutal his own fall from power could be. Other factors that influence Thieu's decision to leave appear in his resignation speech. Many are twisted and garbled mixtures of fantasy and reality. Thieu's last hours of influence are theater, dramatic condensations, interpreted by the actor, of what has happened outside.

He speaks to an assembly that includes the legislature and important figures in the government. Television cameras pick up and broadcast the address just after he has greeted them. He wears a safari jacket open at the neck and stands before a mural depicting Vietnam's legendary founder and first king. The general in him has chosen this way of leaving, making an exit with at least some pomp and show. But he speaks softly and sadly, knowing what is ahead of him, understanding that he must first explain defeats. He appears to be on the verge of tears (and the Vietnamese who heard the speech on radio believed that he was crying). He seems to glance at his notes principally for self-control.

The speech is nearly all distortion, but the general thrust of his remarks is absolutely true from his viewpoint. He says that the United States has reneged on its promises, left its obligations unfulfilled. He traces what he sees as a weakening of American resolve, an inability to accept further U.S. combat deaths, a willingness to sell South Vietnam for a disengagement plan which he successfully opposed, and, finally, abandonment under pressure.

It's evident from his speech that Thieu and his American supporters have looked at Vietnam through different prisms. He talks about the Paris peace agreement as though he had a right to change its terms after it was signed. He speaks of flagging military support, although he has had roughly six times as much as his opponents in Hanoi since the signing of the treaty. Naturally, there is no mention of corruption and inefficiency, which he promised countless times to eliminate from his government. Thieu's explanation grows heated as he ticks off a list of what he terms broken promises by the United States. His gestures are expansive, sharp, and angry, too large and too rushed for the narrow limits of the television screen. The performance cannot be readily transmitted. It's a final episode of Cai Luong Theater—exaggerated and dramatic Vietnamese soap opera—but effective all the same because the actor believes in the character and the script. Thieu shifts his weight from one foot to another, inhales and puffs himself up for his strongest outburst leans forward over the lectern as though read for any challenge. And he is. His major thes is that the Americans are the creators of a this. Once they have given it life, they have n right to change the circumstances of that li or take it away. To set reform or performanc as a criterion for further sustenance is betraya Whether or not the Americans feel that the e periment has gone awry, their responsibility r mains total; they cannot discard the relatio ship. But they are doing it, and Thieu says s

He tries to provoke the strongest sense outrage in his audience, showing the Unite States as a benefactor abandoning its duty. I the past, government propaganda has used term that evoke an almost familial obligation, bi brother and little brother. It strikes a sensitiv point that has an odd parallel in modern Vie namese society. Many concepts have disint grated, especially the respect of the young f the old, but within the family the strong sti must care for the weak. Children frequently ru away and misbehave, but their parents remai willing to provide for them. That is the la working rule of this broken society, and Thieu departure is a sign that it, too, is lost.

Nearly an hour into his speech, Thieu look again at his notes and stops, composing hin self. He is flushed, and the bright televisio lights reflect off his cheekbones, giving him bruised look.

He takes a deep breath and announces hi resignation.

It takes a few moments for him to recove his timing afterward, but he cannot resist fu ther explanation. He asserts that he has bee forced from power, and wonders aloud if th Americans will now fulfill their obligations t Vietnam.

The last part of the ceremony makes it clea that they could not, even if they were willin at least in Vietnamese terms. Nothing can b preserved through Thieu's successor, a dodde ing old man with a bristly shock of gray hai who fumbles with his reading glasses befor turning into the face of the camera. He is a sa reminder of what is left to deal with the co fusion. He speaks in a high-pitched voice tha falters from time to time, mouthing terms tha no longer have any meaning. He talks of la ing his bones down next to those of his brothe compatriots in the army at a time when no ma jor battles have been fought and no genera organize an important defense.

The only salvageable commodity at the en is time. Soldiers and civilians buy it with thei lives; politicians waste it. The last purchas made for President Thieu is at Xuan Loc, provincial capital northeast of Saigon. Anxiou to seize any slight sign of change in his fo tune, Thieu delays his resignation in the fair

that the town will be held. Paratroopers infantrymen from the eighteenth division surrounded and decimated. The North Vietese pound the city with long-range artil- pieces, reducing it to chunks of concrete charred wood and white ash. Then they one fresh regiment after another into the on army's sagging front lines. The governt men fight bravely from their foxholes, the l and the dying and the condemned surrs stuck there all together. The rancid smell eath covers all of them, so that even those get out will not be the same again. Decomng bodies of dead soldiers smile as the flesh away gradually from their mouths, exposfinally the obscene grin of those beyond her sacrifice.

his gives President Thieu a few more days.

1

HIEU'S SUCCESSORS squander time hopelessly, engaging one another in debate for hours about the details of transferring powo someone who can negotiate with the other . They understand neither time nor terms. mmunist radio broadcasts denounce moves in gon toward a constitutional solution, deding, in effect, a surrender. Saigon responds a constitutional solution.

he result is a short fight for Saigon, and a l frenzy of escape and recriminations. A lling attack on the air base at the edge of n is the signal that it has begun. Before n, rockets touched off miles away flash efly, then burst in yellow and orange explois when they hit. After first light, burning l and ammunition dumps send clouds of ck smoke into the sky. A handful of planes l helicopters floats slowly over the city, supting the government army's last hours of istance.

Most of the aircraft go up later, like wasps of a burning hive, as high-ranking officers l air crewmen flee the city. Many head south, pick up families and friends and to refuel, ore moving out to sea and the U.S. Navy x force waiting for evacuees. Infantrymen left to cover the retreat and die.

End game

THE AMERICANS LEAVE the same way they entered Vietnam, in haste and confusion and ignorance, saved from total disaster y by the bravery of their soldiers. They still not understand the extent of their responsities. The Vietnamese feel it is much broader n the Americans will admit.

Panic is part of it. Hundreds, and finally, usands of Vietnamese push at the embassy gate, willing to do anything to get out, however fleeting their association with the American mission in Vietnam. In the confusion, there is no way to judge who should be admitted. Most of the Vietnamese who force themselves into American compounds are later taken out by helicopter. The nightmare of the escape fulfills every expectation.

"It was the worst thing I ever seen," says a Marine guard who left on the last helicopter. "I bashed one ARVN on the head, probably killed him. At least he didn't move. He came in with a carbine, and one of the other guards grabbed it. That's when I hit him on the head with my M-16.

"When we got the Ambassador out—when I put him on the chopper, he looked like he'd aged ten years. We were putting people on choppers all night, but the sniper fire was worse. We'd been taking it all day, but it got worse at night. We just layed down so they wouldn't have much to shoot at. But a couple of choppers got hit. You can see the bullet holes.

"At the end we had to pull back to the roof of the embassy and give them the compound. They came through the CRA [Combined Recreation Area] gate first. They weren't taking, so much as destroying everything. Even the whiskey. They dropped more bottles than they got out. Then the ARVN came up to take control, brought up Jeeps with .30 calibers on 'em. Either they wanted to loot themselves or they wanted to make the other guys pay to loot. I saw one ARVN guy at the gate, letting in a few at a time, and charging 500 piasters for them to come in and loot.

"We saw them coming up the stairs after us, heard 'em pounding on the door to the roof, and they could have got us. One guy had an M-79, and all he had to do was throw out a couple of frags. We tossed tear gas down at them, and one guy threw a frag. The grunts came back with blood all over their bayonets. And some people just couldn't get out. Like, we told the firemen to stay at their trucks through the whole thing, said we'd take 'em, but we just couldn't get to 'em. There were even some Americans. I could see 'em, but the crowd was too big, must of been 4,000. There was just no way."

"The Americans' world had been carpeted and air-conditioned, a bubble from which they worked changes in magical Vietnam."

NONE OF THE LAST AMERICANS escapes easily. A few leave from the downtown area and must walk in a group to pickup points. They hunch down under the weight of their bags, avoiding the eyes of the Vietnamese who watch them. In the late morning, the shelling has stopped for a while, and the Vietnamese stand in groups at the doors of their houses and shops, solemn and unbelieving. There are thousands of people in the town who later will wel-

come the incoming Communist soldiers with cheers, but not these. The Americans grow quiet, too, as they walk along, trying to move quickly without the appearance of hurrying. There is so little talk that one comment from a man at the front of the group is audible.

"Don't look in their eyes," he says.

The evacuation by air is a blur of terror and sensation. Incoming artillery rounds explode at the edge of the American compound, sending tremors through its thin-walled buildings. The evacuees are put into groups, tagged with flight numbers, and lined up along the walls. A door opens, and they race out, past American Marines lying behind coils of barbed wire, and into waiting jet helicopters. In the air, the scream of the jet engines drowns out communication other than nervous smiles of relief. Smoke from fires started by North Vietnamese artillery fire clouds the view of the city as it drifts down and away. At the coast, the ocean is dotted with hundreds of small boats moving toward the U.S. Navy fleet farther out.

Arrival at the task force is a warm bath of gratitude and relief. American sailors and Marines on the upper decks smile curiously at those who have come out. Ruddy-faced Marine sergeants ask how it was back there. Medical checks and registration procedures are brief. Then there is the officers' wardroom, wood-paneled and carpeted and calm. The evacuees gulp down iced drinks as they sit in soft chairs, returned to the safety of the American bubble.

But Vietnam will not be left behind. At night Vietnamese helicopters land in the eerie red lights used by ships in a combat zone. Families and crew members pile out, and the helicopters are pushed over the side to make room for others until they fall into the dark waters around the ship. Stunned Vietnamese families huddle together in makeshift quarters in the bowels of the ship.

In the following days, tens of thousands of Vietnamese evacuees, many of them soldiers, find their way to the task force. The American military men watch them with disappointment and then with anger. Many are veterans of the Vietnam fighting. They cannot understand what happened. Why didn't those Vietnamese fight, they ask, and how can they leave their own country like that? They're just a bunch of goddamned cowards, traitors.

The only answer is in a different viewpoint. Most Vietnamese believe, with some justification, that America fought its own war for its own purposes on their land. Even their government, when it worked at all, moved to further American interests. The great reform programs periodically implemented were responses to American interpretations of what was needed to make the Saigon regime more American. Vietnamese officials, forced to choose between making a program work and convincing the American advisers that it was functional, i variably preferred the latter. The Vietname can argue, with some justification, that t Americans got what they wanted. For yea the best efforts of the Saigon regime were d voted to convincing Americans that their pla were successful. They demanded performanc and they got service of a kind. Pride also w a part of it. The Vietnamese think their cou try, their women, and their food more attra tive than any other in the world. The Ame icans they met did not discourage this opinio and, moreover, they stayed for a long time, an ple evidence that, whatever their pronounc ments, they wanted to remain.

So, in the Vietnamese view, the debt is o the American side. As the Americans leave, the carry with them much of the excess baggage c a Vietnam administration and military syste that catered principally to them. There is no rea son for a Vietnamese caught up in it to stay be hind. For the Americans to try to leave is t shirk responsibility.

The Vietnamese will not allow it. Their re quest for admittance to American rescue ship has the insistence of a demand. The Vietnames servicemen who bring their boats and aircraf and clamor for safe passage feel that they have fought for us, and now deserve care. Their con nection with American interests may be remote and twisted, but, in their minds, it is sufficient. That's true also of civilians. Boats that fled the coast earlier cluster in groups around the an chored American ships, the people hoping to be pulled aboard even when there is no room left. The families sprawled over the decks and one another are peasants, dressed simply in cotton blouses and pants, surrounded by cooking pots and children. They are frozen by desperation and loss and the cold.

On one there is a spokesman and leader who orders his boat closer and closer. He is a priest, a black-robed Jesus, stretched over the bow, thrusting his body toward the gray ship above him. He is balancing precariously with one hand; the other is raised to support his shouted demand.

"Can you help us, please?" he yells. "Can you help us, please?" he repeats, the wind and spray whipping at his black cassock.

There is no room, and so there is no answer from the Americans above him. His charges are huddled together on the long deck, saying nothing but pleading with their upturned faces. All are peasants, but, whatever the reason, they cannot be part of the thousands who welcome the Communist victory in Saigon. And they cannot resist alone, so they must follow. However it happened, these peasants, too, are part of us. They have been touched and convinced.

Don't look in their eyes. □

Joseph B. Treaster

PAPER ARMY

The fraud of Vietnamization

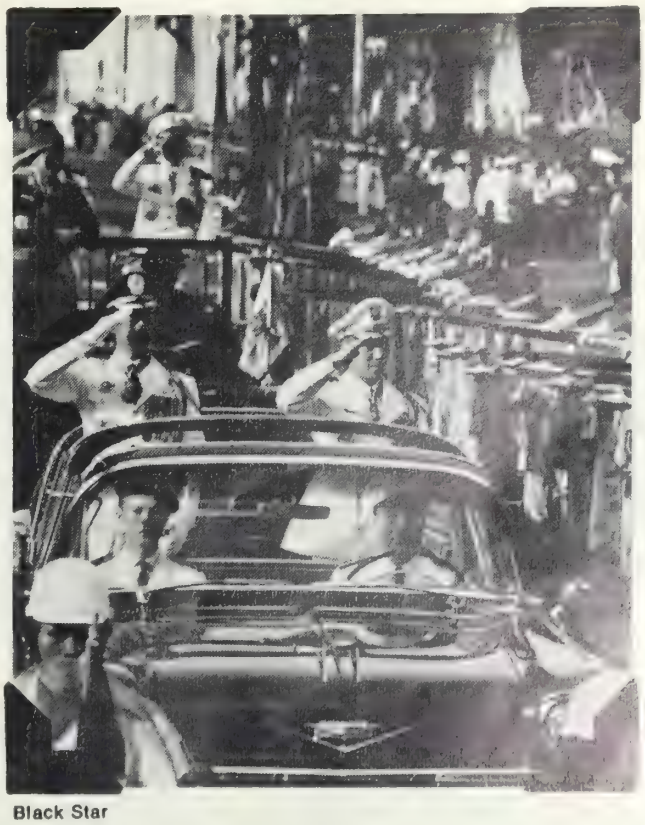
WHAT DOOMED the American venture in Vietnam was an addiction to lies and deception, an insidious affliction that poisoned a generation of American soldiers and made it impossible to inspire the incompetent colonial army that the United States had inherited from the French. Building an effective military force in this atmosphere was hopeless.

The lies began with the Presidents and the generals, and soon infected the entire official American community. Running scared as the most visible leaders in the war, Presidents Johnson and Nixon demanded confirmation of their preconceptions, rather than information from the Americans in Vietnam. The classic deception was Vietnamization, the Presidential sleight of hand by which American troops were to be pulled out of the unpopular, unwinnable war without giving the appearance of bugging out on the South Vietnamese. Johnson invented the concept. Nixon embraced it and defied any American in Vietnam to tell him that it wasn't working.

Lies were the inevitable response. As the situation became more desperate, the lies became more blatant. There was Westmoreland in 1968 telling us we were winning the war as the Vietcong battled on the lawn of the American Embassy in the Tet Offensive. And then, as the end came, General Weyand telling us not to believe our eyes, insisting that the ARVN "were not demoralized in any sense of the word."

American advisers knew their ARVN units had to show progress, or their own careers would suffer. So they accentuated the positive: the ARVN always looked better on paper than it actually was. One of the early measures of success, the body count, became such a ludicrous exercise in exaggeration by the Americans and the South Vietnamese that we shall probably never know how many North Vietnamese and Vietcong were really killed (or how many Vietnamese civilians lost their lives as the Americans sought more "kills"). As early as 1964 the dishonesty in the advisory system was documented in a study paid for by the Defense Department, but the condition persisted to the end.

Some of the best American officers resigned in disgust over the hypocrisy of Vietnam; those who remained developed a blissful amnesia. Throughout the final North Vietnamese offensive, officers in the Pentagon kept saying they expected the ARVN to use this or that tactic: strike now with the air and pound with the artillery, thrust with the infantry. Didn't they remember? It never worked like that in Vietnam. When the ARVN bumped into some North Vietnamese they would back off and call for American jets to unload a few tons of bombs; or they would ask for an hour or so of shelling from American howitzers. After the North Vietnamese were pounded to death, the South Vietnamese would edge forward and count the



Black Star

Joseph B. Treaster, a N... porter who spent five years in Vietnam, is ... in the South Bronx.

Joseph B. Treaster

PAPER ARMY

bodies, if they could find any pieces. The ARVN was a one-trick army and it couldn't perform without American thunder.

BEING AN ADVISER was a tough assignment that very few American soldiers handled well. During my nearly five years in Vietnam (in three tours beginning in early 1965, early 1968, and early 1972), most of the advisers I met spent the military business day with their Vietnamese counterparts, then retreated to barbed-wire-encircled compounds as much like home as the boys could make them. There were air-conditioned bedrooms filled with *Playboy* pin-ups and stereo equipment, mess halls serving the same fare the sergeants had dished out at Fort Bragg, and dimly lit suburban-style bars redolent of Columbus, Georgia, and Fayetteville, North Carolina. The American compounds were off limits to the Vietnamese unless they were especially invited, and they seldom were.

At first, advisers were sent to Vietnam for tours of six months, later for a year; it was too short a time for two Americans to get to know each other, let alone strangers from alien cultures without a common language. So the strangers remained strangers. The Vietnamese thought of the Americans as crudely aggressive, loud giants who often took liberties with their women; the Americans found them passive, enigmatic, and often totally unresponsive. Vacillating between hostility and indifference, the Americans frequently perceived the Vietnamese as hopeless little men from a backward little country, and they never made them hew to exacting standards. The Vietnamese quickl learned that if they didn't want to do a particu lar job the Americans would do it for them, an chances were good they'd end up being credite with having done it themselves. Instead of be coming an independent fighting force, th ARVN became increasingly dependent on th Americans. Every day in 1972 and early 197 ships and planes were leaving with America troops and equipment. Every day the time wa drawing nearer when the ARVN would have t stand alone. But they never stopped believin that, in the crunch, the Americans would ba them out. It was a pathetic delusion.

A diplomatic problen

AS BILLIONS OF American dollars gushed int Vietnam, the military became the mo corrupt as well as the most influenti institution in the country. At the top, graft-tal ing generals set the tone for a moral rot th ate into every corner of the society. It was malignancy that crushed any instincts for n tional unity and produced peasant women wh could sell drinking water by the glass to dyin refugees. The Americans viewed the corruptio as a very delicate diplomatic problem, so del cate that they literally never raised their voice above a whisper about it. Thieu might be "en couraged" to do something about the thievery but there was never any muscle in the represen tations. There was great fear of rocking the boa in such a way as to harm the "allied" militar effort; meanwhile, the corruption itself was hav ing a monumentally corrosive effect.



President Thieu managed to keep his fingerprints off the graft until just before the collapse, when *Time* magazine reported that he had unsuccessfully attempted to airfreight out of Saigon $73 million worth of gold bullion labeled as "personal belongings." The disclosure merely confirmed what other Vietnamese had long suspected. But the real movers and shakers in the champagne-filled cesspool were the wives of the powerful men: Mrs. Cao Van Vien, wife of the chief of the joint general staff; Mrs. Nguyen Cao Ky, wife of the former Air Force commander; and the wives of the corps commanders and province chiefs. The wives were the bagmen. If you wanted to become chief of a rich province, the price, at one time, was $50,000. To complete the transaction, the wife of the lieutenant colonel who wanted the job would simply visit the seller's wife and play Mahongg until she lost the required amount.

Like many of the wives, Mrs. Cao Van Vien had a number of business interests that prospered because of her husband's position. When he decided to construct vacation homes on the coast, she turned to the ARVN Corps of Engineers for carpenters, bricklayers, and materials. The men were rewarded with their usual army paychecks. The wives of Vien, Ky, and two former Ky aides combined their talents in an import-export company and diverted soldiers and army trucks from other duties to pick up and deliver merchandise.

Most of these stories couldn't be proved conclusively. But the soldiers and their families and their friends believed them, and they pervaded the moral fabric of the country. If the general's wife was taking payoffs, why shouldn't the major or the colonel pocket $500 to see that certain young man was shifted from a bunker near the DMZ to a nice desk job in Saigon? Why shouldn't the sergeant charge $5 or $10 for a weekend pass? For the right price, why shouldn't he look the other way when the troops who were supposed to be on the rifle range wanted to sleep in?

IN LATE 1972, after the last U.S. combat troops had gone home, I discovered that the Americans had set up half a dozen training camps across the country for a last-ditch effort to whip the ARVN into shape. The Vietnamese still couldn't shoot straight—years after the Americans had arrived. The goal now was to put the entire army through a fourteen-day "refresher" course that began with instructions in how to aim and shoot the M-16 rifle—a light, stubby weapon that is as easy to handle as a BB gun—and worked up to elementary tactics.

Until I stumbled onto a training center near the Cambodian border, where some former Green Berets were in charge, no articles had been written about the program. Over a period of a month or so, I talked with more than a dozen of the American instructors, each contributing another detail to the picture of an untrained, undisciplined army with a bleak future. The ARVN needed the most work in basic marksmanship. Often the soldiers fired in a general direction without squinting through their sights, and they wasted ammunition by spraying off whole magazines of bullets in a few seconds of automatic fire. In combat, the Americans said, all the soldiers would frequently run out of ammunition at the same time and find themselves reloading as the other side charged. You couldn't really expect too much from the ARVN as riflemen, one captain told me, explaining earnestly that "a lot of the Vietnamese have weak eyes due to their diet."

Squatting in a circle with a dozen Vietnamese soldiers, an American sergeant pointed out the parts of the recoilless rifle and showed how to dismantle and fire it. Many of his students had been assigned as recoilless riflemen for years, yet they were obviously unfamiliar with the weapon. "Most of them are afraid of the noise," the sergeant informed me. "They pull the weapon off [target] when they fire it." The colonel in charge told me that the ARVN were familiar with the 60-mm mortar because it had been part of their weaponry since the 1950s. "But they don't have a working knowledge of it," he said. In most ARVN units, a captain added, "they're very apt to leave the mortar home because it weighs a lot. Same problem with the recoilless rifle."

The captain reported that "a lot of junior leaders, especially the sergeants, don't really know what their job is." He led me out to a field, where one of his sergeants was jogging around with a platoon of about thirty Vietnamese. They were practicing a simple forward advance with the platoon arrayed shoulder to shoulder facing an imaginary objective. "Advance, fire, advance, fire," the sergeant yelled, trying to teach part of the platoon to lay down protective fire as the others moved forward. Everyone wanted to do everything at the same time, and it was going slowly. "Normally," the sergeant said, "what they do is get down in their holes and call in an air strike. They don't like to move at all if there's any enemy fire up front." He had found the troops unfamiliar with all the basic formations except single file. They preferred walking behind each other, even though that meant losing point men in ambushes, the sergeant said, because "they're deathly afraid of booby traps."

Despite all this, an American colonel I met seemed to be living in 1962. He was the quintessential adviser. With a beaming, Westmoreland-like smile, he declared, "Their middle-management leaders, their company and battal-

"The Vietnamese quickly learned that if they didn't want to do a particular job the Americans would do it for them."

ion leaders, are coming along real fine. Yes, sir, real fine."

Political solution

AMERICAN ADVISERS first went to work in Vietnam in 1955 with the remnants of the French colonial army. Without a second thought, they set about organizing the Vietnamese into carbon copies of their own divisions, which were best suited for conventional warfare in Europe. It was an expensive, mechanized concept that found its strength in mass: large units maneuvering with heavy artillery and air support. It took years to recognize the mistake, and then no one would admit it.

At first the cumbersome ARVN units were shredded by swift-striking bands of Vietcong guerrillas. On the verge of collapse in 1964, the ARVN was relegated to little more than guarding bridges and roads as the Americans began arriving in early 1965 to save the day. After the Tet Offensive in 1968, Washington turned to the ARVN to take up the slack. But Vietnamization was no solution. It consisted mainly of piling on the ARVN all the advanced weaponry it had previously been denied: M-16 rifles, modern machine guns, heavy artillery, tanks, and vastly more aircraft—all in the vain hope that the ARVN could somehow cope with the dazzling North Vietnamese light infantry that the Americans themselves had been unable to defeat. It was a hasty, slipshod effort that the last remaining Americans looked upon with embarrassment. Their jaws tightened at the mention of Vietnamization. "It's a politician's word," one major snapped.

The Americans never managed to get across to the ARVN the value of training and the need for constant repetition. Out-of-favor generals usually commanded the military academies and training centers, and, once the troops were in combat units, drilling was rare. The Vietnamese were weakest in producing maintenance and logistics specialists, and as the number of Americans dwindled, the ARVN planes, tanks, radios, and even trucks and Jeeps began to falter. The American soldiers in charge of technical training were impatient with their students and found it easier to do the work themselves. "Then we'd lie and tell our major they fixed it," one sergeant recalled.

As the ARVN went down to defeat, it had three times as many men as the North Vietnamese and Vietcong and twice the armor and artillery. In addition, it was flying a few air attacks and moving troops by helicopter against an army that had no planes supporting it. While Henry Kissinger and President Ford contended that the collapse had been precipitated by a reduction in American military aid, the ARVN was still firing twelve times as much rifle and machine-gun ammunition as the North Vietnamese and nine times as much artillery. But fire power is almost meaningless without spirit—in its flight the ARVN abandoned hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of combat gear.

FOR YEARS THE COMMUNISTS suffered even worse hardships than the ARVN—if that is possible to imagine—yet they never seemed to lack fighting spirit. For one thing, corruption was rare among the Communists. As a result, they apparently felt that while they might be low on food and their jungle hospitals might be primitive, they were getting the best of what was available, and everyone was suffering about equally. Coercion may have been a factor in motivating some Communist troops. Americans often attributed the enemy's shocking determination to drugs or fear of their political commissars. But I spent two days with a Vietcong squad of fourteen men in the Mekong Delta shortly after the cease-fire, when there was still plenty of shooting, and I was sure they were working together because they wanted it that way. The squad had only a fraction of the food government troops usually had. Half the young men wore scraps of government uniforms and were armed with captured American-made weapons. Yet they worked cheerfully together and direct commands were seldom necessary.

They displayed a sense of dedication, purpose, and confidence that I had never seen in government troops. When artillery crashed nearby or a government helicopter clattered overhead, they scarcely looked up. The reason they had joined the "liberation forces," the squad members told me, was to fight "the American invaders." The North Vietnamese and Vietcong leaned heavily on the antiforeigner sentiment in the former French colony, and I think it was one of their most effective rallying cries. With the Americans gone, the guerrillas told me, they were continuing to fight against "the dictator Nguyen Van Thieu," a puppet who was no less evil than the Americans themselves.

By contrast, the ARVN soldier could see his haughty generals being chauffeured around in Mercedes-Benzes and luxuriating in elegant villas, dining on imported pâtés and fine wines while he scrimped to get enough rice to feed his family. He was paid a pittance, stood little chance of being promoted without bribing someone, and, if he were wounded, he could only pray for a clean shot to kill him swiftly.

The stench in the military hospital for amputees in Danang nearly gagged me. No ARVN generals had been there for years, and then only for a quick visit. The Americans suspected that the doctor in charge, a major, was selling his

medicines and equipment on the black market. He was busy with a private practice and spent as little time in the hospital as he could. Meanwhile, young men with oozing stumps lay in the filthy beds where they had been languishing for months, waiting for artificial limbs. Fat flies crawled over them in the sticky heat. Still, some of the cripples told of scheming to stay in the hospital for as long as two years because they knew that once they were discharged their army pay would stop. And it might take a year or more before disability payments started. The payments themselves were so minuscule that soldiers with arms and legs blown off were the most aggressive beggars in the cities.

The usual rewards and recognition for men-at-arms were turned upside down in South Vietnam, and often the worst officers and soldiers were sent to the most critical combat assignments. When the Third Division was formed to defend South Vietnam's crucial border with North Vietnam at the DMZ, men were levied from other units, and all of them sent their troublemakers and derelicts. One regiment broke and fled under the first pressure from the North Vietnamese in the 1972 Easter offensive, and eventually the whole division fell apart, permitting the Communists to capture their first provincial capital in the South, Quang Tri.

Morale and discipline were certainly not helped by the special treatment the swaggering generals enjoyed during the years of military government. One of the most glaring examples was Gen. Nguyen Van Toan, who was known as "the cinnamon general." While commanding the Second Division, he was reputed to have made a fortune using ARVN troops and trucks to haul cinnamon out of a dangerous section in the northern provinces and to have added to his wealth by looting the big Marine base at Chu Lai after the Americans left. As his notoriety grew, he was also accused of having raped a fifteen-year-old girl, and President Thieu finally felt compelled to sack him. But a short time later he was reinstated and given command of an entire military region with several division commanders under him. He was fired again after another uproar of protest against his corruption, only to surface earlier this year as the commander of the vital military region that encompassed Saigon, a post he held until the North Vietnamese took over.

A grounded air force

THE UNITED STATES gave the South Vietnamese the world's third- or fourth-largest air force: 65,000 men with more than 1,200 attack and transport planes and more than 500 helicopters. Unfortunately, it lacked enough pilots and skilled technicians to keep the planes flying. Some Americans argued that the air force had at least some value as a *juju*, giving strength and encouragement to the people and the army, but I doubt it. The air force never came close to being an effective support for the army. It was little more than a fancy hardware store. A confidential report I saw in early 1973 showed that in 50 percent of the air force's squadrons only about half of the aircraft were ready for combat, and the state of most of the rest of the units was even worse. In one transport unit with fifteen planes only two were fit to fly. Out of thirty-two aircraft in a helicopter squadron, four were operational. Another helicopter unit of the same size had two flyable aircraft. In a fighter squadron of twenty planes, four were available for missions.

Meanwhile, hundreds of tons of spare parts had come tumbling into South Vietnam, but the inventories and the warehousing had been bungled, and no one could find anything. At the air bases at Binh Thuy in the Mekong Delta and at Danang to the north, planes were standing idle for want of a gasket or a set of bearings buried in a mountain of crates at Bien Hoa, the main supply depot. It was precisely that failing, coupled with widespread inability of ground crews to keep up with routine repairs, that left the air force crippled during the last offensive and not, as the Pentagon kept saying, a shortage of spare parts.

The men working in the aircraft shops had been through the standard training, but for many of them the leap from the water buffalo to the jet had been too dramatic. One of the most baffling technical aspects for the Vietnamese was the concept of preventive maintenance—making inspections, adjustments, and changes of parts and lubricants according to a fixed schedule regardless of whether there were signs of wear. It just made no sense to them to replace perfectly good-looking oil or spark plugs or to start fiddling with wrenches when the aircraft seemed to be doing just fine. Consequently, invisible stresses set in, parts broke, and some Vietnamese aircraft stopped flying in mid-air.

It was a young and enthusiastic air force with more spunk, I always thought, than the army. But when it was needed most it could not respond. Having been created, helter-skelter, so late in the war, it had no hope of working.

Thus the army and the air force suffered from years of neglect by the Americans, followed by a few years of frantic injections of machinery and superficial training. Inevitably, they came apart because they had never been put together properly. In the end, they were a million men, hundreds of artillery pieces and tanks and airplanes, a great conglomeration of individual military items that never became a fighting team. It was an armed mob, and a pitiful one at that. □

"In late 1972 th Vietnamese stil couldn't shoot straight—years after the Americans had arrived."

Stoyan Christowe

BIRDS ON THE LEFT

In a flight of storks a blind man sees an evil omen

GRANDFATHER'S GNARLED HAND held onto mine as I guided him up the winding path toward the treeless hillock where the little chapel of St. Haralam stood. I didn't know how old grandfather was, but to me he was as old as God, and he was dressed the way I believed God was dressed. I could not imagine God wearing knee-length breeches like my father's. In my childish mind the image of God was mixed up with my grandfather's appearance, except that God could fly across the heavens like an eagle and that everything about him was larger—his face, his beard, his eyes.

Summer and winter grandfather wore the same clothes: a *giurdia,* or frock, of bleached undyed wool and knee-length white socks in which were tucked the bottoms of the white linen drawers. He was girt by a broad woolen sash, woven on the loom by my mother. It was wound around his waist several times, to provide enough folds for the tobacco pouch, the pipe, the flint and tinder, and some lumps of sugar to give a child. Looped on the girdle was a leather strap to which was fastened a crescent-shaped, horn-handled jackknife kept in the pocket of the frock.

Slowly we trudged up the winding path. The little shrine stood on a shelf near a solitary majestic oak in whose spreading branches roosted many birds. The chapel was built of bricks, mossy and discolored now, and was six-sided. The pantiles on the roof had turned green with age, and the roof conformed with the hexagonal shape of the building. At the apex of the roof, where the six riblike ridges converged, stood a wooden cross, tilted chidingly toward the village. I had often wondered why someone hadn't climbed up there to right the little cross. It had been like that for as long as I could remember, and no wind seemed to have had the force to dislodge it from its lopsided position. It seemed that it was held there in that precarious stance by some power other than the power of gravity.

Inside the chapel it was damp and cool and redolent with the odor of beeswax and olive oil. There was only one icon, that of the saint for whom the shrine had been built, nobody knew when or how long ago. The icon itself was old, its silver frame tarnished. An image lamp suspended from the ceiling hung before the icon. In a small, cylindrical, rusty tin there were matches, but they were damp, and I had to strike several against the bottom of the little box to light the taper that grandfather held. Then I guided his hand to the candelabrum, where he stuck the taper, and I watched him cross himself three times, very devoutly, bowing low and describing wide arcs with the bunched thumb and two fingers of his right hand. He leaned over and kissed the faded old icon.

Afterward we sat in front of the chapel, on the brow of the hill, warming ourselves in the sunlight. Down below in the hollow, the village basked in shimmering heat. Our own house loomed above the others. Its two chimneys rose like sentinels at either end of the roof, and between them, on the roof ridge, reposed the huge stork nest, like a tree house.

TO THE LEFT OF US, as we sat there on the brow of the mound, stretched our beautiful mountain valley, with the peaks of distant Grámmos, the boundary of our world to the west, veiled in purple mist. Beyond that were the lands of Greeks and Albanians. The latter we called *Arnauti,* proud descendants of men of the eagle, of noble Skanderbeg, but now reduced to the state of *gavaazi* (bodyguards) of feudal Turkish lords. The native valley was flanked by oblong mountains, their beech- and oak-clad sides fringed by vineyards and cornfields and bordered along the river by ribbons of bright green meadows. Through the bottom of the valley coiled the limpid Bistra, watering fields and meadows, driving millstones, washing the sweat of villages on its serpentine course to the unknown sea. Nothing had changed here from the days when grandfather could see, and he looked at the village with his blind eyes, knowing in his memory every house and who lived in it, and every rise and dip on the moun-

This memoir of a Macedonian childhood appears in Stoyan Christowe's autobiography, The Eagle and the Stork, *which will be published later this year by Harper's Magazine Press.*

Copyright © 1975 by Stoyan Christowe. All rights reserved.



Martim Avillez

ıinside, and every turn and bend of the beau-
.ful river. He leaned on his staff, his unseeing
yes fastened on the familiar scene.

His dream at my birth that I would be the
ıedium through which he would view the liv-
ıg world was not without truth, for I had be-
ome, in a way, his recovered vision. The old
ıan cherished me as one cherishes one's eyes.
Vith his cane he could find his way alone with-
ı the house and on the grounds, and he could
enture by himself through some parts of the
illage, but I was ever by his side. Even during
arvest and haying, when children as little as
x or seven helped with the work, I was al-
›wed to stay with grandfather, to guide him
bout, to help him with his carving, which he
ow did by touch and feel. From early youth
e had shown an inordinate gift and zeal for
arving. At first he had built carts, vats, wine
asks, yokes, cupboards and cradles and chests
raven with leaves and flowers and other motifs
from nature. People prized these artifacts, and well they might, for grandfather would no more stoop to handcrafting such mundane objects. Since his pilgrimage to the chaste forests of Mount Athos, where he visited the renowned orthodox monasteries and served apprenticeship under the tutelage of the famous Debar carvers, he had foresworn the building of another cartwheel, or vat, or similar worldly object, and vowed to consecrate the rest of his life to the sculpting in wood of the benign images of saints and the re-creation in wood tracery of entire episodes of the New Testament.

The villagers paid for vats and casks and wheels and looms and barrows but not for images of saints, and grandfather gave up his carving long enough to build a grist mill. While it chattered and ground grain into flour, he sat in the yard and carved rosettes and birds and strange animals and coiling serpents on walnut panels that he would later assemble into an



Stoyan Christowe

BIRDS ON THE LEFT

iconostasis for some church in a village nestling in the bosom of the mountain.

The grist mill was not like any other we had seen or heard of. It was like a toy, and it sang like a lark, and its rattles made a sound like a woodpecker. Instead of damming the Bistra and conducting it down a millrace to the grist mill, grandfather dammed the current of a little stream that purled between two slopes and conducted the water along the side of one of the slopes and into a long funicular tube girdled at intervals with dogwood hoops. No wider than a stovepipe at the bottom, where the nozzle was, the tube broadened as it went up the slope until at the upper end, where it received the millstream, it was as wide around as a hogshead. The entire vessel was like a giant telescope peering into the earth. The nozzle was about the size of a saucer, and the mill wheel, the blades, and the spindle that held the stone, were all so magically constructed that one could put the waterwheel in motion merely by blowing at it. The water issued from the nozzle compressed like steel, struck slantingly at several blades simultaneously, and put the mill wheel into furious gyrations, causing a foamy whirlpool.

On the floor above, at the upper end of the spindle, the millstone whirred. From a wooden box shaped like an inverted pyramid the grain trickled into the hole at the center of the millstone. At an opening in front, the lips of the stone sifted out the flour like foam from the mouth of a dragon.

Other millers had harnessed the waters of the Bistra to propel their millstones. Grandfather had dammed a mountain brook to power a mill that became the wonder of the village and the joy of the children. For it was like an organ, humming and droning at the foot of a hill near a walnut tree.

THE MILL HAD MADE IT POSSIBLE for grandfather to do what he wanted, for while it chattered and droned he sat in the yard in the shade of the walnut tree to carve the famous iconostasis for the new church. He had started working on the panels even before ground had been broken for the church. When finally assembled, the immense wooden tracery stretched from wall to wall and halfway up to the roof, thus separating the altar from the nave proper. Many times, while the priest went through the various steps of the liturgy amidst rows of fluttering tapers, I would stand there with my eyes glued to the fantastic world carved in wood by my grandfather. Had anyone seen such foliage, such fruits and flowers, such birds and animals! I was proud that it all had been done by grandfather. Then he lost his sight, but continued, stone-blind, to carve things by touch and feel, and did not confine himself to reproducing things which had been imaged in his mem but created new things, some of them so fant tic they existed only in his imagination.

I myself was ever aware of my special ol gation to make grandfather "see," to help h in his work. But my mother said that gra father was helping me more than I was helpi him, for, at a time when my age-mates w hardly articulate, I had, thanks to helpi grandfather to see, acquired a vocabulary a fluency of speech beyond my age. The old m had begun to teach me the art of expression soon as I was able to talk.

"Ah, my child," he would say when I h described something to him. "I see twice; I as an old man and I see with the eyes o child." He would press my hand and stroke hair. His hands were gnarly and knuckly fr a lifetime of wielding chisels and mallets.

I was too young to realize it then, but fo long time I have known that my grandfat had a profound influence on my developm as a child and as a man. As he handcraf chunks of wood into recognizable creatures nature, or into the images of saints, he was a real sense molding my own character. He w a balladist, a blind bard who intoned no ball but built them out of wood. Since I had to gu him to church, to funerals, festivals, sair feasts, processions, I came to participate w him in all these observances, and the "seein I did for him enlarged my own world.

Outside of his undying urge to work wond with wood, there were two powerful desi within the blind man's being: to see the bish who had promised to come to dedicate the n church, and to see Macedonia freed from t Ottoman yoke.

"Ah, the bishop, child, when will he co to put his blessings on our church? He promis to come a long time ago."

I asked him if he had seen a bishop duri his stay at the monasteries at Mount Athos.

"No," he sighed. "I've never seen a bisho saw two archimandrites, but a bishop! Bish are rare; there's only one bishop to a thousa priests. They carry silver-capped staffs and w vestments of gold, and miters studded with p cious stones. Bishops are so rare and so pi that wherever they set foot the ground is l lowed."

"Are they big, grandfather? The bishops."

"You never heard of a small bishop."

"Are they like human beings? Are they l us?"

"They are born of mothers, just like us. I there's something of heaven in them.They touched by God."

Grandfather believed in signs and omens a looked in nature for some portent that wo foretell the end of the half-a-millennium Turkish dominion over our country. Time a

again he said to me, "Ours is the only Christian land in Europe still under the crescent, and yet it was here on our own Macedonian soil that St. Paul planted the cross." He prayed for delivery from the Turks. In school we were reading the poems of Khristo Botev, the famous Bulgarian revolutionary poet, and I told grandfather that in one of his poems Botev said that freedom needs the rebel, not prayer.

"If freedom needs the rebel, then the rebel needs prayer," he said.

AS WE SAT THERE ON THE HILLOCK under the clear blue sky and warm sun, nothing was further from our minds than that we should presently be witnessing a unique natural phenomenon in which grandfather would try to read meanings that might betoken the dawn of freedom for us. In the distance between the two oblong mountains that flanked the valley there appeared two clouds, one black and the other white. There was something strange about those clouds appearing so suddenly out of nowhere against a cloudless sky. There was no wind, yet the clouds were moving up the valley quite perceptibly. As I peered at them I became aware that there was something too precise about their formation. Though distinctly separated, they floated on evenly, uniformly. And as they moved closer I began to discern that they were made up of perhaps hundreds of separate bodies quivering in the air. And soon those bodies began to grow larger and to take on the shapes of birds with outstretched wings. Presently I was able to make out that the white birds were storks and the dark ones eagles. Perfectly parallel, like two aerial phalanxes sailing uniformly, the two flocks continued on until they reached the meadows below the village. Here they cut their flight as to a command, and in beautiful, sweeping waves, with the sun's rays playing on their plumage, began to descend to the meadows on either side of the river.

I grasped grandfather's arm. "Look, grandfather, look! Eagles and storks, hundreds of them."

The old man passed his hand across his opaque, sightless eyes and stared ahead, bewildered. "What eagles and what storks, child? What are you saying?"

"They just alighted. They came up from the lower end of the valley and are now in the meadows not far from the village. The eagles are on one side of the river, the storks on the other."

The old man's eyes peered down upon the meadows where the birds had settled. "There'll be war," his voice quavered. "They'll fight. This is an omen."

"Whom will they fight, grandfather?"

"They'll fight each other. It will be a battle between the cross and the crescent. You must help me see everything, child."

I knew as did everybody else that the storks were favored by the Muslims. I did not know the reason for it. In Kastoria, which was as far as I had ever been, I had seen stork nests on the roofs of mosques, or on the balconies of minarets, and I had also watched storks pace undisturbed like gendarmes about the marketplace and snatch fish from the stalls. The vendors didn't harm them for fear of inviting the wrath of some Turk. Storks built nests on houses in the village and returned to them year after year to raise their young. People thought it good luck for a stork couple to settle on their roofs, and to entice them to do so they placed old cartwheels to serve as foundations for their huge nests. We children always looked to the coming of the storks in spring with excitement, and we welcomed them with joy. We had names for them—the Frogger, the Fisher, the Snaker, the Abbot. We also believed that the storks were real people who became storks in order to fly to our land from their winter homes across the seas. To turn into storks, the legend said, they had to immerse themselves in the waters of a spring. Upon their return there in the fall they turned human again by immersing themselves in the same spring.

As for the eagles, I was yet to learn that they were the symbol of royal and military power, that the eagle was carried on the standards by the armies of Rome and of Napoleon. What I knew was that the eagle was a bird beloved of Balkan rebels who had fought the Turks. In school we recited Botev's famous ballad about the wounded rebel on the mountain. It was an eagle that cared for him, fanned him, and shaded him from the scorching sun.

A sudden, deafening, earsplitting scream chilled my spine. It came from two eagles that had detached themselves from the ranks and wheeled loftily above the meadows.

"It's the war cry," said grandfather animatedly. "The eagles have given their signal."

In response to the eagles' shriek, two storks soared above the meadows, their broad, black-tipped wings slowly cleaving the air, their long pink legs extended. When they attained the height of the eagles, they wheeled majestically and then answered the eagles' screams with a furious clattering of their mandibles.

And then the plumaged meadows on each side of the river stirred. Hundreds of wings flapped, and the two hostile flocks began to rise for battle. Fierce, blood-chilling eagle screams were answered by an artillery of clattering storks' beaks.

The flocks rose halfway up between the bottom of the valley and the spines of the mountains. Here they formed fronts and the battle began. It seemed as if the two mountains, which

"The two hostile flocks began to rise for battle. Fierce, blood-chilling eagle screams were answered by an artillery of clattering storks' beaks."

had faced each other in tranquillity for millennia, were suddenly roused to fury and discharged living bullets from their great sides. The space between them became a sea of savage, screaming, tumultuous waves. Sharp, hooked eagles' claws dug into white storks' crops and dragged the great birds earthward to rip and disembowel them with their powerful beaks. Bright-red stork beaks stabbed and slashed, impaling frenzied eagles as though they were frogs in the marshes.

It didn't seem real. So strange, so improbable it all was—the grappling, the tearing, the rending of flesh by the eagles; the bayoneting and harpooning by the storks. The hellish screaming of the eagles and the artillerylike rattle of the storks' beaks.

Grandfather was trying to say something, but his words were drowned by the uproar. He shook my arm. "Are the eagles winning?"

"It's hard to tell, grandfather. They're all mixed up. It's too terrible. You never saw such a sight."

A phalanx of storks zoomed above the plane of battle into the serene air above and then swooped down upon a contingent of eagles, using their beaks like cutlasses to hack at their enemies. To avenge their bleeding comrades, squadrons of rageful eagles rent the air with trumpeting cries and clutched and grappled, only to be overpowered by the bulk and mass of their foes, by the deadlier thrust of their bayonetlike beaks.

Grandfather kept staring into the holocaust. His eyes had lost their blankness, and a strange light as of restored vision had come into them. I knew those eyes were unseeing, but I knew also that he was seeing with his whole being, with the cells of his body and the pores of his skin, with his heart and his soul. Without a word to me he stood up and faced the tilted little cross on the roof of the shrine. Amidst the hellish noise of the battle I caught snatches of his prayer, his expressions of gratitude to the saint for his guardianship of the village, his supplications that he not forsake his wards at this fateful moment.

"The eagles must win," he said, tugging at me. "They must. Are they favored?"

"It's not clear, grandfather. It's hard to say." I wished with all my heart for the eagles to win. But my heart ached as I watched one raging white wave after another fall upon a dark one like an avalanche and beat it down to the earth. The eagles fought bravely, ferociously, and it appeared they outnumbered the storks, but the latter overwhelmed them by their greater size and the deadlier hacking of their spearlike beaks. Dozens of storks, white plumage bloodspattered, wings no longer able to hold them in the air, wavered and floundered as they were relentlessly clawed and mangled by platoons of infuriated eagles, but far many more mutilated eagle carcasses darkened the meadows.

"Tell me, child, are the eagles gaining?"

I didn't have the heart to tell grandfather that it looked hopeless for the eagles. Battered, decimated, flurries of them still uttered clarion calls and rose high in the air to catapult themselves suicidally upon their enemies.

THE BATTLE DID NOT LAST LONG. It ended abruptly. The surviving exhausted eagles suddenly withdrew, as though blown away by a gale. Some bellicose diehards, in pairs or in threes, still pursued some stray enemy, only to be beaten to the ground by a detachment of storks that rushed to the aid of their imperiled comrades.

Soon what was left of the eagles fled the scene, and a deathly silence fell upon the valley over which triumphant storks wheeled serenely. Voiceless, they made no drumming sounds with their mandibles, nor did they show any other sign of jubilation. In their silence they were all the more majestic. Some of them swooped down on the meadows, possibly in search of a wounded mate. And then, leaving the scene of their triumph, they floated silently over the village. A wearied one, injured perhaps and unable to support the pain, fell upon a rooftop. Having passed the village, the storks formed echelons and headed north for the mountain pass and the broad Pelagonian plain.

Again the sun shone on the wounded bosom of the earth; again the valley began to breathe. Some frightened animals, which had fled in terror to the woods, drifted back, eyeing the fallen birds suspiciously and snorting at the blood-smirched grass.

From the strange silence that enveloped us on the little mound where we sat and whence we had "witnessed" the savage battle between the two bird tribes, grandfather knew that the battle had ended. His lusterless eyes still gazed unblinkingly at the meadows as if they were trying to see what had actually happened.

"It's all over, grandfather," I said.

"I know that, child."

It was the first time I had ever lied to him and I did not do it consciously, deliberately. I just heard a voice say, "The eagles won, grandfather."

He said nothing.

I helped him up and guided him on the winding path down the hillside. At the foot of the hill I stopped and faced him.

"Grandfather," I said.

"Yes, child."

"Will you forgive me? The eagles did not win."

He put his hand on my head. "I know. Cross yourself, child." □

enjamin DeMott

HOT-AIR MEETING

olden oldies of the Sixties

Last year a series of four "citizens' meetings" federal educational policy was held at Southpton College, Southampton, New York, supted by grants from the U.S. Office of Edation. The stated purpose was to "engage a oad range of citizens . . . in shaping recomendations for the development of educational olicy for all societal agencies involved in e teaching and learning process." Specific subcts included busing, minority separatism, ethcity as a value, ethics in professional educaon, the future of school financing, interdependncies of educational and other federal polies. The 120-odd participants constituted a standard American cross section: blue-collar workers, minority spokesmen, school-board members, elected public officials, businessmen, school reformers, a Nobel Prize winner, celebrities (Henry Steele Commager, Lillian Hellman, Studs Terkel), and leaders of Congressional committees with responsibilities in the area of education (Rep. John Brademas, Rep. Albert H. Quie, Sen. Claiborne Pell). The author of the following unofficial commentary on the sessions sat on the six-member national steering committee that called the meetings for the Education Office, proposed the themes, and helped to manage their progress.

TEM: JONATHAN KOZOL writes asking for "any printed, Xeroxed, or just casual summary of the end results: i.e., *what it* (Southpton) *led to.*" When I invited him to come, nathan declined, predicting the project would e wasteful, but his letter says he's writing "in friendly spirit . . . with old and continuing spect." I've had his note for six weeks; it's ill unanswered.

ITEM: In New York the other day I had a inute, by happenstance, with Lillian Hellman, hom I'd pressed particularly hard to accept n invitation to Southampton, and who, I subequently learned, was displeased if not angered y her experiences at the meetings. Neither of s brought up the sessions during our chat.

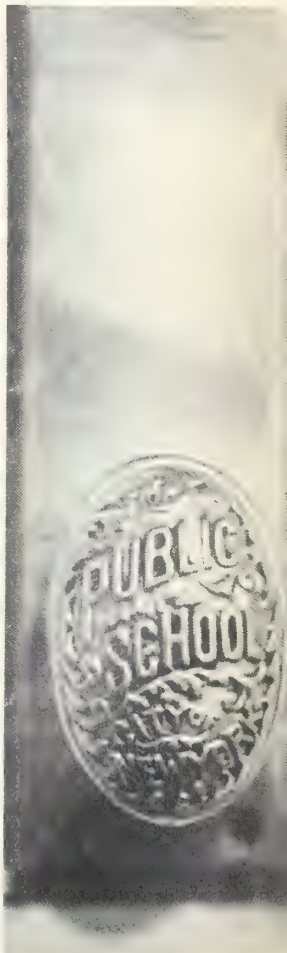
ITEM: In Washington, D.C., for three days uring Thanksgiving week, and then another ree days in Arizona, Bill Arrowsmith and I, iends for years who quarreled in plenary at outhampton Session Two, ate, drank, and orked together through twelve separate committee sessions, with but one allusion to Southpton—an agreement (settled in a phrase) ot to discuss it.

The inventory of my post-Southampton sinces with Southampton participants could be xtended: two editors, a classmate, a former student, a foundation person. But the point is obvious: I am hiding out.

A national town meeting

LOOKED AT HISTORICALLY, the Southampton Summer Sequences constituted a last hurrah of the participational ethos. The immediate background was a Congressionally authorized Training of Teacher Trainers program—Triple T, as it was called, a $40 million scheme aimed at producing better schools by bringing together the best current academic understandings of subject matter, the convictions of parents about students' real needs, and the assumptions of teachers about how their responsibilities are most effectively discharged.

At length, program officers at the Office of Education decided to try out a Triple T model for community action on school issues in a national framework—in effect, a form of national town meeting. Step One would be to commission a group of first-rate intellectuals to produce working papers on unresolved educational issues. These could be circulated to a cross section of citizens, as a preliminary to a national meeting. Step Two would be to invite the chosen



Charles Gatewood

Benjamin DeMott, professor of English at Amherst College, is the author of Surviving the Seventies *(Penguin).*

Benjamin DeMott

HOT-AIR MEETING

citizens to a site at which a consensus about these issues, as well as about broad goals and means of achieving them, could be sought, with the aid of experts, relevant TTT experience, and other resources. Step Three would be to bring the consensus, if achieved, to the attention of Congress, state legislatures, and other agencies with policy-making powers.

The idea bloomed. Logistics were settled quickly—120 participants divided into four groups each concentrating on a single area of problem-solving for three or four days, with a small steering committee to provide continuity. The theme to be stressed from the start was that educational reform is the business not of educators alone but of the whole society: "Schools are not the major educative influence on this society; they are only a reflection of the larger forces controlling all our institutions." To conduct this business well, educators and non-educators alike need, so ran the reasoning, first-hand knowledge of how (in a vital society) each part relates to every other part; they cannot come by such knowledge except by leaving their own enclave, by talking with people ordinarily understood as totally "other," by tasting The Life of the Whole.

I had had no role in Triple T, I had never worked for the Education Office until last summer—and yet from one point of view I could argue that my past dozen years of life were a in a metaphorical and perhaps not unloo way, Southampton-bound. In the long-gone F ties I made a start as a "sound professional" an English teacher-essayist—but shortly the after I joined the dropouts, spending much my time on projects that had nothing to do wi the profession I had trained for, and that refle ed a longing to believe that learning to functi outside the enclave was the surest way to i prove both yourself and Them.

We were legion, to be sure—teachers, burea crats, businessmen, whites and blacks alike characters who in this period went public. Pe ple of my professional stripe were propell into our befuddlement by conventional Ame can redbloodedness (palefaces alone can bui a Full Life in a library study), by the new p litical activism (the civil-rights movement, w protests), by standard American authors wh were enthusiastic about what Dewey called "co joint communication," and by post-Marxist c tural criticism that inveighed ceaselessly again fragmentation, polarization, segmentation, sp cialization. But idealism and abstractions we not the sole stimulants. The liberated humani flew his warren for love, chic, politics, or pea more often than for loot; but sometimes th whole consort—piety, pocketbook, and intelle —danced together.



Charles Gatewood

WHAT EXACTLY WERE WE UP TO, the academic (and other) day trippers of the Sixties? The temptation is strong to speak Tom Wolfe's accents, seeing the period as an ended Panther party at the Bernsteins'. I ice remembering some of the old sillinesses hat time past—my joy, for instance, in being ght by Herbert Kohl how to read the graffiti subway cars and posters, my joy in exploit- this "material" in staff meetings and in sses at an elite college—sliding it in as evi- ice of my unique experiential range. I ice also at my gutlessness when Mau-Maued. ink how much time I put in as an unpaid, official flak catcher—"Whitey," "The Man" ! It was in June 1964, at a planners' ses- n (the Huntting Inn, East Hampton) for the achers' and Writers' Collaborative (it still sts, headquartered in Brooklyn), that I took first punches, hearing for the first time, stified yet gratified, the word *rap*. ("I ain't ina rap with you," said Sonny Jameson rply. "You don't stop interruptin'.") And af- ward a current of sardonic mockery at black- ite sessions flowed steadily in "my" legion's ection. Often the note was exacerbated or fe- ious. "You honky racist," said Charles Hurst Malcolm X College to me at a Palm Beach liday Inn one winter morning in 1971. "I n't have to explain anything to you and I n't." But no less often the note was pure in- cence and charm, as one morning in the late ties in a D.C. classroom—the Madison Ele- ntary School—in an exchange with an eight- ar-old black pupil. I'd been "working with" s lad, tutoring him in how to act the part of king. Would he talk to his serf, I asked, the ne way he talked to his friend? He looked up ne with an impatient, get-lost expression—and n suddenly, surprisingly, softened. Curiosity me into his glance, seriousness, too, because thought had dawned, a conceit about this ge blond monster bearing down from above h his silly-ass story-talk question about a ture book. "Hey man," the kid said to me, es asquint. "You Daniel Boone?"

Always, though, amid whatever discomfiture surprise, there was a *frisson* of relish, a ten- ncy to regard flak-catching as a Learning Ex- rience. More important (maybe), I never w myself then as fool or fraud. I remember exhilaration with which I and others went uth to "work with the kids" in the Mississippi lta counties who were about to enter inte- ated schools for the first time—children who eded help with their new textbooks. I wrote out that venture in a magazine, and thereafter was off and running. The Central Atlantic Re- nal Education Lab was looking for a Re- urce Person for kindergarten-through-third- ade English teachers. I held the job for a ar part time. The Northeast Association of Teachers of English in Two-Year Colleges sought an unpaid counselor from an elite four-year college. I did an extended hitch for them. National Educational Television proposed that I help with a series of on-location programs about heroes of American culture. I went on the road for six months. A Carnegie Commission wanted some "input" about serial dramatic production in the TV sausage factories—Universal City and all that. I was their man on the Coast for a spell, the Hollywood Hawaiian Motel, corner Yucca and Vine. A state-based foundation for the humanities in public affairs wanted help setting up town-and-gown chautauquas. I signed on and drummed up academic interest in the scheme. And—cynics will credit this instantly—I worked the other side of the street with virtually the self-same zeal, taking the occasional job as "consultant" to big business, explaining Youth to top leadership at Bell, insurance conglomerates, the U.S. Foreign Service, the Post Office, any who claimed to want to listen.

Had a question of pertinence to teaching been raised, I'd have answered confidently that there was a rationale for these activities: I considered that every off-campus project put me in touch with matters of use to students chasing off-campus opportunity. But no questions were asked, and I myself felt no need to apologize. I had at least Made a Commitment. I had experienced the upsurge of the will to spring myself forth from the appointed slot in the culture of slots, to triumph over reductionism and inhibition.

And, as a result, when the voice on the phone began talking about Southampton, I was in almost before the deck was cut. He had helped, this caller said, to run an educational reform venture drawing together academics, students, protest leaders, executives, mayors, and school superintendents in a concerted effort at improving instruction in the schools. Our money is gone, he said, almost gone, but we want to try once more, now on a national scale, to see whether the beginnings of interenclave communication that we've worked out locally can be moved out onto a national stage. We need your help, he said, on our steering committee—choosing paper-writers, developing a framework, writing brochures, inspecting sites, editing papers, defining small-group tasks. It has to be, the man said, a *working* group.

The call went to others besides myself—to the superintendent of the Berkeley, California, school district, Richard Foster; to a Connecticut specialist in human relations training programs, Malcolm Shaw; to Gene Slaughter, an Oklahoma English teacher who had been active in Triple T from its inception; and to Will Smith, a former University of San Diego dean and pro football player, experienced in minority-majority group relationships. (The caller was

"The liberated humanist flew his warren for love, chic, politics, or peace more often than for loot; but sometimes the whole consort—piety, pocketbook, and intellect—danced together."

Benjamin DeMott

HOT-AIR MEETING

Donald Bigelow, an OE project officer.) I know more now about the past that each steersman brought to the venture, and about the differences amongst us. But I knew from the start that we had at least one point of union: not only were we experientialists and optimists, we were co-religionists. The doctrines and disciplines of the participational denomination were our dogmas; we were brethren in a faith.

Breach of faith

I KEEP THIS FAITH in its purity, its strictness, no longer. And the reasons—the connections between the Southampton Sequences and my apostasy—are less mysterious than might appear. The case is that the steering committee venture served to crystallize the id-like murk wherein I'd been wandering, obliged me to confront my grab bag of opinions—of sentimentalities?—as ideology. Among the stuff in the bag were the following: (1) certainty that the health of the social whole depends increasingly on the frequency and quality of communication among the social parts; (2) inklings that "new, improved" procedures and techniques for overcoming suspicion, hostility, and other barriers to communication between groups might shortly produce major advances in social understanding; (3) the theory that no work of art, no conceptual model in science, is so complex or subtle that some of its essence can't be made available to all; (4) a categorical imperative: those who are most highly skilled and best educated will have, tomorrow, an obligation to engage a portion of their energies in extending general human learning—through popularization, *haute vulgarisation;* (5) the inevitable consequence of such engagement will be to enlarge understanding to a point at which Everyman himself, through intelligent participation, modifies the meaning inherent in, and created by, great works of art and science; (6) an assumption that people who sense what and how The Other feels and thinks are likely to be citizens well qualified to propose changes in educational systems; (7) the hope that, by pressing for such changes, these citizens will succeed in effecting a transformation of the land which restores fraternity and sorority to their place as prime values—without doing dirt on egalitarianism.

The fit was tight between these beliefs and fancies and the design of the Southampton meetings. And in the sequel reality didn't scorn the design. Twelve small groups assembling widely disparate interests and expertise—one group included a college president, a labor organizer, a black historian, the mayor of a middle-sized Eastern city, a mother and housewife, a blue-collar worker, and a Congressman—worked together, each over a period of seventy-two hours, formulating, in college semina rooms, their versions of ideal schooling arrang ments, occasionally interrupting themselves t participate in plenary sessions or to hear pane and formal presentations, but returning quickl to their own deliberations. Each of the grou in question numbered among its members "process expert" free to intervene when forwa progress slowed. Several first-rate papers clarif ing knotty conceptual schemes currently exci ing historians, economists, or systems analys were delivered and discussed in terms intelligib to laymen.

Most important, positions and persons u accustomed to dealing at close quarters wi each other did indeed come face to face, to l mutually trained in negotiation. Sometimes th encounters were of a familiar sort: a man public power spoke up strongly for a bill aime at "doing something for the people" and hea from The People he meant to help that his so of help was unwelcome. (Sen. Claiborne Pe was told by minority representatives in plena session that, for their people, the expanded v cational education he found exciting looked lik a rip-off.) Sometimes the encounters marke the beginnings of talk between two parties equal power passionately mistrustful of eac other or suffering from image anxiety. (The fa right and far left of the school board of a gre Southwestern city, factions that, by their ow admission, could never be seen together bac home without losing their political power base dined together and worked together in a sma group at Southampton.) More than a few wh participated in the sessions became so attache both to coworkers and to the concept of th meeting itself that they shed tears at departu time. And at no moment was there an air emptiness or cutoff—a feeling that talk betwee opposites and tangents, thinkers and doers, t ries and rads, had completely broken off.

YET NONE OF THIS alters the fact: Soutl ampton, far from energizing a faith, dram atized its limits, errors, and fatuities. If th meetings had a value, it consisted in the con pelling demonstration of the need for a deepe understanding, socially and morally, than an envisaged by the religion in whose name w assembled. To some who glance over thes words, the errors I have to enumerate will seer altogether unastonishing. But, since I mad them and lived with them, I can't easily dismis them as trivial; each warrants (to my mind) minute's scrutiny.

Not the least embarrassing of them—descend ing to particulars—is the error of believing tha The Mix in and of itself will invariably generat fresh thought. Southampton established for m that, while heterogeneous groups may engende

READ MORE. SPEND LESS.

Bestsellers. Old sellers. Fiction and non. Now get virtually any book at breakthrough discounts!

You're a reader. With an appetite as big as the Library of Congress. Perpetually enmeshed in three volumes simultaneously. And wondering what to do when you run out of attic space (your bookshelf having long since surrendered its last vacancy).

What's more, you wouldn't have it any other way. *(There's always the garage.)*

But there are two very real problems today's reader *does* face: meeting the skyrocketing cost of buying books—without mortgaging the attic, garage, and everything in between. And locating a book dealer who can hand over an obscure author or old title as easily as he can the current bestseller.

Enter THE BOOKSERVICE. Exit problems.

THE BOOKSERVICE, a new division of Harper's Magazine Company, offers its members the unique opportunity to buy, with ease and convenience, any hardcover book in print. *Any*. The new #1 novel. A dusty autobiography. A children's classic. Poetry and painting. Arts and crafts how-to's. Even dictionaries, atlases, and encyclopedias. If it's in print, it's yours.

And two, the lagniappe: *unprecedented savings* on every volume you purchase through THE BOOKSERVICE. At least 25% off the retail price of every bestseller; 25% off all general titles; 15% off university press and reference books; 50%, 60%, and sometimes higher savings on special superbargains!

Some typical examples of BOOKSERVICE discounts:

	List Price	Member's Price
The Lord of the Rings	30.00	22.50
Something Happened	10.00	7.50
Centennial	12.50	9.38
The Palace Guard	8.95	6.72
Magellan's Voyage	100.00	50.00
Strictly Speaking	7.95	5.97

And as you can see, your savings are comparable to any book club. Often better. What's more, THE BOOKSERVICE gives you the original publisher's edition, instead of an economized, separately printed "club edition." And you are never obligated to buy any specified number of books.

Your membership also includes the unique, biweekly Bookletter. Great reading all by itself.

At the heart of THE BOOKSERVICE is the *Bookletter*, a fascinating newsletter you'll receive every other Monday. It's a lively, up-to-the-minute, thoroughly entertaining guide to today's world of books.

You'll read original *reviews*—pro and con—of all the bestsellers, new releases, and significant revivals. As well as capsulized comment from other national media. You'll enjoy exclusive *essays* on publishing events and personalities. Reappraisals of the immortal authors and first impressions of some likely candidates.

There are reflections on *children's books*: which ones are written to nurture young minds, and which solely to snare adult dollars. Evaluation of *crafts and reference works*, from collage design to college dictionaries. *Trend-tacking:* the book subjects that are "hot," the fads and fancies in this mercurial medium.

Plus corridor *chatter* from the publishing palaces: how the authors, agents, editors, and owners who make things work, work; why some great books nose-dive while some disasters become book of the month.

The *Bookletter's* range is A to Z. The delivery, succinct, literate, often irrepressible. The thoughts, always on target. Like George Plimpton's cutting satire of the sports book macho mania. Richard Adams paying his respects to the classics of childhood in "Ingredients of Watership Down," Jose Yglesias on Harriet Beecher Stowe—reversing unjust neglect. Walter Goodman reassessing *The Unheavenly City*—Edward C. Banfield's hardheaded 1970 view of the urban scene. And an intriguing binocular review of Morton Sobell's *On Doing Time*, by representatives of two generations of the political Left.

THE BOOKSERVICE
Charter Membership: 33⅓% savings . . . 0% risk.

THE BOOKSERVICE's regular membership rate is $15 a year, which includes the book discount service and 24 biweekly issues of the *Bookletter*.

However, during the current introductory period, you can become a Charter Member for *just $10*, billed semi-annually. Same benefits, but a ⅓ saving. And, as a Charter Member, you'll automatically receive the lowest rates available every time you renew!

In addition, you risk zero. Should you decide to cancel anytime during your membership, you'll receive a *full refund* for your current six-month period—even if it's your first! Which means you can cancel next week, next year, 1987—whenever and for whatever reason—and get a refund for that current six-month payment. Not prorated. In full!

No need to enclose payment with order now. But please mail the coupon below right away. You'll never have a better opportunity to read more, more enjoyably, for less. And you may never have another chance to save ⅓ with a Charter Membership.

So join THE BOOKSERVICE today. And hearty appetite!

Yes, please enter my Charter Membership to THE BOOKSERVICE at the special rate of *just $10 for one year*—instead of the regular $15. This entitles me to full discount book-buying privileges and a year of the *Bookletter* (issued every other Monday, 24 times a year).

☐ Please send bill for $5 now (and $5 six months from now)

☐ I prefer to enclose $5 (fully refundable)

name_____
(please print)

address_____

city_____

state_____ zip_____

Harper's Magazine
THE BOOKSERVICE
381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302 D96

Benjamin DeMott

HOT-AIR MEETING

admirable fellow feeling, they do not produce an idea: The Mix lowers intellectual pressure, encourages the reinvention of the wheel, shifts the focus from issues to conflicts of personality, and creates an audience for numbers, routines, card tricks. Time and again, plenary sessions raveled out into cliché. Consider, as one example, the afternoon session that pitted Michael Rossman, West Coast alternative-school theorist, against Rep. John Brademas of the House Education and Labor Committee. Rossman had a point of substance to make, namely that a problem-solving approach to racism by legislative or judicial authority tends to oversimplify the behavior and feeling with which it means to cope. But the route to utterance of this point was itself paved with oversimplifications, each of which shivered before us like a Sixties' ghost.

A thin, dark, wary-eyed fortyish man, Rossman seemed driven by a compulsion to penetrate Establishment invulnerability, "technological rationality"; each of his movements and gestures brought back the open-air meetings, the Days of Concern of yesteryear, when moral intensity flogged itself to seethe, when Everyman cried Bullshit! and good manners were shamed as bad lies. Trembling as he spoke, Rossman went at the public official for being inhibited, repressed, out of touch with the roots of his being, afflicted with a facial tic. He noted that the previous evening, during the Congressman's talk, he, Rossman, had scrutinized the condition of the talker's inner being: "I saw that your body English is careful," he said, "the rea balanced emotions of a man who is sort of p pared to answer anything coming from a side. I saw you inside the form of that bo motion, twitching uncomfortably because the was too much vitality and emotion to be pressed in those gestures, and with those g tures you jerked. Here is a man that was to . . ." He went on to describe his own inner co fusion and humiliation as he listened to Co gressional Competence speaking its confide piece ("I am feeling, listening to you, it w crazy, just crazy, quite crazy. . . . Jesus, I a feeling, I have nothing, I have rhetoric, passi without substance. My stuff—it's not searched, not realistic, pragmatic, it's simp empty").

But then, Rossman continued, by good f tune he was lifted out of his despair. A man the people, a working-class participant at Sou ampton with whom he went to a bar followi Brademas's original talk, showed him a way o "This old dinky man pissing and cussing in dark corner . . . and his language was so foul it was choked, it was turbulent—that I could make sense of what he said." But soon enou the sense appeared; Rossman began to hear truth in his friend's speech, the truth that "sta in the stomach, the working man's stomach and it recovered for him a perception of h own value. He knew better now than to let hi self be put down. He knew what was right abo himself and wrong about the Congressman. "M language gets it up in ways yours can't. . . .



Charles Gatewood

ur] detail there falls away the sense of the le." Brademas didn't understand that "to ise the legislator you have to advise him as a t." Brademas was a failure for not "recog- ing Tao," and for not being "a Moses," for t finding some focus for the spirit."

Outside a small breeze stirred the piney shad- and worn grass. (Southampton College isn't osh setting for a lark.) For a moment the m was quiet—but quite quickly another set trad sounds began, each as familiar as those t preceded them. Professor Commager berat- the counterculturist for new romanticism t is astonishing . . . for one connected with university to celebrate the stomach rather n the mind"). A Yale psychologist damned ssman for pride ("Something . . . strikes me holier than thou"). Off on the left came a ut that the problem wasn't too little religion too much ("It's all parochial education. . . . e White House is the pope. . . . American tory is [an] icon. Progress is an icon"). The ddle, too, was heard from, seeking (as ever) ice, offering assurances that flutes and trian- s must also be heard, no voice wholly lost We don't fully appreciate that there are dif- ent kinds of consciousness, different ways of king at things, different ways of construct- the world. I think we frequently get caught in the belief that one belief is more right n the other"). And at length from the Con- ssman himself came the predictable, bare, ak, pridefully unselfindulgent statements of igious faith ("I am a Greek Methodist, that my background"), political faith ("Every- dy doesn't have to be working within the sys- n; I happen to think that someone has to be rking within the system"), faith in The Sys- n itself:

I think the whole secret in the American system is that you have some power, I have some power, and everybody has some power. I broker it off, you do the same, we bargain with each other and we hope that it is so worked out in the end that all of us, together, as I said, advance justice in the society.

Amen, says a voice.
Bullshit, says another.

The mystique of The Mix

MEN DIFFER—BUT the afternoon had passed, and no forward step had been taken. Michael Rossman, according to testimony of his most recent book, is ex- mely knowledgeable about the function and mation and nourishment of alternative teach- networks; John Brademas, according to the timony of his legislative record, knows a od deal about the kinds of educational initia- tives that might at this hour stand a chance of interesting a Congressional majority; the mystique of The Mix somehow defeated their best selves. Many persons in that room knew the day's tunes by heart, hits of the Sixties—now a touch of Dostoevsky, now the mucker pose, now a macho flourish, now the pastoral-Tolstoyan strain—now the Gibbonian skeptic, now the practical doer of good, now a soft-shoe turn by Mr. & Mrs. Apologetically Liberal Nice. But, given the heterogeneity of the assemblage, the possibility existed that some in the room had never heard "Stardust" before, had never tuned in to rationalism *v.* romanticism. And so, for their benefit, the old favorites would be rerun, worlds of discourse already overexplored would be scratched at as virgin soil. Repeated, the incident confirmed at last that the professional part of us is not necessarily inferior in what it produces or contributes in this sort of setting to the "My Credo" part of us. It also confirmed that, contrary to this steersman's assumption, professionals are enormously difficult to position effectively in the environment of The Mix. Fantasists that we were, we had assumed that the presence of difference near at hand couldn't fail to entice men and women to come forward from themselves, forward toward their unwritten chapters. Error One.

A second error was that the doers of the world, the improvers, the nonprovincial, the well-traveled, the experienced, cannot but introduce into a mixed assemblage qualities of flexibility that teach and refine by example. For every expert at Southampton silencing his best self for a chance at the My Credo organ, there was another expert clinging to what he knew with a holy fury and dealing damnation round the land at those who knew something else. For a month, in truth, the Southampton campus was fairly littered with hobbyhorse riders, figures whose unique past had given them The Answer. Here was President John Silber of Boston University, angrily denouncing the steering committee at a special lunch meeting—how could we be so stupid as to consider any recommendation for federal action other than a massive new Headstart program? It was never *tried*, insisted Silber. Pump every penny into prenatal nutrition, health care, early learning opportunities, birth to kindergarten. There is no other way, anything different is rot and sentiment. Here was Henry Commager again, announcing that The Answer was Europe. Why don't you simply follow the lead of the Danish Folk Schools—the Danes know how to provide education in values to farmers and mechanics. Or why don't you simply follow the lead of the English National Trust? They know how to make direct grants to communities. Here was Ms. Anne Dosher, community worker from San Diego, contending that the only kind of effort

"Always, amid whatever discomfiture or surprise, there was a *frisson* of relish, a tendency to regard flak-catching as a Learning Experience."

that could possibly bring about real educational change was that of the old OEO Community Action Programs. It was never *tried*, there is no other way, the only idea we ever had.

MEN AND WOMEN on hobbyhorses are not much interested in interdependency, contradiction, complication. You say minority problems don't exist in Denmark? You say vitamins won't heal the disease of self-contempt? You say conquering self-contempt requires a (dangerous) mobilization of the resources of hatred? Ah, replies Dr. Hobbyhorse witheringly, but you don't under*stand*, you are an outsider. And as the ego-undertone becomes insistent, a blade of contempt begins swishing from side to side: I *am* Headstart, you see, it was my *idea*. I am a philosopher king. I have been to Denmark, my man, I am a fellow of a Cambridge college. I am of the people, I am *street-wise*, do not question this knowledge so remote from your own.

Third error. It is not so that the specialist in group relationships can set society on a new cooperative course. It is true that Man-with-The-Answer types are bad for "group process" (they never negotiate, merely condescend), and that our "process persons" occasionally did succeed in mussing their hair, checking the hobbyhorse rock for a beat. It's also true that the Process Person, this character who divides you into small groups and tells you it is time for you to break up, time to work at your task, time to report to plenary, this magician of the flip charts who listens to your reports, scribbles the points down with the magic marker, never weighs, never rejects, never ceases to speak foreign idioms such as "I think I hear you saying . . ." "That's where my head is at," "Little more feedback, and then we'll go"—this figure is seldom without charm. At once vaguely furtive, vaguely reassuring, vaguely vague, he possesses a store of soothing words attesting that he encompasses both positions in conflict, carries them within himself. (Sometimes his protestations in this vein are hilarious: "The affective domain and the cognitive domain," said one process person sincerely, cooling a heated place in plenary, "are running through me all the time, and I am feeling them and trying to act upon them simultaneously.") Bearded, sad-eyed, small-boned, with the delicately marbled white skin that Chinese grandees once ate ground pearls to secure, easy in movement, inclined on occasion—like a character in a Chekhov play—to break restlessly into a fragment of rhythmic gesture or song (one bar of "Sugar," accompanied by a sudden whirl or dance step), secretly lofty with a novelist's confidence that he can "read the feeling," the process person is no negligible being. But he is the incarnation of detachment: his pride lies in his p ception of himself *as* process person in life, man of the middle distance momentarily tangled in the bustle of here and now, deal in good feeling, in cadences that never clo "Resolution is not my thing."

And partly because resolution isn't, his timate influence is pernicious. Subtly, devious Dr. Process teases me out of my awareness social life as it is; persistently, unflagging he insinuates the notion that learning to abh substance could be my most negotiable path grace. In the front row Dr. Process is all smil as Group I, Sequence 2, launches its report plenary, sharing a list of policy recommen tions concerning high-school and commun relationships in tones of high exhilaration. Ju Wilson is spokeswoman; she's a beautiful a articulate Manhattan matron keen on crad to-grave educational rights and on experient teaching (history in the courthouse, science the clinic). Her examples multiply, her ey glisten, excitement is communicated—but su denly comes an interruption, a male voice c ing out sharply: "I don't believe in this. I do believe in any of this."

What? You—what? All turn; the room star The speaker shakes his head, seemingly emb rassed at his own response. It's Leonard M chaels, a writer and an intelligent man. I shakes his head again but knows he's oblig to go on. "I'm sorry," he says. "It feels wro to me. We haven't changed any fundament in the society. So much hope is impossible."

The reversal is jarring. We're stunned. Ju frowns, tongue on the sill of her lower lip. I hesitation, though, for Dr. Process. He is sm ing no longer. "That's what you do, isn't it," says, ready with ad hominem thrust. "Tha what you always do, you academics, isn't th right? Literary people." Dr. Process's expr sion mixes pugnacity and knowingness. Ther a faintly discordant half-smile on his face as speaks. "The minute there's a good feeli among a group of people working togeth you knife the feeling, isn't that so? Why do y have to do this?"

Lennie turns up his hands. June's poise turns. In the hall a half hour later Dr. Proc grinningly remarks to me: "That was son thing. That was my best intervention of t conference so far."

Best or worst, it was a typical "interventio reflecting bottom-line beliefs of the proc tribe. First among the beliefs is that one m banish discord from a group even if the pr is banishing substance from problems. Len Michaels was attempting to speak out on t need for a recognition of limits—and was sponded to as a spoilsport, a chorister co plaining petulantly, mid-song, about the k And that response to his criticism transform

"situation" into a show, a performance, experimental-improvisational-psychodramat- spot of time, not an earnest grappling with actables.

And again we are speaking of a recurring ne. Rapt in process magic, men and women e continually discovering at Southampton ir capacity for harmony, cooperative cre- ity, reconciliation. But, having come to- her for the stated reason of thinking through cational problems in the context of society it is, the discovery became an invitation to d the sense of reality itself. Woo me, woo , wonderworld: I yearn for the universal py hour, the womb of loving consensus. naraderie is All.

T WOULD BE COMFORTABLE to attribute our roubles at the meetings to the finaglings of process persons, hobbyhorse types, people essed with Sixties tunes. But the root cause elsewhere, in a false assumption that changes educational arrangements can profoundly al- the moral tone and quality of life, in obliv- sness to the enemy within.

Southampton had no trouble "coming up with emes." People "knew what they wanted" or at they thought they wanted (their pro- als have been or will be dutifully transmitted Congressional authorities). Dozens of specific posals, patches of genuine ingenuity. At the l of the fourth day of Sequence 4, as group r group laid out new versions of lower ools, higher schools, colleges, professional ools, school boards, trustee roles, you name the air was buoyantly alive. What were we ng if not improving ourselves? Together in se actions as purified beings, as children iting poems, pasting sunlit dreams on black- rds for Authority to look at, praise, grade, were surely launched at last, were we not? were doing the good work, connecting the ool with the general society, connecting ed- tional with "real-world" issues, putting an l, in and through ourselves, to the artificial aration of children from adults? Imagine at'll happen when these proposals are en- ed: we'll begin to see the amelioration of all ial ills, will we not? Slowly these ever-more ightened modes of teaching and learning will ome the norm, slowly we'll begin to move ard the just and humane society for which ry decent soul has so long yearned—and n will come the real surprise. We'll see that se odd little sessions of ours, these school- m meetings, were themselves the new start, rusade for conjoint communication, an alter- ive to the culture of slots, a community in ich the key verb is *flow*, not *hypostatize*. His- y is choices, nothing but choices, our choices. tory begins here and now.

You couldn't enter the rooms once the participants were gone, could not look round the walls at the results so neatly taped—proposals, proposals, proposals! like children's first haiku or Halloween cutouts or Christmas collages—without feeling the poignance of the fantasy. "*Prick the conscience of all over whom you have any influence,*" cried Blue Magic Marker. "*Problems today in American education,*" said Green, "*are classless-raceless and should be seen as such!*" Red asked, "*How can we bring our values about where education should go into 'good currency'—bring others into the dialogue?*" and answered with page on page of instructions and proposals concerning networks and alliances. "*Help create a movement!*" shouted Green, "*based on: 1. Need (kids not getting what they need and society needs them to get. 2. Hope (it can be done!).*" "*We want cultural pluralism with less abrasive interfaces,*" said Black marker. *We want, we want, we want . . .*

The center of the fantasy was the assumption that all one needs to do, if one wants to think about goodness in education—educational goodness "in the context of the whole society"—is simply sit down and do the job. This was the belief that we could not, would not lay aside: goodness is here within us, in the grain of our feeling. One symptom of the self-deception was the ease with which men and women from various minorities, classes, interest groups were seduced—by the will to happy process?—into obliterating their knowledge of differences of privilege, imbalances of power, wars about equality of results v. equality of opportunity, unresolved arguments about the hierarchy of values appropriate to a democratic society (equality below fraternity? above love? above aesthetic creativity? below selflessness?). Whenever power surfaced as a subject we turned to it in irritation, as though a bad smell had been released in the room: the polite among us would rise and leave gracefully, or otherwise protest the impropriety. *Prick the consciences. . . . Reach the others. . . . Raceless-classless. . . .*

In theory we knew that much, if not all, reformist bustle about education in the recent past has been without consequence. Open classroom? closed? . . . oral? aural? oral-aural? . . . disciplinary? interdisciplinary? . . . school? deschool? . . . field? stream?—increasingly these battles seemed weightless. Knowing these things, we therefore also knew—did we not? how could we not?—that the "cure" for, say, corruption in high legal circles is not a project in moral education for law schools.

But this was among our proposals—and it could soundly be said that all the Southampton proposals were identical with this one, in that all flowed from the conviction that we are ready (the others need pricking.) And all betrayed ignorance of the true grain of common feeling.

"Amidst ecstasies, great gusts and choruses of hope, I notice hitherto unnoticed bars on windows, padlocks on doors. I see that I'm waiting, and will doubtless go on waiting."

Benjamin DeMott

HOT-AIR MEETING

When I am not being "handled" by a process person, from whence does my sense of human solidarity derive, my sense that we—fellow citizens—are part of each other? Not from need of, or joy in, my neighbor, not from intimations of shared mortality. My sense of human solidarity is grounded in torment: in a recognition that the need to be ruthless rules us all, that practically nobody accepts the obligation to be mean. The banner above me, above the cabbie, above the orthodontist, states the unity of mankind in the imperative Dog eat Dog, and I despise this banner, and yet I know that I must, you must, he must, all must beat each other to the light. And I know that none can run this wretched race unless wary, unless skilled in the arts of denial and doubt. *Enable all segments of society to experience the feeling of being in a community of hope.* Is it not "a problem for schooling" that parent and child in the present culture are closest when together they see through the lie? Together my daughter and I before the box see that the happy fellow singing "I smell good" is a deceit. We see that America the Beautiful isn't, we see that Jefferson owned slaves, we see that cynical disbelief is, like the shared bitterness at the unremittingness of competition, among the firmest of the blessed ties that bind.

And it follows, given this grain of feeling, that while a voice or face in a classroom or flip chart may hold that fairness is good, that the weak and strong must know and value each other, that those who pollute the mind with falsehood deserve and will receive punishment, that life-meaning and enhancement flow from the mastery of the powers of discrimination, the refining of sensitivity, the development of love for beauty and for truth and for each other—while a voice may "stand for" these "verities," I know, we all know, all that this voice is producing is at best only a theater of hypocrisy: the school in its organization, its form, its essential interior life, is no more supportive of such truths than the friendly Exxon station at the corner, or than I myself am, once the party has ended and I am back on the road.

Who can believe that thinking about education in the context of the whole society can begin elsewhere than with existing structures of feeling and value? Who will contend that cradle-to-grave educational entitlement, ethnic programs, intermittency, public learning community centers, supermarket learning centers—that any of this touches us where we live? As long as we're bemused with "alternative devices" and with visions of our own inner selves as instinctively embracing and unguarded, we hide out from the essential continuity of school values and community values; as long as we hold that the "conscience of the others must be pricked," we cannot hope to know our secret opposing selves, the enemies of true learning within.

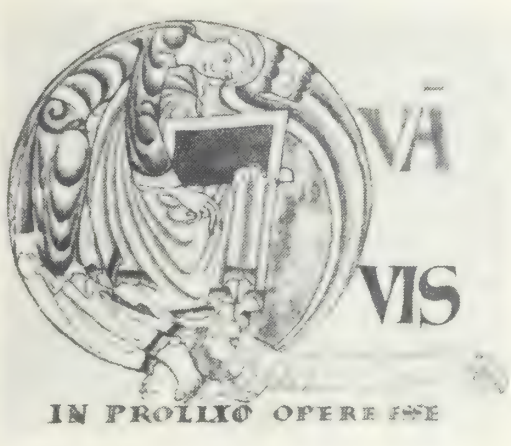
THE LONGER I LIVE, CITIZEN . . ."—this the way the great passage in Péguy begi words I once loved to say (I had th almost memorized)—"The longer I live, citiz the less I believe in the efficiency of sudden luminations that are not accompanied or su ported by serious work, the less I believe in t efficiency of conversion, extraordinary, sudd and serious, in the efficiency of sudden passio and the more I believe in the efficiency of mo est, slow, molecular, definitive work. The long I live the less I believe in the efficiency of an traordinary sudden social revolution, imp vised, marvelous, with or without guns and i personal dictatorship—and the more I belie in the efficiency of modest, slow, molecular, finitive work."

I had these words almost by heart, as I s and I held them close, taking them in a spec way. What the great man meant, as I understo it, was that this is the way you make the revo tion—only this way, only by discrete effor small earnest movements, new adjacencies, wo commitments. I blush for myself, shake head: I *leaned* on these words, secretly, as pro that I—tenured in tennis clothes, owner of house on a hill with a pool—was some ki of Revolutionary, a serious doer of molecul deeds.

I wake up a little now. I see that molecul deeds are nothing unless the doer feels, re isters, publicly insists upon the difference b tween the frail impulses from which the dee spring and the infinitely more powerful b bitual understandings within himself—the u examined feelings, the numberless unregister acceptances of things as they are—that a forever obliterating true imaginings of chang forever insinuating that the true arena of chan lies Out There, not within, Out There in t arrangements. My problem, simply stated, that I need to know why I don't want what say I want, why I can't yet want what I s I have always wanted. My problem is that catch sight of one or another of the ironies m tiplying round about me—children continui to die at an early age while dollars are spe to clarify to me at fifty the fantasies of r liberalism—but the sight invariably goes blur It is as though for this out-of-the-woodwork m there were an invisible sealer, a restrai Amidst ecstasies, great gusts and choruses hope, I notice hitherto unnoticed bars on wi dows, padlocks on doors. I see that I'm waitin have been waiting, and will doubtless go waiting for some indeterminate stretch f "things to open up"—and I grasp that this both odd and wrong, since in fact I alone ha the key—and I go on waiting.

BOOKS







PUS DEI WAS A VERY GOOD SHOW

Garry Wills

e Monastic World, 1000-1300, Christopher Brooke. Random use, $35.

Europe was new mapped; and the nonks were the principle of map-ping.

—Cardinal Newman

WE TEND TO THINK of the feudal order as rigid—its manors, fiefs, and benefices clear-plotted; its lines of allegiance crete and personal. The serfs e pinned down to the land, or the *enui* pinned upward to lords by ir oaths of vassalage. Tradesmen craftsmen were fixed in monopo-c guilds; lower nobles and roving nies were attached to personal lers. In theory, every man had his ce in a clearly marked hierarchy. s is what gave the Middle Ages a ty and stability that appealed to ıry Adams.

But take a simple test. In 1096, n Urban II preached the First sade, he asked church and lay lers who took the cross to meet he fall and lead a commissioned y to help Emperor Alexius fight Turks. But at once a bogus her- intruded himself and collected a rabble that snowballed in disorder across the Balkans, catching Alexius by surprise and leaving the true leaders of the Crusade still doing their logistical homework. Peter the Hermit led a mob of perhaps 20,000 men, women, and children. Other (and even worse) mountebanks coming behind him brought the number to 800,000 over the next six months or so. *Where did all these people come from?*

Were they runaway serfs? We do not hear, amid all the other criticisms of them, the cry of overseers wanting them back on the manor. Were they a proto-proletariat in the developing cities of the eleventh century? If so, where had they come from, and how were they surviving up until Peter's call? We have to assume that not *every* unattached person who heard a Peter followed him. We know that the various leaders trolled only part of Europe developing their "catch." And we have to remember that this call came at the very peak of feudalism's "classical period" of completed articulation. The conclusion is inescapable: there were an awful lot of people floating around loose through the "feudal structure," even at its greatest period—and so, of consequence, there were even more people generally "at large" in the preceding centuries. Nor was this flotsam merely the dregs. Knights and minor nobles were sprinkled in among the louts and pious nuts who marched with Peter.

Feudalism was an attempt to impose some structure on a fluid and drifting population, in a Europe still only sketchily marked out. Farms kept disappearing into forest or swamp, slaves into serfs, and serfs into the underbrush. Flood, famine, or epidemic could wipe out whole manors. People were thinned or crowded into situations that could not support them and broke down. Beggars, vagrants, bands of thieves figure largely in the chronicles; as early as the ninth century, popular enthusiasms of the sort Norman Cohn has studied gathered "mass" support. Between the breakup of two things the northern tribal order and the Latin city order—whole crowds of humanity were freed to do little more than drift.

The institution of slavery disappeared partly because you cannot

Garry Wills is adjunct professor of humanities at Johns Hopkins University.

crush water. The early guilds, without support from centralized monarchies, could not impose a total monopoly. The most disciplined part of society, the military knighthood, was errant long before the code of "courtesie" made that a virtue, and multiple fealties diluted the person-to-person ties of the military oath. The only institution that succeeded in achieving real stability throughout the second half of the first millennium was the monastery. Monks succeeded martyrs and hermits as the charismatic leaders of a Christianity as loose and dispersed as all other social forces in the West. Monks were the only fixed things to steer by in this flow and lapse of rootless people. That is why St. Benedict's sixth-century Rule stresses the need for *stabilitas*, for being *stabilis*. Monasteries gave a goal to the milling crowds, and turned mere drifting into pilgrimage.

The monastic literature, with its roots in the eremitic tradition, stressed the monks' withdrawal from "the world." But this emphasis can be misleading to those who forget what the world looked like in the sixth and seventh centuries. To contemporaries, monks seemed to be entering a better world—not only in the spiritual sense (it was often felt that only monks could be real Christians and enter heaven) but in a crude and more immediate sense as well. The monasteries were comparatively ordered and pacific (despite struggles for their leadership and scattered tales of poisoned abbots). Their manors supported feudal military bands, along with the men who worked the soil of their benefices. Abbeys acquired haloes of expanding influence to protect the community's internal *kosmos*. The first monasteries were heavily stocked with noble (indeed with royal) offspring. Members were normally enrolled as children. Queens and ladies retired to them when their husbands died. Kings and chieftains patronized them as stabilizing influences and as prayer houses they could draw on and retire to if their earthly rule dissolved around them.

The monasteries were the haven of what learning there was in the West's dark period. The Latin tongue, and literacy itself, was kept alive by performance of the liturgy. New art forms, like plain chant, grew up there. Baths, which came as something of a revelation to crusading knights in Syria, were written into the monks' Rule. The "otherworldly" vow of celibacy gave monks a secular advantage denied even to the nonmonastic clergy before Gregorian reform: the House was not subject to the caprice of heirs and dynastic battles. An element of election was maintained in the choice of abbots, even when secular patrons had a say in their appointment. Houses accumulated treasures of the sacristy and scriptorium; they were stable enough to be built and rebuilt and adorned by successive generations of monks devoted to the House and not to a family line of fighting nobles. Reformers, from Benedict himself down through the period of Cluny and Citeaux, tried to broaden the base of membership, from children of the privileged to adults of talent, recruiting new energies as they arose —which in turn purified the Houses. The monasteries succeeded, across their thousand years of greatest influence, because their history was a perpetual series of reformations. It is only when leadership had passed out of their hands—to cathedral chapters, universities, and the papal bureaucracy—that reform divided the Western church; and it was an Augustinian monk who began that Reformation.

Kings and rulers came and went in the first millennium, leaving dimmer imprints on their time than many an abbot. In the twelfth century a great leader and administrator like St. Bernard "left the world" in part because the world ran things so abominably. Only in the monasteries of that day could Bernard find men bright and energetic enough to give reality to his visions of order. And when Bernard sent the rest of society either on pilgrimage or Crusade, he was completing a process that had gone on from the outset. Monasteries were rarely isolated or out of the way. They were placed at the natural crossroads of life; or they made themselves the objects of pilgrimage. This had been true even in the East during the eremitic period, where a whole city of imperial design grew up around the pillar of St. Simeon during his life. Leaders must have followers; and the charismatic holy men were the only leaders given to Christianity through most of this era. Cardinal Newman, normally so diffuse, put the truth with great compassion: "The lonely Benedicti rose from his knees and found hi self a city."

Monasteries were founded on h lowed sites, or made them hallowe Mont-Saint-Michel was a guard p on the Channel made popular bringing relics of Saint Michael fr his principal shrine at Monte G gano. Thenceforth monks had live there, to conduct services for t pilgrims; and a town had to grow to support the monks and build t ever-more adventurous castle-abbe church-fortress on the peak. (Co trary to the old romantic vie monks rarely did their own buildin An extensive fringe of lay servan farmers, craftsmen, and unskilled borers was employed by abbe Apart from this they would not ha had their civilizing and stabilizi influence—yet it was from such po er over dependents that reforms h to call monasteries back and back If the monasteries were comparativ ly serene in a combative world, was not because of idleness. Insi was a busy peace, and outside la tumult. Abbots were sought for the managerial ability and became t best governors of their time. Ev the papacy became energetic a efficient only as a result of, and imitating, the monastic achieveme —Hildebrand taking Cluny's metho with him when he became Grego VII. Nonmonastic universities a cathedrals emerged out of this sa order. Abbeys were often attached cathedrals, and held them up wh the shallower economy of the citi struck root.

The arts of the monastery flow out into the great cathedrals. Wh Bernard's reforms forbade image to Cistercian abbeys, the baffled a tistic impulse went into ever fin work with stone, preparing for t engineering breakthrough of t Gothic pier and tracery and rib-vau

Amateurs of classical antiquity a often shocked when they first lea that ancient statues were po chromed, gilded, inlaid with precio metals. It was, men thought, the di eyeless purity of marble that ga these statues their "ideality." have the statues blink alive and enter the world of color disappoi some, even outrages them—they not want the temples defiled wi such garish and vulgar life. T same shock would have met a nin teenth-century romantic enteri

Gothic cathedral on a holy day
e twelfth or thirteenth century.
nave was not a dim forest lane;
ked more like a country fair. It
ed with color, motion, and flags.
es were bright with the love of
we still see in the windows. Al-
were decorated with panels for
east—gold, or bronze, or paint-
ood. Reliquaries sparkled in
shrines. The clergy moved stiff
ld copes, preceded by ecclesias-
standards of carved ivory, pro-
nal crosses on which jewels lay
lvet beds. Tapestries or em-
ered work were hung in the
aisles or along the nave. (The
ux "tapestry" was hung along
cathedral pillars every July.)
same had earlier been true of
reat abbeys at festivals of their
n saints or rites geared to spe-
elics. The monasteries were not
rn-Abbeyed into ruined dream-
for the romantics yet.

e rivalry for possession of relics
great drawing power was so
that they were stolen from
places, hidden in others, and
t over by clerics. Indeed, the
ifying stories of this struggle
uthentic relics undercuts the
assumption that fake relics were
lly accepted. Francis of Assisi
ot want his friars to own great
ly establishments; but the for-
around his burial spot had to be
to protect his body from pious
rs. The cult of such relics was
ucted with the rich accoutre-
s one can still view at the Cloi-
r in good medieval collections
hat of the Walters Gallery. Such
shings show a tremendous sense
eater. They were "properties"
e wrought elaborate services per-
d inside monasteries. The *opus*
vas, among other things, a very
show—indeed, the best that the
l had to offer; and the world
to see it, by the thousands.

eryone seemed, at one time or
ner, to be on pilgrimage; and
pilgrim sites were tended by
cs—by military monks when the
vas dangerous to visit (e.g., the
hts of Santiago who guarded
hrine of St. James at Campo-
). The pilgrimages were, for the
aratively well-to-do, an educa-
—the Grand Tour of that earlier
l, and a mark of social distinc-
(The Wife of Bath had not only
e the circuit of all major shrines
been to Jerusalem *thrice*.) Art, letters, music, educated talk had to be sought in their place of last refuge —where they were put on display to impress, to civilize, to edify.

Apart from a few Norman castles, which were bare and poorly run by comparison, no great buildings like the abbeys had existed in the West, with the work of generations lavished on them. These poles of influence in a liquid social order channeled society toward themselves in pilgrimage. Even when the pilgrims arrived, they were kept moving. The vast naves, aisles, and porches of the cathedrals misled amateur demographers like William Cobbett, who tried to estimate town populations from their size. They were built to accommodate pilgrim crowds in procession from place to place—through porches and aisles, down to crypts and up to shrines and around to relic-altars. Some monasteries had two or three churches, with a processional order between them. They created an order out of motion that was aptly crowned, in the end, by the toss of energies upward and against each other that makes Gothic buildings only stand by jumping—leaping up from buttress to pier to vault nervures (and back down the opposing pier and buttresses). Europe had, thanks to the monks, emerged from her Dark Ages not only jaunty but juggling great stones—a race of *jongleurs de Dieu*.

We are all in some measure a product of the monasteries—which we, in turn, destroyed. Henry VIII gave away abbeys and acquired wives on roughly the same scale. The French Revolution sacked Cluny, Europe's largest church. And we Americans bombed St. Benedict's own abbey to bits on our way from Salerno to Anzio. Still, so vast and solid was this structure in a sea of time that we can look on its remains in many places—of nearly 40,000 monasteries from the great period, perhaps 5,000 have left ruins of great or less extent. They are a history written on the earth from our time of little history. But, as I said, they tend to deceive by their dim and subaqueous look as ruins.

Wim Swaan's camera does as much as anything now can to put the colors back in them. He reunites the buildings with their furnishings, all those treasures stripped away and later traded into museums—like the beaten-gold altar panels with enamel inlay on page 55. Or like the illuminated pages from Citeaux on page 28. In places Swaan finds the color surviving *in situ*—as on the great gold panels around the relics of St. Ambrose in Milan: these are a page from the illuminated books "blown up," bulging out into real gems, burning down into inlaid patterns of rare stuff. Or Swaan lights frescoes back to something of their freshness, finds angles of vision that restore the ruined kitchens and dormitories to something of their integral look and lighting. He is a photographer of endless skill; and he traveled about with a great scholar of the period, Christopher Brooke, a student of that finest master, Dom David Knowles. They have, between them, reassembled a world. Their pictures and text are keyed to each other in ways that allow one to wander through and around and back in the book, as if it were a separate world to itself. It is that rare book from which one goes away thinking that it could not have been better done. At $35 it is an almost unbelievable bargain. □

A RATIONAL MAN

by Jack Richardson

Samuel Johnson, by John Wain. Viking, $12.50.

A MASSIVE FIGURE of tics and twitches, seated, legs splayed, on a tavern stool or dinner chair; a wig, too small for the head it rests on, askew and bushy; large rheumy eyes that devour what they observe. Suddenly, an awesome spasm seizes the huge body, the features flex themselves for speech. A deep rumbling swells into articulation, the pro forma "Sir" is spoken, and Doctor Johnson delivers a judgment on behalf of Christian virtue, Augustan prose, or Tory politics.

This is the usual image of Johnson held by those who, having skimmed through Boswell's *Life*, consider him a caricature of rationalism, a literary John Bull who believed common sense and a classical education were all that was needed to comprehend

Jack Richardson is a critic and playwright.

life and criticize literature. Even those who have actually read what Johnson wrote and discovered there was more to him than anecdotes and epigrams have too often been unable to understand Johnson in the context of his time and have therefore mistaken the manner in which he expressed his opinions for the opinions themselves.

To John Wain, however, Johnson is far more than an example of a writer whose qualities have been distorted by time and passed over by fashion. Rather, he is a condign judgment of our age, an example of all we have forfeited in our desire for novelty, self-display, and unabashed freedom. "Today, in the hungover state of Western culture through which we are condemned to live . . ." is the way Wain begins a wry comparison of Johnson and his contemporary, the Marquis de Sade, in which he suggests that Johnson would most likely be far more popular today if, instead of resisting the fantasies and temptations of a strong sensual nature, he had revelled in them in works like *Les 120 Journées de Sodome*. That he did not, that he felt a man owed his time more than a celebration of personal oddity, makes Wain think that even a Johnson divested of clichés and misunderstandings will perhaps go unappreciated in times like ours.

The Samuel Johnson that Wain offers us is a personification of struggle. The honored literary lion who spoke dictatorially and who was esteemed and rewarded by society, was what Boswell saw and described. But Boswell came comparatively late into Johnson's life, long after the years of hardship and poverty that Johnson had endured as a Grub Street writer were over. The man who, with his friend Savage, wandered the streets of London all night because neither of them could afford lodgings was too far removed from Boswell's understanding of the world's realities. The work that Johnson produced in those years—the pamphlets, essays, translations, poems, the great Dictionary—Boswell saw only as examples of his hero's abundant genius. Wain, himself a writer, understands them as efforts of a literary man trying to keep his head above water and his self-respect intact.

It was not only poverty Johnson had to overcome. His greatest struggle was with his own nature, with bouts of depression and lethargy that left him without desire enough to tell what time it was on the clock he stared at. The man who preached the virtues of regular habits and industry was so far from having them himself that almost everything he produced came as a result of great efforts of will that would make up in a day for the neglect of several weeks.

These depressions were not only impediments to work; they also made Johnson fear for his sanity. Whatever the dark visions were that caused or came to him during these descents into torpor, they were to Johnson fierce assaults upon the faculty he cherished above all others. To lose the powers of reason, or to have them impaired in any way, was a terror Johnson seems always to have lived with. The Latin prayer he composed at the age of seventy-four, after a stroke had temporarily robbed him of the power of speech, might stand as the petition of his life:

Summe Pater, quodcumque tuum
de corpore Numen
Hoc statuat, precibus Christus
adesse velit:
Ingenio parcas, nec sit mihi culpa
rogasse
Qua solum potero parte,
placere tibi.

Almighty Father, whatever is Thy will where my body is concerned, may Christ hear my prayers: spare my mind, and let it not seem an offense that I ask to please Thee with that part of me with which I am able.

"Spare my mind" might seem the natural request of a rationalist; and yet the mind Johnson prayed to retain was by no means a consolation to him. For all its powers of judgment and expression, despite the honors that were paid to its achievements, his mind was Johnson's greatest burden, as much a cause of struggle as a cause to be struggled for. For Johnson was a man of reason who, as much as Hume, knew reason's limits. Death, sin, the consolations of Christianity were matters on which pure intellect could not pass judgment, and for Johnson this meant that all that was significant in human existence must be shadowed by doubt. The celebration of the mind that for so many of his contemporaries meant celebrating a rational universe, meant for Johnson just the opposite. Whe criticizes Pope for contradicting self in his *Essay on Man* by pre ing to scan God; when he attack example of metaphysical fatuous like that found in Soames Jer *Free Enquiry into the Nature Origin of Evil,* a work which ported to show that there was in human misery; when he sile Boswell's prattle about fortifying mind against death with an agit "Give us no more of this"; in whenever Johnson slaps down p learning's attempt to tidy up lif is swearing fealty to disinter thought, to the mind whose gre virtue is to suffer its own bounda

THE COURAGE TO BELIEVE in son while accepting its li tions becomes all the gr when such belief entails, as it with Johnson, enduring the te that a vivid imagination can c in the absence of knowledge. J son, of course, had his faith, b was never a great solace to him. intellect that could not accept di existence as self-evident neverth retained the fear of divine judgm and the possibility of God mea Johnson hardly more than the p bility of damnation. Here he is sp ing to Dr. Adams, an old friend

JOHNSON: *As I cannot be sure th I have fulfilled the conditions o which salvation is granted, I a afraid I shall be one of those wh shall be damned.*

DR. ADAMS: *What do you mea by damned?*

JOHNSON: *(passionately and lou ly). Sent to Hell, Sir, and pu ished everlastingly.*

By thus stressing what Joh had to overcome, Wain deepens value of what he achieved. That al earnestness which pervade much of Johnson's works and versation, and which is the la stumbling block to their apprecia by a modern reader, becomes a rageous affirmation of human w when one understands that it is the result of a smug, self-satisfie telligence. Despite his doubts fears, Johnson felt it a duty nev capitulate to chaos or to under the order that civilization give life.

To a simplistic mind, Johnson' titude may seem a hypocritical

ıce for manners over honest feel-
s. As a critic whom Wain quotes
ıout acknowledgment, lest his
ıe appear on the same page with
nson's, says:

We need art that screams, oars, vomits, rages, goes mad, ıurders, rapes, commits every loody and obscene act that it an to express only a shred of the uman emotions that lie prisoner eneath the sanitary tiles here in dman's utopia.

s sort of intellectual hysteria nson would have found contempt-, not only because of its childish vado but because it supposes that n and civility are nothing but the ısions of a shallow society. That ı care how they live and die was, ohnson, the supreme human vir- and he saw nothing inconsistent reprehensible in adding to the port of this virtue while rejecting factitious proofs of its necessity. he assumptions Johnson held ut religion and society were those felt indispensable to human hap-ess, but the force of his opinions ıes from the direct involvement in that lies behind them. The in-vement demanded that man be ged above all else as a moral be-; but it also demanded compas-ı. Indeed, what Adam Smith said ut Johnson's *Preface* to Shake-are—that it was "the most *manly* ce of criticism that was ever pub-ed in any country"—is applica- as well to his moral judgments, they, too, treat their subject with-reverence or contempt. "As I w more of mankind," said John- in his old age, "I expect less of m, and am now ready to call a n *a good man*, upon easier terms n I was formerly." This is the con-sion of a moralist neither bitter complacent about the facts of nan commerce, a moralist who learned from life how to care *sonably* about the way men pass ough it.

To John Wain, Johnson is not only reat figure in literature, he is also nagnificent companion, someone o brings with him a feeling of d company when met for the first ıe or recalled for the hundredth; l it is this feeling which Wain shes to celebrate, and which makes *nuel Johnson* more than anything e a narrative of friendship.

As an example of the way Wain ns himself with his subject, here is his description of the odd assortment of dependents Johnson collected under his roof and the manner in which he cared for them:

> *Apart from Frank Barber, who was young and sprightly and increasingly a ladies' man, everyone in the house was old and broken-winded. Blind Miss Williams, the widow Desmoulins, morose old Levet, and a woman named Poll Carmichael whom Johnson tersely characterized as "a stupid slut" lived in a state of ferocious mutual hostility. As Johnson wrote once to Hester Thrale, "Williams hates everybody. Levet hates Desmoulins and does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both; Poll loves none of them." He was, he declared, positively afraid to go home.*
>
> *Johnson never made the claim that his dependents were more than ordinary deserving people. They had drifted into his life by one route or another, and they stayed there because—excellent reason!—he could not imagine how else they could be provided for.*

It is not only the warm exclamation "excellent reason!" that indicates Wain's involvement with the life he's recounting. The whole passage is infused with a personal closeness to the people it describes, and one feels the human vitality of the author as much as one does the goodness of the man he is talking about.

By being deeply touched by Johnson's life, Wain has been able to give to his book a tone of moral passion which, although unsubtle, never obtrudes or becomes nagging. Whether he is explaining Johnson's reservations about the metaphysical poets or his statement that "nobody but a blockhead ever wrote for money," Wain keeps in mind always that more is at stake in the recognition of Johnson's virtues than balanced criticism. For Wain's intention is to make us feel that our age suffers not so much from a misunderstanding of Johnson's qualities as from a lack of them. Common sense, moral courage, intellectual self-respect—these are the attributes which, because they no longer strike us as dramatic enough answers to the latest fashions in despair and anarchy, have lost their status as enrichments of life and have become objects of derision. Wain wants us to see in Johnson how

Jesse Jackson:
The Man, The Movement, The Myth
By Barbara A. Reynolds



". . . important, long-needed . . . fair."—*Publishers Weekly*.
". . . simply stated the book is 'super' and should be must reading for not only blacks throughout the country but whites as well."—Charlie Cherokee, *Chicago Defender*.
". . . all will agree that this is the most definitive treatment of the Country Preacher to date."—Alex Poinsett, author of *Black Power Gary Style*.
$9.95
AT YOUR BOOKSELLER
nh Nelson-Hall Publishers
325 W. Jackson, Chicago 60606

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

Names carry an immense amount of cultural, even emotional, baggage. Who, in 1975, would rather be a Clarence or a Harold than a Michael or a David? Would one expect a Jerry Kowalski from Oshkosh to have much in common with, say, a Carlos Rodriguez from the South Bronx? Podunk, Dallas, Nashville. Dickinson, Lincoln, Fuentas. Virtually every proper name is loaded with connotations and thus reflects something of its cultural milieu. In a future issue of WRAPAROUND, we are going to explore the endless nuances of names, and we'd like your help. What names—be they of people, places or things—do you love and hate most? Do you know of someone whose very name influenced his life for better or worse? What's the most outrageous nickname you've ever heard of? Why are there so many Bettys and Roberts among people aged thirty-five to fifty, and so many Dianes and Steves among people under thirty? What are the most common first and last names in your area? Does the name of your hometown give you a comfortable identity? First names can be a source of racial or ethnic identity even among third- and fourth-generation Americans. What names link their owners to some European ancestry? Why are names such as Aretha and Rufus used perhaps exclusively by Blacks? Let your imagination and your sense of humor off the leash and give us a brief report from your neck of the woods. Send contributions to The Onomasticon, WRAPAROUND, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

"An absorbing book... bound to arouse controversy."
—Publishers Weekly



Sanya
My Life with Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn
by Natalya Reshetovskaya
translated from the Russian by Elena Ivanoff
16 pages of photographs
$8.95
BOBBS-MERRILL

much we have lost by discarding these attributes, or by thinking of them as quaint, outmoded ways of responding to the bafflements of life. "This," he implies each time he offers a detail of Johnson's mind and character, "was the way it was once possible for a man to live. What way has come since that is better?"

It is a tribute to his biography that no examples come immediately to mind. □

THE SCREENWRITER'S LEVERAGE

by Harold Meyerson

Hanging on in Paradise, by Fred Lawrence Guiles. McGraw-Hill, $10.

THE PLIGHT OF THE screenwriter has long been subject matter for novelists, memoirists, biographers, and critics; but *Hanging on in Paradise* is the first book-length nonfiction account of the writers who came to Hollywood at the height of the studio system. Unfortunately, it is a trashy compendium of bewildering judgments and twice-told tales. Exhibiting an immense capacity for digression, Guiles misstates countless points of film history (the Mankiewicz brothers' *Million Dollar Legs*, far from being the "archetypal Paramount product," resembles no other movie ever made). One-line pronouncements such as "If little Willie Hearst had not inherited his father's lust for power, he likely would have turned out queer" are casually strewn across the unsuspecting reader's path. But there is something fitting in a book on screenwriters that is mired in irrelevant anecdotes, for the anecdote was the compensation that studios most frequently gave writers in exchange for their work. Unable to protect their labors and their names, writers could at least cherish and embellish for comic effect the indignities heaped upon them. Guiles's most telling stories concern the mockery of power: for instance, when Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur were in independent production in New York, they found in a Coney Island freak show a man billed as the missing link, whom they dressed in a gray flannel suit, ensconced in a suite of offices, and presented to the press as their executive producer.

But the apparent randomness with which Guiles has selected his anecdotes finally overcomes his efforts to distinguish the ways in which writers protected, or failed to protect, their scripts. He virtually ignores their attempts to unionize, which the producers fought by fomenting rivalries between the veterans of silents and the newcomers from New York (much as management in other industries played on the ethnic and racial divisions among their employees), and which succeeded only as a direct result of New Deal labor legislation. True to the New Deal spirit, the Writers' Guild contract left the system fundamentally intact. And the system, as Irving Thalberg had perfected it at MGM, was an assembly line on which specialists in construction, continuity, humor, and romance tightened their assigned nuts. In a series of polls taken under the supervision of then sociologist Leo Rosten and published in his 1941 *Hollywood: The Movie Colony, The Movie Makers,* screenwriters distinguished themselves from producers, directors, and actors by registering overwhelming dislike for movies in general and MGM movies in particular. Instead, writers favored the Warners' films, which were characterized by lower-class settings and scripts of a vague social consciousness; and those of United Artists, a releasing agent for independents whose films had nothing in common except that they were made by small studios without assembly lines.

EVEN WITHOUT THE interference of producers and rewrite men, even with a perfectly cast picture, the screenwriter's work is inherently at the mercy of the director. "And . . . for the most part, that's proper," scenarist Nunnally Johnson said. "But if it goes wrong, or is going wrong, there's hardly anything you can do about it." And thus in Rosten's poll on the screenwriters whom screenwriters most admired, the two most frequently named, by an overwhelming margin, were Dudley Nichols and Robert Riskin. Nichols and Riskin collaborated with John Ford and Frank Capra respectively, who between them had won six Oscars for directing in the eight years preceding Rosten's poll. Nichols and Riskin were admired not only their own ability but for their go fortune in getting directors of su cient stature to make pictures w a considerable measure of freed from studio meddling. The chance intervention by assembly line or p ducer was reduced, and Nichols a Riskin (and Nunnally Johnson, anomaly) were the only Thirt writers to regularly receive s screen credit. Indeed, the high star ing held by *The Informer* amo writers and directors of the time w due almost as much to the film's ma ner of production as to its expr sionism. Not only had Ford a Nichols done unusually extensive p production work with the cinen tographer, designer, and compos but, as a result of shifting admin trations at RKO, and of Ford's b lying of the confused executives, t picture somehow was released bef a producer could be assigned to it.

Among the few directors who h won any kind of independence, the were some whose manner of filmma ing further ensured writer involv ment at every crucial point. A co pleted script for Hitchcock or L bitsch was in large part the compl ed film, with every detail already place. To write for a veteran dire tor of silent comedy like Grego La Cava, as Morrie Ryskind did screwball classics such as *My M Godfrey*, was to come on the set wi the director and write the film as was being shot, tailoring the met of the lines to the timing of the phy ical business; for La Cava had a tained the extraordinary permissi to shoot his scenes in the order their arrangement in the story. T problem for the writer in this kin of collaboration was that he had compose the script to the dictates the director's style.

The only solution for writers wh wanted to maintain their individua ity was to direct their own films. Th prototype writer-director was Pre ton Sturges, who made a series great comedies at Paramount fro 1940 to 1944. And word now com that Thomas McGuane has just wri ten and directed a film version one of his novels. In exchange f this unprecedented opportunity, M Guane will have only to forswear th writer's traditional compensatio the right to complain about the idio who have turned his work into a go awful piece of crap.

Harold Meyerson is a free-lance writer based in Los Angeles.

COMMENTARY

SATIRE FOR THE UNEMPLOYED—AND FOR AYN RAND

ust confess that I have been much turbed of late by the murmurings ill-informed malcontents among unemployed. True, there are cer- inconveniences that the unem- yed must bear during the current ession, but do these inconve- nces justify selfish (if not sub- sive) attacks on the capitalist sys- ? Is it true that the millions of mployed symbolize the failure of italism? I submit that the case is te the contrary. Clearly, the unem- yed are evidence that the capital- system is working as well as it ever worked, and my feeling is t if the unemployed can be brought see the truth of this claim, they be encouraged to develop a new se of pride in their condition. In t follows, therefore, I respectfully the reader's patience while I out- what the unemployed are now tributing to society, and then pro- d to a modest proposal which, I st, will inspire them to jointly ke a yet greater contribution to capitalist cause.

rst, the unemployed remind us of cyclical nature of capitalism. Cap- ism cannot have employment and sperity today without economic sis, stagnation, and unemployment norrow. This is not mere theory. m all I can gather, it is an iron , which neither planning nor ge- s can hope to change.

Second, I suggest that the unem- yed are in the vanguard of the t against inflation. Whether on lfare or on unemployment insur- e, they can buy only the minimum ans of subsistence. Spending fru- ly, they do not bid up the price of thing. They create less demand less goods, thus causing the low- ering of prices. As the wise Washington economists declare, the unemployed should be grateful and proud that they can serve their country as a cheap and handy weapon against inflation. It is, perhaps, not too much to assert that without their assistance the entire capitalist structure would be inflated like a heated balloon, the bursting of which would be catastrophic.

Third, I would suggest that the unemployed have the mysterious power to reinvigorate those sound and pious capitalists who well know that because of Adam's Fall the economic marketplace is divided into the elect and the damned—the elect being the rich and the employed, the damned being the poor and the unemployed. Though this situation seems to annoy blasphemous malcontents, I point to it as a most fortunate one. It brings into relief an involuntary religious function by the unemployed.

Fourth, by proving that the capitalist damned exist by the will of God, the unemployed accomplish wonders, in general, for the morale of the rich and the employed. With fresh assurance that they are not only among the elect, but also among the fittest in the Darwinian struggle for existence, these predestined fortunates are stimulated to buckle down to their jobs and to improve their investments. In consequence, they are able again to flood the economy with surplus value. What is the result of this surplus value? The result is that, as if by magic, a new prosperity appears, confirming those cyclical revolutions of classical capitalism to which I have alluded. The system revives and blossoms; unemployment withers and disappears.

Surely these few examples of how the unemployed figure in the capitalist system are sufficient to earn them the national gratitude and to fill them with capitalist pride. There is yet another way, however, for them to serve the system. I refer to my modest proposal.

In these distressing times, the Malthusians have not been given their fair due. On every side, sophistical babblers imply that the Malthusian theory does not work. Yet the unemployed are clear evidence that it does. They show that capitalism cannot support everyone who wishes to venture into this wonderful world. In the natural course of things, the unemployed would efficiently starve to death and make room for the younger generation to participate fully in the next cycle of prosperity.

But what is happening in the unnatural, inefficient, modern world? The unemployed are kept alive by welfare and unemployment benefits, for which the rich and the employed are tyrannically taxed to the extent of billions of dollars, no matter how strenuously they may object.

No one will claim that this unnatural situation is or has been due to proper, laissez-faire capitalism. No, the situation has been and is due to socialism. It is socialism that has been flouting the iron laws of biology and religion based on the Darwinian struggle for survival and the Fall of Man. If these laws were per-

Allen B. Borden, who has a B.A. from Harvard, an M.A. from Hunter, and a Ph.D. from Boston University, is unemployed.

Harper's *welcomes brief contributions from all of its readers who find themselves inspired to passionate statement. Please send entries, including stamped, self-addressed envelope, to "Commentary."*

mitted to prevail, the unemployed would be free to find dignity in death, knowing that they were tokens and mementos of the Malthusian theory.

Now, assuming—and I am willing to assume—that the unemployed, for the most part, are loyal to the classical truths of the American capitalist system and wish to see them preserved, I propose that they immediately declare through their established unions that they will no longer cooperate with the impious socialist plot to keep them alive against nature, God, and Malthus. I hereby suggest that they petition for the right to prove the soundness of the Malthusian theory. Like men of noble mold, they should insist upon their God-given right to perish with Malthusian dignity.

I know that my elect brethren will agree that a gesture of this magnitude by the damned unemployed would be sublime. Not only would it solve the unemployment problem; it would restore society to the true principles of biology, religion, and capitalist economics. It would set up a firm precedent for handling the future unemployed. It would reduce taxes. It would dispense with the bureaucracies of welfare and unemployment insurance. It would please God.

Summing up: the unemployed, rightly viewed, are capitalist blessings in disguise. They confirm the truths of the system. They inspire the economic elect with a sense of their own election. In addition, they have the opportunity to eliminate themselves as a capitalist embarrassment and to spare themselves the personal awkwardness of having to await the next upturn in the economy. Having faith in the rationality of America's unemployed, I for one believe that they will, indeed, respond favorably to this modest proposal, especially when they realize that it is offered free of charge, without any strings, in the best tradition of philanthropic capitalism. Having been blessed by the wisdom granted to the elect, I feel that I can do no less, being fully cognizant that in such distressing times as these, God, nature, and capitalism shall not forgive those who fail to do their duty.

—Allen B. Borden
Boston, Mass.

ZERO HISTORIAN GROWTH

Sometime in the mid-Sixties, possibly as part of the defense program, the United States began stockpiling historians. Giant universities, awash in federal money, churned them out at a rate well ahead of demand. But instead of keeping our surplus historians in a cool dry area so they don't explode, we allow them to roam the country at will, with the employment prospects of chariot mechanics.

Statistics have lost any capacity to impress, so it is perhaps better just to say that the history business lags slightly behind the automotive industry at the moment. At one California university there are more history graduate students than there are teaching jobs in the entire country, and, according to one higher-education journal, these lush prospects will end in the 1980s, when academic job openings will decline 80 percent. A recent demand that women and minority groups be more heavily represented among the graduate student body sparked not debate but incredulity: it was as if minority groups in ancient Greece had demanded a greater proportion of the delegations sent to placate the Minotaur.

Unlike other unemployed academics, historians really can't do anything but be historians. Economists can go to work for banks; political scientists can attach themselves to politicians, chemists can threaten to destroy cities, and English Ph.D.s can write their ransom notes. Only philosophy is comparably confining, and even a philosopher I know is considering leaving the university and going into practice.

The toll taken by this situation can be clearly seen in graduate student conversation, which has the determinedly cheerful tone of a candidate whose polls show him behind. Students rarely discuss future prospects, concentrating instead on faculty behavior, dissertations, and comprehensive examinations.

David Sarasohn is a doctoral candidate in history at UCLA.

Depressing as such conversatio are, the history graduate student h nobody but other graduate stude to talk to, his family having writt him off long before. He swiftly d covers that his familial status equivalent to that of his cousin J frey, who failed to persuade an Paso judge that he thought the st in his trunk was oregano. After t nuclear family has advanced seve warm and loving suggestions that get a job, the graduate student ready to listen to one of his pe explain his dissertation topic, a th comparable only to watching so body else's home movies.

For a while last year, the sit tion seemed to be improving, w Watergate leading us into a Gold Age for historians. People who h spoken only to sophomores for ye were suddenly on the *Tonight* sho *Time* magazine, which usually lim its enthusiasm for historians granting educator's discounts, wa ed to know how they felt about t Constitution. But before historia had a chance to get accustomed their new eminence, Watergate en ed, the economic crisis worsened, a now the economists have taken ov PBS.

Possibly it is desirable, in a d mocracy, that as many voters as p sible have a Ph.D. in history; p sibly it is desirable at the mome that people be kept off the job m ket by any subterfuge. But our lea ers may find another, more pressi consideration to motivate their su port of Zero Historian Growth. great many of them have worried cently about how historians wo treat them. It must be noted that historian who has starved throu the Ford Administration may all this to affect his objectivity when writes about it. —David Saraso Los Angeles, Cal

Reprints Available

Enemies of Abortion
From the March 1974 issue

Fantasies of Famine
From the February 1975 issue

$.25 each, $20 per hundred

Reprint Department
Harper's Magazine
Two Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

he Prisoner of Gender

: Irving Mits—a middle-aged, middle-class, intelligent man; ng's acculturated "shell"; Irving's inner self, or "core."
E: Irving's apartment after a party celebrating his fiftieth day. The room is strewn with half-filled paper cups, cigarette doused in leftover potato salad. Irving sits in his Naugahyde ning chair.

L: Boy, what a party. It made me feel like a kid again.
: This is your idea of being a kid?
L: There you go again, putting down things that make me oy.
: I'm not putting you down. Just remember, things that make happy do not necessarily make me happy. To tell you the , I wanted something different than another evening of booze locked bedroom doors.
L: What did you have in mind? Pin the tail on the donkey?
: Not quite. I think I would have liked a visit to the zoo or a to Coney Island. Maybe a birthday cake with candles.
L: Groovy! Come on, we're fifty years old, not five.
: Is that the price of growing old—not qualifying for some he simpler pleasures?
L: *(ponders the thought)* Well, yes. We get older, our values to change. We give up things . . .
: Like simple pleasures.
L: Yes, damn it, we have to swap youth and vigor for knowl- and experience. It's a trade-off—a necessary one.
: Bullshit. It's a rip-off.
h remain silent while Irving gets up and walks to the bar)
L: Well, if you want to grow up you have to pay your dues.
: We're overpaying, then.
L: How do you figure?
: Well . . . *(pauses while Irving gulps down some whiskey)* let's ack—say, about forty-eight years ago. We may not remember ry well, but we once had an uninhibited faith in intimacy— ourselves and with others. There were no restrictions on our ual involvements. Our body was such a marvelous thing to ore. You touched all those nice places, and we both felt so l. You weren't afraid of being silly.
L: Yeah *(sighs)*. I don't actually remember those times, but nice to think about. Nevertheless, that intimacy and sensuous —that's for kids. We're older now.
: A lousy reason for giving it up.
L: We didn't exactly give it up. *(Irving holds up his glass as toast)* We outgrew it. Happy birthday.
: Sorry, I could never outgrow the feeling of feeling good. it: they did a number on us. We were brainwashed. Those ngs we experienced in *all* our senses. We lost them. The ap- iation of a blade of grass; the feel of mashed beets between fingers; the taste of your toes between your toothless gums; smell of Dad's hair; the sound of a wind chime. Those inner riences had to move over to make way for the externals. We to learn the roles and rules to shift from being a unique child ecoming a societal man. Mom and dad followed the script.
L: Now, let's not blame them. They were good people.
: Sure they were. But at the risk of sounding jealous, they more concerned with you than they were with me. For , child-raising dealt mainly with teaching gender roles until filled the shape of the mold.
L: What mold? I'm one of a kind.
: No. You have us mixed up. *I* am one of a kind, Irving's er. *You* are the wrapping, a Xerox of the modern male. Ac- ing to the present standards, becoming a man requires trading ensitivity and tenderness for your goals and accomplishments. have feelings of love and joy, you bottle them; if I have feel- of pain and anger, you cork them. You use your sex organs t, but I don't feel sexual pleasure; you bombard your senses, I don't get any pleasure out of it. You know a lot of people; I t have any friends. I'm not the object of your successes; your book is. And the biggest bummer of all: our heart and ass aren't even ours. We are stuck in an ideology that says we are superior to women. Gotta stay on top, always cool. And there's no satisfaction in that for either of us. Everything you experience makes you think you are free. Everything I experience says I'm not. I hate to remind you, but if I am not free, neither are you.
SHELL: Why, you ungrateful wretch! I spent a lot of time and money in private therapy, encounter groups, and sensitivity sessions. Who did I do that for? For you, that's who!
CORE: Yes, but how did I get into the kind of shape where it took a string of shrinks to straighten me out? You forget that the role assigned to boys and men puts such a tremendous premium on success that *I* develop a sense of guilt if *you* don't make it.
SHELL: Okay, okay. I'll go back for more therapy.
CORE: That's not enough. Changing the rotten relationship you and I have means more than another Esalen trip. If we're going to feel better about each other, you must take a good look at this system that sets us both up for conflict.
SHELL: Yeah, I've been meaning to ask you. Why are you so concerned that we get along?
CORE: Because I'm selfish. If we let things slide there'll be more and more of you and less of me. I'm a survivor, man, and right now, at age fifty, I'm fighting for my very existence. We're paying some kind of cultural Mafia for the dubious privilege of seeming a man. The price is just too high.
(Irving gets another drink and walks over to the mirror. He looks at himself, then shrugs his shoulders and downs the drink. Lights off.)

—Sam Julty

An automotive columnist and free-lance writer, Sam Julty turned to the subject of impotence for his recent book, Male Sexual Performance *(Grosset & Dunlap).*



Eduard Thöny

"In the past corsets and underwear got in your way. Now that's no problem, but we're not up to it anymore."

APAROUND CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

NDOWTRAPAROUNDOWT

LANGUAGE AND GENDER

Anthropolinguists continually debate the question of whether grammar and syntax, by forcing people to categorize things before they can utter a sentence, or perhaps even think, determine their ways of perceiving the universe. Are the languages of the world, as one linguist has suggested, just so many molds of varying shapes into which infant minds are poured? In English, for example, though not in all languages, you can't talk, or perhaps even think, without implying a statement about time. Every English verb has tense—present, past, or future. Does this mean that we are compelled to be more conscious of time than, say, a certain Indian tribe that conjugates its verbs for validity?

Because English lacks grammatical gender, English-speaking linguists are particularly fascinated with the question of whether the enforced classification of everything as either masculine or feminine, as in the Romance (from Roman) languages, affects the speakers' sexual self-identification. Speakers of English are inclined to think of gender as the divider between male and female—for the very good reason that most Indo-European nouns for animate beings are masculine or feminine according to the sex of the referent, though there are some startling exceptions. And those of us who learn a Romance language as adults usually do remain conscious of the sex of the animate nouns that are behind every pronoun we use for things: *elle* means *she*, and *il* means *he*, and we wonder if a Frenchman can ever truly feel that either word is as totally neuter as we feel our own *it* to be.

Do men (since we are talking about masculinity here) unavoidably project some of their feelings about animate females onto inanimate *elles* and *ellas*? Do Hispanics have subliminal Oedipal conflicts regarding the sun (*el sol*) and the moon (*la luna*)? There's no use asking them. By the time people are old enough to talk about their language, its significant features have been so thoroughly internalized that introspection is fruitless.

The only way to learn any truth about a language is by observation. If you want to know what the masculine nouns of a Romance language share that the feminine nouns lack, you put all the nouns down in two columns and speculate. But linguists have had better luck with this method in exploring the bases of gender in preliterate societies than in the European. They have found Bantu languages with as many as twelve genders, then made twelve columns and found twelve common denominators, with a puzzler here and there: *fire*, for example, belongs to a special *animate* class.

The best that linguists have been able to do in testing for a feeling that things have an inherent gender among Europeans was to ask a group of monolingual Germans to classify a list of words borrowed from other languages according to gender—German has three genders. Surprisingly, there was an almost total consensus. In Franglais, most English nouns are treated as masculine; the exceptions are words for females—*la stewardess, la starlet*—and abstract nouns. The same is generally true of Spanglish.

The gender demarcations in the Romance languages, particularly in French, seem to be blurring and they will probably disappear eventually. The Romance languages got their original gender classes from Latin—in fact they *were* Latin when they began—but the Latin neuter disappeared, mostly into the masculine class. The feminine seems to be going in the same direction, and that may be bad news. I have a feeling that being forced to call about half the things in the world *she*, especially the large things like peace, friendship, and compassion, is humanizing—feminizing, perhaps, but definitely humanizing.

—Ethel Strainchamps

Ethel Strainchamps writes frequently on linguistics and lexicography. She is the editor of the recently published Rooms With No View *(Harper & Row), an anthology about women in the media.*

"Men have harped so long on the excessive amount of logic with which they are blessed that women are doubly struck by the flightiness of their conversation."

—Florida Pier, *Harper's Weekly*
July 2, 1910

HOOKED ON A FEELING

What follows are the results of an experiment. We thought it would be possible to infer something about the essence of masculinity by asking people to tell us when they felt *masculine. We sent a letter to sixty men, asking, "During what activity, situation, moment, or series of moments do you feel most masculine?" Almost as an afterthought, we decided it would be interesting to put the same question to forty women. Curiously, we received answers from a greater proportion of women than men. Herewith, the responses of those who chose to answer our question:*

Billie M. Bobbitt, Colonel, U.S. Air Force, Director, Women in the Air Force: "In almost twenty-six years of military service, I have never felt masculine or insecure in my femininity as a *woman* in the Air Force. True, the military had always been assumed to be a man's world, and often we would hear such questions as 'What's a nice girl like you doing here?' However, as the number of women in the military increased, and virtually all fields except those involving combat were opened to women, our uniqueness in a so-called man's world diminished. Today both men and women realize that there is and was no conflict between being feminine and being military. The practice of stereotyping jobs by sex has eroded, and I predict it will disappear over the next decade."

Vidal Sassoon, hair stylist: "The gentle art of lovemaking, which can be very physical or poetic, supersedes all forms of masculine endeavor. Giving satisfaction, enjoyment, and fulfillment to another in lovemaking, to my mind, has to be the most masculine quality today or any other day. The pure physical and mental pleasure of utilizing one's body in a gym or on the playing fields is far more subjective, even though you may be sharing the results of the masculinity with others. The dominance of one's mind and spirit over others can be an ego trip, and so to conclude, fornicating with an aesthetic, exciting female can be nourishing, rewarding, and very, very masculine."

Lillian Hellman, author and playwright: "It makes me feel masculine to tell you that I do not answer questions like this without being paid for answering them."

Jose A. Arguelles, art instruc
at California State Univers
San Francisco, and author of
*Transformative Vision: Refl
tions on the Nature and Hist
of Human Expression* (Sha
bhala): "I used to think tha
was most masculine when
gaged in some kind of stre
ously taxing physical activity
gardening, handball, swimmi
Or I thought it might have h
something to do with my s
uality, although that alw
seemed somewhat simplistic
now feel that to have thou
that any such activity or sit
tions were masculine was me
ly the result of a basic form
cultural imprinting. In fact,
now think the masculine
rarely experienced. I even wo
der if the masculine has be
born in most of us. At t
point I can only assume th
masculine and feminine a
qualities of experience and/
energy that exist regardless
sexual differentiation. Furth
more, I think that most of o
activity as a species expe
encing an acute sense of its ov
history—and especially the co
cepts we have developed abo
our experiences—are the res
of a thick overlay of ignoran
having little to do with what
now called male chauvinis
This term is merely another
tribute of our collective
norance, which has deluded
self into a facile kind of du
ism or polarity thinking—whic
indeed, is much closer to pi
pointing the 'problem.' On t
other hand, it is our immersi
in this kind of dualistic thin
ing that hinders us from exp
riencing our fundamentally fe
inine nature. This is our prim
ry nature, the intuitive, appr
ciative ground of being. B
cause we are hindered fro
experiencing this basic, ri
level of existence, we have
way of really experiencing th
masculine, which bears the san

AROUNDWRAPAROU

on to the feminine as a
il to its mother. In other
, I only experience the
nline whenever I have a
ent of conscious vision
d by my still hardly de-
ed ability to remain in a
ptless condition for at
a brief period of time. I
also add, that despite ev-
ing, I feel the present con-
of the human race is
nely 'pregnant,' that our
oils, wars, and sundry plan-
troubles are really the
manifestations of the dif-
labor of the feminine deep
n us readying for the birth
genuine human being."

Gaer Luce, author of *Body*
(Bantam) and director of
E, a holistic program in
ley for people over sixty-
"I guess that situations
force me to act as if my
ia for decisions and action
rational and objective are
situations I associate with
culinity.' For much of my
went along with the cul-
myth that objectivity and
ency and economic solu-
to human problems would
good thing if our decision
rs were good people. I'm
t all sure that we will get
n solutions that way. In
by giving in to the cul-
modus operandi, I think
ay lose all the things that
life meaningful and posi-
I would rather organize
ty around more biological
ions, with feelings overt
r than covert. I guess I as-
te the hiding of real feel-
and motivations (and pre-
of super-objectivity) with
culinity. Situations demand-
aggressiveness also make
feel 'masculine.' Competi-
seems like a masculine ap-
ch to me, and I for one
d rather play a game like
is for grace and rhythm
for a winning score. May-
s I get older, I am realiz-
that the process is what
ers to me more than the
uct, for that process *is* my

ia Steinem, editor, *Ms.:*
ne."

eorge Harris, editor in chief,
hology Today: "The other
rs here took up your brow-
ting question in story con-
ference at Fish-House West. They monitor my behavior better than I do, which is to say with greater skepticism. Since I'm an avowed foot fetishist—you have to start somewhere for the sake of coherence, and feet are emotionally more subtle than most organs—Elizabeth Hall, our managing editor, argued that my most masculine moments come when gnawing upon a high instep. Dr. Joyce Fleming, the fierce scientist who now edits *The Joy of Sex* magazine, once charged that I had a habit of nibbling her toes during our savage, running arguments over the limits of scientific truth. Maybe so. Joyce never stomped me down with her sensuous feet as hard as with her hobnailed mind.

These are only behavioral indicators, however, that do not touch the dynamic of deep feeling. As only I can know, my masculine peaks have come from intense work with brilliant women who were or are my peers and bosses. There is a strong correlation between physical beauty and operative intellect, as Dr. Ellen Berscheid found in her experiments at the University of Minnesota (before Senator William Proxmire made his silly attack upon her valuable work). I became acutely aware of this correlation years ago at *Look* when I worked under Patricia Carbine, the ablest and bravest boss I ever had, and now editor in chief of *Ms.* Betty Friedan has added theoretical support to this data lately in her Yale seminars; a lusty Midwesterner, Friedan contends that rigid feminists gain little pleasure from limp-minded men. Passive tissue in the head or elsewhere turns out to be the uniquely male defense against insight or other climaxes. Some panic at the sight of a bouncy pair of brain hemispheres.

Beyond the transitional confusion in today's masculinity, women may yet free us all to know the full ambience of the sensitive mind/body. Both sexes must take their cue from Biblical usage of the verb 'know,' or Heinlein's 'grok.' While I am one woman's man, too old and scrawny now to raise feminine blood pressure above the neck, I shall always relish the manly ecstasy of intimate encounter with a vivacious mind."

Polly Bergen, actress, author, president of the Polly Bergen Company: "I feel masculine whenever I step into the arenas usually associated with men: talking about politics, running a business, being aggressive. I've tried to fight this sense of being masculine at those times—I find myself saying, 'Polly, for God's sake, can't you keep your mouth shut?'—but I can't seem to shake the feeling."

Ian Alger, psychoanalyst and family therapist, New York City: "I feel most masculine when I'm open to the world. When I'm afraid and the fear doesn't stop me; when I'm joyous, and the joy doesn't stop me. The sensation of aliveness and responsiveness, of immediacy and power to act affirms me as a person, as a man. That sensation comes from intimate talking, from laughing and joking, from making love, from writing this piece, from watching dancers, and from dancing, from arguing, and from puzzling, from sobbing, and from pain. The masculine feeling is a feeling of me, of me with others, of me in the world, of me alive, and immediate and involved. It's exactly the same feeling that, if I were a woman, I would call 'femininity.'"

Marjorie Lee, coauthor of *Winners and Losers* (McKay) and author of *Dr. Block and the Human Condition* (Dell): "I've never felt masculine—at least not consciously. I'm not about to deny the unconscious effects of past sexist conditioning on all of us, nor the existence of natural human androgyny. Riding my motorbike at top speed down the roads of my favorite island, wearing shorts and a boy's shirt with the sleeves rolled up, I've felt like a woman *playing* at being boyish, and I've loved it.

Other women have told me of situations that make them feel masculine: inviting men out for dinner, picking up checks, coping with waiters, paying cab fares when accompanied by men. Let's say it takes practice, especially for women who are just beginning to stand on their own. But why confuse know-how and independence with masculinity? And what makes people feel that femaleness is so uncertain a state of being that it can be lost to 'masculinity' through nothing more than an act, an appearance, or a style of expression? The still-prevailing idea that successful or strong-cored women are masculine, or must surely 'feel' masculine, has sifted through to me from two external sources: defensive males, and frightened females. But internally, where I have only my own voice to listen to, I find these people and their self-defeating games no longer acceptable."

Margaret Mead, anthropologist: "Nothing has ever made me feel masculine."

Lloyd deMause, editor, *History of Childhood Quarterly: The Journal of Psychohistory:* "When at 4:00 A.M., I finish discussing a dream with my nine-year-old son which awakened him, and together we have found the dream's source in his life, then I feel 'most masculine'—which is to say *most generative.*"

Helen Gurley Brown, editor in chief, *Cosmopolitan:* "I don't *ever* feel masculine! That observation really isn't a cop-out. . . . I *do* understand your question, but I've never happened to believe there *were* such things as specifically masculine and feminine characteristics. . . . What we have are *people* and sometimes their behavior is aggressive and strong and pushy (traditionally thought masculine, but I don't *believe* it!) and sometimes it's weak and submissive and passive, but that doesn't necessarily make it *feminine.* Having come to the executive role rather later than sooner, I sometimes can't quite believe it's *me* . . . working with a staff of thirty-eight, making eighty or ninety decisions a day, running around saying yes, we *will;* no, we *won't;* could you please get on to *this* immediately, as though I knew what I was talking about . . . only a little odd that it should be coming out of me!"

WRAPARO TOOLS FO

Ziva Kwitney, former advice columnist for *Seventeen* and editor of men's adventure magazines: "Once upon a time, in the dark ages that preceded consciousness raising, I suppose there was little I wanted more than to be where the boys were —*as one of the guys.* It was clear to me that that was where the action was, and the vitality, not to mention the comradeship and irreverence, ideas and adventure, humor and excitement.

While most of the girls, in my time, were busy sorting out clothes and scheming/dreaming of boys, proms, and weddings, the boys were brewing plans of nobler conquests: medical degrees, mountaintops, the great American novel, by God, of Real Life itself.

As I grew older, thanks to an assertive nature, an appealing zest, and unusually hairy legs, I was frequently able to infiltrate groups of men as they drank beer, traded war stories, or discussed the nature of reality, and found that I could handily hold my own. It was only when the conversation turned, as it inevitably did, to the 'piece' that had wandered by our table, or the girl one of the guys had 'made' the night before, that I knew the game was over."

Ella Grasso, Governor of Connecticut: "None. I enjoy being a girl."

Shana Alexander, editor, *Newsweek:* "Dropping queries like this in the wastebasket."

Joyce Brothers, psychologist, columnist: "I know that most of our definitions of masculinity and femininity are culturally determined. Perhaps the only innate things in all cultures are for men a sexual interest in women and for women a sexual interest in men. There is also the possibility of a genetic predisposition to greater activity in boy babies and possibly a genetically linked spatial ability in males and verbal ability in females. Everything else seems culturally taught. For example, there are cultures which believe that housework is too holy for a woman to do, and only men are allowed to do it. The only time in my entire life I ever felt masculine was when I was accepted for my Ph.D. at Columbia University. The head of the Psychology Department called me into his office for what I assumed was to be a cordial greeting. Instead, he told me that, in all fairness, they could not reject me, because I had the highest qualifying exam, but that he felt I was taking the place of a man who could really use the training and would not drop out to have a family, and he would like to encourage me to go to one of the other schools that had accepted me. I stood my ground and said, 'No way, I'm staying.' At that moment I felt I was in the wrong and that he was perfectly justified. I felt aggressive, masculine, and just awful."

Gore Vidal, author of *Myra Breckinridge* (Bantam) and *Myron* (Random House): "While studying with lust and envy the edition of *Rolling Stone* that showed for the first time ever the superb breasts of Norman Mailer."

Bella S. Abzug, Congresswoman, New York City: "Frankly, I think the question is chauvinistic and insulting, and can't really be answered. People used to assume—in the bosses and backroom days—that politics and decision-making were 'masculine' vocations, but if I've achieved anything over the past twenty-five years, I've helped to destroy that myth. No activity, situation, or moment makes *me* feel 'masculine.' But if you mean that perceptions of masculinity have changed—then I agree. However, we need a different word to describe qualities of leadership and strength that both men and women possess. It isn't masculine to be strong, or feminine to be weak. Once we all understand that such labels no longer apply to a modern society, we can further open the Senate and House of Representatives to women who can provide leadership to America. As things stand now, it is almost obscene that there are no females in the Senate, and only a handful in the House."



LUSH BRUSH

Put away those aerosol cans of shaving cream that chill your face into semishock, and try doing it the way grandpa did, with a mug, shaving brush, and hot lather. Get a brush made out of pure badger and natural bristles by Crabtree and Evelyn. Cold, canned lather does not compare to hot mug lather, and cheaper brushes pale in comparison to this one. One warm, wet, and silky experience will prove it. The brush is available from us for $10, postage and handling included. Ordinary mug soaps can be obtained at most drugstores for about 25 cents. For the true hedonist, we have found 6¾-ounce cakes of almond, ambrosia, or sandalwood soaps for $4.50 each, including postage (D-1)

IDEAS

A few months ago, we asked readers, "Whatever happened to hippies?" We'll be printing the best of the responses in next month's **WRAPAROUND,** but in the meantime we detected in many of them a sharp hostility toward the media that started us wondering. Are the media (however they are defined) servants of the people or enemies of the people? The answer probably lies somewhere in between, but any light you can shed on this question will be welcomed here at the Media Department, WRAPAROUND, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

SLEEK SLEEP

When you sleep on s sheets, the less you wear better. If you like to be in to with your body, buy a set for the sensuous feel of the terial. Real satin, alas, is delicate and expensive to practical, so we found s acetate-satin sheets that r wrinkling and are machine w able, but still afford the s sleek texture. They are a able in department stores from us in gold, beige, d red, royal, and navy blue. S ify flat or fitted sheets—b are the same price. Full, $16 pair; queen, $21/pair; king, $ pair; pillowcase, $3.49; pill case (king), $4.98. Please ad for postage and handling. (D



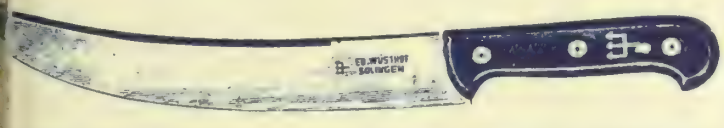
SUPER STAPL

Henry W. Heikkinen of N Carrollton, Maryland, recen wrote to us in praise of a stap that makes its own brass stapl Not having run across effici cy like that in a long time, checked it out, and can rep that it's for real. Manufactu by Bates, Inc., this medium-s stapler actually makes its o staples out of a spool of br wire that fits into the back the gadget. With each pun the wire feeds into the front the machine, where it is au matically cut and bent. A sin roll yields 5,000 staples (or nary staplers hold around 2 at most) and the staples strong enough to join sixte pages of typing paper. Thou not intended for heavy-d purposes, the Bates product surpasses all other staplers have seen for most home a office use. It's available in so stationery stores or from us f $16.50. Brass wire refills a available where the stapler sold, or through us for $2. per roll. Prices include posta and handling. (D-

LIVING WRAPAROUND

E SENSUOUS SLICER

icionados of the kitchen set, hark! It's about time you exnced the joy of using a truly excellent knife. Step one: buy -inch, tempered carbon steel, scimitar-curved slicing knife by Edward Wüsthof of Solingen, Germany. Step two: en it on a hard Arkansas stone. Step three: grip the knife y in your hand, curve up, and push the knife away from You will be astonished at how deeply it cuts with little or ownward pressure—it'll slice a tomato in half with one stroke. vatch your fingers, and be sure to wipe the blade dry after Fine carbon steel will take an incredibly sharp edge and hold the longest time, but steel of this kind can also tarnish. If appens, dip a wet cork into some scouring powder and rub plotches away. Available in fine cutlery departments, this hof/Solingen knife may be ordered from us for $16.50, postnd handling included. (D-4)



SUITS YOU

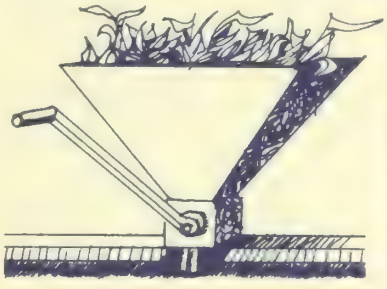
you're a serious jogger, you might as well sweat in style. e found a dandy warm-up suit that looks so good you'll feel doubling your distance just to be seen in it. Exceptionally ble, this washable suit is made with a cotton inner lining that bs perspiration, and a nylon outer lining that cuts wind im- Three stripes flash the length of the arms and legs. The t zips up in the front. The pants have an elastic waist, two red pockets, foot straps, and zippers at the ankles to keep the snug. It's available in red, white, lavender, green, navy, or blue, and will fit both men and women. The Adidas warmit may be purchased at department and sports stores, or us for $44.95, postage and handling included. For the proper please tell us your height when ordering. (D-5)





MINI-MULCHER

The Mini-Mulcher is an organic composter, a brand-new idea from the makers of the famous Casaplanta greenhouse. If you have a garden, you probably have a mulch pile tucked away somewhere slowly turning itself into compost. The Mini-Mulcher instantly grinds leaves, roots, prunings, et cetera into humus, which you can then use to fertilize flowers and vegetables. Because the machine is hand-operated and portable, you can use it just about anywhere. Clamp it onto a sawhorse, fix a plastic bag underneath to catch the grindings, and crank away. The bag can be stored easily in your basement or garage without taking up too much space. No more immovable piles topped with eggshells and insect pests. Available through us for $39.95 plus $2.50 for postage and handling. (D-6)





STEP LIVELY

How much do you walk during an average day? What distance do you actually cover on an eighteen-hole golf course? How many miles do you travel in cleaning the house, walking to the store, jogging around the neighborhood? If you like to use your legs, you might enjoy carrying a Reeves International pedometer. To use it, determine your average step length, adjust the pedometer accordingly, and clip it to your belt or pants pocket. It will automatically multiply your up-and-down movements by your step length. The Reeves pedometer may be obtained at toy and hobby stores, or from us for $14.95 plus 50¢ for postage and handling. (D-7)

HOW TO ORDER

Harper's will get you any item (including any book) for which we mention a price. If you would like to order through us, specify the item(s) you want, how many, and what color (if that's relevant). Include the order number that appears at the end of each Tool description. BankAmericard or Master Charge may be used on orders over $15.

Send to: Tools for Living, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Order Number	Item	Quantity	Price

Total (N.Y. State residents, add appropriate tax) $_____

☐ Check enclosed (Make payable to Harper's Magazine)
Charge to ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard

Card number _____ Expiration date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

GAME CLASSIFI

CHAUVINIST'S CHAGRIN

by Joan Banks, Commerce, Texas

As a philosophy, male chauvinism has its limitations. But in practice it has added considerable color and character to the American sense of humor. Imagine, for instance, that you're standing at a bar with "the guys," and after a beer or two you begin swapping jokes. They might go like this:

> I met a printer's daughter, but I couldn't stand her type.
> She had an hourglass figure—plus fifty minutes.

But surely you can outdo these male-chauvinist witticisms. Send your entries on a postcard to "Chauvinist's Chagrin," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be postmarked by July 7, and become the property of *Harper's*. Winning entries will be published in the September issue. Decision of the editors is final.

First Prize: *The Magic Image: The Genius of Photography from 1839 to the Present Day,* by Cecil Beaton and Gail Buckland (Little, Brown).

Runners-up: *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance,* by Robert Pirsig (Morrow).

Winners of "Conversation Clinkers," the May game that invited readers to supply loutish opening lines, are:

First Prize
The World of George Washington, by Richard M. Ketchum (American Heritage):

Well, General, what do you hear from your son in Canada?
—Herbert E. Muntz
Columbus, Ohio

Runners-up
World Without End, Amen, by Jimmy Breslin (Viking).

Oh, how cute! His-and-her moustaches! —Sondra Kelly
Georgetown, Ohio

For a couple not in our social class, you two sure are a lot of fun. —Judy Mead
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Want to hear my Francis the Talking Mule imitation?
—Roland De Rolly Rooly
Port Ewen, N.Y.

I think it's just great how all of you have come out of the closet. —Elaine Stallworth
Willow Grove, Pa.

What a good-looking child. Does he take after his father?
—Jo Ann Gill
Sacramento, Calif.

Is Hubert Humphrey soft on Communism?
—Paul Del Colle
Lynn, Mass.

I've read your book. You're a credit to your race.
—William Rush
Laporte, Colo.

This bubbly jelly you're serving is delightfully salty. What is it?
—G. T. Morgan
Unadilla, N.Y.

From the moment I saw you, I felt sorry. —Jeff Murray
Rye, N. H.

All three of our kids are in bed with the mumps.
—Russell H. Miles
Urbana, Ill.

I'm a rhinoceros, you know.
—Zeke Zonker
Joliet, Ill.

You know what my little niece —she's only two—said?
—Diane Dadian
Toronto, Ontario

What does the N-O-W on your sweatshirt mean?
—Pam and Dave Dunn
Muskegon, Mich.

FUTURE GAMES: Readers are invited to submit their own suggestions for games. Those who invent games eventually published in the magazine will receive $50.

CLASSIFIED RATES

Rates: $1 per word. (10-word minimum. Deduct 10¢ a word if ad is to run six times; deduct 20¢ a word if ad is to run twelve times.)
All ads must be prepaid at the time you send your insertion. (If you are ordering more than one insertion, please send full amount to qualify for discount.) Telephone numbers count as two words, as do box numbers. ZIP Codes count as one word.
Copy must be received by the 8th of the second month prior to the issue date.

Harper's Magazine
Classified Advertising Department
Two Park Avenue
New York, New York 10016

TRAVEL

Ontario wilderness canoe trips. Each canoe trip tailormade exclusively for your party, completely outfitted and guided by Jeff Miller. No experience necessary. Dr. Weston, 310 Garyray, Toronto, Ont. (416) 742-5140, (416) 921-2514.

Idaho River trips—Six-day, 110-mile float trips on the Middle Fork Salmon. Information, write Western Outfitters, Box 331, Boise, Idaho 83701.

Australia. Authentic information is freely available *without charge* from the Australian Embassy in Washington, D.C. (202) 797-3000, and the Australian Consulate General in New York (212) 245-4000, San Francisco (415) 362-6160, Los Angeles (213) 380-4610, and Chicago (312) 329-1740.

Worldwide freighter guide, $2.10. Rates, schedules, 700 passenger-carrying freighters. TravLtips, 40-21 XB Bell. Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

Maya—Aztec—Inca expeditions. Explore temples, pyramids, coral reefs, jungle with anthropologist/ecologist. Small groups, monthly trips. College credit option. Forum International, 2437 Durant, Berkeley, Calif. 94704. (415) 843-8294.

New England "Antiquities Tour"—7 days. Enjoy hospitality corner, U.S.A., N.E. landscape and life-style, old and new. Come to where the adventure of America began. Write Heritage Adventure Guides, Box 103, Newburyport, Mass. 01950 for brochure.

REAL ESTATE

Government lands . . . from $7.50/acre! Vacationing, farming, investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review," listing lands throughout U.S. Send $2. Surplus Lands, Box 6588-HT, Washington, D.C. 20009.

Canadian government lands—from $5/acre! Vacation paradises, farming, or investment opportunities! "Canadian Land Opportunities" includes complete information. Send $2 (money-back guarantee). Canadian International, Box 6586-HS, Washington, D.C. 20009.

Central Ontario—Choice 640-acre sportsmen's paradises still available—$20 plus $6.50 taxes yearly. Maps, pictures, $2 (refundable). Information Bureau, Norval 64, Ontario, Canada.

VACATIONS

Enjoy a new vacation experience—where you choose—rent-free. Write Viking Home Exchange, Box 3007, St. Paul, Minn. 55165.

Whitewater float trips, Utah Wyoming. Slickrock River Co., 10543, Denver, Colo. 80210.

$98 weekly for two—at "Straw Fields," Jamaica's tropical campsite. Double-bed tents/cott cooking equipment; reggae music formation: Strawberry, 54 Wes St., N.Y.C. 10019. (212) 247-450 Eastern Airlines/travel agents.

Parador Martorell, family in world-famous Luquillo Beach, P Rico 00673.

European road maps. Plan you cation carefully, multiply sights opportunities. $3 each. Specify try; some maps multinat Stamped envelope brings catal Maps, Box 37323, Jacksonville, 32205.

Linekin Bay sailing resort, Boo Harbor, Maine. Fleet of sail two-masted schooner, sailing in tions, heated salt-water pool. for folder.

Sailing, spend prepaid vacatio land-hopping. Captains, food, 3 45′ yachts provided. $20 mo Free details and application, Cruise Club, Box 4205-A Fort M Fla. 33903.

Rediscover union with Mother on sun-filled mesa below 14,00 mountains. Quiet 1,400 acres rounded by 400,000 acres mou wilderness. Free Tai Chi. $100 plus meals at cost. Way of Mountain Retreat Center, Box Norwood, Colo. 81423.

GOURMETS

Strudel (phyllo) leaves—many cious uses, $1. Goetting, 75 Da New Haven, Conn. 06519.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Kits! Build dulcimers, balalaikas tars, kalimbas, banjos, mand harps. From $2.95. Finished mers from $23.95. Free catal 8665 West 13th Avenue-HM, ver, Colo. 80215.

Learn to play the recorder— catalogue. Recorders, recorder —beginners' birchwood recorde struction book, $12.95. Amster corder Company, 1624 Lavaca, tin, Texas 78701.

Free catalogue! 30% to 50% count! Any model: guitar, drum, banjo, dobro! Write: house HR-1, Box 11449, Fort W Texas 76109.

STAMPS

110 worldwide stamps—10¢! Appr Suburban, 1254 Robert, West St. Minn. 55118.

RECORDS

Show albums—rare, out-of-print 52-pg. list, 50¢. Broadway/Holly Recordings, Georgetown, Conn.

Movie soundtracks, original-ca bums, free list. Rare Records, 12, Wood River, Ill. 62095.

Free record album catalogue— prices, "many goodies," shows, s tracks, jazz, nostalgia, classical riety. Treasury House, Dept. H, Box 165, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11235.

What 5 phonograph records you take for an extended stay desert isle? Send your list to Ha Magazine, Dept. RL, Two Park N.Y.C. 10016.

WRAPAROUNDWRAP

GAMES

ridge. The fun way to learn eat game. For four players. they never played bridge be- ll bid each hand correctly. nen play and review it. Finally arn how they should have Special introductory price, plus $1.50 mailing charge. Ed Gordy, Box 215, Palm Beach, 480.

MOTION PICTURES

8mm, 16mm, 8mm silent and film classics. Free catalogue. 1141-HP Mishawaka, South Ind. 46615.

ART

tors Series"—airplanes, auto-, railroad prints ready for . Send $1 for catalogue of beautiful lithographs, "Collec- ries," HM, 161 W. Harrison, , Ill. 60605.

UNUSUAL GIFTS

the Tub for Two*... Bath Sensualists*. A clever little oz., $5 ppd. Kloor/Newman, ox 4409-H, New Orleans, La. *TM).

7 horseshoe—mounted on 7x9 plaque, $7.77 Postpaid. Lucky, 6, Hope, Idaho 83836.

nameplates—your name in printed on plastic. $3. Free bumper sticker. Condra's, 267-H, Santa Monica, Calif.

e historic images on grave- historic markers, plaques. 1 Oldstone Rubbing Kit makes to get perfect impressions time. "How To" booklet, 5 24x36 Aqaba paper, 2 cakes pe, brush, sturdy carrying case ppd. Oldstone Enterprises, T-2, 77 Summer St., Boston, 02110.

1 5½" x 7" mother-of-pearl in- 95 postpaid; Korea, Philippine r shell beads, $1.75 postpaid. l, 7341 Clairmont Mesa Blvd., ego, Calif. 92111.

SCHOOLS

-school placement service. 's individual requirements consideration. 163 High Middletown, Conn. 06457. one: (203) 346-5111.

icture training, home-study pro- nd supplies. Hing, Box 219-W, o, Canada M6M 4Z2.

rograms in France. Language, s, performing arts. For infor- Paris American Academy, 9 s Ursulines, Paris 5.

sidence degrees! Honorary de- Nationwide faculty. Catalogue, NITED STATES UNIV. OF ICA, Box 4552-HA, Washing- C. 20017.

—Advanced feminist studies e. This summer, in Vermont. formation call (212) 877-0335.

al programs for qualified pro- als. Earn Ph.D., Ed.D., and in Psychology, Education, and Environmental Affairs, and s. "University Without Walls" n; independent study alternates tensive residence. Compatible ll employment. Call or write: McNichols, Heed University, l, Hollywood, Fla. 33022, (305) 0.

Parapsychology. Complete study course, certificate. Free information. American Parapsychological Research Foundation, Box 5395-M, Sherman Oaks, Calif. 91413.

Study—Ski. Accredited private college. Write Colorado Alpine Campus, Steamboat Springs, Colo. 80477.

Earn a British degree in Philosophy, Arts and Sciences. Catalogue $1 airmailed (refundable). Dept. H, Secretary, Sussex College of Technology, Highfield, Dane Hill, Sussex Rh17 7EX England.

Judson in Arizona... Fully accredited. College prep and general courses. Co-ed. Grades 3-12. Remedial reading. Informal Western life. Healthful desert climate. Riding, swimming, all sports. Henry H. Wick, Dir., Judson School, Box 1569, Scottsdale, Ariz. 85252. Tel.: (602) 948-7731.

Alternative futures—studies of global/local, social/environmental issues (B.A. degree). Futures Lab, Box 120 (H) Annex Station, Providence R.I. 02901.

College degree at home. Your choice of subjects. Easy tuition plan. Free information. Elysion College, B.C. Box 909, San Ysidro, Calif. 92173.

Unique college in Mexico. Instituto Allende offers full undergraduate, graduate, and serious non-credit programs in English, specializing in arts, crafts, writing, Spanish, and social studies. U.S. Office of Education and V.A. approval. Perpetual sunshine, inexpensive living. Mexico's most beautiful colonial town. Free illustrated prospectus. Instituto Allende, Box H, San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

CATALOGUES

Free! occult-witchcraft catalogue. Books, curios, unusual jewelry, bizarre miscellany. Importers, Box 2010, Toluca Lake, Calif. 91602.

Leaded art stained glass catalogue. Supplies: wholesale/retail. Send $1. Nervo Studios, 7th and Addison Sts., Berkeley, Calif. 94710.

BOOKS

Publishers' overstocks catalogue. Free. Bookseller, 30-6 Chambers, Danbury, Conn. 06810.

30% discount on new books. (Add 35¢ postage.) BOOKQUICK, B-2, Roseland, N.J. 07068.

Publish your book! Join our successful authors: publicity, advertising, promotion, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for free manuscript report and detailed booklet. Carlton Press (Dept. HZS), 84 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10011.

Fiction, mysteries, war, science. Free catalogue. Sunmount Books, Box 145-H, Willowdale, Ont., Canada.

Book discounts to 95%! Choose one of seven 1974/75 titles *free* with order of $20 or more. Free catalogue: Dept. HM, Columbia University Press, 136 S. Broadway, Irvington, N.Y. 10533.

Free illustrated list 100's unique low-cost books. Rena's Treasures, 1252 E. Denwall, Carson, Calif. 90746.

What 5 books would you take for an extended stay on a desert isle? Send your list to Harper's Magazine, Dept. BL, Two Park Ave., N.Y.C. 10016.

How to hide almost anything! This marvelously inventive, unique book by David Krotz tells you how to build dozens of secret compartments to protect your treasures—stocks, bonds, intimate items—things as small as a diamond ring, as large as a love affair. Order your copy today—send $5.95 to Wm. Morrow, Dept. JAC-H, 105 Madison Ave., N.Y. 10016.

Rockefeller-Rothschild conspiracy revealed! Free details. FFF-HM, Box 11306, Palo Alto, Calif. 94306.

Free fiction catalogue. Old favorites, 250 Adelaide West, Toronto, Canada M5H 1X8.

Eastern and Western psychologies, large selection; lateral thinking; Sufi materials; historical and cultural studies. Free catalogue. Key Book Center, 1720 15th St., Rm. 305, Boulder, Colo. 80302.

The Children's Book Shop. Mail-order only. Send 25¢ for descriptive catalogue. 5705-H Ogden Road, Washington, D.C. 20016.

Learn to read French, German, Italian, Spanish *without memorizing anything.* Revolutionary new Rundle System. Send $19.95, specify language, or write for free descriptive London Daily Telegraph feature article. Dept. B, Templegate, Box 963, Springfield, Ill. 62705.

Rare books. VanTreuren. 1950 Post #108HA, San Francisco, Calif. 94115. Send wants.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

Name the book—we'll get it! Free search service. CHICAGO BOOK MART, Box 636-H, Chicago Heights, Ill. 60411. Est. 1948.

LITERARY INTERESTS

Writing—Editing—Research. Confidential. Wordsmiths, Box 5882, Chicago, Ill. 60680.

Phyllis Melby commercial writer, religious inspiration. 1237 Dewey Street, Eau Claire, Wis. 54701.

Poetry wanted. Possible inclusion in cooperative volume. Include return envelope. Editor, Box 4444H, Whittier, Calif. 90607.

Looking for a publisher? Learn how you can have your book published, promoted, distributed. Send for free booklet, HP-2 Vantage Press, 516 W. 34th St., N.Y.C. 10001.

Publish your poems. Our guide tells how/where. $2.50. LYF-Hp, Box 1872, Milwaukee, Wis. 53201.

Poetry now being accepted for new anthology. Carousel, Dept. H, Box 11917, Philadelphia, Pa. 11945. SASE.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

Scholarly treatises, writing, editing, typing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team. *Research Unlimited,* Box 300-H, Dayton, Wash. 99328.

Manuscripts, reports, academic writing, editing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team at work. *Research Unlimited.* Box 300-H. Dayton, Wash. 99328.

Professional editing, revising, typing manuscripts. Marye Myers, P.O. Box 2435-D, Pasadena, Calif. 91105.

Educational research from our catalogue now as low as 90¢ per page. Send 40¢ to: Writer's Unlimited, Box #4391, Washington, D.C. 20012. (202) 723-1715.

The Berkeley Center—offering an intensive experience in individual primal process. 1925 Walnut St., Berkeley, Calif. 94704. (415) 548-3543.

FOREIGN NEWSPAPERS

Worldwide English newspapers. 65 countries! Sampler: 9 newspapers/9 countries: $3.98. Free brochure. Multinewspapers, Box DE-7 Dana Point, Calif. 92629.

PUBLICATIONS

Revitalize your classroom! Detailed transcripts of University of California lectures help teachers acquire, organize, and communicate new ideas. Many subjects. $1.40-$5.90 a course. Ask for free sampler (selections from 9 assorted courses) and catalogue: 701 Fybate, 2440 Bancroft, Berkeley, Calif. 94704.

Ribald jokes. Contemporary. $2. Pussycat Press, Box 1884, Fresno, Calif. 93718.

High Times—only magazine dedicated solely to getting high. Dope articles, entertainment, information. Dope price index. A glossy quarterly. $3 for two recent issues. Subscriptions: $10/8 issues; $14/12 issues. High Times, Dept. HP, Box 386, Cooper Sta., N.Y.C. 10003.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Import-export opportunity, profitable worldwide, mail-order business from home, without capital or travel abroad. We ship plan for no-risk examination. Experience unnecessary. Free report. Mellinger, Dept. A-1027, Woodland Hills, Calif. 91364.

Interested in owning a franchise?— business of your own, or full- or part-time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name **for FREE 5-month subscription to** Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 448, 1460 Hancock Center Chicago, Ill. 60611.

Make money—predict commodity price moves by the count method, never before published. Only a few rules. Send $14 to JV Associates, P.O. Box 11346, Knoxville, Tenn. 37919.

Own "Absentee" business without constant supervision. Interesting investments; minimal risk. Simon, 1280-BR Sawmill, Yonkers, N.Y. 10710.

How to make money writing short paragraphs! I tell you what to write, where and how to sell, and supply lists of editors buying from beginners. Small checks can add up to worthwhile extra income. Write to sell right way. Send for free facts, Barrett, Dept. C-77-D, 6216 No. Clark, Chicago, Ill. 60660.

Make money clipping newspaper items. $2-$10 each. Free details. Clippings, Box 10344-H3B, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303.

Make two to three times your cost on hundreds of products. $2 brings wholesale catalogue. Wherry, Box 180, Western Springs, Ill. 60558.

Import, mail-order opportunity. Earn $15,000 annually or owe nothing. Free one-year trial. Details: Northeast Imports, Box 121-H4, Fremont, N.H. 03044.

Write for small businesses. Pays $250 per page. Experience not necessary. Spare time. Guaranteed guide shows how. $2. Arlington House, Box 536, Belmont, Calif. 94002.

ROUNDOWRAPAROUND

Turn $10 into $1,000! Guaranteed! Free details. Money Hotline, Box 3155-Q, Springfield, Mo. 65804.

$100 Daily! In every envelope! Plans and 7 formulas! Dollar bill. Carter Company, 26 Laplaza Acres, Searcy, Ark. 72143.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT

Overseas opportunities—now available! Free transportation! Complete information . . . plus directory of 200 companies hiring thousands worldwide . . . all occupations. Send $2. International Opportunities, Box 29232-HS, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

Worldwide opportunities . . . Australia, Europe, Asia, South America! All occupations! $700-$4,000 monthly! Employment International, Box 29217-HS, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

Australia, New Zealand Want You! 50,000 jobs! Paid Transportation! Latest information and forms, $1. Austco, Box 3623-H, Long Beach, Calif. 90803.

Exciting overseas jobs. Directory, $1. Research Associates, Box 1750-H, Santa Fe, N. Mex. 87501.

Work overseas. Australia, Africa South America, Europe, etc. Construction, sales, engineers, clerical, etc. $8,000 to $50,000+. Expenses paid. For employment information write Overseas Employment, Box 1011H, Boston, Mass. 02103.

MERCHANDISE FOR SALE

Free! Plant stand catalogue. Send name *Now!* Comocraft, Dept. 6HM5, Marceline, Mo. 64658.

Israeli souvenirs: Color slides, pictures, postcards, crafts, jewelry, souvenirs, etc. Free catalogue. G.M.F., P.O. Box 10373-M, Jerusalem, Israel.

Hawaiian Puka Shells. Beautiful 18" choker necklaces. Specify small or large shells. $24.95 ppd. Brochure 20¢. Satisfaction guaranteed. Aloha Shells, P.O. Box 995, Aica, Hawaii 96701.

Metal detectors—Find buried treasure, coins, etc. Powerful, lightweight, inexpensive. Free brochure. Fortune Electronics, Dept. AT, 4410 Alameda, El Paso, Texas 79905.

Pipe tobacco, our best-selling blend, 2 oz., $1. Bradley's Dept., CH 170 Cypress, Abilene, Texas 79601.

Chess catalogue—Hand-carved sets. P.O. Box 555, Santa Barbara, Calif. 93102.

Advertise with T-shirts. Custom orders for clubs, schools, organizations. Free estimates. (212) 461-0997. Sidney, 168-03 43 Ave., Flushing, N.Y. 11358.

2' artificial marijuana plant, $2.25. Others. Free catalogue. S-T Mail Order, Box 1885, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48106.

Movie posters, stills, and TV scripts, 50¢ for large catalogue. Flicks, Inc. Sublette, Kans. 67877.

Wallpaper ordered at 30% discount. Ottco, Box 411, Frankfurt, Ky. 40601.

Amazing self-propelled lure. Buzzes, dips, dives. Drives fish wild. $3. KREOLE-H, POB 53031, New Orleans, La. 70153.

SPORTS EQUIPMENT

Backpacking, ski touring equipment, canoes, kayaks. Free catalogue. Moor & Mountain, Dept. 53, 63 Park St., Andover, Mass. 01810.

SITUATION WANTED

Will valet and companion. No hanky-panky. Mr. George, 1515 Ogden St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20010. #411.

PERSONALS

Amusing European honorary medals and fictitious degrees. For color brochure send $2. International Awards Committee, Dept. H, 2350 Bean Creek Rd., Santa Cruz, Calif. 95060.

Ocean Park Feeling Center. Primal-based process: three-week live-in intensive period. Six-month to year program. Weekly small group and individual sessions. 1307 University Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94702 or call (415) 841-6649 or 339-2284.

Penfriends. For free information, write: Papyrus, 927-H 15th St., Washington, D.C. 20005.

Interesting penfriends! 35¢ handles. HR Club, Box 5546, Ocean Park, Calif.

Financial wealth increased by a proven, step-by-step method. Send $2 for our booklet. P.O. Box 8071, Cranston, R.I. 02920.

Intensive and group therapy—Austin Institute, Inc., 5000 North Lamar Blvd., Austin, Texas 78751. Staff did their therapy at Janov's Primal Institute. $2,000 for three-week intensive; subsequent groups are $10 each.

Moving to Cleveland? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, integrated neighborhoods. Contact Shaker Communities, 3380 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio. (216) 751-2155.

Instant memory—New way to remember. No memorization. Release "photographic" memory. Stop forgetting! Liberates extraordinary knowledge, talents, ESP. Free information. Institute of Advanced Thinking. Box 606-H, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272.

Play chess by mail! Information: CHESSNUTS, 25-HA Mount Vernon, Saugus, Mass. 01906.

Learn professional astrology at home. Write World Astrological Services, Inc., Box 471, Murray, Ky. 42071.

Pocketbook of passionate, beautiful Haiku. $2. Box 11, Guilford, Conn. 06437.

Wealth and happiness for you! Simple step-by-step procedure. Send $2. O'Rourke, 3 Garden Heights, Woburn, Mass. 01801.

Biorhythms—Fact or Fiction? See for yourself! Chart physical, intellectual, and sensitivity cycles for yourself, family, friends. Packet includes complete instructions. Bio-Curve, 24 graphs. $4.95. PSI Rhythms, Inc., 2382H South Dixie, Dayton, Ohio 45409.

Make friends worldwide through international correspondence. Illustrated brochure free. Hermes, Box 110660/H, Berlin 11, Germany.

Meditate for personal development; complete home-study course, $3. Datrix, Box 424-C, Planetarium Station, N.Y.C. 10024.

Retired woman: Master's, quiet, bookish, small income, some art training, two cats, also reasonably quiet, though not bookish, seeks position as companion to woman of similar tastes. Prefer out of city. N.Y./N.J./Conn. area. Refs. R.D. 5, Box 353, Flemington, N.J. 08822.

Relax and laugh by dialing 108,000 onomatological combinations from the 60 unusual real names on Psteve's Psilly Pseudonym Psorter. $2.30 postpaid. Hustvedt Studios, Cardamon Dr., Edgewater, Md. 21037.

Your moods are bio-degradable: Biorhythm charts for two years or more indicating daily relationships or your emotional, intellectual and physical cycles. Critical days annotated, theoretical information included. Send $4.95 for two years to Bio-Phase, Dept. 304, 808 Parker, Berkeley, Calif. 94710. Include full birthdate.

College degrees at home! Complete directory accredited universities offering correspondence courses, $3. Research, Box 48533-H, Los Angeles, Calif. 90048.

Penfriends! Lonely and sincere, 25¢. Enterprises, 1626 Walton, Oceanside, Calif.

Handwriting analysis in depth. $10 and sample to Elisabeth King, 41 E. 29 St., N.Y.C. 10016.

Astrological readings by R. Baldwin, M.A. Character, destiny, advice on specific questions if desired; $20. Send birth data including place and time to 209 W. 21st St., N.Y.C. 10011.

Play, learn chess by mail with USCF master. One game, $50; two, $75. Peter Cleghorn, 1706C Francisco, Berkeley, Calif. 94703.

Millionaire—help me become one. Send any amount to G. M. Connel, 1400 E. Buckeye Rd., P.O. Box 21201, Phoenix, Ariz. 85036.

Help humanities student graduate. Send $1 to Jim, Box 1733, Iowa City, Iowa 52240.

Single father and daughter, five, need patron in order to coincide with K. at Saanen, Brockwood, Rishi Valley. Exigent. Starbuck, 16810 Mooncrest Dr., Encino, Calif. 91436.

Primal Institute of San Francisco—only Janov-approved facility other than Los Angeles Institute. 30 Tanforan, South San Francisco, Calif. 94080. (415) 871-2496.

Personalized handwriting analysis, $5. Send sample. Larkin, P.O. Box 222, Baldwin, N.Y. 11510.

$1 to Come-Unity Center, Williamson, N.Y. 14589, *helps needy "now"!*

Evaluate the women's movement. Researcher seeks women to answer questionnaire. Write Ms. Robinson, 156 13th St., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.

Widow, 25, with four small children left in serious financial bind since husband's death. Need help to hold family together. C. Cleveland, 4755 B. So. Packard Ave., Cudahy, Wis. 53110.

Chinese Wand Exercise, from the land of acupuncture. Ancient exercise program for all ages. Sample exercise (one of seventeen) and full details, $1. JDQ, 1194H West Sherren, Roseville, Minn. 55113.

A photograph of you being honored at the White House? Or you playing pro football? Our forgery experts create convincing, authentic-looking photographs of you in incredible situations. Astound and impress friends, business associates. Unusual brochure, 25¢. Grand Illusions, Suite 114-H7, 605 West 47th St., Kansas City, Mo. 64112.

Save time! Organize your life complete and unabridged pro for daily, weekly, and yearly or zation. Scientific, innovative, an fective. Complete kit, $6.25, inc everything. Keng Research Ltd., Box 12377, Gainesville, Fla. 3

SOS. Totally disabled war wido humanitarian who freed 48 Ame soldiers from their imprisonment cent victim of real-estate swi homeless, destitute, other trag Caring affluents, please send $1 or more). Elisabeth Amelung, Scadding St., Taunton, Mass. 0

Condoms! Three samples: $1. T assorted samples: $3. Illustrated logue free with every order. C from *all* nationally advertised br Promptness and privacy ass Money-back guarantee. POP P.O. Box 2556—Dept. CH Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514.

Searching for meaning? The So Club newsletter deals with themes. Members correspond meet with each other. Trial bership now open. $15. Due fundable. The Socrates Club, Far Hills Ave., Dayton, Ohio 4

Astrological readings by R. Bal M.A. Character, destiny, advic specific questions if desired; Send birth data including place time to 209 W. 21st St., N.Y.C. 1

30-year-old white inmate has no ily or friends who care. Needs letters. Michael Warner, 135145, Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648

BOOKLETTER/ BOOKSERVICE

Bright, lively, literate an free for a month

If you love books but hate wa money and time on bad ones, want to become a Charter Me of *Harper's* **BOOKSERVICE.** Membership includes a subscri to the new *Booklетter,* a fascin guide to the world of books, lished every other Monday (24 a year), and a unique bookb service that offers you the oppo ty—but NEVER the obligatio buy hardcover books at a 25% savings.

Yes, please enter my Charter bership to **BOOKSERVICE** a special rate of just $10 for one y instead of the regular $15. I u stand that I may read the firs issues at your expense. If I don them, I'll write "cancel" across bill, send it back, and that's th

☐ Please send bill for $5 now $5 six months from now)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Harper's Magazine/**BOOKSERV** 381 West Center Street, Ma Ohio 43302.



Whenever we feel like resting on our laurels, we take another look. Through his eyes.

You recognize him, of course.
He's the American eagle, symbol of our country for almost 200 years.
And of our bank, for over 40.

He hangs in our boardroom, hand-carved in walnut, almost 60 inches from wing-tip to wing-tip.

As a beautiful decoration.

And as an inspiration.

Everytime we see him, he reminds us that it's people who make the world what it is, for better or worse.

And that it's up to us all to make it better.

Just being good bankers may not seem like much of a contribution to that lofty goal.

But that's what we're here for.

And no matter how well we've done things in the past, we'll never stop trying to do better.

Because that's really the only way.

For a bank.

And for a country.

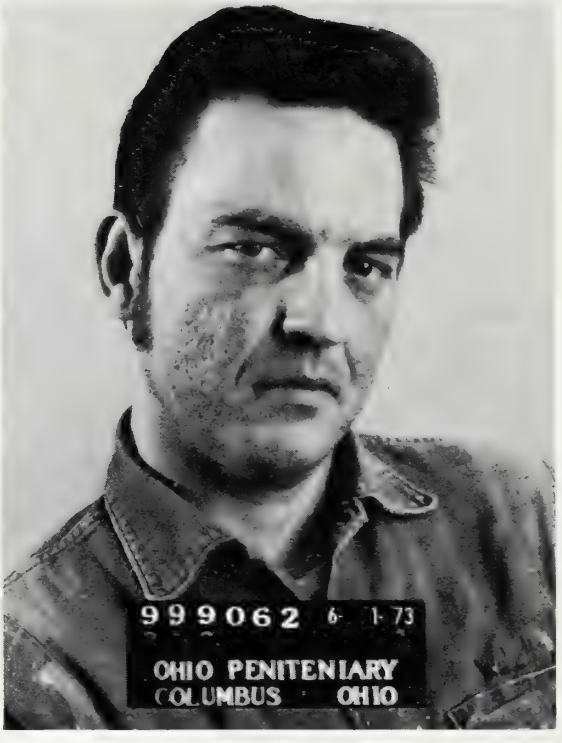
THE American National Bank
AND TRUST COMPANY OF CHICAGO

LaSalle at Washington/LaSalle at Wacker 60690/Phone (312) 661-5000/Member FDIC

WARNING



This Child May Become . . .



This Dangerous Criminal

Where Are All The Criminals Coming From?

This is a question on nearly everyone's mind today. Part of the answer is that our prisons are overflowing today with men and women who once were just children with problems. And because they did not get help to solve their crushing problems . . . most of them grew up to become criminals. When they end up in prison, nearly everyone is afraid of them and nobody wants to get involved helping them. The truth is that we no longer have a choice. We must get started at once helping these people to learn to help themselves to become constructive adults. The FBI has disclosed that nearly 80 per cent of all crime today is the act of a criminal who has already been in prison. With this shocking knowledge . . . do you wonder why The 7th Step Foundation is working so hard to expand its work inside our nation's prisons. Find out how you or any concerned citizens' group can start right now to solve the problems of crime in your own community. Contact the national headquarters of The 7th Step Foundation, 28 East 8th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202. We will put you in touch with a chapter near you . . . or show you how to start one with other concerned citizens. We believe it is better to salvage human lives and cut crime . . . than to complain about the rising crime rate. Get involved with us.

STEP FOUNDATION

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

The 7th Step Foundation

28 EAST EIGHTH STREET (6TH FLOOR) • CINCINNATI, OHIO 45202

CH1 11/4

The Education of LEV NAVROZOV

In 1972 Lev Navrozov "emigrated" (read: escaped) from the country once called Russia. He brought with him, smuggled on microfilm, a social, historical, and political memoir which he had been secretly writing for almost 20 years.

As the most skilled translator of English in the Soviet Union, Navrozov attained the highest of civilian rankings. This allowed him free movement throughout all of Russia, and more astoundingly, access to the most secret and important repositories of information.

THE EDUCATION OF LEV NAVROZOV brings to the world the first social history of the post-1917 Soviet Union. It may be the last.

"A 20th century classic. It is as if Proust had somehow blended with Orwell. The fact that it was written inside the Soviet Union is remarkable, although its literary merit transcends the location or condition of the writer. In my view, it places Navrozov immediately among the few important Russian writers of this century: Bulgakov, Nabokov, and Solzhenitsyn."

—Robert Massie, author of Nicholas and Alexandra

Send your orders to:

Harper's
MAGAZINE PRESS

Two Park Avenue
New York, New York 10016

Please rush me _____ copy(s) of THE EDUCATION OF LEV NAVROZOV: A Life in the Closed World Once Called Russia, at $12.95 each. I have enclosed $_____.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

New York residents please add appropriate sales tax.

H

THE AUTHENTIC WEBSTER'S 8-POUND, 1,454-PAGE, 158,000-DEFINITION, $39.95 DICTIONARY

NOW ONLY $19.95!

Because of the depressed economy, most book publishers are in financial trouble. The Webster's Dictionary Company is no exception. And just as the major auto companies have taken drastic steps to improve sales, we hereby announce an incredible price slash on our 1,454-page, eight-pound, 158,000-definition, 300-page-encyclopedia-supplemented, full-color-embellished, $39.95 list-price, paragon-of-the-publishing-industry, **Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary of the English Language**: *ONLY $19.95!!*

If you've ever wanted to buy this one-volume reference work—considered by scholars to be *the* standard of English usage—*NOW* is the time to do so. If the national economy should improve soon—as many experts predict—you may never have this chance again. This unprecedented low price—*ONLY $19.95!!*—adds new meaning to the word "bargain."

In case you're unfamiliar with **Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary of the English Language**, let us explain that it is *the* supreme arbiter of English usage. Its compilers are a group of 100 lexicographers, etymologists, philologists, orthographers, researchers, and editors known collectively as The English Language Institute. They trace their origin back to Noah Webster (1758-1843), the father of American lexicography and inspiration for the founding of our company. Millions of literate Americans refer to **Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary of the English Language** every day, and rely on it for authoritative answers to their questions about word definition, spelling, pronunciation, hyphenation, origin and usage. No book anywhere is held in higher esteem.

The work itself is divided into 22 sections. Its heart, of course, is the more than 1,100 pages given over to an A-Z vocabulary—updated to include slang expressions of this very year. The section is supplemented by charts, pronunciation symbols, lists of abbreviations, etc.

Other sections include:

- A 51,000-word Thesaurus of Synonyms and Antonyms, with more than 4,000 cross-references. This section alone constitutes an impressive reference work.
- A Conspectus of Foreign Words and Phrases. The equivalent of a two-way English dictionary into and out of French, Spanish, Italian, and German—with some Latin and Greek.
- Table of Abbreviations. 3,800 contractions commonly used in business, engineering, medicine, geography, etc.
- Musical Signs and Symbols. A primer on notation of the art.
- Compendium of Quotations. Thousands of aphorisms distilling the wit and wisdom of the world. Invaluable for composing letters, preparing speeches, writing term papers. It even makes diverting reading. (How about this gem from Lincoln: "My old father used to say: If you make a bad bargain, hug it all the tighter.")
- Students' and Writers' Guide. A short-course in proper style and usage. It covers punctuation, italics, capitalization, footnotes, bibliographies, *and* provides a directory of basic reference works in biography, business, history, geography, science and other major fields.
- Perpetual Calendar. Enables you to pinpoint the day of week of *any* date in the two centuries from 1901 to 2100.
- Table of Metric Equivalents. Over *a thousand* measurements you'll be using during the next few years as the United States gradually converts to metric system.
- Occupational Guide. Detailed descriptions of 95 vocational fields, including nature of work, required training, compensation, etc. Perhaps most important, it includes names and addresses of national organizations that can furnish *job leads*.
- Dictionary of Mythology. An indispensable tool for complete understanding of literature from Homer's *Iliad* to Tolkien's *The Hobbit*.
- Manual of Office Procedure. Everything from how to mail packages and letters at cheapest postage rates, to creating efficient filing systems, devising effective form letters (with actual illustrations), caring for office equipment, reconciling bank statements, composing persuasive business letters, using proper forms of address, etc. In short, a cram-course at a business school.
- Compound Interest Table. Instant computation of earnings on any amount.
- Flags of the World. Eight pages of pulse-raising banners in glorious full-color.
- Salary Tables. Annual wages converted into weekly, monthly, quarterly, daily and hourly payments, to help you check up on the accuracy of your company's payroll department.
- The Space Age. A 16-page supplement of solar system charts, space exploration terminology, table of planets, space records, and other far-out scientific data.
- Table of World Families of Languages. Fascinating origins of, and current interrelationships among, the world's leading tongues.
- Prefixes and Suffixes. 500 explained.
- Historical Sketch of the English Language. By the renowned philologist Mario Pei, of Columbia University.
- Presidents of the United States. A magnificent 16-page portrait gallery in full-color, including each president's biography and major achievements.
- Cooking Tables. How to prepare different foods—with *calorie* counts.
- Moneys of the World. An absor invaluable reference tool for numism and businessmen.

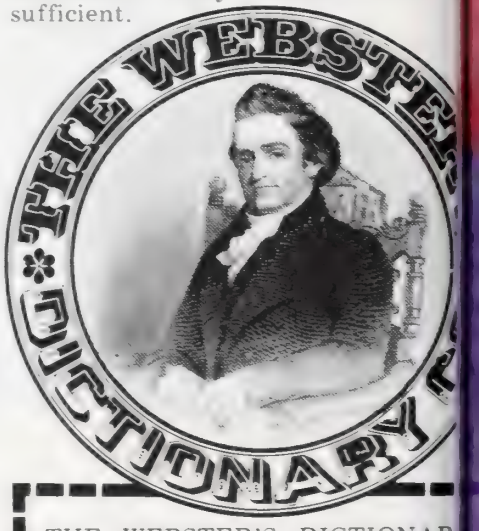
In short, if you had but one boo choose in life, **Webster's Encyclopedic tionary of the English Language** shou it. It is the most comprehensive, utilita *entertaining* single volume ever publi

The work is *massive* in size. It mea *three-hundred and twenty-one* c *inches and weighs eight pounds*.

In physical make-up, the dictionar masterpiece of the bookmaker's art. set in Century Expanded, one of the legible and beautiful of typefaces. printed on special high-opacity, ve finish paper to reduce eyestrain. Its s tures are Smyth-sewn and reinforced a and bottom for sturdiness. Binding m al is leather grain, and page edges stamping are gilded. In other words, **ster's Encyclopedic Dictionary of the lish Language** brings to your offic home not only knowledge but splendo

To repeat, **Webster's Encyclo Dictionary of the English Lang** —which lists at $39.95—is now avai for *ONLY $19.95!!* To order, use co

Act at once. As we said, as soon a economy improves, this offer is likely withdrawn. Hurry. A word to the w sufficient.



THE WEBSTER'S DICTIONAR
COMPANY, 1775 BROADWA
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 1004

Please send me _____ copies of t renowned, authoritative, 1,454-pag 8-pound, 321-cubic-inch, 158,00 definition, $39.95 list-price Webster **Encyclopedic Dictionary of the En lish Language** at the unprecedente low price of *ONLY $19.95!!* (pl $2 per copy for crating & freigh

(Check one)

☐ I enclose payment

☐ Bill my charge card account:

American Express #_____

Master Charge #_____

BankAmericard #_____

Expiration date _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip ___

Please add applicable sales tax.

© Webster's Memlxxv. TM Reg. WDH

HE KENNEDY VENDETTA

August 1975

Harper's

Magazine

OUR SECRET WAR ON CUBA



by
Taylor Branch
and
George Crile III

Out come the cleaned gases



. . . thanks to a pollution control system that can collect 150 tons of dust daily

Basic oxygen furnaces are one of the most efficient steelmaking systems in the world. But BOFs generate tremendous quantities of dust-laden gases.

How to remove the dust from the gases—and prevent it from discharging into the atmosphere?

When we installed the two BOFs at our Bethlehem, Pa. plant, we also installed electrostatic precipitators at a cost of almost $5 million. These precipitators operate at higher than 99 per cent efficiency for dust particles over a wide range of micron sizes.

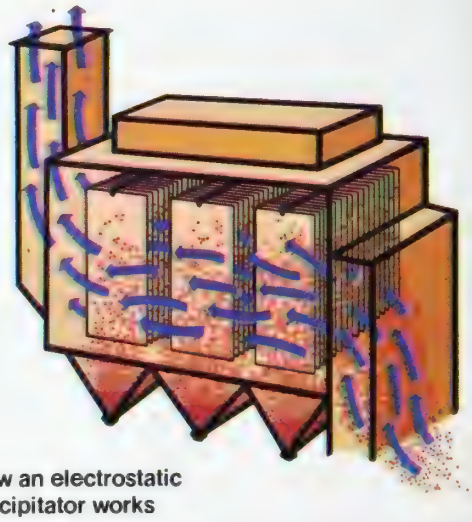
Every time we make a heat of steel in one of these furnaces, the precipitator removes about 5 tons of dust from the exhaust gases. At peak operation of 30 heats a day, that can add up to some 150 tons daily . . . approximately 50,000 tons annually. The cleaned gases are discharged through a stack.

What do we do with the iron-bearing dust particles we collect? We form them into pellets and recycle them through the ironmaking process.

Our environmental program is a continuing one. In the past 5 years alone, Bethlehem has spent about $130 million for environmental protection and pollution control equipment. We expect to spend more than $600 million for such equipment during the next 5 years. In addition, about 12 per cent of the initial cost of pollution control facilities is required to operate them each year.

Bethlehem BETHLEHEM STEEL

Away goes the collected dust



How an electrostatic precipitator works

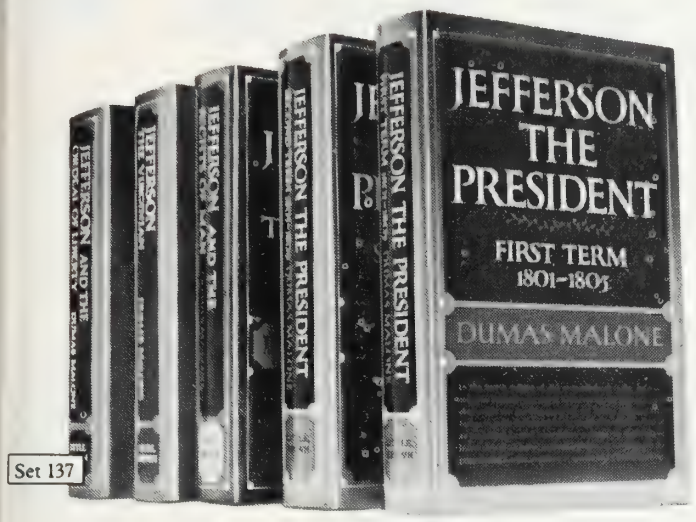
Dust particles are collected by passing dust-laden ga between negative electrodes and grounded metal collectin plates. The dust, which has been charged by negativ electrical charges emitted from the electrode, is attracte to and retained at the positive collecting surface. From tim to time an automatic rapping system knocks the accumu lated dust into storage hoppers.

A "Statement on Environmental Quality" explains our concern for and contributions to a more healthy environment both now and in the future. If you would like a copy, write: Public Affairs Dep't., Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Bethlehem, PA 18016.

The glory and anguish of the American past...

Choose Any Set For A Dollar A Volume

A rare opportunity to enrich your library with one of these enduring works, at a fraction of its usual cost. Savings up to $67, with trial membership.

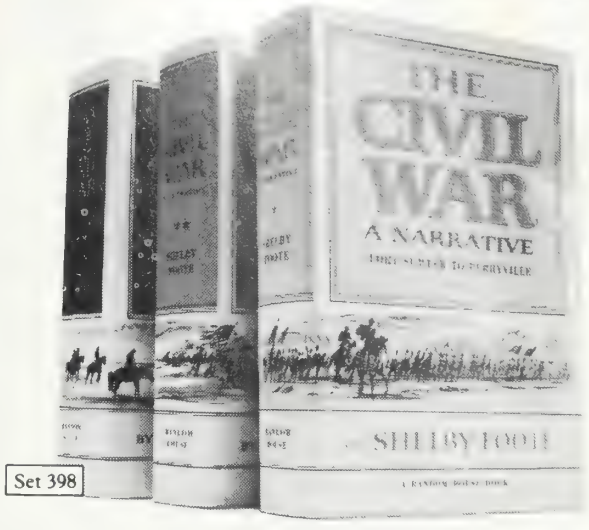


Dumas Malone's

JEFFERSON AND HIS TIME

5 Volumes, Publisher's Price $72.50/*Save $67.50*

From his Virginia youth through his troubled second term as president. Biography surpassing anything you've ever read on Jefferson and his world. 1975 Pulitzer Prize.

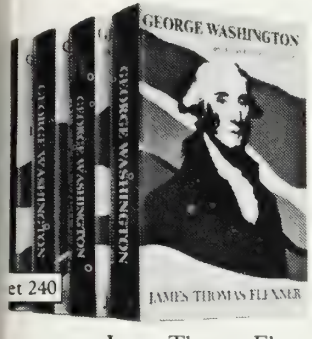


Shelby Foote's

THE CIVIL WAR: A Narrative

3 Volumes, Publisher's Price $60.00/*Save $57.00*

By a historian who is also a gifted novelist—the opening shot at Fort Sumter through the surrender at Appomattox. "A remarkable achievement, prodigiously researched, vigorous, detailed, absorbing."—*N. Y. Times*

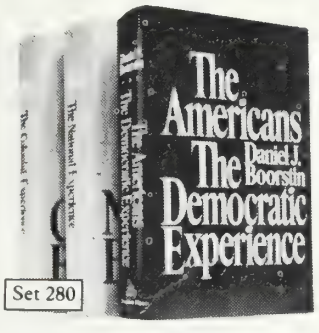


4 Volumes, Publisher's Price $60.00/ *Save $56.00*

James Thomas Flexner's

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Not the marble bust but the flesh-and-blood Washington—brilliantly portrayed in this celebrated work by a leading historian. National Book Award. Special Pulitzer Citation.

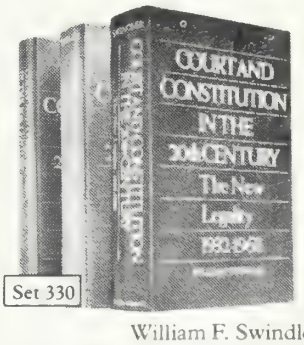


3 Volumes, Publisher's Price $35.00/ *Save $32.00*

Daniel J. Boorstin's

THE AMERICANS

A social historian's sweeping trilogy on the roots of our civilization—the harsh realities of colonial days, the great trek West, and the mixed blessings of industralization. Pulitzer Prize.



3 Volumes, Publisher's Price $37.40/ *Save $34.40*

William F. Swindler's

COURT AND CONSTITUTION IN THE 20TH CENTURY

Timely and readable account of how the major Supreme Court decisions of the last 75 years affect the meaning of the Constitution today.

he American past is a rich mixture—one on it makes lively reading. And the best ritten history—not only of America but l mankind—is the province of The ory Book Club.

ow in its 27th year, the Club provides embers with the finest new books of ry and world affairs—always at sub- al savings. If you've never tried us, e missed some great reading and ial buys. But none like this:

a mere dollar a volume, we'll send you ne of the magnificent sets pictured—your first selection at the reduced ber's price (any book listed at right). ou're less than delighted, return all the s (we'll pay postage) and that's that. Or hem and take just four more books g the coming year from the 175 or so ed each month.

They're easy to take at $3, $4, $5 (and re) off bookstore prices. No stinting on ysical quality either; all our books are the ual of the publishers' editions. And this ub has a Bonus Plan that lets you pick *any* ok we offer, not just certain ones. Use the upon to join today.

Pick one of these fine books as your first selection at the reduced member's price:

(First price is publisher's list. **Boldface** shows member's price.)

104. **The Indian Heritage of America** *By Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.* $10.00/**$7.50**

387. **Paine** *By David Freeman Hawke.* A revealing new biography of the paradoxical Tom Paine. $15.00/**$9.95**

418. **The War Against the Jews: 1933-1945** *By Lucy Dawidowicz.* $15.00/**$9.95**

671. **Medieval History** *By Norman F. Cantor.* $11.50/**$8.50**

138. **Seven Who Shaped Our Destiny: The Founding Fathers as Revolutionaries** *By Richard B. Morris.* $10.00/**$7.50**

858. **Napoleon Bonaparte** *By Vincent Cronin.* $12.50/**$8.50**

386. **Roll, Jordan, Roll: The World the Slaves Made** *By Eugene D. Genovese.* 1975 Bancroft Prize. $17.50/**$12.50**

347. **The Army of the Caesars** *By Michael Grant.* $15.00/**$9.95**

146. **Karl Marx: His Life and Thought** *By David McLellan.* $15.00/**$9.95**

139. **Disease and History** *By F.F. Cartwright.* $9.95/**$7.50**

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB · Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please enroll me as a trial member and send me the books whose numbers I'm entering below. Bill my set at $1 a volume and my first selection at the reduced member's price. (Modest shipping charges will be added.)

Set # _____ Selection # _____

I may return all the books within two weeks at your expense and owe nothing. Or I will take four more books within a year, always at reduced member's prices plus shipping. Thereafter, I may resign at any time. **HA-79D**

Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

In Canada: Mail to the History Book Club, 16 Overlea Blvd., Toronto M4H 1A6, Ont.

A note on how the Club works: Every four weeks, you receive our *Review* and a dated reply card. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing: the book will come automatically. To order a different book or no book, return the card by the specified date. You will have at least 10 days to decide—but if you get an unwanted book because of late mail, we pay return postage.

Harper's

AUGUST 1975 FOUNDED IN 1850/VOL. 251, NO. 1503

WRAPAROUND 3 **New York: Who Needs It?**

95 Turnabout

98 Tools for Living

100 Game

100 Classified

Herbert Hendin 20 THE REVOLT AGAINST LOVE
Some unintended consequences of the sexual revolutions

Alan Harrington 28 POLLUTERS OF TIME
Taking aim at large and small bores

Taylor Branch and George Crile III 49 THE KENNEDY VENDETTA
An account of the CIA's entanglement in the secret war against Cuba

John Kenneth Galbraith 64 APOTHEGMS OF AVARICE
Thoughts on the universal objective correlative

Gwyneth Cravens 66 THE GARDEN OF FEASIBILITY
Pioneering the new frontier of outer space

Stephen Dixon 76 STREETS
A short story

Barry Farrell et al. 81 GEORGE IN THE AFTERNOON
A collective appreciation of George Segal

BOOKS

Henry M. Pachter 83 THE PRIVATE LIVES OF REBELS

COMMENTARY

103 ON POLICY AND WAR:
Niccolò Machiavelli
and Voltaire

LETTERS

14 On staying sane, organized chaos, and hunting the hunted

Cover photograph by Frank Burrell

EDITOR: Lewis H. Lapham
ART DIRECTOR: Sheila Berger
SENIOR EDITOR: Nelson W. Aldrich, Jr.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR: John Fischer
WASHINGTON EDITOR: Taylor Branch
WRAPAROUND EDITOR: Michael Aron
COPY EDITOR: Rhoda Koenig
STAFF EDITORS: Valerie Brooks, Lawrence S. Burns, Melanie Pulik
EDITORIAL ADMINISTRATOR: Angela Santoro
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Gwyneth Cravens, George Crile III, Timothy Dickinson, Annie Dillard, Barry Farrell (West Coast), Jim Hougan, Russell Lynes, George Plimpton, Marion K. Sanders, Earl Shorris, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
CONTRIBUTING ARTIST: Martim Avillez

Published by Harper's Magazine Company, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

PRESIDENT & PUBLISHER: Russell Barnard
EDITOR IN CHIEF: Robert Shnayerson

BOARD OF EDITORS: Lawrence Freundlich, Tony Jones, Lewis H. Lapham, Suzanne Mantell

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: Griff Ellison: **ASSISTANT PUBLISHER:** Ernest M. Walker, Jr., **TROLLER:** Louis A. Isidora; **CIRCULATION MANAGER:** Elizabeth Jacobsen; **PRODUCT MANAGER:** Louis Seeger; **REPRINTS/PERMISSIONS:** Lucy Mattimore

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine Company, a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Comp Inc. John Cowles, Jr., Chairman; Otto A. Silha, President; Norton Armour, Secretary; William R. Be Treasurer. Subscriptions: $8.97 one year; $17.94 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan Ame $1.50 per year additional.

For advertising information contact Harper-Atlantic Sales, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 1(Other offices in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, and San Francisco. Copyright © 197 the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is use Harper's Magazine Company under license, and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row, Publis Incorporated. Printed in the U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing off

POSTMASTER: Please send Form 3579 to Harper's Magazine, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302.

WRAPAROUND







Photographs of architectural contrasts in New York City by John Diele

EW YORK: /ho eeds It?

y first literary agent, the Col. Kenneth Littauer, told when I was a mere stripling what excited and satisfied most about New York City the competence of the pro-onals and businessmen and ts and performers all nd him.

f you do not deserve to be e to the top of your field, tever it is," he assured me, ı can't last long in New K." He mentioned my birth-e and also the city where as living then. "If people not wonderfully able," he , "they had better stay in anapolis—or Schenectady." was from somewhere around alo, I think.

his was romance about the nection between the city and petence. The Colonel was mantic old man. When he self was a stripling, he had n observation planes, box ; with motors, for the La-tte Escadrille. It suited him elieve that people were be-rigorously but fairly tested he time.

he truth was, of course, that city was even then being en into the permanent bank-cy of today by crooks and mpetent political leaders greedy financiers, men at top of their fields.

was also true that the city, all great seaports, was dly and brainlessly hospita-to simply anybody who pened to show up. So that a major part of its population at any given time was bound to consist of incompetents, fakers, imbeciles, and freaks who had been driven out of more watchful communities, such as Indianapolis and Schenectady—and Dublin and Naples and Shanghai and San Juan.

Police and social workers, for example, persons at the top of their fields, are now gingerly attempting to learn a little something about members of a religious sect from Jamaica, W. I., who have set up housekeeping here. The cultists seem to believe passionately and often belligerently that Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia is God.

And so on.

I came down here about five years ago to help put on a play of mine, and I stayed. It is the endless shoptalk, blather about the arts, that has kept me here, and the illusion the city gives, again, to simply anybody, that he must be accomplishing something by talking or eating or drinking or reading a newspaper in such a busy, expensive place.

I live in Turtle Bay now, feeling very active and actually producing almost nothing—across the street from a house once occupied by E. B. White. Mr. White adored New York, something I never expect to do. "Sometimes our affection for New York becomes dulled by familiarity," he was able to write perhaps thirty years ago. "No building seems high, no subway miraculous, no avenue enchanted—all, all commonplace. Then, in a moment of rediscovery, it is as though we were meeting the city again for the first time." He has since fled to become a permanent resident of North Brooklin, Maine.

Lovers of this place don't turn against it like that because of taxes or crime or decaying public services. They do it because their happiness here is so dependent on illusions, and their illusions collapse. The most vulnerable illusion is not the one of being busy and competent, but the one that says the cruelties inflicted by the city on the helpless are more or less accidental, and will be remedied by and by.

The city is permanently cruel.

It has always been what it is today—a sort of polluted lake on which splendid vessels bob. Many people can't even afford water wings, so an awful lot of drowning in untreated sewage goes on.

Too bad.

It is time for a revolution here, with so much incompetence at the top and in the middle and at the bottom, with the wealth so capriciously distributed, with so many people unemployed. But any revolution will have to have its beginnings somewhere else—in Los Angeles, in Chicago, in Buffalo, in Detroit.

The trouble with this city as a birthplace for revolution is that Manhattan Island, at its center, inspires utterly baseless optimism—even in me, even in drunks sleeping in doorways, and in little old ladies whose homes are shopping bags. And it must be the incredible towers and the lovely park and the rivers and the comings and goings of foreigners that raise false hopes in the hearts of even the most skeptical women and men.

Crazy.

As a writer, I could live anywhere. But the shapelessness and emptiness of the word *anywhere* appalls me as it appalls so many New Yorkers. So, very foolishly, we go on living in the only place in the universe which isn't just anywhere—the millionaires' paradise, the lethal fraud called New York.

Bugger all!

—Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is a contributing editor of Harper's.

"The city is in fact bankrupt, and the time has come to go to the bankruptcy court, recognize what has happened, and pick up the pieces under court supervision and protection." —Martin Mayer
The *New York Times*, May 19, 1975

THE CITY WITHIN

Just as it is said that no two men can really know what each is thinking of, what either sees when he speaks of "red" or "blue," so can no man ever know just what another means when he tells about the city that he sees. For the city that he sees is just the city that he brings with him, that he has within his heart; and even at that immeasurable moment of first perception, when for the first time he sees the city with his naked eye, at that tremendous moment of final apprehension when the great city smiles at last upon his living sense, still no man can be certain he has seen the city as it is, because in the hairbreadth of that instant recognition a whole new city is composed, made out of sense but shaped and colored and unalterable from all that he has felt and thought and dreamed about before.

—Thomas Wolfe

The Web and the Rock, 1940

Literary Fame et al.

Very late in the afternoon, for no reason I can think of, I took a ferry to New Jersey, went to a saloon, drank a half-dozen beers, and headed back. It was coming back that I saw the city for the first time. Standing in the tuglike prow, while the cool spray of the Hudson mingled with the sunshine, I looked up through the mist of heat and water and saw, to my astonishment, not many towers but one august pillar of gold. Its golden shadow on the water was like an arm stretched forth in benediction, promising that it would deny me nothing. Hans Christian Andersen came to mind: I saw him come fresh from Odense in his ill-fitting confirmation suit, looking for the first time at the wonder of Copenhagen. Thinking thus of him, I made one of those wild, regrettable vows to which youth are prone: I vowed that those things, literary fame *et al.*, would come to me—and come to me on my own terms. What had I to do with fake fathers, with artifice and legerdemain? The city commanded me to stay, and in obeisance I did in my mind's eye reach out and offer my hand. It was at that moment I granted the city magnanimity.

—Frederick Exley

A Fan's Notes, 1968



"This muck heaves and palpitates. It is multi-directional and has a mayor."

—Donald Barthelme

City Life, 1970

Play It Again, Mies

To accept New York City today requires the celebration of bigness, sheer size. At a time when advocates of smallness generally prevail, it may be hard for one to retain the capacity to note that there is a value in size, just as there are values in the monumental. They may indeed be dangerous values, leading to excess and carelessness, to extravagance, waste and cruelty, to indifference and impersonality, but they are nonetheless compelling values, deeply rooted in the common experience.

One of the reasons for the deprecation of New York today lies in the exaltation of smallness in human achievements. We remember that Mies van der Rohe said "Less is more," but forget that he said it about the style of skyscrapers.

If smallness—smallness in public conception, smallness in the role America should play in world affairs, smallness in the size of buildings and in faith in the future—should remain more than an intellectual fad, then New York must be celebrated as the last superlative rendition of human audacity in concrete and steel. The city speaks of hope in the social condition of man—the ability of its citizens to sustain a rate of common growth that will always ultimately establish an economic justification tomorrow for what one constructs today. The city speaks also of the hope that differences in national origin and previous conditions of servitude do not preclude contributions of great importance to cultural and economic life. Many hinterland Americans shrug off New York as not truly an American city, but they may mean rather that it is all too truly an American city, not perhaps in the way that Americans may like to think of themselves—clean, wholesome, and homogeneous—but American in the way that overseas viewers like to regard us—brash, overconfident, imperfect in discipline, but cheerful about man's fate.

New York may be the largest city ever put together for indu trial and commercial purpose Unlike London, Moscow, Tokyo, it is not the politic capital of the nation. It w erected and sustained by t impulses of manufacturing a shipping, printed communic tions, and a host of small o jects in fabric, metal, wood. T lofts and factories that Ne York investors built, in unque tioning confidence in their f ture usefulness, have now be rendered obsolescent by dev opments in transportation th no one could have foresee With the disappearance of industries, the city has lost, f the time being, the means which it transformed peasa and the children of peasants i to workers in the industrializ society. As the role of indust in society changes, it is at le possible—though to me, unlik ly—that other forms of emplo ment will be developed to ta industry's place; perhaps t service occupations in touris health, entertainment, and ed cation will play the role served earlier for manufactu ing. Perhaps new inventions a taking shape in university lab ratories or home bathtubs, c pable of doing for these ac and acres of multistory buil ings what skiing did for t deserted pastures of Vermo If these possibilities do not m terialize, then the city mu shrink to fit its present ec nomic usefulness. Then t niceties of careful calculati about human potential will place that generalized con dence in the human futu which helped to shape N York's perimeter and to fill buildings, pell-mell, with tho in search of the something b ter that was almost with reach.

While we wait for the futu to tell the city whether a la part of its population is perm nently redundant, many N Yorkers occupy themselves heaping smoldering coals their own heads for the m takes which helped to bri them to this perilous uncerta ty. If only our political lea ers had not been so genero with municipal pensions; if on we hadn't systematically bo rowed to the legal limit in ord to build housing, schools, roa and parks; if only our welfa benefits were not higher th those of the rest of the count

UNDOWRAPAROUNDOW

our public aid to housing been less extravagant—if then our descent into fis- isaster would not have been ecipitous and our munici- uture so bleak.

t these are futile wishes. extravagances with which Yorkers now reproach selves were imprudent; no t they were mistaken, and he mistakes were essen- allied to the character of York City itself. They the mistakes of size, the kes of too great a faith in ture, too high a confidence e ability of the future to up with and perhaps even rpass the patent extrava- s of the present. But if the kes of largeness are im- nt, mistakes of smallness nean.

e task facing New York's rship today is not simply evelop prudence, but to k extravagance without king that spirit that pro- d it and above all, perhaps, sist the pressures to im- rural or small-town values hat must be cosmopolitan worth having. Unless the an find the basic economic ication for a continuing ness of spirit, this task will mpossible. But let us not ve that today's doubts itute a final answer.

—Roger Starr

Starr is commissioner of the ng and Redevelopment Admin- on of New York City and the r of Living End: The City and ritics *(Coward, McCann).*

w to Win Psycho-Spacial ulette

fore I moved to New York, ed to think of the most tiful spot in the world as rticular ledge that jutted ver the Wasatch Range in Rocky Mountains. I believe that many such places ex- Perhaps among them should ounted certain aspects of the I was so loath to approach: r Atlantic Avenue, Wash- n Square, and the serpen- curve of upper Riverside e.

be born and raised in the t is to fear the onset of a claustrophobic mantle that seems to envelop the East. People in New York struck me as lacking connection to the ground. They needed to feel mud between their toes, of course, but more serious in my view was their complete ignorance of landforms. Most would never perceive the natural drainage that emptied their block after a rain, or that they were living on landfill—an existence blissfully ignorant of massive geologic surgery. Perhaps the skins of asphalt, concrete, cobble, and iron seemed to them not worth penetrating, but I was raised in the presence of an overwhelming nature. I grew up with sweeping vistas, mountains you could point to with reassurance and say they were twenty-eight miles distant, streams that ran wet and dry in predictable months, earthquake faults where it was forbidden to build, and thunderheads in the west that gave a leisurely hour's advance notice. The land dominated our life, but at least the land could be studied. And understood.

Lured by an irresistible offer, I arrived in New York, where there were no points of natural reference. Buildings dominated, but the city could not be comprehended in architectural fragments. Like Yeat's gyre, the center would not hold. Natural features of Manhattan known to Peter Stuyvesant had proven malleable, the victims of metastatic growth. It was embarrassing, but I carried a compass to new parts of the city to orient myself. Traveling underground disoriented me; suddenly one emerged in a neighborhood without opportunity to prepare oneself—a sort of psycho-spacial roulette.

Often I climbed to the roof of my Brooklyn home and looked across the East River at Manhattan. I could watch the pink light shimmering above the city from the Battery to the Empire State Building. Yet when I closed my eyes I could see something else: bedrock, synclines, basalt, forests, the block-faulted strata of the earth shifting gently in the night.

About this time I discovered on old topographical map of New York, framed and hanging in the English Department at New York University. It showed the old island, much as Stuyvesant must have seen it, with myriad small streams, bluffs and outcroppings of rock, a few small ponds and littoral marshes. No fewer than eighteen creeks once drained the island, and one of them, now the Harlem River, cut it into an even shorter island. Dense stands of forest crowded tiny vales, and thorny meadows predominated below Canal Street. The basaltic boulders that must have underlain Murray Hill were upthrust. Over this map was superimposed a map of the extant street system. There I began to trace drainages, to discover whole neighborhoods actually built on landfill and garbage, to discern the odd swell in a certain avenue as the remainder of a considerable bluff.

Having discovered a genealogy of the paradox of chaos and reticulation which the city imposed on the land, I felt a ridiculous sense of confidence. I hunted down a replica of the map and posted it above my desk. The city no longer seems claustrophobic; indeed, I suspect that the weeds which appear in the cracks of midtown sidewalks are precursors of a general return to the natural state. They seem to pick the best watersheds.

I understand New York now by means of the landforms which I have used all my life for orientation, and, although I still find myself lost now and then, I am not helpless. Instead of pivoting futilely in search of a street sign or a policeman, I look for that declivity which 300 years ago was a stream bed or that gray basalt erupting from the center of a small park. Home is when you know—quite a way down beneath your shoes—where you stand.

—William Marling

William Marling, a native of Utah, is a reporter/researcher at Fortune.

t Manhattan's population ity, all the citizens of the would easily fit into Dela- .

ROARING TOWARDS CONNECTICUT

Stopping on this bridge. Underneath go trains and flow cars and the Bronx River. . . . We wait. Parked across from the station. Out through the porthole it says New York Central. Southbound. Down there the swaying rooftop of a train approaching. Roaring towards Connecticut. Taking fathers back to their little families. Complaining about the best of everything. That money can buy. I've come back across an ocean to this blank wall of people. Afraid to look out of their eyes. Or let a spark of feeling escape from their frozen faces. Terrified a finger will point and say, you, you're guilty. Of thinking. That this whole god damn setup is full of shit.

—J. P. Donleavy

A Fairy Tale of New York, 1961



APAROUNDWRAPAR

The New Class

Despite widespread assumptions that the banks, the Jews, or the Mafia run New York, the true rulers of the city are its new social class: the hippoisie. As the French haute bourgeoisie gives Paris its particular grace, the hippoisie of New York provides the city with much of its flair, magnetism, and power.

The influence of the hippoisie stems in large part from the sheer force of numbers. The postwar baby boom spawned a generation so large that it has been able to shift the focus of national attention from the nursery to the campus and, lately, to the condominiums of the young marrieds. The hippoisie sets standards of taste and style for its own age group, and its whims have a ripple effect on older, more affluent admirers and younger imitators.

New York City has 350,000 civil servants and twice as many dogs.

The hippoisie is not characterized—as were previous social classes in the dialectic march to utopia—by particular occupations or income levels. It helps, of course, to be "in the arts," although the arts can include New York's enormous advertising industry, as well as starving poet-waitresses and Geraldo Rivera. It also helps to have money. It always has. But this class defies standard socioeconomic categorization, because it is defined by its consumption patterns, not by its production role. What the hippoisie makes is less important than what it popularizes.

Recent discoveries have left large local industries in their wake: Szechuan food, French tailored jeans, Indian crafts, gourmet cooking utensils, and houseplants. Other discoveries —unisex, homosex, bisex, and, most recently, heterosex—have transformed the closet from a place where one hides to a place where one hangs the symbols of one's preference. Smaller discoveries—American folk art, wall graphics, Art Deco, and, currently, stained glass—have yet to spread, which is fine with the hippois, whose internal dynamic is a drive for exclusiveness. In the crowds of New York, to be exclusive is to know that you exist.

There are, of course, petit hippois and lumpen hippois in America's other great cities. In Chicago they are scattered among the liberals in an alliance of necessity against the overwhelming strength of Middle America. In San Francisco they are mesmerized out of class consciousness by the opiate of the outdoors. The casual hippois of Los Angeles similarly lack class solidarity, despite great numerical advantage; forced to espy one another through the windows of cars—which themselves become symbols of class identification—they cannot get new messages fast enough to make the speedy moves that true vanguardism requires. And the poor Boston hippois have been relegated to the garbage heap of history—mired in that moment a decade ago when everyone was in school.

Above all else the New York hippoisie uses the city streets for instant communication of all things visible and portable. The signals are picked up and amplified by a unique set of publications — *The Village Voice, New York* magazine, *The New York Review of Books,* and the back sections of the *Times.* Enterprising hippois will capitalize on a signal a market it in retail stores over the city. Then, in an of ideological purification, class will rise up in rejection the same signal as, gradually becomes part of the baggage suburbanites and out-of-tov ers. Its lifespan may be fr three to six months. But dur that time the class has sen message through the great co munications and marketing n works of the country, wh eventually finds its way to D ton and, ultimately, Boise.

What makes the hippois fi arbiters of the tone of city is the traditional sympathy most New Yorkers for the n est and the best. For despite frivolousness of some of th enthusiasms and their frequ lapses into bad taste—witn the current male earring—hippois often show flashes genius. After all, they gave the braless look, bell botto and cohabitation. They hel propel women out of hou wifery and gays out of sin. A they are continually rediscov ing forms of art which we h long forgotten. New York appreciate such creativity. T hippois are the city's arroga smart children, and their frai pursuit of a personal identity the midst of the crowd—o an exaggerated version of eryone's dilemma—pushes ward the culture of the city twentieth-century America.

—James B. Lindh

James B. Lindheim is a vice-presi of Yankelovich, Skelly and Whi marketing and social research in New York City.

"New York is not the cult al center of America, but business and administrative c ter of American culture."

—Saul Bell

The Listener, May 22, 19

A MAN'S CITY

In New York a man does not have to devote himself to a woman, or think about her or even pay attention to her. He can . . . glide at will. It is a man's town, because there are not fifty, not one hundred, not one thousand, beautiful, attractive, available women in New York, but *thousands* of these nubile wonders, honed, lacquered, buffed, polished—Good Lord, the spoiled, pampered worthlessness of New York men in this situation. Why should a talented, a wealthy, even a reasonably good-looking and congenial, cultivated man in New York even feel the *need* for marriage? Unlike Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati or practically anywhere else in America, single men are not shut out of social life in New York. Just the opposite. They are *terribly* desirable. They are invited everywhere. A mature man's social life inevitably flags a bit in New York after his marriage. A single man, if he has anything going for him, is not going to get *lonely* in New York. What does he need a wife for? What does a man need children for in New York?

—Tom Wolfe

"The Woman Who Has Everything," 1965



Living in New York gives people real incentives want things that nobody wants—to want all the lefto things. There are so many p ple here to compete with changing your tastes to w other people don't want is y only hope of getting anythin

—Andy Wa

"Secrets of My L

New York Magaz

March 31, 1

ıe Real World ıe-Day Tour

·00 A.M.: Donuts, SE corner 1 St. and 8th Ave., in the low of the Chelsea Hotel. A colate frosted doughnut and ıp of Louie's ever-fresh cof- Run by Greeks, patronized New Yorkers—low life, high and still life. Hard to be- e. Naked City, but safe.

·00-9:00 A.M.: The famous ı hour. May we recommend East Side IRT? Good graf- hardest-charging offensive in N.Y. (attention, Jets and nts). Especially recommend- changing from a local to an ress at Grand Central or on Sq. You have 10 secs. to e 10 yds. Don't try for a until you've been at it a pla months. Watch out for fat lady with the stainless- l elbow.

0:00 A.M.: Visit the public ery, N.Y. Stock Exchange, Wall St., and watch frenzied kers losing money through s barrier erected in front of ry shortly after Jerry Rubin Abbie Hoffman sprinkled 0 dollar bills onto floor of hange.

1:00 A.M.: Shop at Kamman, al St. near Mulberry St., the Chinese supermarket. See the other billion eats. e-out section features Bar- duck, spiced eggs, pork nach. 20-ft. lobster tank, ex- ive modern closed-circuit veillance system, sun para- , fresh Chinese vegetables wn in New Jersey, Mah- gg tables. Best bargain: d apples from the People's eals Export Co.—giant bag,

2:00: Lunch break. Join up- d of 50 of your friends in world's fastest, hugest, and it unnerving passenger ele- or at the World Trade Cen- Plummet from the Sky Lob- on the 78th floor to the ind nonstop in 28 gravity- ving seconds.

:30 P.M.: Arraignment Part, minal Court Building, 100 tre St. See a rape case dis- ed of in 20 secs.

ate Afternoon: Microskirt nge, Canal and Lafayette. for Fred.

:30 P.M.: Cab ride with fa- is philosophical New York bie. Cabbies have considered themselves philosophers ever since James Thurber called them that in *The New Yorker*. Their philosophy: "That f-ing LaGuardia," "That f-ing O'Dwyer," "That f-ing Impellitteri," "That f-ing Wagner," "That f-ing Lindsay," "That f-ing Beame." Some still remember "That f-ing O'Brien," LaGuardia's predecessor, who, when asked whom he was appointing police commissioner said, "I dunno. They haven't told me yet."

7:00-11:00 P.M.: Dinner at The Palace, Gotham's priciest eatery. Good French food in spacious surroundings at $50 per person + 8% sales tax + 23% service charge + wine, cocktails, liqueurs. Must eat eight courses and must wait four hours while they are served. Good place to discuss the fall of the Roman Empire.

8:00 P.M.: Run out and buy 1-star, Night Owl *Daily News* and check the number.

11:15 P.M.: Down to Little Italy's picturesque Elizabeth St., looking sharp for pedestrians with coat hangers near parked cars. An experienced pedestrian with a coat hanger can get into a locked vehicle in less time than the owner can enter with a key. As a burly Port Authority guard puts it: "Sort of scares you, don't it?"

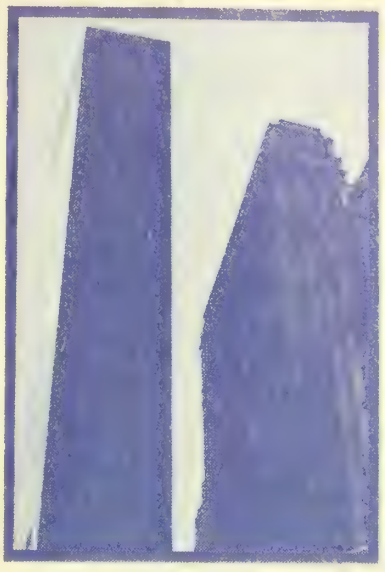
Late-Nite Stroll: Moonlight promenade along elevated West Side Highway, closed to traffic because a big truck fell through it a year and a half ago.

—**Tony Hiss**

Tony Hiss, author of Know-How: A Fix-It Book for the Clumsy but Pure of Heart *(Little, Brown), is publisher of* The Real World, *a new quarterly dedicated to the proposition that reality is the best policy.*

Each New Yorker stands the chance of being robbed once every twenty-two years.

New York's municipal budget is larger than any state budget, and ten times as large as the municipal budget of Chicago. It comprises three volumes and weighs thirteen pounds. In a normal year the budget is changed 5,000 times. The municipal budget of Boston calls for total expenditures approximately equal to the amount New York spends on its city university system.





A MILD DESCRIPTION OF BROADWAY

Broadway, such as I see it now and have seen it for twenty-five years, is a ramp that was conceived by St. Thomas Aquinas while he was yet in the womb. It was meant originally to be used only by snakes and lizards, by the horned toad and the red heron, but when the great Spanish Armada was sunk the human kind wriggled out of the ketch and slopped over, creating by a sort of foul, ignominious squirm and wiggle the cuntlike cleft that runs from the Battery south to the golf links north through the dead and wormy center of Manhattan Island. From Times Square to Fiftieth Street all that St. Thomas Aquinas forgot to include in his *magnum opus* is here included, which is to say, among other things, hamburger sandwiches, collar buttons, poodle dogs, slot machines, gray bowlers, typewriter ribbons, orange sticks, free toilets, sanitary napkins, mint jujubes, billiard balls, chopped onions, crinkled doilies, manholes, chewing gum, sidecars and sourballs, cellophane, cord tires, magnetos, horse liniment, cough drops, feenamint, and that feline opacity of the hysterically endowed eunuch who marches to the soda fountain with a sawed-off shotgun between his legs.

—**Henry Miller**

Tropic of Capricorn, 1938

"There is no greenery. It is enough to make a stone sad."
—Nikita Khrushchev
during a visit to New York in October 1960

Skyscrapers

The man walking in New York before 1930 saw in the tall buildings that dominated the city the first signs of an architecture that would spread over the entire country. In their thrust toward the sky he saw a living symbol of the American urge toward a peaceful conquest of the world. The skyscrapers were alive. But today, for a Frenchman just come from Europe, they are no longer alive. They are already historical monuments, witnesses of a past epoch. They still rise toward the sky but my spirit no longer follows them, and New Yorkers pass at their feet without looking at them. I cannot view them without sadness: they speak of a time when we thought the last war had been fought, when we believed in peace. Already they are slightly neglected; tomorrow, perhaps, they will be demolished. In any event, to build them in the first place required a faith we no longer feel. —**Jean-Paul Sartre**

"Manhattan: The Great American Desert"
Town and Country, May 1946

AROUNDOWRAPAROUN

"This great, plunging, dramatic, ferocious, swift, and terrible big city is the most folksy and provincial place I have lived in." —Alistair Cooke
One Man's America, 1952

Stranger from the Bronx

I have been living a lie most of my life. For years I have been telling people that I am a native New Yorker. This is such a rare distinction that hardly anyone has ever thought to question my credentials. But the truth is, I was not born in New York. I was born in the Bronx, which is a very different thing. Ignore those lines on the map that claim New York is one great metropolis made up of five boroughs, of which the Bronx is one. The "great metropolis" was pieced together at the turn of the century by some power-mad politicians, but the people who live in Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens, Staten Island, and the Bronx know better. When I was growing up in the Bronx in the early 1940s, the borough was more like a suburb than a part of a great metropolis. I don't mean the size of the buildings, or the population density, but something more subtle. I didn't realize what it was until my family moved to Manhattan when I was twelve, and I discovered what every migrant to New York discovers, whether he or she comes from a farm, a small town, another city, a suburb, or an outlying borough: in most places, your friends are determined largely by where you live, but in the great metropolis, friendships are a matter of taste and selection.

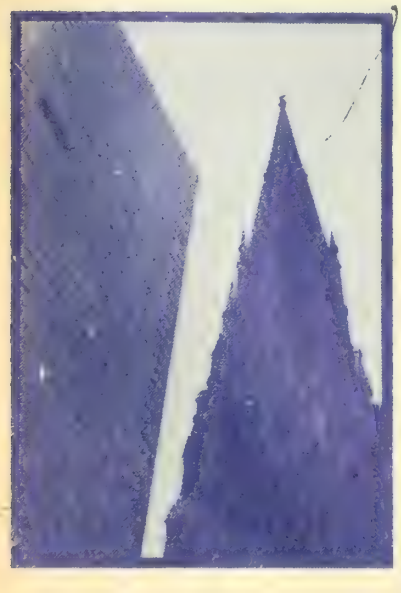
There were more than a million people living in the Bronx when I was a kid, but all my friends lived on Valentine Avenue between Kingsbridge Road and 196th Street, which is where I happened to live. This was my Main Street. For all the social diversity I enjoyed, I might as well have been living in Tucumcari, New Mexico. (I did have one friend who lived around the corner on the Grand Concourse, but his building had a back entrance on Valentine Avenue and none of us ever used the front entrance.)

Then we moved to an elevator building on East Eighty-sixth Street in Manhattan. I didn't know anyone in the building, on the block, or in the neighborhood. My friends were kids I knew in school, and they came from all over the city—that is, all over Manhattan. This was a revelation to me. I didn't have to hang around with someone I hated just because we were neighbors. The idea excited me so much that after college I came back to Manhattan to get a job, get married, and raise children. My wife and I settled down on the Upper West Side in the low Eighties, and we have all sorts of congenial, lively, stimulating friends, whom we chose (and who chose us) out of the vast numbers of congenial, lively, stimulating people in the great metropolis. None of us ever feels the slightest constraint to see or be with anyone who isn't congenial, lively, and stimulating. And the fact that we all live on the Upper West Side of Manhattan between Sixty-seventh Street and Ninety-sixth Street is pure coincidence. **—Gerald Jonas**
Gerald Jonas, author of Visceral Learning *(Viking), is on the staff of* The New Yorker.

"The first thing to understand about New York is: everyone who lives here is Jewish. Or, as the late Lenny Bruce put it, if you live in a small town you're not Jewish, even if you are . . . and if you live in New York you're Jewish, even if you're not." —Daniel Stern
"Jewish New York"
in *The New York Spy,* 1967

DOWNHILL SLIDE

Certainly it was not any mistake of Frederick Law Olmsted's in laying out Riverside Drive, Morningside Park, and St. Nicholas' Park that has made these large parks unusable shambles today. What is responsible for their present emptiness is something Mrs. Jacobs [Jane Jacobs, an urban critic] disregards—the increasing pathology of the whole mode of life in the great metropolis, a pathology that is directly proportionate to the overgrowth, its purposeless materialism, its congestion, and its insensate disorder—the very conditions she vehemently upholds as marks of urban vitality. . . . Lacking any sense of an intelligible purpose or a desirable goal, the inhabitants of our "great American cities" are simply waiting for Godot. **—Lewis Mumford**
The Urban Prospect, 1968





It sometimes happens that a work of art appears at a particular moment in time and somehow simultaneously epitomizes and reveals the essential truths of the time. In a most astonishing and compelling way this has happened for the American city, and it has done so, most appropriately, on Forty-second Street in Manhattan.
—Daniel P. Moynihan
Toward a National Urban Policy, 1970

"The thing that interested n then as now about New Yo . . . was the sharp, and at t same time immense, contrast showed between the dull a the shrewd, the strong and t weak, the rich and the poor, t wise and the ignorant . . . t strong, or those who ultimate dominated, were so very stron and the weak so very, ve weak—and so very, very many
—Theodore Drei
The Color of a Great City, 19

One-Way Street

She lives in New York City,
she says,
because it nourishes her,
because it pumps through her
bland, unethnic Midwestern
shell the blood of
authentic struggle.
Cheeks painted, patent pum
shined, shirt smartly tailore
she is a one-man parade dov
Broadway,
a plastic majorette.
Snatches of the real dramas
real people,
of talents untapped, gentlene
barricaded, wisdom unrecor
ed, generosity jaded,
tumble around her like tick
tape
while she applauds.

Like a secret journalist
conducting a perpetual
interview
she slinks wide-eyed from o
"story" to another
taking copious notes on all
the "marvelous characters"
that she meets,
then slinks out, barely notice
to read over it and glory
in the genuine substance of
these people
who laugh from the gut,
drink recklessly,
and who, with flared nostri
wild eyes, passionate gestur
concoct feasts rich in custom
and flavor,
work, have babies,
dance,
battle each other,
and find time to grow wise.
And when, amid her
questioning,
they smile and say, "How
you feel about it?"
she flushes, looks down, touch
her throat, and croaks,
"No, please—*you* go on."

For having just emerged fr
a germ-free terrarium

nas nothing to say
is nothing, a neuter, who
n only
n the righteous anger of
hers,
breathlessly at their
ditions
e her Barbie-doll self in
rican beads, in Far
stern blouses
a bit of get-down rap
her Miss Whitey lingo
l wordless in the fruited
ngle uproar of *bodegas,*
e their fluid dances jerkily,
one, with draperies drawn,
stride through jails
irping,
with you, brothers!"

n moved by all this," she
ys, and returns
onderment
r red-white-blue apartment
carrot strips, bean sprouts,
ttermilk, tea,
yhose rinsing, twenty
-ups,
a soundless evening of
agazines
explain in comforting
ultisyllables
's happening, baby.

—Sylvia Kronstadt

Kronstadt, a free-lance writer, d to New York from Salt Lake four years ago. She recently re- d from a job at the city Board rrection.

ntamination

here was a woman on the n Avenue bus one cool, y day in May. She was ing a perfectly coordinated e outfit. Everything about was correct. Her short k hair was sparsely streaked gray. Her face was softly led around eyes of blazing . She was ordinary, nobody d notice. I noticed nothing I heard the voice, the that's just a bit too loud normal conversation, the most everyone in New k quickly learns to associate the crazy, ragged, raving en who carry their life's ngings in four tattered shop- bags as they ride about city spilling their guts to one—and no one.

Once you're contaminated e's nothing they can do. On- God can make little girls ladies. They expect us to espectable, but all they want whores. I had a blood clot ny brain. They hit me with a club. I had a blood clot and they healed the wound. But once you've been contaminated there's nothing they can do for you. Once they dirty you there's no way to get clean. . . ."

She repeated the same speech several times, smiling and gazing at the other passengers. As quickly as it came, the flood of words subsided. Soon, the woman was focusing all her attention on the new miniplazas and pocket parks the city had built to spruce up the SoHo district in lower Manhattan. Then she laughed, a cocktail party trill, and spoke again.

"Pretty what they've done, isn't it? I had a blood clot on the brain and they cured me. But I was raped, and they said they couldn't heal the wound. Once you're contaminated there's nothing they can do." She laughed again, smiled, then continued staring out the window in silence.

The man in the business suit sitting next to her, who looked as if he could have been her husband, got up and moved. The woman in white a couple of seats down, who could have been her sister, politely looked the other way. I, who could have been her son, was sitting directly across from her, and I kept rereading the same story in my *New York Times.* I tried to ignore her. We all did, listening as if we didn't hear. I got off the bus at the next stop, even though it meant walking ten extra blocks.

The minute I got home I was on the phone, unburdening myself of the story of the lady in beige. If only she'd been a ragged, raving, shopping-bag woman, it would have been all right. But she was wearing a perfectly coordinated beige outfit, everything so correct. And now I can't forget her. **—Kim Foltz**

Kim Foltz, formerly on the staff of Gentlemen's Quarterly, *is a free-lance writer.*

"There is little in New York that does not issue out of money. It is not a town of ideas; it is not even a town of causes. But what issues out of money is often extremely brilliant, and I believe that it is more brilliant in New York than it has ever been anywhere else."

—H.L. Mencken
Prejudices: Sixth Series, 1927

Packed

Jails in Washington, D.C., actually have only about nineteen square feet per person, Pullman cars (if anyone can remember what they were) and World War II troop ships both had ten square feet per person. In contrast, a typical nightclub has ten square feet and a theater seven square feet, comparable to the amount of living space available in a nineteenth-century London slum, which is estimated at nine square feet per person. At the bottom of the list, the Nazi concentration camp at Belsen had three square feet per person, while tied for last place, with about two square feet per person, are the Black Hole of Calcutta and the New York subway at rush hour. **—Jonathan L. Freedman**

Crowding and Behavior, 1975

CRIMINAL ELEMENT

An honest effort has been made in this work to present the reader with a fair description of the dangers to which visitors and citizens are alike exposed. For the purpose of performing this task, the writer made visits, in company with the police officials of the city, to a number of the places described in this work, and he is satisfied that no respectable person can with safety visit them, unless provided with a similar protection. . . . It is not safe for a stranger to undertake to explore these places for himself. No matter how clever he may consider himself, no respectable man is a match for the villains and sharpers of New York, and he voluntarily brings upon himself all the consequences that will follow his entrance into the haunts of the criminal and disreputable classes. The city is full of danger. The path of safety which is pointed out in these pages is the only one for either citizen or stranger—an absolute avoidance of the vicinity of sin. **—James D. McCabe, Jr.**

Lights and Shadows of New York, 1872



WRAPAROUND



A Valediction

Goodbye, New York! Glamorous Babylon, adieu!
All those claptrap musicals and midnight horror shows
Were true! But I'm leaving you anyhow,
Gotham, for good and all.
You chorus girls and gangsters making Times Square *radieux,*
Farewell forever! I'm bereft.
Bojangles! King Kong!
The Jets and Sharks, and What's Her Face
In *Broadway Melody of 1936:*
To the whole golden-hearted bunch of you—so long!

I can't take any more. They've won: the muggers,
The junkies, the welfare scum, and they're welcome
To whatever rare diseases their kisses may transmit.
Let *us* vanish, lovely slum.
The moment they attempt to break and enter. We're gone
Already! Nothing's left
But the black dust
On their windows, the white dust in their veins.
The joke's on them for having taken
Books they can't fence and don't know how to read.

But they aren't to blame (it's said): a larger greed
Devises these evils and bends their honest despair
To its own vile ends. Mere penury is not enough to make us
Work at jobs we hate. We need
Fear. For this *they* were created—so that we'd live
In daily dread of them, of their
Savage children. Formerly
The hangman provided a sufficiency of public horror.
Now his office is combined
With the lottery. Like Justice, Terror must be blind.

Is this unfair? Illiberal? I hope to heaven, yes!
They have our streets and wallets; must we surrender
Our respect? Ought we to praise their songs and dances even as
Their knives are carving us?
If the gladiators aren't to blame, then is the crowd?
I don't say, "Kill them," but I do
Think they ought to be allowed
To kill themselves without our making too much fuss.
My only regret is for you, my old
Metropolis, and what looks like your inexorable decline.

Rome declined, too, and who's to say the experience
Of being reduced to a swamp for several centuries
Was wholly bad for it? Here I am now, scribbling away,
Feeling much more at my ease
Than I did a month ago on Sheridan Square. Rome
Is all the nicer now for having been
Through the wringer. There's a sense
Of crumbling, comfortable decay. And how was that come
By? Why, when all the better sort
Of citizens decamped for the far-off suburbs of Byzance!

So don't worry, New York—you'll survive. And if you don't,
What difference, eh? You were never what you seemed
To residents, never the mere grid on which they fried,
The schemes they failed at, the disparit
Between the stores they shopped in and their lives.
You were their illusion, and mine,
That human beings are basically okay.
And only need Miss Judy Garland and a sockdolager parade
To keep us safely satisfied;
That even the Mafia will be decent, if it's paid.

You know what I mean—and much more! The way you smirk,
As though to say: *He'll be back. I've heard this all before.*
I can recall how lovingly he brought the first fruits
Of his innocence and laid them on the shri
He wanted *me to have them,* insisted *they were mine.*
But when I gobbled them—the stink!
They're all the same, these lads
From out of town. How eagerly at first they lick your boots.
But when the next pair isn't to their tas
How bitterly they'll criticize you for your brand of paste.

Fair enough, and yet . . . I'm serious this time. The grand
Old lies are foundering. Priests snicker at their offices.
Children spray kerosene on Santa Claus, and all the while
They know it's Dad. It isn't just
You, of course, New York. It's not *them* either. Nor all of us
Tangled together. It's having passed
A certain age, or point: the vertigo
Of all bad marriages when both parties reach the brink
Of the precipice and gasp
At the disaster, distant but magnificent, in the valley below.

—Tom Di

Tom Disch, a poet, novelist, and 1974 O. Henry Prize winner for his s story "Getting Into Death," is searching for a home in either the Cats or the Berkshires.

WRAPAROUND CONTINUES ON PAGE

The Wall Street Journal isn't just a fair-weather friend.



These are not the unniest times for people n business. World events ave fouled the weather, nd uncertainty clouds ne future.

We suggest that here has never been a etter time to read The Vall Street Journal.

Now, more than ever, it is important hat you have up-to-the-minute, in-depth, nbiased business information to use to plan our moves. The Journal gives you such nformation every business day—gathered, dited and organized by the world's largest aff of business-news experts.

From around the world, The Journal eports everything that happens that can ffect business—Washington, the Mid East, ondon, Paris, the Far East, Tokyo, Detroit. lot just what is being done, but what is eing thought. Not just what has happened, ut what may happen. Authoritatively. learly. Dependably. And daily—so you have time to act upon it.

If you send in the attached card, you can get The Wall Street Journal delivered to your home or office every business day for only 80¢* a week for any period from 13 weeks to a year. If the card is missing, call this toll-free number: 800-257-0300. (In New Jersey, call 800-322-8150.) For new subscriptions only.

Try The Journal. It can't make the rain stop; but it may help to keep you from getting drenched.

The Wall Street Journal

2A481 *Price good in United States and possessions and Canada.

LETTERS

Seeking help

As director of an outpatient mental-health program, I read with interest Otto Friedrich's article "Going Crazy" in the June issue. I think his thesis that we are all mad to some degree but that some of us are more capable than others of maintaining that madness within acceptable social norms is an accurate perception.

I am concerned, however, about the discussion of the numbers of people who are mentally ill and may never seek or get treatment. In his comments on the "midtown Manhattan study" he notes that, of those persons who have been defined as "impaired," 73.3 percent had never seen a psychiatrist. It would, of course, be truly alarming if large numbers of people who are functionally impaired do nothing about it and, therefore, pose problems for society as well as for themselves as individuals. However, the author has done a great disservice to other providers of mental-health services by limiting his discussion of treatment to that provided by psychiatrists. This ignores those services provided by recognized mental-health professionals (psychologists, social workers, rehabilitation specialists, ministers) as well as those services provided by paraprofessionals (ex-addict and ex-alcoholic counselors, volunteers in crisis-intervention and suicide-prevention programs). With the growth of outpatient mental-health programs as well as crisis intervention and hot-line services, many people are seeking assistance in dealing with their mental and emotional problems but will never see or speak with a psychiatrist. If, in fact, a "decision to seek treatment for mental difficulties is itself a sign of mental health," I would contend that we are healthier than the article suggests.

This is not to argue that we are less mad than the author suggests. Rather, our resources for providing assistance in dealing with madness as well as the numbers of people who in fact seek such help are greater than one might gather from reading the article.

ROBERT F. WILSON
Director, Open Door Clinic
Columbus, Ohio

I enjoyed reading Otto Friedrich's article very much. I think a lot of us live on the borders of sanity and insanity, and, as Friedrich wrote, pass to and fro perhaps many times in our lives.

I am a writer and cartoonist, and most of my major ideas for projects and stories have come to me from the depths of an emotional depression. And I have learned by now (I am twenty-six) to go with the flow when it is flowing, either way. If I am insane for a while, I live out this insanity; I pass through it to the other side. And when I am sane, I live this out, too, reaping whatever health I can.

I have never been hospitalized, although since the age of seventeen I have had about ten or twelve breakdowns. I usually go to Cape Cod when this happens to watch the waves roll in, or I go up to a mountain in New Hampshire to clear my mind.

I believe in this kind of self-therapy, and I believe in a more enlightened view of sanity and insanity. Articles like Friedrich's give me a sense of hope that the daily newspaper and television spasms do not.

NAME WITHHELD
Northampton, Mass.

Nonlinear experien

Re Gaddis's *JR* [June]: Exp
ment, yes! But this one is for fi
not the page. The story sounds lik
delightful idea, but if it weren't
Mark Stamaty's marvelous illus
tions I'd be totally lost. They m
nearly achieve the effect of sati
cacophonous simultaneity that G
dis's linear experience cannot.

As far as I'm concerned, I wo
buy the book only if Stamaty's ill
trations abound therein!

NELL V. STEELM
Lynchburg,

Endangered spec

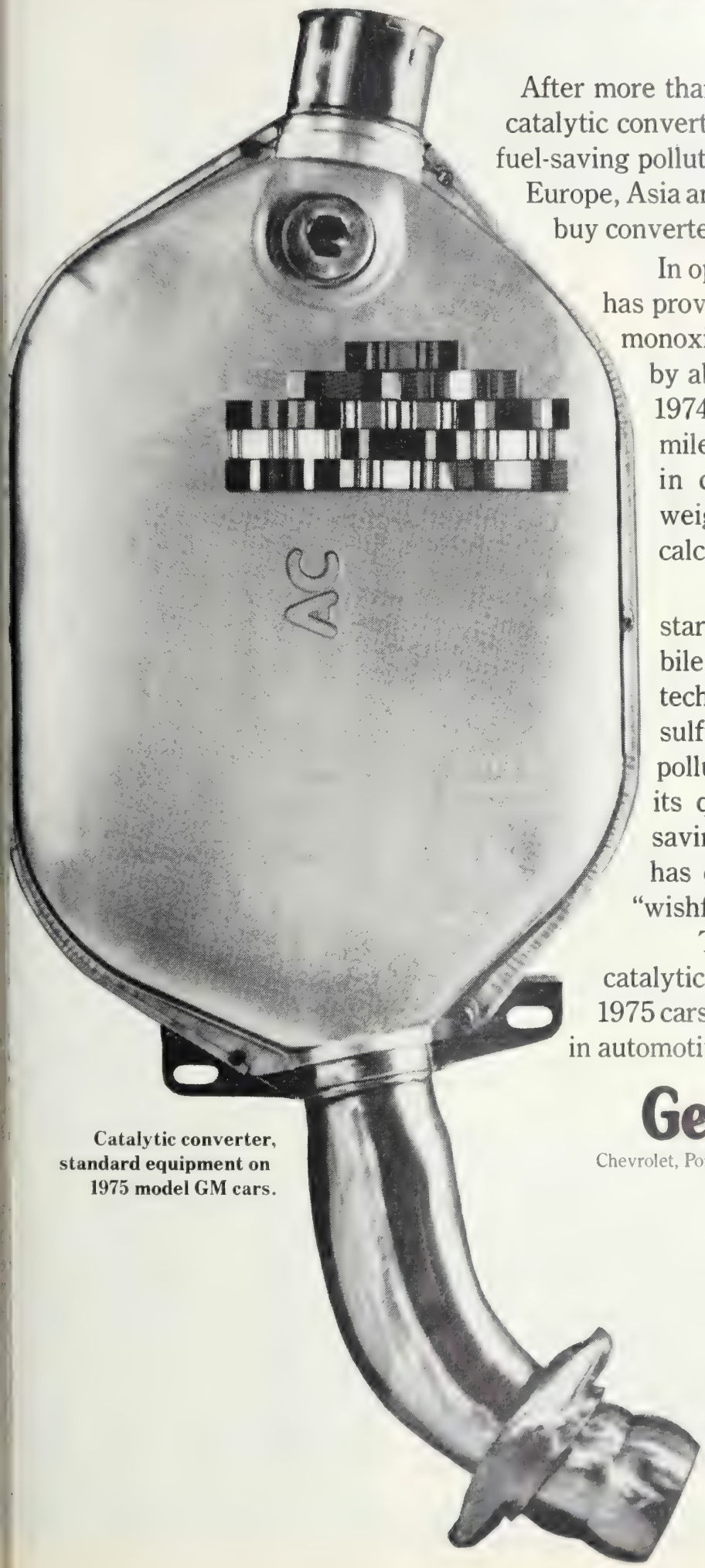
If Spencer Brown's propo
["Hunters Unlimited," May] is i
plemented, certain side effects se
inevitable:

Golfers' wives will be so fascin
ed and envious of the hunters' w
ows' independence and freed
from "sportsmen" husbands t
they will demand that all fairways
booby-trapped. These widow grou
will expand the membership of NO
and have incalculable consequen
in elections due to the cropping
male-hunter voters.

There will be a residual elite
hunters' children who will boast
their companions, "Look at dad
there on the wall, stuffed and mou
ed like a *real* hero, a hunter who t
chances." This attitude will ca
probable trauma to the nonhunt
children, and conceivably cause th
to read poetry, ski, listen to good m
sic, take long walks in the coun
and maybe even watch birds, if th
are any birds left to watch.

BAYLOR CROMWE
Richmond,

It's not new. It's proved.



Catalytic converter, standard equipment on 1975 model GM cars.

After more than a billion miles on the road, GM's catalytic converter has become a world standard in fuel-saving pollution control devices. Auto-makers in Europe, Asia and North America have contracted to buy converters from GM.

In operation on 1975 cars, the converter has proved that exhaust emission of carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons can be reduced by about 50% from the already lowered 1974 levels. And at the same time gas mileage on GM cars has been increased in city driving by 28% on a sales-weighted average, according to EPA calculations.

The converter is the kind of startlingly effective advance in automobile engineering that challenges other technology. It demands lead-free, low sulfur fuel. It leaves behind a lot of other pollution control concepts that don't have its qualities of durability and its fuel-saving characteristics. So the converter has come in for a bit of what we call "wishful criticism."

The fuel-saving, ecologically sound catalytic converter. Standard equipment on 1975 cars from General Motors, a world leader in automotive pollution control technology.

General Motors

Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac, GMC Truck

As your introduction to membership in the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

The most complete and most scholarly dictionary of the English language for only $17.50

[Publisher's list price $90]

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree to buy four Club choices within a year at substantial savings on most books you choose.

THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY is generally regarded as the final arbiter of the meaning, origin, history and usage of words in the English language. Until recently it had been available only as a thirteen-volume set, currently priced at $350. Now, through the combination of an ingenious method of micrographic reproduction and a fine Bausch & Lomb optical lens, every single one of its 16,569 pages, fifty million words and close to two million illustrative quotations appears, in easily readable form, in the two volumes of *The Compact Edition.*

> The *New York Times* book critic Christopher Lehmann-Haupt has said of this edition: "It is something of a miracle. . . . *The Compact Edition* is easier to work with than the original with its 13 separate volumes."

Even more extraordinary, as a trial member of the Club you may obtain *The Compact Edition of the Oxford English Dictionary* for only $17.50. And as long as you remain a member, you will receive the Book-of-the-Month Club *News,* a literary magazine announcing the coming Selection and describing other important books, known as Alternates, most of which are available at substantial discounts – up to **40%** on more expensive volumes.

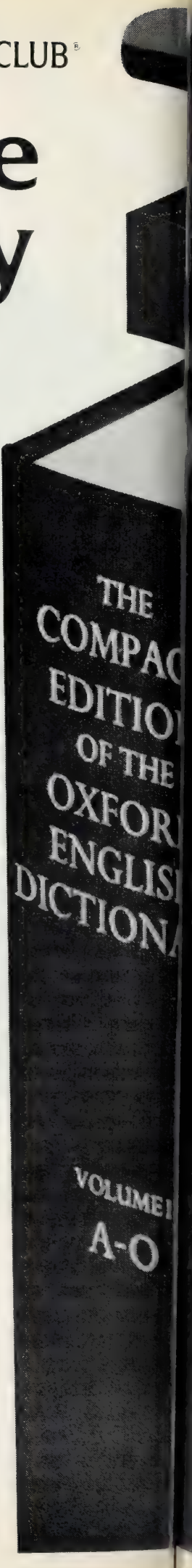
If you continue after your trial membership, you will earn at least one Book-Dividend® Credit for every Selection or Alternate you buy. These Credits enable you to acquire for your library a wide variety of books, called Book-Dividends, at astonishing savings—*at least 70% of publishers' list prices.* Under this unique system, more than 100 Book-Dividends will be available to choose from every year.

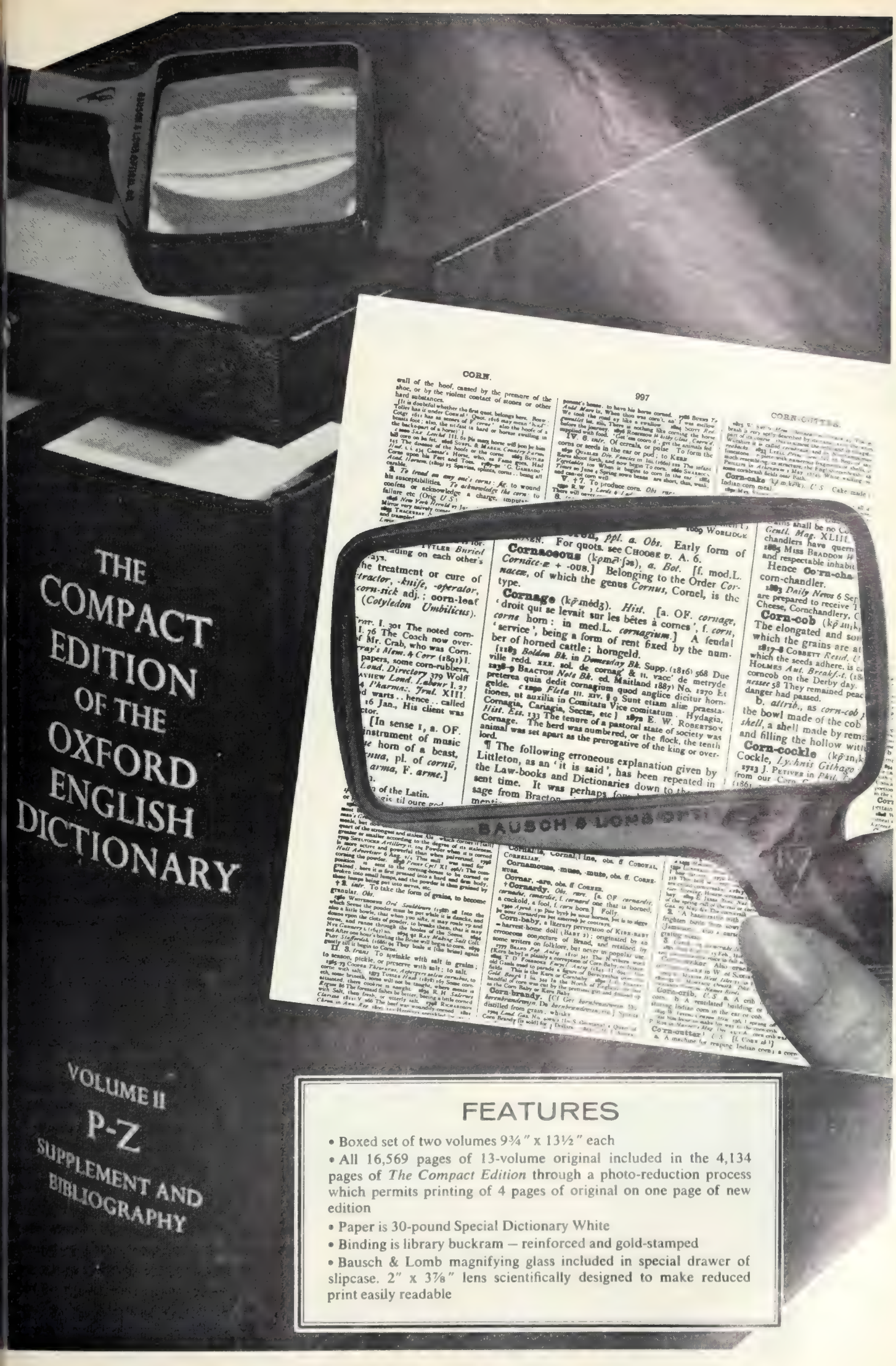
All Book-of-the-Month Club books, including Book-Dividends, are identical to the publishers' editions in content, format, size and quality.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012



The two-volume *Compact Edition* is only 6¼" wide yet it contains the complete contents of the original thirteen-volume edition, which is more than three feet wide.





FEATURES

- Boxed set of two volumes 9¾" x 13½" each
- All 16,569 pages of 13-volume original included in the 4,134 pages of *The Compact Edition* through a photo-reduction process which permits printing of 4 pages of original on one page of new edition
- Paper is 30-pound Special Dictionary White
- Binding is library buckram — reinforced and gold-stamped
- Bausch & Lomb magnifying glass included in special drawer of slipcase. 2" x 3⅞" lens scientifically designed to make reduced print easily readable

Herbert Hendin

THE REVOLT AGAINST LOVI

Sexual warfare on campus

IT IS BECOMING HARDER to grow up to be a man or a woman in this culture. The suicide rate among young people (those aged fifteen to twenty-four) has risen more than 250 percent in the past twenty years. Impotence is now a major symptom bringing young men to seek psychiatric help. Drug abuse is a fact of their lives. A less familiar but equally dramatic phenomenon, I'd like to suggest, is the rising pitch of anger between the sexes.

On the surface, there is an openness, a casual camaraderie in the way young middle-class men and women regard each other that has led many people to believe that we are entering an age of unprecedented sexual harmony. In my experience, however, this much-celebrated openness of each sex to the other has meant, as well, a greater openness to fear and anger, and a general cynicism, disillusionment, and bitterness that one rarely found among the young twenty years ago.*

When young men in college today speak of their relationships with women, they often use such expressions as "ripping her apart emotionally" or "fucking up her mind." Some men withdraw from women to avoid having to deal with such feelings. Others are extremely passive with women, abdicating continually to their girlfriends' demands while inwardly raging. This rage contributes to the impotence of many young men, some of whom see themselves, as one of them put it, as "firing salvos" at women from a distance. In its mildest form the anger



René Magritte

is expressed by the many male students who continually belittle the women who care for them.

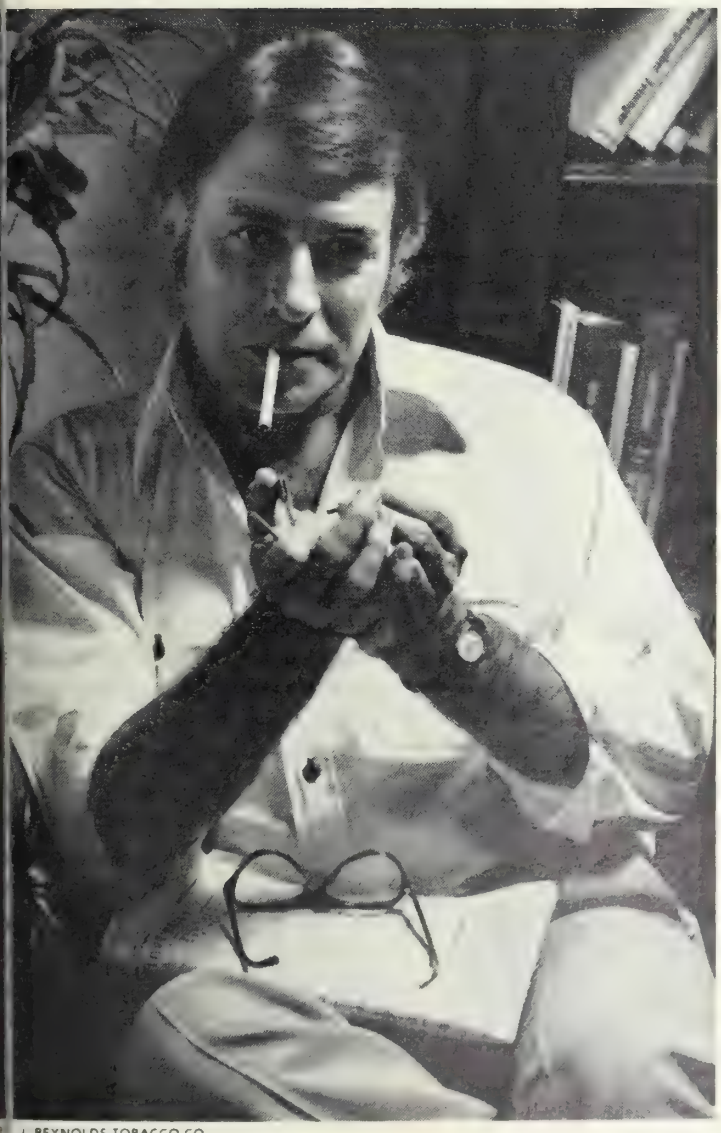
Faced with such hostility, women, needless to say, try to protect themselves. Their defensiveness, however, goes beyond the usual devices women use to shield themselves from male anger and becomes an attempt to create a life that seems expressly designed to rule out the possibility of being affected by a man. The fear of involvement is profound, pervasive, less a sexual terror than a f of being totally wiped out, of los the fight for self-validation. Many the young women I've talked equate emotional relationships v inevitable slaughter. One, a succ ful student, dreamed of herself a pregnant woman with a small c who was suddenly attacked and s in the head by a man. This dra tizes a widespread vision of mot hood as male assault, the le shot that ends your life. Most yo women avoid real intimacy wit man, feeling that caring itself is destructive. Their lives are mar by the attempt to barricade th selves behind work, in casual sex in withdrawal from men entirely.

RELATIONS BETWEEN the s on campus are often the re of an uneasy truce betw enemies. Young men and wo seem to come together expecting tle support or tenderness, and when it is offered they are afrai accept it. Often they get even than they expected, and the sens letdown is sharp. The determina of many women not to become volved, not to be drawn into fe compassion, to suppress desires, to remain detached and without pathy for men, serves as a we against all men, however they have. Typical is one young wo who complained of her boyfri drinking and missing class, but not connect it with his ha learned that his father was d Similarly, many men are most cal and abusive of the women care for them. Many seem to women who can check their a women who cannot, who are vulnerable, invariably are the hurt. One young man dre

*I have just completed a six-year study of college students—patients and nonpatients. I have been attempting to explore what effects our changing society is having on us through understanding the lives of young people, who are perhaps the best barometer of social change.

Dr. Herbert Hendin is director of psychosocial studies at the Center for Policy Research. He is a psychoanalyst with a major interest in the application of psychoanalysis to the study of society, a subject he teaches at the Columbia University Psychoanalytic Clinic. His book, The Age of Sensation, *will be published by W. W. Norton this fall.*

"How I lost 700 mg. of 'tar' the first week... without losing out on taste."



J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO

"I'm not too big in the willpower department. But I lost 700 milligrams of 'tar' the first week on what I call 'The Doral Diet.' Now I can still enjoy smoking, and cut down on 'tar' and nicotine, too.

"Doral satisfies my appetite for smoking because it tastes good. Compared to what I used to smoke, each Doral cigarette is 5 milligrams lower in 'tar.' For a pack a day smoker like me, my Doral Diet really adds up."



Menthol or Regular

arning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
at Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MENTHOL: 13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine,
FILTER: 15 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '75.

of continually beating up his girl in a boxing match while feeling amazement that she allowed the situation to continue. Men, to put it simply, often feel caught up in a hostility they cannot control; women feel overwhelmed by a vulnerability they fear will be fatal. The fears of each drive them further and further apart and make their moments of connection explosive.

Work provides men with no surcease from combativeness; it is seen instead as the most blatant statement of life as competitive war. The pitch of anger in this culture today can be seen in the degree to which young men, regardless of whether they value the competitive life, are haunted by the anticipation of being humiliated if they fail, or of feeling like murderers if they succeed. Fewer and fewer students can compete with any enjoyment. Many withdraw even from the sport that means most to them because their pleasure is spoiled by conflict over winning or losing.

In contrast, many women students consider work the solitary source of meaning in their lives. They are plagued by a sense of vulnerability that makes them feel that only through great academic or professional achievement can they win the right to be noticed or respected. The more such students feel they have no rights unless they are successful, the more they are enraged and driven in their work.

Encapsulated in conflict over their individual lives, unable to come to each other for sustenance and support, young men and women are faced with having to deal with spiraling turmoil in every aspect of life. The students I saw tried many escape routes. The main ones moved in two seemingly different directions: one toward numbness and limited, controlled experience, the other toward impulsive action and fragmented sensory stimulation. At times the same student alternated between one and the other. To perform, but not to feel, to acquire sensory experiences without emotional involvement, are hopes that reflect the consuming wish not to know or acknowledge one's feelings. Both the flight toward detached sensation or a machinelike emotional numbness are common maneuvers that are designed to achieve a detached impervious ness to the turmoil within.

What distinguishes this student generation is its pursuit of disengagement, detachment, fragmentation, and emotional numbness. Many of the previous generation prized commitment at that age and sought involvement as the source of pleasure and satisfaction in life. At the very least they saw alienation from self as an evil, the cause of abiding unhappiness. Their children perceive a different truth: they believe that emotional involvement invites disaster, and that fragmentation and detachment offer the best means of survival.

This sense of fragmentation could be blamed on the increasing social complexity of our lives, which, although a convenient explanation, is also a too simple one. The essence of fragmentation—the sense of life and relationships as a succession of experiences without meaning or purpose—is embraced by young people as a necessity. Nor can the detachment of young people be blamed on creeping mechanization. Many apparently *want* to be virtual robots. Feeling unable to cope with their emotions, they desire the invulnerable efficiency of an IBM machine. They wish they could switch themselves on and off. The same students who complain of being programmed by parents and schools are often attracted to the behavioristic utopia of *Walden II*. It is not the idea of being programmed that bothers them, but of being badly programmed. They *envy* machines.

Kurt Vonnegut's work captures in a funny, imaginative way the daily ironies, problems, and solutions of young people. In *Slaughterhouse-Five* Billy Pilgrim finds people from outer space who teach him the benefits of detachment. He reports that the Tralfamadorians "have wars as horrible as any you've ever seen or read about. There isn't anything we can do about them, so we simply don't look at them. We ignore them. We spend eternity looking at pleasant moments—like today at the zoo." Some students deal with their parents' or their friends' anger by tuning out and listening to imaginary music while being berated. Others try to fool themselves into believing that not caring about what bothers them is the answer to what bothers them.

IN THE NEW MYTHOS of sex, exp ing the body to sensory stimu tion without emotional intim is both logical and pleasurable. T significance of the sensory escape, living in the moment, is obvi when applied to blacks in the ghe There, a refusal to postpone gra cation is easily traceable to the ho lessness of poverty. This same bl pursuit of pleasure among white m dle-class college students has dif ent economic and social bases. they, too, feel a lack of control o their lives, see life as a trap, a mostly by default, come to feel t satisfaction means taking what p sure you can while you can. No s sory acquisitiveness can change s basic despair.

It is no accident that at the pre time the dominant trends in psy analysis are the rediscovery of cissism and the new emphasis on psychological significance of de The society is marked by a interest and egocentrism that incr ingly reduces all relations to the q tion, What am I getting out of Nothing blocks involvement m effectively than the sense that thing felt or done for another per is a wearisome burden or that n ing is worthwhile that does not mediately result in some gain. general fascination with self grandizement persuades many young people to judge all relat ships by the points they can wi lose.

For both sexes in this soci caring deeply for anyone is bec ing synonymous with losing. seem to want to give women less less while women see the dem men make as inherently demean Raising a child, for example widely regarded as an unreli chore with no objective rewards. scale of value against which sexes now tend to measure e thing is personal gratification. current psychoanalytic concern narcissism is clearly responsiv these developments.

From a nation that has been scribed as death-denying we become one that is death-obse Concern with death and narcis are two aspects of the flight emotion; they represent the opp poles of sensation or numbness. occupation with death comes the burial of feeling; sensation

Now when you subscribe to Saturday Review you join a select society...

The National Society of Literature and the Arts.



NATIONAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

The individual whose name appears below is registered as a member of the National Society of Literature and the Arts and is entitled to all benefits and privileges.

For the Board of Governors

Saturday Review subscribers are automatically enrolled in the Society—entitled to all benefits and privileges —at no extra cost.

ubscription to Saturday Review lways been an outstanding value veryone whose range of interests des literature and the arts. Today it's a better value than efore.

Because now Saturday Review ribers are automatically enrolled mbers of the National Society of ture and the Arts. *Without extra* And are entitled to all the ntages of membership.

SR recently helped establish the nal Society of Literature and the o provide readers of the magazine new membership benefits, and to de the arts in America with a needed, powerful constituency. The aim of the Society is to strengthe arts at every level—in the schools, community, and in the nation.

ng on the Society's Board of Gov- s are Agnes de Mille, Andrew h, Harold Taylor, James Michener, yne Price, Norman Cousins, ckminster Fuller, Richard Rodgers, Stevens, Roland Gelatt, ncer Grin, and Walter Kerr.

What are the benefits of member- n the National Society of ture and the Arts? They include:

A 20 per cent discount on ases of new books ordered gh the Society's book department.

Eligibility for special arts tours, foreign and domestic, arranged e Society.

• Opportunities to attend and participate in conferences and symposiums organized by the Society to examine important issues affecting the arts.

• Regular reports on the Society's activities in "Artsletter," the biweekly newsletter published in each issue of Saturday Review.

All of these membership advantages, of course, are in addition to a full year's subscription to Saturday Review —brighter, livelier, more informative, more talked-about than ever.

What does today's expanded Saturday Review *review?*

Everything that excites and lights up your mind.

National and world affairs. World peace. Books, music, records, theatre, film, fine art, dance, photography. Travel. Education. Science. The environment. Plus cartoons, puzzles, and scores of regular features to sharpen your mind and your wits.

SR articles and columns are written by outstanding authorities in every field. Men and women who write as clearly as they think. And leave you with new insights and new ideas issue after issue.

Each new Saturday Review will add to your knowledge, your range of interests, and *your enjoyment of living.*

SUBSCRIBE NOW—ENJOY FREE NSLA MEMBERSHIP

When you subscribe to SR now for a full year at $14—the lowest rate available—you will be automatically enrolled as a member of the National Society of Literature and the Arts. You'll receive a personal membership card, and will then be entitled to all benefits and privileges offered Society members.

Use the order form today to start your Saturday Review subscription and NSLA membership.

ORDER FORM

Yes, please enter my subscription to Saturday Review for one year at $14—the lowest rate available, saving me $5.50 on single copy costs. I understand that, as a Saturday Review subscriber, I'll automatically be enrolled as a member of the National Society of Literature and the Arts, entitled to all benefits and privileges, and will be sent a personal membership card.

☐ **$14 enclosed** ☐ **Bill me**

(Above offer good in U.S. only)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: **SATURDAY REVIEW**
P.O. Box 2118, Rock Island, Ill. 61207

SMAIC

be used to overcome the dread of death. But death is also the ultimate blow to everyone's narcissism, and a culture that conceives of life as an endless opportunity for gratification is bound to find death an enormous stumbling block.

The conflicts of personal life are echoed a thousand times by the sense of combat that reverberates through American life. Some of our best novelists have defined our condition in parables of actual war.

In *Catch-22*, Joseph Heller used World War II to project a vision of life in the Fifties, a system that killed body and spirit, not through malice, but through selfishness, stupidity, and corruption. The hero, Yossarian, actively resists this system in an effort to maintain his emotional integrity. In *Slaughterhouse-Five*, war is again the image for mindless destructiveness, but now escape is possible only through the uncaring detachment of the "So it goes" attitude of Billy Pilgrim. There is no resistance. In Thomas Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow*, we have a nightmare vision of a world after war in which evil and death are triumphant, the devil rules on earth, and the best one can do is join in the celebration of his victory, a triumph shown in the devouring appetites of the survivors.

How to escape this war? You cannot be killed if you are already dead (numbness). You cannot be hurt if you withdraw (detachment). You cannot be completely wiped out if you divide your forces (fragmentation).

Perhaps most sweeping is the attempt to change the sense of what it means to be a person. Increasing numbers of young people do not want the sameness, the continuity, the unity of personality once thought to be the cornerstone of identity. They flee from identity, from what they see as the traps of involvement. Confusion about identity, about who or what you are, is at root a confusion about what you feel about people, life, work. Far from being a specifically adolescent quest for self, this confusion is very much the mark of educated men and women in their twenties and thirties. Commitments to work, or to someone loved, are often viewed as simply limiting one's options. The attitudes of youth have an increasing influence on their elders as more and more people try to work out lifestyles in which all options remain open, and nothing stands in the way of sensation.

INDIVIDUAL WISHES, conflicts, and defenses have undergone a remarkable socialization. We are a society which bolsters the withdrawal of men and women from each other and provides social defenses against sexual war. The women's movement has offered a way of handling problems by objectifying them. Women band together not merely to achieve greater control of social, personal, and political life but for mutual support against male hostility. Men become brothers to each other in mistrust of women. What unites men to men and women to women are shared problems, the anger and fear they find incommunicable across the gulf of sex.

Society is now moving further toward the politicization of feeling. The tendency is for individuals to make their problems collective, to find others with similar problems, and to blame the cause of all their woes on others. Anguish thus becomes converted into a series of rallying cries. If growing up in your family has been a nightmare, do away with families! If intimacy is frightening, let us have open marriage! If children seem like a curse, let everyone stop having them!

What were once personal choices are now causes, proselytized as the wave of the future. Gay lib is the attempt to shift homosexuality into a problem of social persecution. Some people who are confused about their sexual preferences claim that their fragmentation is freedom and call for the institutionalization of bisexuality. People who do not want to have children form the National Organization of Non-Parents, elect a nonmother of the year, and claim they have been persecuted by the dominant culture that stresses marriage and parenthood. What is involved is more than the freedom to be "childfree" or homosexual, or the comfort of being with people who believe as you do. Treating feeling as a political issue permits one to make the enemy external, to turn pain into anger and avoid the conflicts within.

In a nation where intimacy seems stale and anger endemic, sensati is king. Once the most distinct object of American desire was n terial possessions; it has been placed by the lust for experien Everyone wants what the other p son has. Books and magazine artic on bisexual chic, group sex, swinging singles provide glimp into experiences other people rep with glowing triumph. The con sional tendency encourages unqu tioning belief in the value of try everything.

Given the demand for more perience, it is not surprising that titudes toward the family h changed. Until recently the fam was thought of as a refuge from harshness of the world outside; day one's husband or wife is ap be measured by the extent to wh he or she contributes to the nee grab all possible pleasures. The f ily increasingly reflects the la social need to replace commitm and tenderness with exploitive aggrandizement. The pressure to periment has the effect of turn many people into rapacious cons ers of each other, often leaving t in the position of dissatisfied cust ers. The tendency to envy t who seem freer, the wish to a missing out on anything, creates ficulties between people deman of each other, "I want what he h

The trend toward a preferenc the disconnected sensory episod flects a hope that, by seeing al perience as meaningless, it migh possible to drain the anger and from life. In a perceptive ar praising the best of rock music f celebration of random events, l ard Meltzer compliments a per er on his "attempt to free ma rescuing him from meaning r than freeing man through mean Young people today cultivate mentation in their attempt to their past disappointments with family and to reach a sense o connection that will protect against present disillusionment eral students avoided slaught their dreams by becoming disa bled jigsaw puzzles. They clearl fragmentation as a protective sure.

Twenty years ago, detachmen impaired ability to feel pleasure considered signs of schizoph That such measures should n

d necessary by vast numbers of le today is a measure of our l difficulties.

THE POSSIBILITIES for the future depend on recognizing the present cataclysm for what it d on not leaving to chance the ng to pass of a greater accord een the sexes. How much con- t for love and tenderness is be- ng institutionalized is only sug- d by the new entertainments we e for young children. The frog turns into a prince when kissed gen ous woman was for cen- s a mot in fairy tales told to boys and girls. But in the mod- esame Street version of "Beauty the Beast," when the princess s the beast, she turns into one. larly, when the prince comes to Sleeping Beauty, the touch of ips puts him to sleep. We are ing our children that intimacy s out the worst in everyone. sexual revolution begun in the s as a protest against the work ambition ethic has ended as a ution against intimacy.

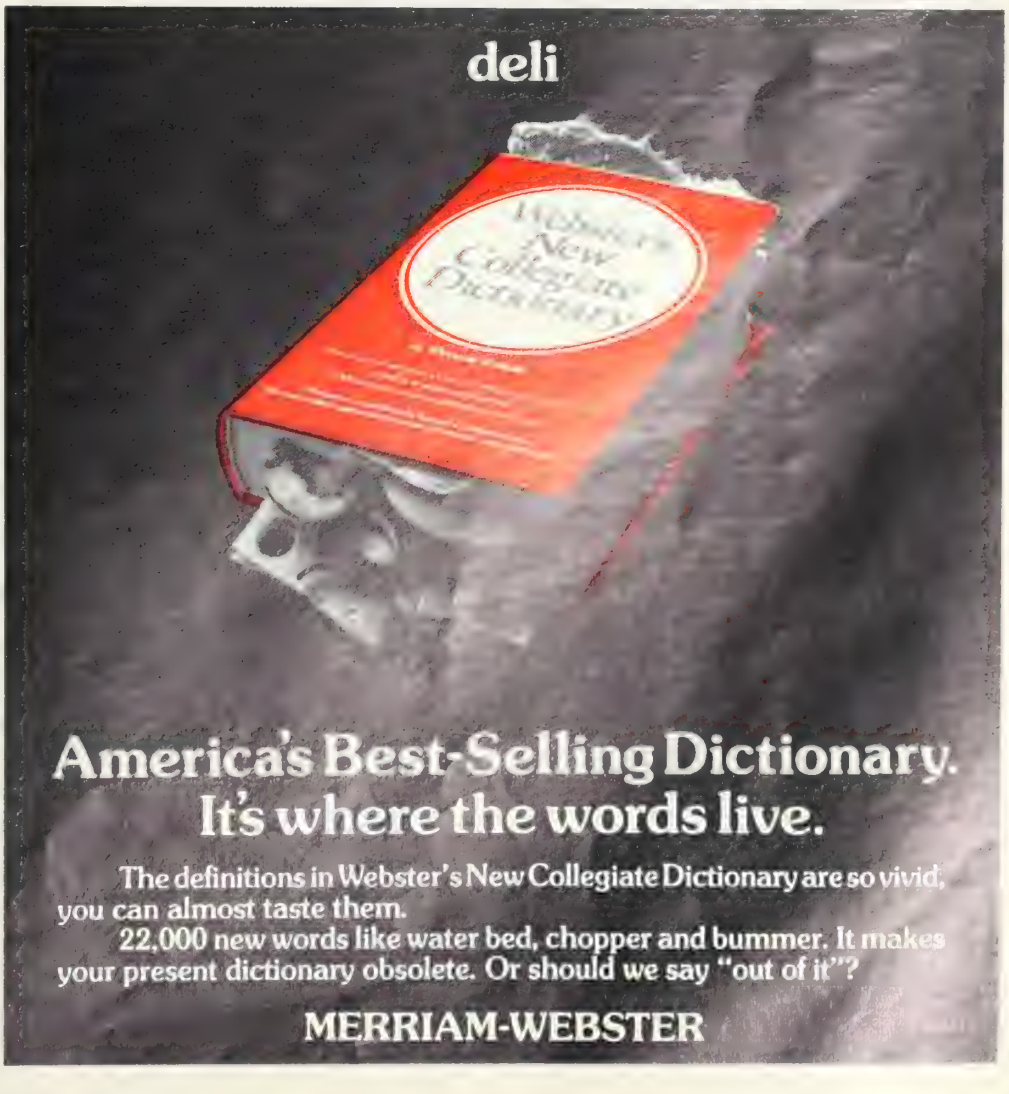
nerican society virtually encour- the forces that lock men and n out of passionate sexual and ectual commitment. No matter her experience in growing up, oung woman today is subject and more to the social and ral pressure of peers who regard rability with contempt and love man as weakness. More fre- tly than young women, the g men incline to be romantic t the opposite sex, but the ro- e attaches to the far-off, un- able woman. The scoring syn- e, always in the culture, is more unced than ever, and students have no difficulty appreciat- namorati Anonymous, Thomas hon's fantasy in *The Crying of 9* of an organization dedicated lping people kick the love habit. nts who have achieved maximal hment from feeling are, in the youth culture, admired for be- nshakable.

ere are, of course, young peo- edicated to work they genuinely ; some of them can care for one of the opposite sex. But those best able to make commit- s must struggle against the cul- pressure to experience all, to exploit others, and to evaluate what they do, think, and feel according to a standard of solitary gratification. In a culture that institutionalizes lack of commitment, it is very hard to be committed; in a nation that seems determined to strip sex of romance and tenderness, it is very hard to be a tender and faithful lover.

Efforts to institutionalize adaptations that work against sexual harmony work against society as well. The pessimism and lack of confidence people feel about each other have led them to feel that anything goes that reduces unhappiness for the moment. A laissez-faire attitude toward individuals who find that life works for them in a homosexual marriage, or an acid commune, is humane. But it is not humane to embed such individual solutions into the social fabric. "Anything goes" is a legitimate attitude for consenting adults to have toward each other, but for a culture to declare it as a credo is to miss entirely the stake all of us have in the harmony between the sexes and in the family as the irreplaceable necessity of society.

The flight from emotion seems the only available way out in a culture where people are increasingly adrift in their discontent. Belief in society or even in social change once enabled people to repress their personal unhappiness and to find purpose in their adult lives. But disaffection with the possibilities of happiness between men and women now finds little surcease in religious, patriotic, or social institutions. Social distress and private unhappiness have coincided; political and social movements now reflect and reinforce private disbelief and disaffection. As a nation we are plagued by, but do little to reverse, the erosion of our confidence in each other.

If our physical environment is worth saving, our emotional environment is even more deserving of protection, since the one provides us with means to sustain life while the other is our humanity; the one offers the necessities of survival, the other a life worth living. There is no government agency to protect our emotional environment and speak for its primacy in our lives. Yet the equivalent of air and water is the source of the ability to feel, to love, to endure. The most endangered of our vital resources is people. □



Alan Harrington

POLLUTERS OF TIME

The inflated self perceived as a public enemy



Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Winston's father, is once said to have hired a waiter to listen to the club bore in his place.
—"A Ditcher's Diary"
Capital: The Financial Review
Calcutta

WORKING CONDITIONS for employees in private clubs, both in the U.K. and here in the United States, having improved greatly since Lord Randolph's time, few waiters could be found today who would stand for such an assignment, even in return for a large tip.

Not many civilized experiences offer greater stress and distress than being pinned down and trapped, cornered by one kind of bore or another. Especially for a long period of time. For under these circumstances time lengthens in excruciating fashion. Einstein never calculated the time warp that occurs when you're cornered by a bore.

Should this trauma be forced and repeated—say you have to work for one, or associate for seemingly endless hours with a gaggle of bores in your place of business—at least temporary damage to the nervous system may follow.

But things can be worse. Suppose that one day the dawn breaks, and you realize you're *married* to either a clunk or runaway ego of this sort. And that he or she will never, never change. Are you willing, then, to be stuck lifelong with this kind of person?

I remember a man whose wife had no commas or periods in her speech pattern. Most people's voices drop briefly at the point where these punctuation marks would be inserted in print. When such natural pauses occur, you may cut in, get across what you want to say, sidetrack the monologue, change the subject, et cetera. But she knew nothing of commas. Pinning your attention, she talked on and on and *on*. Instead of periods, she would insert *and* without a change of tone or tempo, and keep going.

She was quite nice otherwise, but before long this man received a hint from his own body. Coming home, he began to throw up as he crossed the threshold. His blood pressure was up; he had pains in his head. Psychiatric sessions revealed that he was afraid of actually being *bored to death* by his wife, and that this was what his body had been trying to tell him. In fear of his life, he sued for divorce, though on other gro

A lawyer acquaintance bel that an unrecognized or hopel accepted "specter of borec haunts millions of our marriage his opinion, being bored with partner ought to constitute gro for divorce, because so frequen *is* the main reason why a c can't stay married.

WHO IS THE BORE, the l we want to put a be here? Admit, to begin that most of us can be borin occasion, when we're tired, in dated, drinking, not with it, o our element. And the person bores you may not bore me.

During my incarnation as a porate PR man, I knew a youn entist who was an expert on droplets. He knew under what ditions each type of droplet wit ious additives crystallized, et c and that was what he talked a He would buttonhole you abou ter droplets. People hid and away. But, you know, he met a an who was a graduate student i field, possibly one of three i country at that time. Ten years ward I hear that they're ec married, work side by side, and six children.

Alan Harrington's books include The Revelations of Dr. Modesto, Life in the Crystal Palace, *and* The Secret Swinger *(Alfred A. Knopf). He is now working on a novel,* Paradise I.

ut such affable small bores are our quarry. When I was eighteen, ncle instructed me, before my summer job, "Don't be a clock-her," and also "If you want to head, never talk about sex, poli-or religion." His advice filled me wonder and fear, and I thought, is really the way it has to be? ame, because, for so many it is. of a sense of what's right and er, they grow up resolutely trivi-ouls. Early on they learn the k of turning off exploratory no-s. They develop a ghastly ability ring down, take the spice and h out of, any remotely interest-talk.

mong the intelligences we have wo, exploring and confirming. I only the explorers congenial— who keep testing, doubting, dering, trying to connect with things. The lumpen bourgeois s confirm, always. Every experi-will be incorporated into what's n already. Dismiss or laugh off which appears shadowy or un-n, or even slightly fearful.

ey can be some of the nicest le in the world, but also some of nost stupefying. A peculiar tone ice identifies them. It implies, that." The dear familiar is care-applied to any situation. ("Every I wash my car it always rains.")

his small bore does not qualify e assassin of our time and atten-about whom I want to sound an n.

n talking about an invasion in swarming over our culture of *ter bores.* Not that he has been absent. In recent decades Russell Lynes and others have this one's measure, identifying tinkling, crashing, scintillating and so on. But such easy pieces been mainly good-natured, even ar. The bore has been portrayed a ridiculous—but essentially less—blowhard or unfortunate ehouse-type figure that one must p with now and then. But hard-nenace. No one foresaw what we now, a population explosion of y, it may even be said felonious, on the loose.

tide of ego has risen up across and and dumped these people . Monster bores imposing their ong egotism on all—intimidat-conventionally polite—who let get away with it. And they're



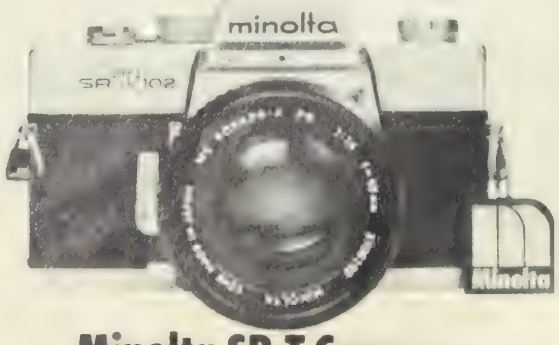
Minolta helps you touch the future.

A touch of innocence can become pure joy when you have a Minolta SR-T to capture the mood.

You're comfortable with a Minolta SR-T from the moment you pick it up. This is the 35mm reflex camera that lets you concentrate on the picture, because the viewfinder shows all the information needed for correct exposure and focusing. You never have to look away from the finder to adjust a Minolta SR-T, so you're ready to catch the one photograph that could never be taken again.

And when subjects call for a different perspective, Minolta SR-T cameras accept a complete system of interchangeable lenses, from "fisheye" wide angle to super-telephoto.

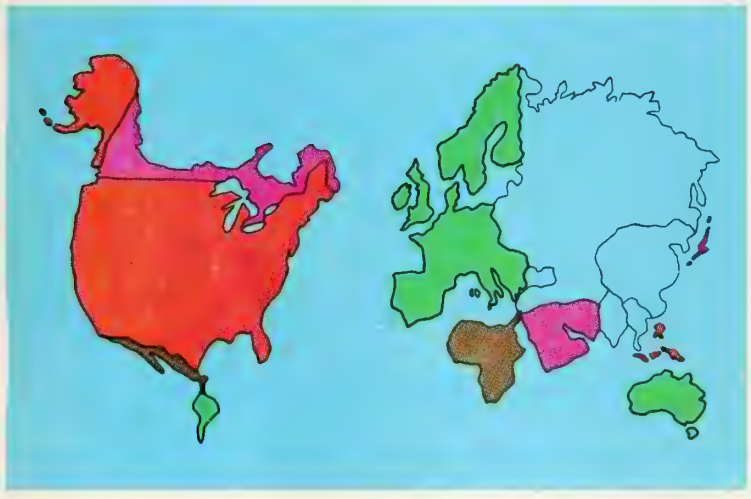
Let a Minolta SR-T help you look into the future. For more information, see your photo dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, New Jersey 07446. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.



Minolta SR-T Cameras

America's coal: a gold

The U.S. has more energy in coal than in oil and gas combined. Here's what Exxon is doing to help put coal's energy to work today.



The world of coal. The map above shows what the world would look like if the size of each country were in proportion to the coal reserves under its land. America—with nearly half the free world's coal—dwarfs Europe and the Middle East. Experts estimate that at the rate the United States uses coal today, these reserves could help keep us in energy for the next two hundred years. This could help supplement dwindling supplies of U.S. gas and oil—and more importantly, provide our country with an energy source that's right here at home.



The world of oil. This map shows where the world's oil is located. Most of it is in the Middle East. By comparison, however, the energy in U.S. coal is twice the amount of energy in Middle East oil. Exxon anticipated the growing demand for coal several years ago. That's why Exxon is continuing its program aimed at helping America take greater advantage of this vast energy resource. Exxon scientists and engineers are working to find better ways to mine coal, cleaner ways to burn it, and new ways to put coal to work.



An example of land reclamation. Exxon is firmly committed to reclaiming land which may be disturbed by our mining. We have no operational coal mines in the West right now. But, our uranium mine near Casper, Wyoming, is an excellent example of how our reclamation program works. Since operations began, Exxon has been continually contouring, planting and reseeding the disturbed areas with yellow clover, crested and western wheat grasses. Right now, it's difficult to tell the natural landscape from the reseeded landscape. When we've finished mining here, the land will be at least as productive as it was before we came.

nine of energy.



w kind of coal town. To most visitors, the Court House at Carlinville, Illinois, ies the picturesque beauty of this Midwest community. In 1970, Exxon ned a new mine near Carlinville. Today, the town is still as clean and resque as ever. And a lot more prosperous. Employment is up 22 percent, over 300 new and high-paying jobs, Recently, ers from other prospective coal towns visited nville to see how coal mining and a good can thrive side by side.



America's biggest coal users. Most coal used in America today is burned by electric power plants like the one above. These plants consumed about 400 million tons of coal last year. By 1985, this figure could jump to nearly 700 million tons. This surge in coal consumption will go a long way toward freeing gas and oil for other purposes. And it will also mean thousands of new jobs for people here in the United States.



mines, new miners, new ods. Putting a modern coal into production calls for a lot than a pick and shovel. Many must be spent in planning evelopment. New mining iques must be tested. New g talent must be trained. New portation systems must be set ll so that when a new Exxon opens it will produce coal in ost efficient and environ- ally responsible way.



Cleaner energy from coal. Exxon is deeply involved in pollution control research. The TIGER van—or Traveling Industrial Gaseous Emission Research vehicle—is an important part of a program Exxon is conducting for the Environmental Protection Agency. The TIGER van's job is to monitor and record emissions from coal-fired boilers and power plant stacks. The data collected is used by Exxon engineers to test new coal combustion techniques which may help bring America more energy without more pollution.

EXXON

by no means harmless. We are subjected to an invasion of our time and patience, and a despoiling of our conversations, by egomaniacs both talented and untalented, geniuses as well as near-morons and utter nonentities, a plague of ego pandemic, *all talking about themselves.*

A theater of ego surely encircles us; the performing self everywhere, on TV talk shows, in books, magazines, on lecture tours; the new circuit riders with their pop philosophies and advice and confessionals —anything to imprint the jongleur's name in our heads. Why? My feeling is that, with orthodox religious authority on the wane, our middle-class masses have taken to showing off before a phantom Computer of Excellence.

I mentioned this tendency several years ago in *The Immortalist.*

> *The faith of this anxious, climbing mortal is that degrees of excellence are somehow calibrated in the stars. If we are persistent enough, our achievements will be Xeroxed all over heaven.... The gods, keepers of immortality, pass our data into this system. By some nameless procedure each of us will be tested out. Our reward, a passing grade, will be that of life beyond death; our punishment for failure, annihilation.*

And so, by working out his or her imaginary salvation, the bore annihilates *us.* We can't do much about the public show-off, but privately, in your house and mine, it's time to fight back.

The monster bore's twin aims are to hold center stage and glorify him- or herself. We have Mr. or Ms. Entropy among us, sometimes working together, bent on breaking down civilized discourse. He or she must then be recognized as a *polluter* of our time and attention—and of the processes (at work in all intelligent talk) that help us to share sympathy and laughter, to care for one another, and to advance our common understanding and hope.

So the bore serves as entropy's bagwoman, or advance man, and as such should be treated as an enemy agent, or, more humanely, as a sick person. First, then, blow the whistle on these children of vanity, resist them. Second, we can try to suggest ways in which, just possibly, they might be rehabilitated.

IN HIS REMARKABLE appreciation of Stendhal, *The Man of Sensibility,* Jean Dutourd notes from Mérimée's *Portraits historiques et littéraires* that Beyle (Stendhal) "cherished a furious hatred for the people who bored him." And that "the presence of a bore . . . froze him and promptly put him to flight. . . . He used to say that life is short and that time wasted in yawning can never be regained." Dutourd cites also, from Montherlant's *Carnets,* "the tragedies of politeness" that result when civilized gatherings give way to such a "life eater."

My conversion, the turning point, that changed me into a militant bore-resister, took place a number of years ago one spring evening in Connecticut. Friends took me along to the house of a young man who had spent several years in India. We sat down in a fragrant garden, looking forward to drinks, dinner, and good company.

Then, with no advance warning, our host brought out a tape recorder and proceeded to stack up on what we had assumed would be the cocktail table *seven* half-hour tapes of Indian drumming. His wife tiptoed in with a tray of tiny sherry glasses and a decanter. She poured thimblefuls for everyone. This tyrant then played *all* his tapes. During sherry, followed by his wife's mild curry and bags of some kind of seaweed, he ran one tape after another with only the briefest letups, through which *he* talked. The drumming itself was fine. But the trouble was, he insisted on explaining it, the accented fifteenths and so on. He would reverse his tape at the slightest provocation and *play it again.*

Agony. Disaster under the elms! A horrible night. To make things even worse for me, the town's Congregational minister was present and in my line of sight, absentmindedly tapping his toe *off* the beat all evening long. And from time to time this idiot would politely ask the maniac who had entrapped us why, say, the drums slowed down here or speeded up there—not that he cared in the least—which prompted more reruns of the drumming with added explanations.

When someone asked for a drink of hard liquor, our host came back cheerfully, no, never in his house. He went on to say that if a Hindu were among us this evening "h could smell you all blindfolded, both as flesh-eaters and alcoholics.

Younger then and less confident I—along with the other nice peopl —sat still for this Tyranny of th Drum over a period of nearly fou hours. None of us heard a differen drummer. Not one of the doze guests had the boldness to tell ou polluter: "Turn off your machin and stop *explaining,* or I'm gettin out of here."

Stendhal's friend the Baron d Mareste observed: "Bad taste lead to crime." So it does: the bore h jacks hours that don't belong to hin and forces us to go along on fligh we don't want to take. But it's ou fault, too. Why, so often, do we fa to resist? Out of consideration fo whom? The host, hostess, oth guests? No, only a vague standard o politeness. But in holding to th ideal of "not making a scene" we a commodate only the vandals.

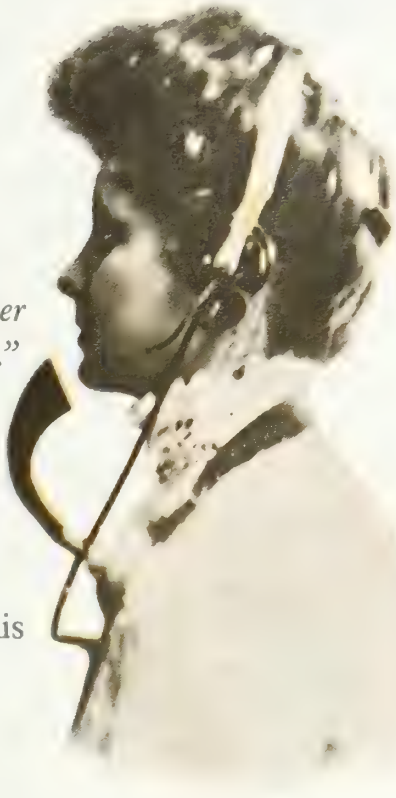
There's something terribly pathe ic about a roomful of overly court ous people at the mercy of such a individual. One response, like Ste dhal's, can be to leave. Make u some excuse, the lamer the bette and move on out. But this allows th Agent of Entropy, unchecked and u phased, full possession of the fiel Flight does express a protest, whi is better than nothing. But then w may have abandoned our decent an intimidated friends. No, I think t time has come to stand our groun and recognize as *acceptable behavi* the taking of direct measures to sh down on the polluter—giving him her to understand, get off, we' heard it, enough about you.

Drawing-room disasters, the tra salon syndrome—don't you kn them? Salons may have been, I sure, *were* exciting in the time Voltaire and (well, maybe) Mada de Staël. What a privilege to h Voltaire and Diderot expound, or, England, Dr. Johnson. Could V taire ever have been boring? N and then a scintillating bore, doubt, but seldom. And today still have great living-room, ca coffeehouse, and barroom ta *Shared,* that's the key. Let every do his number, get on for a bit, co back, but when you've done y turn *listen* to the next person. By t I don't mean hang in, drumm your fingers, poised for the cha

(Continued on page

One of a series of reports on the first hundred years of the telephone.

How there came to be only one telephone company in town.



"Number please."

"In many cities of the United tates, and in rural communities as ell, there are dual and competng telephone systems, doing oth local and long-distance usiness...Patrons of these elephone systems are put to endess annoyance and increased exense. In order to reach all the people sing telephones, the telephone patron inds he must install two telephones in his ouse and office...Double systems of ables, wires and conduits burden the treets and highways."

—Report of the House of Representatives Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, 67th Congress (1921)

When Alexander Graham Bell's telehone patents expired in 1893 and 1894, ew telephone companies sprang up almost overnight. The accepted way of oranizing communications was to have the dual and competing telephone systems" ited in the Congressional report.

"Call us. We're on the Bell," was a requent invitation in those days, to friends r customers. Central, the voice of "Number, please?", spent a lot of time explaining to customers that the number wanted was on the town's other telephone system. And each month there were two telephone bills to pay.

A solution to the problem had been worked out long before by John Stuart Mill. In 1847 Mill had studied the situation of two other new industries that supplied water and gas through pipes to the homes and businesses of London:

"It is obvious, for example, how great an economy of labour would be obtained if London were supplied by a single gas or water company instead of the existing plurality. While there are even as many as two, this implies double establishments of all sorts, when only one, with a small increase, could probably perform the whole operation equally well; double sets of machinery and works, when the whole of the gas and water required could generally be produced by one set only; even double sets of pipes, if the companies did not prevent this needless expense by agreeing upon a division of the territory. Were there only one establishment, it could make lower charges, consistently with obtaining the rate of profit now realized."

Such a consolidation, Mill saw, was clearly in the public interest. The concept of a "public utility" was reinforced.



John Stuart Mill

When Edison's electric light superseded illuminating gas, the parallel was obvious. It was not quite so obvious for the telephone.

It was not hard to see that the public benefited from having water piped into homes. But while some viewed the telephone companies as providing a similar vital service, others regarded them as being more akin to manufacturers selling ingenious machines in the luxury class. When only a few people had telephones, one observer called them "electric toys." Should Bell's invention be compared with Edison's new electric light, or was it more like his phonograph? As the proportion of homes and businesses with telephones grew, the usefulness of the telephone increased greatly.

Then there was the matter of geographic area served. An exclusive franchise for a specified area is a natural corollary of Mill's concept of a public utility. And exclusiveness was a troublesome subject.

When two or more rivals supply a similar service, competition keeps each up to the mark, or else some eventually los customers and go out of business. If in th public interest, government removes tha rivalry by granting exclusive franchise then government must provide the mecl anisms for preventing arbitrary or e cessive charges or unreasonable o discriminatory regulations.

The doctrine of public regulation c privately owned resources has its roots i Roman law and the tenet of *justum pretiu* —"just price." English common law pr vided a rationale for regulation. In an essa on rates for wharf services, Sir Matthev Hale, Lord Chief Justice of England, e tablished in 1670 the criterion that privat industries "affected with a public interest may be regulated by the public:

"If the King or subject have a public whar unto which all persons that come to that port mus come and unload their goods...because they ar the only wharfs licensed by the King. ..or becaus there is no other wharf in that port.. .there canno be taken arbitrary and excessive duties...but th duties must be reasonable and moderate....Fo now the wharf and crane and other convenience are affected with a public interest."

Various municipal boards did unde take to control the quality of service pr vided by water, gas and electric companie usually through periodic reviews of fra chises granted. It was no easy task. Fc quality of service leads quickly to questior of cost: good service for the price charge

qual prices for all customers for services f a similar nature, so that no one is discriminated against; adequate service capacty so that anyone able to pay for the ervice can have it.

Local officials had their hands full egulating the three industries already nentioned (water, gas, electricity). They were not eager to take on the responsibility f regulating the telephone business. And so redundant companies continued to exist n many towns. Confusion multiplied geometrically as the companies strung long distance lines to connect various cities.



Theodore N. Vail

Soon after he was elected A.T.&T. President in 1907, Vail enunciated the goal: "One policy, one system, universal service." He saw that the future of the business depended on having one unified telephone service for the entire nation—a service that every family and business could enjoy. That meant ending duplicate telephone companies, replacing them with exclusive telephone franchises. In other words, Vail understood that it was not enough for the nation to have telephone companies. What was needed—and what he sought to create—was a *telephone system.* Vail saw, too, that the very "exclusivity" of the franchises invited—indeed, demanded—regulation by officials elected or supported by the public to protect the public interest.

Vail thus agreed with the efforts of Gov. Charles Evans Hughes of New York and Senator Robert M. LaFollette of Wisconsin, who were working to persuade state legislatures to try a new approach to regulation through state utility commissions—responsive to the public at the state level—as best serving the public interest.

The state commissions, supported by public desire for efficient regulation, worked. Most public utilities came to be regulated on a statewide basis, and a framework of efficient regulation was set.

Vail recognized, however, that national regulation also was a necessary complement to state regulation, particularly since one company—A.T.&T.—was chiefly responsible for interconnecting the individual telephone companies into a telephone system.

As noted earlier, regulation of telephone companies already had begun to develop at the state level. But on the national level—for telephone lines and services crossing state boundaries—there was no federal counterpart to the state regulatory commissions, although telegraph companies had been regulated to some extent by the Postmaster General and the Interstate Commerce Commission under statutes dating back to the 19th century.



Alexander Graham Bell

The first effort at comprehensive federal regulation came in the Mann-Elkins Act of 1910, amending the Interstate Commerce Act. Telephone, telegraph and cable companies were declared to be common carriers subject to ICC regulation.

Federal regulation took a new turn in 1934 with the passage by Congress of the Communications Act, which established the Federal Communications Commission. The intent of Congress—as it had been the intent of both Bell and Vail—is outlined in Section I of the Communications Act:

"For the purpose of regulating interstate and foreign communications by wire and radio so as to make available, so far as possible, to all the people of the United States a rapid, efficient, nationwide and worldwide wire and radio communication service with adequate facilities at reasonable charges...."

Almost alone among the nations of the world, then, this country entrusted the development and operation of its communications resources to private enterprise. It endowed companies with the rights and responsibilities of common carriers, each solely privileged to purvey its services within its territory but all in turn strictly accountable through state and national regulation to the public they serve.

Has it worked?

In 1968, President Johnson's Task Force on Communications Policy concluded, "It can be truly said that the United States has the finest telephone system in the world."

That kind of service didn't just happen. It was planned that way, right from the start.

One Bell System. It works.



Bell System

eap in again, but relax and pay attention.

here's a craft of conversation and logue, and it's a beautiful craft lovely swordplay, quips, cracks, s, sudden riffs, concealed insults, k fables, *contes*, during which ryone laughs, gives and takes, even be briefly hurt, put down, discomfited, but usually learns a e. Friends have told me how ea- students after World War II ld gather at Les Deux Magots or erever and listen to Sartre and Si- ne de Beauvoir, and join in with n—all present welcome to con- ute.

he craft, when disciplined, pro- es interplay beautifully satisfying it in with. But if this is to be well naged, naked (as opposed to at- tively disguised) ego must be st out, and the relentless celebra- of self nailed down as not only ing but boorish. Certainly, please hold the floor. But for a reason- e time, and about something be- d your own self-glorification.

BORES CHARACTERISTICALLY set traps. One ominous sign of a living-room ambush to come y be the surreptitious placement straight-backed chairs in ragged s. Strange, I've just been talking somebody, turned back around, there they are. What have we? r God, he's going to read to us. I believe he's going to show es. About what? All the monas- es he visited during his trip last mer through the Aegean Islands. wrong. He's *both* going to read show slides. And the evening, tally wounded, slowly begins to ed away.

his is wrong, and not honorable. u must tell us, you know, in ad- ce. That's only fair. But the mon- bore knows well enough not to e you the opportunity to back out. springs his trap after the doors e been closed and we've accepted wine and morsels of cheese. And all oatmeal from then on.

One master and mistress of the bush, a former *Time* correspon- t and his wife, held this kind of prise party following their return m a year in Spain. The chairs ap- red, and before the bewildered sts knew it he had begun to read m a collection of sketches he had put together, entitled something like *Homage to Andalusia.*

After a half hour or so he reached a night they had spent in Seville with respectful guitars serenading them, orange blossoms falling, under a moon like, I believe, a scimitar. And then something happened. He began to sob, read a line or two, and sob again. I couldn't imagine what the trouble might be. What was he crying about? Having been so mean to us? No, it was the magic of his own words.

I looked around at the poor recruits who had been dragooned into attendance at this event. In their faces I discovered such looks of awful misery and embarrassment that I barely held back from interrupting (as I almost certainly would now): "Enough of this flummery. Let's get back to the party!" But I was only half-emancipated then, and merely took off, stepping over people and scraping chairs, walking exaggeratedly on tiptoe.

Only two weeks ago I came up against a house-proud bore. Before being allowed to sit down, each arriving couple had to be escorted by husband and wife on a tour of their new home and grounds. The house was neat beyond belief, with beige chair coverings and carpets, overdecorated, dull, and cluttered with mementos (each of which had to be explained), like bric-a-brac bought at secret little shops on Juarez side streets that nobody else knew about. Twenty minutes, it seemed, into the tour with many rooms including his den still to go I began to feel faint, then thought, come on, you poltroon, remember your vow. And said to them: "I don't want to see any more. Please get us a drink." We got our drinks, will never be asked again, and that's a plus, too.

A few months earlier an anthropologist we didn't know very well came to our small party. He insisted on recapitulating his Ph.D. thesis on certain cultural developments of the Yaqui Indians for *an hour.* The Yaquis are indeed fascinating, and I've listened with pleasure to many stories about them. But this monologist cared only to lay his excellence on us. He was far more concerned with the imaginative leaps performed by his thesis, and how it surpassed all previous approaches, than about the Yaquis themselves.

Looking around our living room, I could all but hear the Long Snore starting up. We tried tactfully to turn him off. No luck. Our guests had begun yawning and drowsing. The [illegible]g was being sacked, pillaged, so I told him: "I look forward to reading your thesis some time. But that's all I want to hear about it for now." He left soon—but, again, a pleasant time together that might otherwise have been ruined by one more "tragedy of politeness" was saved for the rest of us.

A MORE RIGOROUS challenge may be offered by the encapsulated bore, the friend whose feelings you don't want to hurt. This one's compulsive need to go on is Pavlovian and circumscribed. You needn't fear him unless he hears such trip-wire words as "Nixon," "touch therapy," or "busing."

Someone we're fond of, normally pleasing and a talented columnist, displays this syndrome. For three weeks—no more—he had been a special correspondent in Vietnam. Mention Vietnam thereafter, especially with a new, attractive young woman in the room, and *boing*, his ego bell rang.

Oh, Lord, he's going into Vietnam again.

You see, I told you.

This trip of his led, sooner or later, to The Press Conference. Our friend, during his three weeks on the scene, dashed, unauthorized, in and out of forbidden fire zones. Then he would invade the phony press conferences. The regular correspondents, it seemed, had grown tame and hung back meekly. But our man blew in with devastating comments and questions that drove the briefing officers up the wall.

The last time, I was in our kitchen. From the next room, I heard "*And the general said to me . . .*"

Will he go through the whole thing?

He always does.

"*I said, 'General, what's the difference between "punitive overfli[illegible]" and the bombing of civilians?' Well, his face got red, you know. I could see him getting madder and madder. I had them all laughing.*"

What can we do?

Maybe propose a toast?

To what?

The Talbots



Traditional Wrap. Our classic button-front wrap skirt of mid-wale cotton corduroy is made with wide back panels and handy patch pockets. Wheat, cherry, pine or navy. Sizes XS, S, M, L. $24.00. In navy denim, $20.00. Add $1.50 for postage.

Send for our new free color catalog.

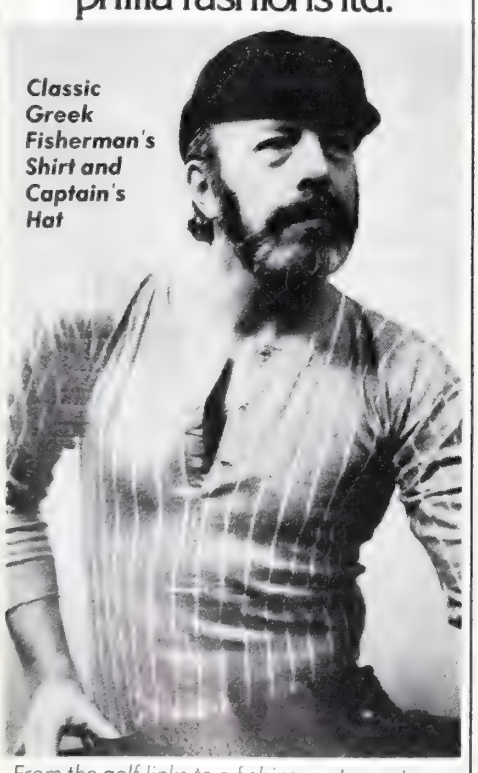
THE TALBOTS, DEPT. QY, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Duxbury, Lenox, Mass., Avon, Hamden, Conn.

If You Love Words,

you'll love **VERBATIM,** The Language Quarterly dealing with all aspects of language. Send $2.50 (N. Amer.) or $3.00 (overseas) for a one-yr. subscription, starting with the current issue. Money back if not pleased.

VERBATIM **POST OFFICE BOX 157H ESSEX, CONN. 06426 USA**

philia fashions ltd.



*From the golf links to a fishing venture, at sea or in the city. Lightweight soft cotton in washed blue or tan brown exploded with white pinstripes. Chest sizes XS (32-34) S (34-36) M (38-40) L (42-44). **$18** ppd. Hat, black only, the original classic with uniquely embroidered visor and band. From 6⅞ to 7⅝. **$12.** No COD's. Returnable. Chargecard order desk, call collect: (212) 752-3973*

PHILIA, 349 E. 61 ST., N.Y. 10021

"One of the general's flunkies asked, 'What authority do you have for that statement? That town's off limits. How do you know what happened?' And I answered him, 'How do I know what happened?'"

Here we go.

"'I was THERE!' . . ."

Later I suggested that on this one subject he was getting heavy, and, please, leave it alone once in a while, to which he wouldn't agree. But intervening years helped, and the withdrawal of our forces gradually dimmed his story.

Forgive them, for they know not what they do? I can't go along. Monster bores know pretty well what they're doing. Even if they don't, that kind of brute innocence is hardly forgivable. How do you forgive a rhinocéros?

AMONG THE WORST of the monster bores are those charging headlong in pursuit of their careers, and thinking about little or nothing else. Back in 1963 this salesman had written a book. It wasn't the one who wrote "Don't Sell the Steak, Sell the Sizzle," but somebody like him. He was in his editor's office hustling his product, helping her draw up programs to market it, planning the TV appearances he would make, and the rest.

Then she heard strange cries in the corridor outside her office. The news had just come down that President Kennedy had been shot in Dallas and was near death. She, too, collapsed in tears, and, like many of us at that time, had the feeling that the world had just fallen in. She remembers her writer pacing about for perhaps a minute, then looking at his watch.

He said, "Well, that's life. Let's get back to my book."

I'm indebted a second time to "the Ditcher" and his Diary:

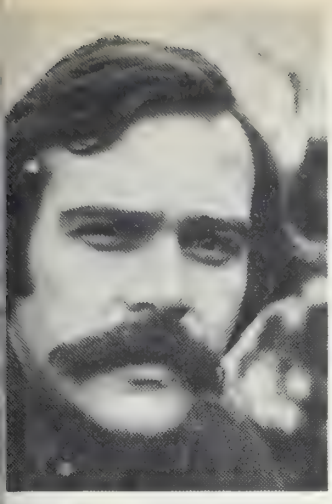
> *There is a story of Winston Churchill contemplating a squalid Black Country slum during the great depression and remarking with passionate sincerity: "What a life for these poor people—never eating anything good, never making anything beautiful,* never saying anything clever."

But, while cleverness can keep boredom away, in misapplied forms it may also have the opposite effe and crush good talk. We know, instance, that the raconteur, even accomplished, is no longer as w come as he used to be. There are ceptions. Possibly we would like hear any given Nobel Prize winn or, say, Nabokov, C. P. Snow, M garet Mead, Dr. Seuss, or Chapl scintillate for an hour or so. But more than that. I don't care who y are, get off. Give somebody else chance. The Russians have a wond ful way of applauding a perform who has stayed on for too many cores: "Bis, bis, more, more, *don't come back again!*"

The Fascinating Storyteller, ev a good one, who holds forth yielding the floor over an extend period, has become too linear our time. We've learned from M shall McLuhan (he shouldn't go too long, either) and others that nervous systems have changed. El tronic circuitry has quickened input and shortened our attenti spans. Nearly everyone knows mo catches the drift and moral of a st sooner, perceives where it's goi and gets the point more quickly th in earlier days. Hence, clevern now fares better in quanta, qu shots.

If one must be clever, the one-l witticism manages this more servi ably today. But, for heaven's sa not a compulsive succession of o liners. I recently listened to a m ster bore pollute a room in this fa ion. Within twenty minutes he away the evening and left it dead. A miniature Milton Berle, had a card file of rejoinders t covered almost any conceivable t ic. The trouble was, these were livered with virtually no relevanc what anyone had said.

But he came in with his shafts loudly and confidently that no knew what to do. The man was ch ful in his obnoxiousness. Oddly don't think he meant any harm. every once in a while, like Mil Berle, he would say, "I'm kiddin I must admit I had no idea how handle him. It's most difficult to with somebody in possession o card file who isn't listening. Me fully, I don't recall any of his ga I've repressed them. But if Abrah Lincoln, say, were in the room ventured: *"Fourscore and se years ago . . ."* our stand-up co



Three years ago, you helped me on WRAPAROUND. Now I need you for HARPER'S WEEKLY.

y name is Tony Jones. In 1972 *Harper's Magazine* asked me art an unusual new editorial feature called WRAPAROUND. as to be an experiment in person-to-person communication national scale. A chance for you, as a reader, to interrupt magazine with *your own* contributions—with your point of about what's important in advancing the human condition. became (and continues to be) a rip-roaring success. So much nat it helped inspire a brand-new publication: HARPER'S EKLY. And *Harper's* tapped me to be its editor.

ke WRAPAROUND, HARPER'S WEEKLY is dedicated to an growth and survival, to knowing where we've been and e we're going—and how we can best hang together on the

owever, HARPER'S WEEKLY is different in that it is, in- issued weekly. Which also permits it to be more diverse, -ranging, timely, and keyed to current events and controver- But most important is the fact that . . .

RPER'S WEEKLY is written almost entirely by its readers.

at means you. And if you come through for me—for all of the way you did on WRAPAROUND, we'll be making some of history together.

t—a publication written by its readers? A bold approach, cer- y. However, nothing else would be compatible with HAR- S WEEKLY's aims. Which are, in a moderate-size nutshell, ke issue with the monolithic establishment, the impersonal ution, the anonymous committee. To provide a village-green ting platform where the *people* take charge. To help reckon *idual* roles and responsibility in our increasingly faceless ty.

focus on *personal* accountability for our actions. In busi- In politics. In our private, day-to-day lives.

ARPER'S WEEKLY doesn't, for example, report the latest c-be-damned corporate decision. But we did examine how idual shareholders can band together to redirect policy and . HARPER'S WEEKLY hasn't lamely joined the national s singing the recession blues. Instead, we have been run- a penetrating, grass-roots symposium on how people around ountry are coping.

ARPER'S WEEKLY doesn't simply bemoan the flow of r into the hands of bureaucrats, technocrats, and autocrats. ry to do something about it—by celebrating the truly dem- ic exercises of power wherever we find them.

d HARPER'S WEEKLY will not recap the oft-told and hetizing sociological reasons for increasing urban crime. But uld very well print a piece *you* have written, describing the l dilemma you may have faced in deserting the city to find y for your family.

ARPER'S WEEKLY is, then, a return to the source. People. Your views and observations. Your personal confrontations, , and dilemmas. Your firsthand experiences that have left a more effective, more independent, more powerful individ- . . information that should be passed along to others, en- g them to more easily cope and perform.

, specifically, is the role I'd like you to play in HARPER'S KLY.

rite for us, especially about things in your immediate expe- e that deserve sharing. In particular, brief essays and case es about all sorts of contemporary moral dilemmas, heroes, compromises, excuses, victories, defeats, outrages, conflicts of interest, honest and dishonest lifestyles, object lessons about when the end does or doesn't justify the means. Published contributions will carry your name and earn you an honorarium of $25.

2. *Do research for us.* As an active reader, you no doubt scan many publications routinely—your local newspaper, newsletters, professional journals, small-circulation political or literary journals. We need any material you spot that coincides with the WEEKLY's purpose.

3. *Subscribe to HARPER'S WEEKLY.* Try to get all your friends to do the same.

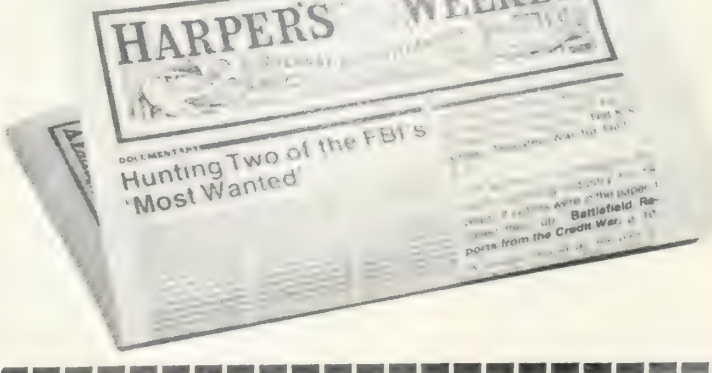
Call it a town meeting. A public forum. National dialogue. Whatever. The point is: HARPER'S WEEKLY gives *you* a chance to air *your* views . . . to learn what your fellow citizens are really thinking . . . and to hear them instead of the constant parade of experts, analysts, pollsters, and commentators.

Take a free look. Then save 50%

The coupon below invites your subscription to the next 24 issues for just $6.00. (HARPER'S WEEKLY is available at selected newsstands at 50 cents a copy—so you save half by subscribing.

What's more, you'll receive your first issue on a no-risk basis. Then if you decide it isn't for you, you may cancel your subscription and keep that issue *free.*

Send no money now. Just mail off the coupon today. I'm counting on your support. Again.



HARPER'S WEEKLY.
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

☐ **I'LL TAKE A FREE LOOK**

Rush me my complimentary copy of the current issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY. If I like it, I'll send $6.00 and get the rest of my subscription (24 issues in all). If I'm not satisfied, I'll write "cancel" on my bill and keep my first issue free.
SEND NO MONEY NOW!
JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TO:
Harper's Weekly, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Bernstein and



TAKE YOUR PICK

12″ stereo records OR 8-track cartridges OR tape cassettes

241950. Bach Organ Favorites, Vol. 6 (*Concerto in A, Trio Sonata*, etc.) — E. Power Biggs (Columbia)

171504. Switched On Bach — Walter Carlos and Moog Synthesizer (Columbia)

237768. Bartok: Concerto for Orchestra — Boulez, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

232496. Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 *(Eroica)* — Bernstein and New York Philharmonic (Columbia)

230441. Beethoven: Symphony No. 5—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

231167-231168. Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 (Chorale) — Solti, Chicago Symphony and Chorus (2-record set counts as 2 — London)

229658. Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 5 *(Emperor)* — Rudolf Serkin, piano; Bernstein conducts the N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

230425. Beethoven: Violin Concerto — Isaac Stern, violin; Bernstein and the N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

233155. Beethoven: Three Favorite Piano Sonatas *(Moonlight, Pathetique, Appassionata)* — Rudolf Serkin (Columbia)

243626. Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique — Solti and the Chicago Sym. (London)

217547. E. Power Biggs in a program of **Music for Organ, Brass, Percussion** — works by Dupre, Campra, Widor, etc. (Columbia)

228684. Bizet: Carmen Suites No. 1 & 2; Grieg: Peer Gynt Suites 1 & 2—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

240960. Borodin: Polovetsian Dances—and other Russian Favorites (*Night On Bald Mountain*, etc.) — Bernstein, New York Philharmonic (Columbia)

249821. Brahms: Symphony No. 1 — Stokowski, London Symphony Orch. (London)

205039. Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 2 — Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano; Mehta, London Sym. (London)*

236810. Brahms: Violin Concerto — Stern, violin; Ormandy and Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia)

231118. Chabrier: Espana; Falla: Dances from Three Cornered Hat, La Vida Breve, etc. — Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

246843. Chopin: Mazurkas, Etudes, and more — new recordings by Vladimir Horowitz (Columbia)

240473. Copland: Appalachian Spring (original version) — Copland and the Columbia Chamber Orch. (Columbia)

231142. Copland: Rodeo *and* **Billy The Kid** — Bernstein and New York Philharmonic (Columbia)

209924-209925. Debussy: La Mer; Clair de Lune; Afternoon of a Faun; etc. — Ormandy, Phila. Orch. (2-record set counts as 2 — Columbia)*

250878. Delibes: Ballet Suites "Sylvia" and **"Coppelia"; Chopin: Les Sylphides** — Ormandy and Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

230433. Dvorak: Symphony No. 9 ("New World") — Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

245571. Elgar: The Five Pomp And Circumstance Marches; Crown of India Suite—Barenboim and the London Philharmonic (Columbia)

243576. Faure: Requiem — Yamada, Tokyo Metropolitan Sym. (Columbia)*

230391. Grieg: Piano Concerto; Rachmaninoff: Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini — P. Entremont, piano; Eugene Ormandy, Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

201665. Grofe: Grand Canyon Suite—Ormandy, Phila. Orch. (Columbia)*

244822. Handel: The Great "Messiah" Choruses — Mormon Tabernacle Choir; Condie conducts Royal Philharmonic (Columbia)

245423. Ives: Old Songs Deranged — Yale Theater Orch. in a delicious set of racy pieces (Columbia)*

128819. Ives: Symphony No. 2; The Fourth of July — Bernstein and N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)*

249961. Scott Joplin: "The Entertainer" Ballet — Joplin works adapted for piano and the London Festival Orch. (Columbia)

237743. Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsodies 1, 2; Enesco: Roumanian Rhapsodies 1 and 2 — Ormandy and the Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

247674. Liszt: Todtentanz; Franck: Symphonic Variations — Andre Watts, piano; Leinsdorf conducts London Symphony (Columbia)

239046-239047. Mahler: Symphony No. 2 *(Resurrection)* — Bernstein and London Sym. (2-record set counts as 2 — Columbia)*

233122. Mozart: Piano Concertos No. 21 *(Elvira Madigan)* and **No. 24** — Casadesus, piano; Szell, Cleveland Orch. (Columbia)

251157. Mozart: Piano Concerto No. 21 ("Elvira Madigan"); **Haydn: Piano Concerto in D**—Gilels, piano; Barshai and the Moscow Chamber Orchestra (Columbia/Melodiya)

184937. Mussorgsky: Pictures at an Exhibition; Debussy: The Engulfed Cathedral — Stokowski's own arrangements of two exotic works (London)*

240648. Offenbach: Gaite Parisienne Suite; Bizet: L'Arlesienne Suites — Ormandy and Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia)

252551. Orff: Carmina Burana — Michael Tilson Thomas, Cleveland Orch. and Chorus (Columbia)

229971. Prokofiev: Classical Symphony; Love for 3 Oranges; Lt. Kije Suite — Ormandy and the Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

227009. Prokofiev: Peter and the Wolf; Tchaikovsky: Nutcracker Suite — Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

229674. Rachmaninoff: Piano Concerto No. 2; Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini — Gary Graffman, piano; Bernstein and N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

250803. Rachmaninoff: Symphony No. 2 — Bolshoi Orch. under Svetlanov (Columbia/Melodyia)

207753. Ravel: Alborada del Gracioso; Pavane pour une infante defunte; and more — Boulez, Cleveland Orch. (Columbia)

237750. Ravel: Daphnis et Chloe Suite No. 2; Bolero; La Valse — Bernstein and N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

240655. Rimsky-Korsakov: Capriccio Espagnol; Tchaikovsky: Capriccio Italien; more — Ormandy, Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

230409. Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

232116. Rossini: William Tell Overture—*plus works by Herold, Suppe, Thomas* — Bernstein and the New York Phil. (Columbia)

229989. Saint-Saens: The Carnival of the Animals; Britten: Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra — Bernstein and New York Philharmonic (Columbia)

231126. Schubert: Symphony No. 8 *(Unfinished)*; **Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4** *(Italian)* — Bernstein and N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

229955. Sibelius: Finlandia; En Saga; etc.—Stein, Orch. Suisse Romande (London)*

250795. Sibelius: Symphony No. 2—Tauno Hannikainen, The Sinfonia of London (Columbia Musical Treas.)

242461. Sibelius: Symphony No. 4; Swan of Tuonela — Bernstein and New York Philharmonic (Columbia)

243618. Solti/Chicago Symphony Showcase includes Strauss' *Don Juan;* Wagner' *"Die Meistersinger" Prelude;* etc. (London)

251413. Richard Strauss: Don Quixote—Zubin Mehta, L.A. Phil. (London)*

202796. Richard Strauss: Also Sprach Zarathustra — Bernstein and New York Philharmonic (Columbia)

236646. Stravinsky: Firebird *and* **Petrushka Ballet Suites** — Columbia Symphony conducted by Stravinsky (Columbia)

191932. Stravinsky: The Rite Of Spring—Boulez, Cleveland Orch. (Columbia)

242750. Tchaikovsky *and* **Mendelssohn Violin Concertos** — Isaac Stern, violin; Eugene Ormandy, Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

201129. Tchaikovsky: 1812 Overture; Serenade for Strings — Ormandy, Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

* Selections marked with a star are available on records only



Just two of the great performers whose latest recordings are now offered on stereo records, cartridges and cassettes

THE CLASSICAL DIVISION OF COLUMBIA MUSIC CLUB INVITES YOU TO TAKE

any 4 for only $1.00

plus shipping and handling

if you join now and agree to buy only 4 selections (at regular Club prices) in the coming year

ES, Leonard Bernstein and Sir Georg Solti are but two of the great conductors whose lling performances are now offered on se pages. You'll also find superb recordings Ashkenazy, Boulez, Horowitz, Mehta, nandy, Serkin, Stern (to name but a few) , in widely-acclaimed performances of the atest symphonies, concertos, orchestral sterpieces of all time! And as a new mem-, you may take ANY 4 of these selections n your choice of stereo records, cartridges cassettes — all for only $1.00.

Your only membership obligation is to buy four more selections in the coming year, the regular Club prices (which currently : $6.98 for records; $7.98 for cartridges l cassettes, plus shipping and handling. lti-unit sets and Double Selections may be newhat higher).

Think of it . . . you need buy as few as four ords or tapes a year...and you won't have difficulty in selecting them, because you'll eive our Classical Bulletin regularly every r weeks (13 times a year). And we'll also d you the regular Club Magazine, which tains additional classical recordings, as l as hundreds of selections from every field of music. In addition, up to six times a year we may send some special issue of the Bulletin, offering extra-special savings.

This Bulletin will tell you about many of the newest classical releases and we'll even select one as "The Selection of the Month" — but there is no obligation to accept it . . . order only those you want *when you want them!*

A special response card will be enclosed with each Bulletin . . . and you may use it to order or reject any selections offered simply by mailing it by the date specified. And if you want *only* The Selection of the Month, you need do nothing — it will be shipped to you automatically. What's more, you'll have at least ten full days in which to make your decision — if you ever have less time than that, just return The Selection of the Month at our expense, for full credit.

You may cancel membership at any time after you've purchased four selections — or continue under our special bonus plan, which offers you at least 33% savings on all future purchases. Here, indeed, is the most convenient way possible of acquiring the classical library you want — *at the greatest savings possible!* So do act now.

730-249731. Tchaikovsky: **Nutcracker** (complete) ozhdestvensky, Bolshoi h. (2-record set counts 2 — Columbia/Melodyia)

381. Tchaikovsky: **phony No. 5** — Ormandy, la. Orch. (Columbia)

909-138900. Tchaikovsky: **Sleeping Beauty** *and* **n Lake Ballet Suites** ollingsworth, Sinfonia don (Columbia Treas.)*

184-235185. Richard **ker and Robert Merrill** arnegie Hall — duets solos by Verdi, Bizet, art, etc. (2-record set nts as 2 — London)

195024-195025. Verdi: **Requiem** — Bernstein, London Symphony Orch., Chorus (2-record set counts as 2 — Columbia)*

246645. **Music From Walt Disney's "Fantasia"** — *Night on Bald Mountain* (Stokowski, London Sym.); *Sorcerer's Apprentice* (Hermann, London Phil.); many others (London)*

227561. Vivaldi: **The Four Seasons** — violinist Pinchas Zuckerman and the English Chamber Orch. (Columbia)

233684. Wagner: **Tristan und Isolde** (*Prelude and Love-Death*, etc.)—Boulez, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

219881. John Williams plays **Great Guitar Hits** by Sor, Albeniz, Bach, Vivaldi, etc. (Columbia)

Note: selections with two numbers are 2-record sets or double-length tapes. Each of these "double selections" counts as 2 -- write in both numbers.

Columbia House

All applications subject to review and Columbia House reserves the right to reject any application

Columbia Music Club
CLASSICAL DIVISION
Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

Please accept my membership application in the Club under the terms outlined in this advertisement. Send me the 4 classical selections listed below for only $1.00, plus shipping and handling. I agree to buy four more selections (at regular Club prices) during the coming year — and may cancel membership at any time after doing so.
I am interested in the following type of recordings (CHECK ONE ONLY):

☐ **RECORDS** ☐ **CARTRIDGES** ☐ **CASSETTES**

2MK/GK

Write in the numbers of the 4 selections you want

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss.....
(Please Print) Last Name First Name

Address.....

City.....

State.....

Do You Have A Telephone? (Check one) ☐

APO, FPO, Alaska, Hawaii: write for special

From the New York Botanical Garden
— *FREE!* —
FALL CATALOG
A selection of gift ideas, indoor gardening items, books, tools and terrarium supplies. You will find a choice of floral stationery, herbal cosmetics, posters and botanical prints. Reply to **Dept. F The N.Y. Botanical Garden, Bronx, N.Y. 10458.**

L.L.Bean, Inc.



FREE Fall Catalog

128 fully illustrated pages featuring hunting, winter sports and camping equipment. Outdoors apparel and footwear for men and women. Many items of our own manufacture. Our 63rd year of providing dependable, high-grade sporting specialties. All guaranteed to be 100 percent satisfactory or your money back.

☐ Send Free Catalog

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

L. L. Bean, Inc.
549 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032

Harper's Magazine subscriber service

affix Magazine Address Label here

CORRESPONDENCE
Please include your address label when writing about your subscription to help us serve you promptly. Write to: Harper's Magazine, Subscription Dept., 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS:
Please let us know you are moving at least five weeks in advance. Affix your magazine address label in space above and print new address below.

TO SUBSCRIBE: check boxes below.
☐ New ☐ Renewal
☐ 1 year $8.97 ☐ 3 years $17.94
☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Bill me later.
(Add'l postage: $1.50 per year outside U.S., its possessions, Canada & Pan America)

name
address
city state zip code

MARK TWAIN CHARLES DICKENS NORMAN MAILER-

and you. Yes, you.

See page 102

HARIDAS CHAUDHURI

author of "Integral Yoga"

has written a new book

MASTERING *the Problems of* LIVING



Whatever your age, position, or status, Dr. Chaudhuri offers you a clear and workable way to master the problems of living. He cuts away the rubbery language and nonsense of so many books on the subject. He speaks directly to the reader, clearly and with full awareness of what living today is all about. A new Quest softbound, $2.75. *Just published.*

A Quest Book
at bookstores—or sent postpaid, promptly from Quest Books Dept. HM, 306 West Geneva Road, Wheaton, IL 60187.

would break in: *"How much would you charge to haunt a house?"*

Watching him, I realized for the first time that monster bores of this type can't help themselves. (Nor have they any intention of doing so.) This one had no other recourse or resource. It would be his style for eternity.

THE MONSTER BORE, then, is a sick person, and he or she also makes others sick. I've talked about this with three psychiatrists. All agreed that the condition can reasonably be viewed as a form of mental illness, though not medically defined as such—and that for now there's no cure for it.

As for alleviating the symptoms, what's to be done? Do not count on the method tried by an acquaintance of mine. She *taped* a bore (her husband) all evening long, then played the tape back to him. Anticipating the benefits from this shock treatment, she folded her arms and sat back, but no good. He was fascinated by his own monologues, and took the tapes into his den, where he played them over and over. He would play them for friends at their next party. And he would bring along a Sony wherever he went from then on in order not to miss anything important that he might say.

Homeopathic measures can sometimes achieve limited results. Become a counter-bore. I did this with a woman who was going on and on about her cat named Walter. ("He thinks he's a person.") I talked on and on about pro football. She left me soon, and so it may be worth a try—bore the bore. But then, unhappily, you yourself have turned into exactly the sort of person you've been trying to get rid of. All you've accomplished is to have created two of you.

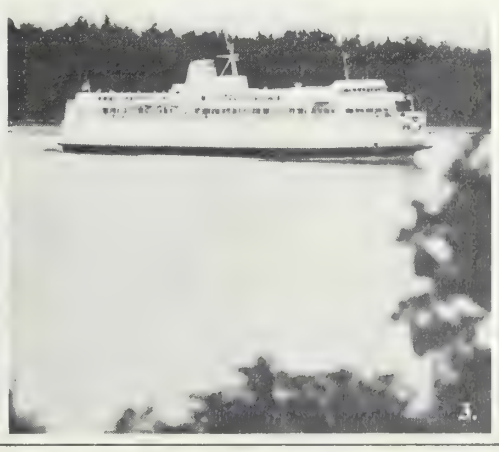
One defense system I do not recommend, though it's fascinating to watch in action, is what a friend calls One-downmanship. Responding to the bore's every sally in self-glorification, put yourself in a position of reluctant envy and inferiority to him. "Bernstein called me the other day. I said, 'Lennie . . . '" "Oh I've never met Leonard Bernstein. But I don't suppose he'd want to talk to me." "I was at the opening of *Tommy* . . ." "Oh, I tried. But I



British Columbia, Canada

These pictures are just a sample of what is waiting for you in British Columbia. 1. Fort Steele, once a gold rush boom town, growing old gracefully in the East Kootenays. 2. Downtown Vancouver as it looks from Kitsilano Beach (great fish and chips at the beach). 3. A fast fleet of ferries links the British Columbia mainland to Vancouver Island and the Gulf Islands. 4. One of the intriguing shops to be found throughout the Province—browse for treasures till teatime. For a lot more information write: British Columbia Department of Travel Industry, 1019 Wharf Street, Victoria, British Columbia V8W 2Z2. Or call your local travel agent.







For the autumn of a lifetime.

guess you have to know somebody to get tickets." "The President asked me . . ." "Say, could you possibly get me his autograph for my son?"

This game can be played exquisitely, close to the horns, especially if others present catch on—or have been in on it from the beginning. The longer it lasts, the greater the crash (I've seen this) from the bore's bringdown. But the drawback to it is that it borders on viciousness. Even a tidal bore is human, and can be meanly hurt. Yet, if the victim remains innocent of having been sent up, nothing is accomplished. Either way the game leaves a bad taste.

I've preferred to imagine a clinic for the treatment of monster bores. Since he or she won't admit to being one, a patient may have to be admitted for another reason, but, once in, can be surprised. *Welcome, we're glad you're here with us.* I envision now an enactment of something like *This is Your Life!* Joining in would be a cross section of well-wishers actually trying to help—friends, acquaintances, and strangers that the offender has put to sleep over the years.

This would be a purification ceremony, a rite resembling exorcism to conjure the person's ego-ridden demon out. It would be *These Are Your Victims!* There would follow a jovial, not mean, working over. *Remember when?* Remember how many, many times you've taken over and danced with the lampshade on your head singing "Save ze Bone"? Or, to another, will you ever stop withering us with the Lévi-Strauss lecture?

And stop laying political and pseudohumanitarian guilt on us. Never again demand, "How can you sit there enjoying that shrimp cocktail when another typhoon has just hit Bangladesh?" Forget about your two weeks in Chad. No lore. No more facts about Tasmania. Also, please, no longer refer to yourself in the third person, as in "Old Jim wasn't fooled." Say, if you have to, "*I* wasn't fooled." Stop orating, listen for a change. No more than five minutes about the wine you're serving and the vineyard it came from. I don't care how you do Peking duck. Or about your cat. Why not save the analysis of your orgasms for Masters and Johnson? Refrain from littering intelligent talk by insisting on anecdotes about your dachshund, and if you say one more time, "He thinks he's a person," you will be hit.

Enough about the Yaquis. Nobody cares what Bernstein said to you. No more loud one-liners, who needs you to be so brilliant? *Don't bring your accordion.* And especially remind yourself not to pick up the needle arm, play passages over again, and explain, "Notice how Miles does it here." I can hear for myself how Miles does it. Leave me alone.

Now, obviously, we have an assault, a surprise reaming out, shocks for our bore's own good. But the key, as I say, is that it's to be carried out jovially. As the dressing down proceeds, the offender is slapped on the back, rallied; it's all plus. We've devised a *sauna* trap for the patient's nervous system to sweat his demon out, and a verbal equivalent of beating it with bundled twigs. But the tone is one of a jovial fight talk: "You can do it. Get back out there and *not* be a bore." It's shriving the person.

I dream.

It won't happen, at least for a while. This being so, what practical steps can we take to keep the monster bore at bay?

One simple enough expedient—go to the bathroom. Walk away, though sometimes a bore will follow and wait outside.

Or feign illness. Several years back a writer had a book out which received some good reviews. Overcelebrating one evening, he cornered a bright young girl managing casually to mention these. Something was wrong, and he asked what. She replied, "I've just learned that I have leukemia," and walked sadly away. Subsequently he learned that this wasn't true at all.

If they can't torment you with their own, bores tend to dislike others' music. When they show signs of taking over, play yours with volume up.

A riskier device is to make use of the children. Smiling permissively, let the little boy and girl run loose. We've done this. It works. As a rule, bores can't bear children in the room for very long. The polluter will soon abandon his monologues on the beach and be gone. But this can be like importing Brazilian fire ants to drive away a local pest. You have then somehow to get your miniature bore-busters back into their bottle.

The direct putdown is still good to use against the bores who like to draw attention to themselves by making outrageous statements. I've heard "Shakespeare was a bad writer," "You know, Olivier really can't act much," and "Einstein taught bad physics." One kroavney of this kind, a woman, approached my friend the late Austrian sculptor Frederick Kiesler, and said to him, "I hate Picasso!" to which Kiesler replied, "Madam, he hates you," and went on to explain why.

But most of us are still passive. A friend who's only boring when trying to hustle a play of his describes actors, directors, and producers seeing him approach with a bound script in hand as "terrified of being bored," and notes how "their eyes glaze over" as they "step back in fright."

A bore-resister I'm close to has asked that he not be identified. At every party he carries a drink in each hand. When waylaid by an undesirable, he has the ready excuse that he must quickly carry the second drink to someone waiting. (A device comparable to, I've heard, Adlai Stevenson's technique of hailing an invisible friend over the bore's shoulder: "Be right with you!") George Jean Nathan said, "I drink to make other people interesting." But it does seem unfair that one should have to render one's consciousness hazy in order to put up with the invader.

There's the society that prints cards you hand to surly waiters explaining (you fill in the details) why they will receive no tip. Possibly a similar card might be printed for bores, and either openly handed to them or covertly slipped into a jacket pocket so they can find it in the morning.

Hired pie jobs, pies in the face, have lately been the thing, but offer little hope of therapy or correction.

Perhaps bores can be dealt with most effectively by the old reliable freeze-out. *Don't invite them.*

I've also heard suggested a product line, a bell, like one of Paolo Soleri's wind bells that could alert everyone to the presence of a polluter, and cause the leper himself to pause and wonder, am I the one?

Am I? □

Jaguar, the uncommon luxury sedan, announces the uncommon warranty.



The 1975 Jaguar XJ stands out from the general run of luxury sedans. For under its sleek steel skin lives a combination of great refinement, engineering innovation, very high performance, and superb handling capabilities. *Car and Driver* said: "It is not only the best Jaguar ever built, it may just be the best sedan available anywhere in the world." And true to its tradition of innovation, Jaguar now offers a new and uncommon warranty.

It covers more of the car, item by item, than the warranty of any luxury sedan we know of.

This warranty is designed to assure owners of the 1975 Jaguar that their car will be virtually free of any expense other than the required routine maintenance for the first 20,000 miles or twelve months, whichever comes first.

And, unlike the warranty of any other luxury sedan, the Jaguar warranty covers not only parts that may be defective, but parts that may wear out. (This includes brakes, windshield wipers, lightbulbs, hoses and belts, to name just a few.) The only exceptions are tires (which come with their own manufacturer's warranty) and the sparkplugs and filters when replaced at the normal service intervals.

Driving this quick, luxurious and responsive machine has always been one of motoring's finer experiences. Now the new Jaguar warranty assures you that it will be as carefree as it is exciting. Drive the uncommon XJ soon. For the name of the Jaguar Dealer nearest you, call these numbers toll-free: (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

Jaguar

BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC., LEONIA, N.J. 07605

With all the talk about smoking I decided I'd either quit or smoke True.



I smoke True.



© Lorillard 1975

King Regular: 11 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine, 100's Regular: 13 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

The low tar, low nicotine cigarette. Think about it.

THE KENNEDY VENDETTA

How the CIA waged a silent war against Cuba

by Taylor Branch and George Crile III

During the last days of the Eisenhower Administration e assassination of Fidel Castro presented itself as an gaging possibility to various people in Washington who d reason to mistrust a successful revolution so close to e coast of Florida. Some of those people discussed the ssibility with the CIA, which had arranged sudden anges of government in Guatemala and Iran, and it has en said that a few agents left for the Caribbean with structions to bring about a coup d'etat. Little more was ard from them until the debacle at the Bay of Pigs.

The invasion, otherwise known as "the glorious march Havana," had been sponsored by the Kennedy Admin- ration, and the new President apparently perceived the feat as an affront to his pride. Within a matter of eeks he committed the United States to a secret war ainst Cuba that eventually required the services of veral thousand men and cost as much as $100 million a ar. The war continued for four years. Kennedy entrust- its direction to the CIA, which, depending on the testi- ony of the witness telling the story, conducted an oper- ion that could be described either as a large-scale ven- tta or a small crusade. The Agency launched a succession commando raids on the Cuban coast and encouraged number of assassins to make attempts on Castro's life. late as 1964 the Agency was landing weapons in Cuba ery week and sending up to fifty agents on missions to stroy oil refineries, railroad bridges, and sugar mills.

The secret war failed in all of its objectives. Instead of erthrowing Castro, it identified his revolution with the use of Cuban nationalism and forced him into alliance th the Soviet Union. The way in which the war was nducted, of necessity by means of stealth and criminal olence, established unfortunate precedents. Always in name of a higher truth (more often than not the fense of "free and democratic societies" against an en tyranny), a great many people in the American gov- ument were persuaded to violate their own laws, to tell nvenient lies, and to admire the methods of organized me. It is impossible to say whether these precedents d anything to do with the history of the subsequent cade. Certainly the news of assassination became com- monplace, as did the discovery of official conspiracy and concealment, and what began as another secret war in Vietnam also came to depend upon a hit man's body count.

This article derives from the year-long investigations of two contributing editors to Harper's. Their forthcoming book, which will contain the complete result of their investigations, and which will be published by Harper's Magazine Press, deals with the experience of the men recruited to fight the secret war in Cuba. Two of the principal figures in the book, Bernard Barker and Rolando Martinez, were employed by the CIA in 1961 as agents. When they were arrested at Watergate in 1972, they still thought of themselves as servants of the moral law.

The following narrative begins with the embarrassment of the Kennedy Administration after the Bay of Pigs. □

IN WASHINGTON, President Kennedy struggled to comprehend how so total a disaster could have been produced by so many people who were supposed to know what they were doing, who had wrecked governments other than Castro's without mishap or detection. They had promised him a secret success but delivered a public fiasco. Communist rule in Cuba was to have been overthrown and Fidel Castro executed by Cuban citizens, all without evidence of American involvement; instead, Castro was heaping scorn on the "imperialist worms" he had defeated. Not only was the invasion an abject military failure, but the highest officials of the U.S. government were being subjected to worldwide ridicule for having tried to pass it off as the work of independent Cubans. The CIA's elaborate "cover story" had fallen into absurdity, and the President finally ended the charade by issuing a statement in which he assumed full responsibility for the invasion. With this admission the Bay of Pigs became a virtual synonym for international humiliation, as well as the most egregious display of official American lying yet entered into the public record.

In the United States, the sense of crisis was so intense that it let loose the fear of war and rallied public opinion behind the President's support. Kennedy had enough composure to take advantage of the general nervousness and to

sive by rattling the sword of patriotism. In his first major speech after the Bay of Pigs, Kennedy defined the issue not as covert American intervention in the affairs of another country but as Soviet penetration into the free world. The United States had not struck against this foreign menace as forcefully as it might have with American troops, but, said Kennedy: "Let the record show that our restraint is not inexhaustible." The international principle of nonintervention would not prevent the United States from using military force—alone, if necessary—to safeguard its freedom. And "should that time ever come, we do not intend to be lectured on intervention by those whose character was stamped for all time on the bloody streets of Budapest." The President called attention to a new and subtler battle of global ideologies—one taking place by subversion and manipulation rather than by open clash of arms—and took up the challenge: "The complacent, the self-indulgent, the soft societies, are about to be swept away by the debris of history," he warned. "We dare not fail to see the insidious nature of this new and deeper struggle. We dare not fail to grasp the new concept, the new tools, the new sense of urgency we will need to combat it, whether in Cuba or in South Vietnam."

President Kennedy did in fact implement a new concept of the Cold War struggle, but he did so in a disingenuous way. After the Bay of Pigs, he summoned forth his much-admired charisma to present himself as a man who had learned the hard lessons of history and who was deeply suspicious of the CIA. Word seeped from the White House into the newspapers that Kennedy had inherited the CIA's Cuban plan from the Eisenhower Administration, that he never had put his heart in it, that he had been pressured into action by Agency officials with a personal interest in the scheme who coerced the young and inexperienced President before he even had time to redecorate the Oval Office. The President was said to have grave doubts about advancing the cause of free, democratic societies by secret and devious means. He was known to be seething with anger at his advisers and especially at the CIA, which he told his aides he would like to "splinter . . . into a thousand pieces and scatter to the winds." He demonstrated his displeasure by establishing a commission, which included his brother Robert, to investigate the Agency's performance. Not long afterward, CIA Director Allen Dulles and Richard Bissell, architect of the plan for the Bay of Pigs, resigned. The President was said to have "throttled" the CIA.

But instead of "splintering" the Agency, the President moved to control and strengthen it by assigning Robert Kennedy to supervise its clandestine operations. The Attorney General protected the President's interest by forcing the CIA to adhere to the chief political lesson of the Bay of Pigs—that clandestine operations should never expose American leaders to the risk of spectacular failure. Within this restriction, the Kennedys placed more, not less, of the free world's defense in the hands of the CIA. Rather than shriveling up in the disgrace of its Cuban failure, the covert action side of the Agency grew faster than it ever had before, receiving a new lease on life and a new infusion of confidence from the White House. And as far as Cuba was concerned, this new American stance took the form of a vast and unprecedented secret war against the Castro regime, devised and launched by the Kennedy Administration through the CIA.

MOST ANYTHING THAT MIGHT HURT Castro was proposed and considered by the White House, and a staggering variety of measures were commissioned. They ranged from an official economic embargo to covert commando raids and acts of economic sabotage mounted against Cuban targets by hundreds of agents throughout the world. The overall objectives of Kennedy's push against Cuba were given such a high priority that virtually all agencies of the federal government were enlisted. Representatives of the State Department, Treasury, FBI, Commerce, Immigration, Customs were brought together in interdepartmental committees to come up with measures that could damage Castro's Cuba.

Ray Cline, the deputy director of intelligence at the CIA during those years, recalled, " Both Jack and Bobby were deeply ashamed after the Bay of Pigs, and they became quite obsessed with the problem of Cuba. They were a couple of Irishmen who felt they had muffed it, and they vented their wrath on Castro for the next two years. And, being good fighting Irishmen, they vented their wrath in all ways that they could."

Although responsibility for the secret war rested with President Kennedy, it bore the stamp of his brother Robert, who entered into the Agency's world with the passion and commitment that led Joseph Kraft to describe the Robert Kennedy of the early 1960s as a "piano-wire hawk." Gen. Edward Lansdale,* then the government's foremost expert on unconventional warfare, served for a time as his liaison man with the CIA. Lansdale says that both Kennedys wanted "to bring Castro down. . . . I feel certain that they had that emotion in them until they were both killed. . . . But Bobby felt even more strongly about it than Jack. He was protective of his brother, and he felt his brother had been insulted at the Bay of Pigs. He felt the insult needed to be redressed rather quickly."

While the impetus and the authority for the secret war came from the White House and the Justice Department, the day-to-day conduct of the operations was assigned to Theodore Shackley,** then one of the Agency's most promising young men. Shortly after the Bay of Pigs, the CIA brought Shackley from Berlin to head a team charged with preparing a "vulnerability and feasibility study" of the Castro regime. He was just thirty-four years old at the time. Throughout the remainder of 1961, while the Agency conducted holding operations against Cuba and tried to rebuild its intelligence

* Lansdale won great fame as the leader of the secret, and successful, U.S. effort to help put down the Huk rebellion in the Philippines during the 1950s, and his subsequent covert work in Vietnam made him legendary as the model for both *The Ugly American* and *The Quiet American.* One of Lansdale's protégés in the Philippine campaign, Napoleon D. Valeriano, later became the first head of the guerrilla instructors who trained anti-Castro Cubans for the Bay of Pigs invasion. In Vietnam Lansdale became the inspiration for a whole generation of counterinsurgency experts, including Daniel Ellsberg.

** Today Shackley is one of the most powerful hierarchs in the CIA. He first made his mark with the Agency in the 1950s; in later years he was the station chief in Laos when the CIA was beginning its secret war there, then the station chief in Saigon. Later he was promoted to head the Western Hemisphere Division of Clandestine Services, and from that position he had overall responsibility for the Agency's efforts to overthrow the Allende regime in Chile. He was also responsible for the Miami station and indirectly responsible for Rolando Martinez on June 17, 1972, when the Hunt-Liddy team was found in the Watergate offices of the Democratic party. A longtime protégé of CIA Director William Colby's, Shackley is now chief of the Far Eastern Division of Clandestine Services.

etwork, Shackley and his colleagues shaped a plan to xploit Castro's weaknesses. And in February of 1962 he eft for Miami to organize the secret war.

The secret command

A SMALL CIA OFFICE had existed in Miami since the mid-1950s as a routine outpost where a few aging agents interviewed travelers returning from abroad. Scores of gents had descended on Miami during the preparation for he Bay of Pigs invasion, but they left soon after the debacle. With the beginning of the secret war, a new station sprang p to serve as the command post for all of the CIA's world-ide anti-Castro operations. Shackley's arrival amounted to blank check from the Kennedy White House and the al-eady large station quickly became the largest CIA station n the world.

The station, known by its CIA code name as JM WAVE,* vas unique in the Agency's history. "It was a real anomaly," aid Ray Cline. "It was run as if it were in a foreign coun-ry, yet most of our agents were in the state of Florida. 'eople just overlooked the fact that it was a domestic oper-tion."

The station operated with an annual budget well in excess f $50 million. It fielded a permanent staff of more than 00 American employees, mostly case officers, who, in turn, employed and controlled a few thousand more Cuban agents. The average JM WAVE case officer would be responsible for between four and ten Cuban agents of intermediate stature—known as "principal agents," or "PAs"—and each PA would be responsible for between ten and thirty regular agents. In addition to the case officer-agent network, there were hundreds of support people and American military officers under contract to the Agency. The headquarters for JM WAVE were located at the former Navy blimp center on the south campus of the University of Miami. The cover name given to the well-secured buildings was Zenith Technical Enterprises,** a front corporation, or "proprietary," organized by the CIA to conceal its operations. In addition to Zenith, the Agency operated another fifty-four dummy corporations —boat shops, real-estate firms, detective agencies, travel companies, gun shops—as proprietary fronts to give cover employment for the case officers and agents outside Zenith headquarters. A former high official in the JM WAVE command described the size of the CIA presence in Florida:

"We had more than 100 vehicles under permanent lease for the case officers. The lower-level types got Chevies and Plymouths, and the higher-ups got Pontiacs. Ted Shackley, the station chief, drove a Cadillac. We had our own goddamn gas station to supply that fleet of cars. There was a tremendous logistics warehouse that included everything from machine guns to caskets. We had our own medical staff, our own polygraph teams, our own psychologists.

* To the best of anyone's knowledge, this, like all other CIA acro-yms, is meaningless.

** In later years newspaper reports alleged that Zenith was a CIA front. JM WAVE dealt with the inconvenience by changing the name to Melmar.



ie main building of JM WAVE headquarters, on the South Campus of the University of Miami.

"Then we had a couple of little airplanes, hundreds of boats, safe houses all over the area and paramilitary bases throughout the Florida Keys.

"There were several staffs in the station. One was subsidizing just about everything in the exile community. If an anti-Castro guy started up a weekly paper, we'd give him some money and help him get the rag on the street. The end result of this was that you had the whole community monitored. We had another staff, a big one, that was debriefing a couple of hundred Cuban refugees a day. There was a large staff of analysts, and a technical staff to read mail or send letters in secret writing to contacts in Cuba, with instructions for them to first spill lemon juice on them or run a hot iron over the letter to get the writing to come out."

Just as JM WAVE was the apex of a pyramid spreading out over South Florida, it was also the center for the international coordination of the secret war. Every major CIA station in the world had at least one case officer assigned to Cuban operations, reporting directly or indirectly to the Miami station. In Europe, for example, all Cuban matters were routed through a regional headquarters in the Frankfurt station, which reported to JM WAVE. All Latin-American stations had Cuban specialists, with standing orders to implement a three-pronged operational plan: (1) gather all possible intelligence on Castro's intentions and capabilities in the country; (2) influence the host country to break diplomatic and trade relations with Cuba; and (3) stimulate anti-Castro propaganda in the host country.

JM WAVE wanted to know in advance about all travelers in and out of Cuba so that the travelers could be asked for information about Cuba, or so that their conversations could be bugged if the person were knowledgeable enough. And if, say, the Tokyo station reported that a high official of the Castro government was preparing to visit Japan, JM WAVE might send a Spanish-speaking case officer to Tokyo to make a "recruitment pitch" to the official—i.e., to try to persuade, bribe, or blackmail the official to defect and provide JM WAVE with intelligence.

A strategy of sabotage

THE STRATEGY OF THE SECRET WAR was based on the conviction that the masses of the Cuban people didn't believe in Castro and would revolt if life became sufficiently sour. As in all previous Cuban revolutions, the chief tactical aim of the strategy was to promote disaffection by sabotaging the Cuban economy.

In the overt aspect of the campaign, the United States placed a total embargo on all trade with Cuba; it then moved to persuade and, when necessary, to blackjack its allies to join the embargo. For its part, the CIA worked to hasten the decline of the Cuban economy by initiating what Ray Cline described as "punitive economic sabotage operations." Years later the former CIA deputy director of intelligence seemed to have second thoughts about those operations: "Looking back on it, you might think all it accomplished was to make Castro beholden to the U.S.S.R., but the CIA actively pursued this [policy]. We were sending agents to Europe to get in touch with shippers to discourage them from going to Cuba, and there were some actions to sabotage cargoes—to contaminate them, things like that.

One of the CIA officials who helped direct the worldwid sabotage efforts offered this description of the Agency efforts:

"There was a special technical staff in Langley [Virginia working on these problems. They were economically oriente and they would come up with all kinds of grand plans fo disrupting the Cuban economy—everything from preventin the Cubans from getting credit to figuring out how to disru sugar sales. There was lots of sugar being sent out fro Cuba, and we were putting a lot of contaminants in it. W would even open up boxes and chip off a gear lock on machine.

"There were all kinds of sabotage acts. We would hav our people pour invisible, untraceable chemicals into lubr cating fluids that were being shipped to Cuba. It was a planned economic retrogression. Those fluids were going t be used for diesel engines, and that meant the parts woul wear out faster than they could get replacements. Before w sabotaged a product like that we would go to the manufa turer and see if we could convince him to do it; if th wouldn't work, then we would just put the science-fictio crap in ourselves when the shipment was en route.

"We were really doing almost anything you could drea up. One of our more sophisticated operations was convin ing a ball-bearing manufacturer in Frankfurt, Germany, produce a shipment of ball bearings off center. Another w to get a manufacturer to do the same with some balance wheel gears. You're talking about big money when you a a manufacturer to go along with you on that kind of proje because he has to reset his whole mold. And he is probab going to worry about the effect on future business. Yo might have to pay him several hundred thousand dollars more.

"I know Jack Anderson wrote about us paying off a Jap nese freighter captain to ram a shipload of buses in t Thames on its way to Cuba. Anderson claims it sunk the But I'm rather skeptical about that story—I would ha known about it if it were true. But it is true that we we sabotaging the Leland buses going to Cuba from Englan and that was pretty sensitive business."

SOME OF THE SABOTAGE OPERATIONS were so minor th the case officers considered them nothing more th harassment. For example, the Agency helped wealt Cuban exiles file suit to seize Cuban property in compens tion for their property in Cuba that had been confiscat by Castro. As a result, a Cuban airplane landing in Mexi City or Toronto might be attached and tied up in legal p ceedings. Such impoundments rarely worked, but they ti up some Cuban resources.

So did the commando raids. In the summer of 1961, J WAVE began running paramilitary missions against targ inside Cuba—small ones at first, and then larger ones, su as sugar mills and oil refineries. These raids damaged t Cuban economy directly, and they also forced Castro divert money and manpower into coastal defenses. In 19 he had 200,000 men under arms, plus a large administrat bureaucracy and a whole industry at work on civil-defe installations. For JM WAVE, the commando raids requi huge expenditures for boats, weapons, secret naval ba

long the Florida Keys, logistics support, training facilities, nd salaries for the Cuban commandos and their commandrs. The Agency had to maintain a clandestine navy—in hich Rolando Martinez was one of its most efficient boat aptains—as well as a paramilitary army.

It was an enormous task for JM WAVE to hide its vast pparatus for the secret war. Since most of its agents and ssets were in Florida, there was no American Embassy to rovide the official cover or the diplomatic immunity under hich the Agency normally works. One problem with runing a secret war out of a CIA station in an American city is iat the very nature of the work constantly forces violations f local, state, and federal laws. All the boat missions to Cuba ere technically illegal under the Neutrality Act, the marime laws, and immigration statutes, so the station had to ork out special arrangements with Customs, Immigration, nd the Coast Guard. It was illegal for agents to drive round with machine guns and plastic explosives in their ars, as they often did, and the station had to establish liaion with seventeen police jurisdictions down the Florida oast and into the Keys. The result was that any agent who as arrested for anything from drunken driving to illegal ossession of firearms would be quickly released. It was oen illegal for case officers and agents to file corporate paers, bank statements, and income-tax returns using cover ames and false sources of income. This required the coperation of judges, the Justice Department, the Internal evenue Service, and numerous local institutions in Florida.

Perhaps only in a city like Miami could the clandestine mpire of JM WAVE escape public attention. In the early ears of the secret war, Miami already resembled wartime asablanca. It swarmed with spies, counterspies, exiled dictators, Mafia executives, refugees, entertainers, countesses, smugglers, gamblers, fortune-tellers, gun runners, soldiers of fortune, fugitives, and loudly dressed tourists—many pursuing possibly criminal ends against the garish backdrop of Miami Beach. Nothing seemed to stand out in the crowd, and that helped the CIA protect its cover. So did the bewildering variety of anti-Castro movements, most of which had been transplanted north to Florida—with names like Monticristi, the 4th of November, Alpha 66, the Revolutionary Student Directorate, the Movement of Revolutionary Recovery, the 30th of May—and dozens of small groups that consisted only of a leader and a few ardent followers.

But not even in Miami could JM WAVE have survived without the full-scale collaboration of virtually every significant sector of the city's community—with newspapers, civic organizations, and political leaders. In effect, they all had to join the conspiracy. For example, every time an agent went to get a driver's license or a passport, he would perjure himself; but as one former JM WAVE official observed: "We all were perjuring ourselves all the time. All of the Cubans regularly provided erroneous information to federal agencies at the CIA's direction. The same was true when they went to take out bank loans. We set up relations with the banks because we had to give them phony information."

The same relations applied to the news media. As the former agent went on to explain: "We didn't have any trouble with the Miami papers. A paper like the *Miami Herald* would have one or two reporters with jurisdiction for Cuba, and we would give them access to the station. So we would feed them information and give them a career out of handouts. The guys learn not to hurt you. Only occasionally do you give them a big lie, and then only for a good

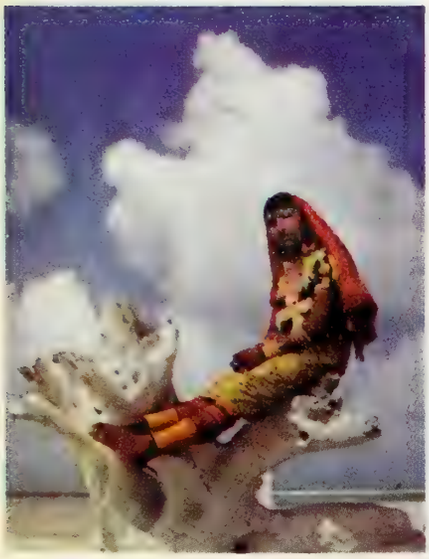


lando Martinez's first CIA "safe house," at 6312 Riviera Drive in Miami.

Panama. Th

Where you can take eight vacations in one.

In Panama, the New World, discover over 700 islands. *There's Taboga, Contadora, San Blas and hundreds of other secluded isles. You can fly 20 minutes and go back 20 centuries from Panama City to the San Blas Islands. Trade with a Cuna Indian for a handmade mola and enjoy a tribal culture intact after 1,000 years.*



In Panama, the New World, the fishing is fabulous. *30 world's records are held! The Black Marlin capital is Panama. In addition Panama offers great water sports all year round.*





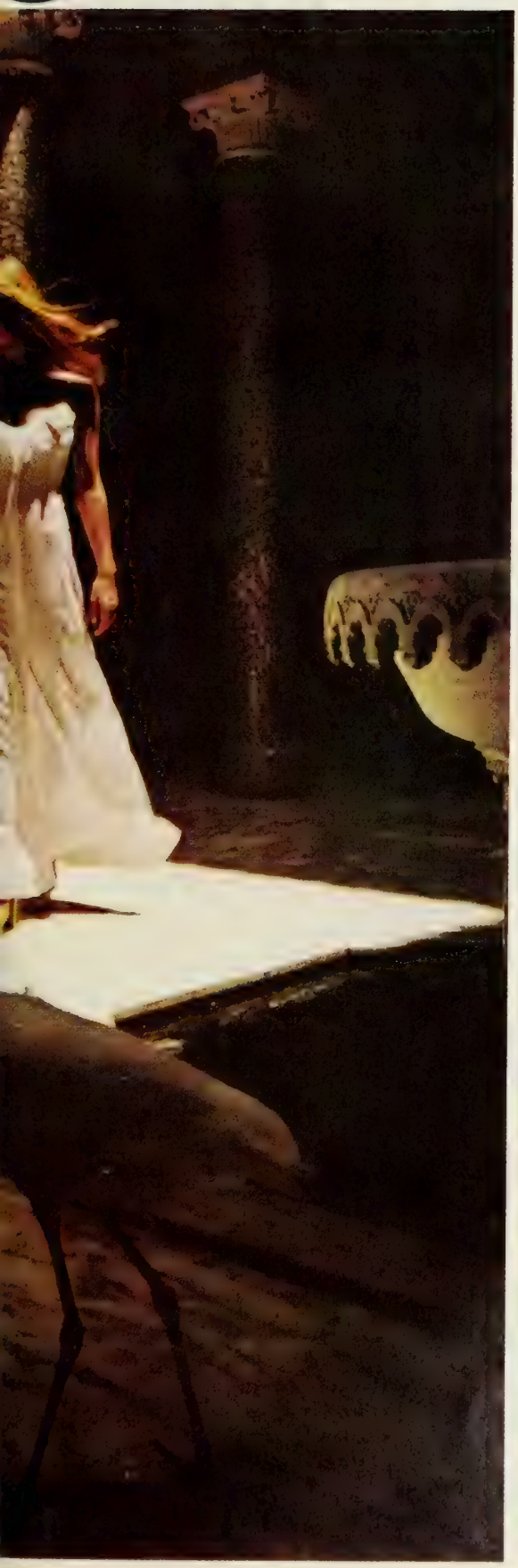
In Panama, the New World, the casinos go all night. *So try your luck in Panamanian or U.S. currency. Furthermore, we have exciting horse racing, car racing and boat racing in the New World.*



In Panama, the New World, dine on the world's finest foods. *Because almost every delicious kind of food the sophisticated world has to offer is perfectly prepared in Panama. And imagine drinking the world's purest water! From your modern hotel you can even see the sun rise in the Pacific or set in the Atlantic. And the oceans are only minutes apart.*



New World.

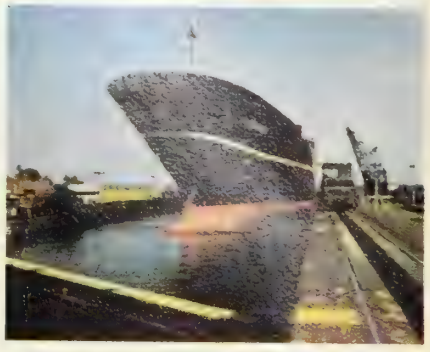


In Panama, the New World, the shopping is sensational. *Cameras, clothes, linens, perfumes, jewelry. Shop Panama and you shop the world, for Panama is the Hong Kong of the western world. And the friendly people will help you shop and have a great time.*

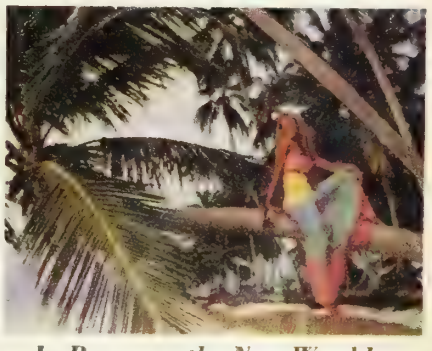


In Panama, the New World, the sights are breathtaking. *You can wander about Portobelo, the port Christopher Columbus named in 1502, or see Old Panama, the ruins of the city the pirate Henry Morgan destroyed in 1671. Spend days in country villages, visit colonial churches. See the ancient and the modern side by side.*





In Panama, the New World, the wonders are amazing. *Visit the Panama Canal . . . the eighth wonder of the world and see giant ships move from one half of the world to the other.*



In Panama, the New World, be entertained forever. *Because there's every kind of entertainment. Because there are miles and miles of magnificent beaches on the Atlantic and the Pacific. Because there are modern highways and tropical jungles. Because you'll do things you've never done before. Because Panama is the New World. And be sure you discover it soon.*

Panama Government Tourist Bureau
630 Fifth Avenue, Suite 518,
New York, N.Y. 10020
McAllister Hotel Arcade,
10 Biscayne Blvd., Miami, FL. 33132
3900 W. 3rd Street, Suite 1,
Los Angeles, CA. 90020

Please tell me more about your Eight Vacations in Panama. H0875

Name

Address

City State Zip

Panama

...and you thought it was only a canal

reason. The paper was always willing to keep things quiet for us.

"The problems keeping a cover were endless, but you had to do all of this simply to clear the way for your operational officers to be able to work without interruption."

Cuban recruits

THE AGENCY HAD LITTLE TROUBLE recruiting Cubans to risk their lives in the secret war. For although the CIA had recently sent many of the exile community to death or imprisonment in the Bay of Pigs invasion, there were still numerous Cuban agents and new volunteers who believed that Castro could be overthrown only with the assistance of the United States. There were bankers, doctors, and businessmen among the Cuban agents of JM WAVE, as well as laborers and lifelong revolutionaries, and they all welcomed another chance to strike out at Castro. The Agency gave them the best training available, transporting them to its bases in Central America and elsewhere for lessons in explosives, weapons, survival, ambushes, logistics, and communications.

Although Rolando Martinez was in many ways typical of the Agency's Cuban volunteers, he was more accomplished and experienced than most. When he surfaced in 1972 as one of the Cuban-Americans captured in the Watergate break-in, Martinez was still on the CIA payroll and had 354 missions to Cuba recorded in Agency files. As a boat captain in the clandestine navy of JM WAVE, he completed fifty missions before the Bay of Pigs and would complete some seventy-five more during the first two years of the secret war.

The main difference in the paramilitary raids after the Bay of Pigs was that the American supervisors often accompanied their Cuban agents to Cuba. The men dressed in green fatigues, like those worn by Castro's militia, and they carried machine guns with silencers, recoilless rifles, and C-4, the plastic explosive. Their secret bases ranged from lavish estates with indoor swimming pools and tennis courts in Coral Gables to remote compounds in the Keys. In his early missions after the Bay of Pigs, Martinez's cargo usually consisted of weapons for the underground's caches or agents to be infiltrated into Cuba; a modest infiltration could involve as many as sixty CIA agents.

All of these operations were carried out with extraordinary attention to detail. Briefings covered everything from analyses of the latest U-2 photographs of the target area to weather reports giving the exact time the sun would rise and set on the Cuban coast. All operational plans were mapped out to account for every minute of the landings, and there were contingency plans for possible disasters. If captured, Martinez was instructed to say he was on a maritime research project and that the information he was gathering was of a privileged nature. Like the other Cuban agents, he carried Cuban money and false papers.

Sometimes Martinez captained his boat all the way from Florida to Cuba, but usually a large mother ship would tow him to within fifty miles of the coast. He would then take the commando team close to the shore in his "intermediary" craft, and from a distance of a few hundred yards the agents landed in RB-12 rubber lifeboats, which had speci electric motors fitted with silencers. Once they had lande Martinez communicated with them with a high-power walkie-talkie. He carried his own recoilless rifle, and some instances he provided fire support for the men wh they met resistance on land or when a Castro gunboat pu sued them. More than once, he was given personal char of weapons drops, in which special rifles with silencers a telescopic sights were left in designated inland spots. always, there were some special twists to CIA secrecy: so of the men being infiltrated into Cuba wore hoods on t whole trip so that the boat crews would not see their face

THE MISSIONS BECAME more ambitious in the late su mer months of 1961, and in the following years Ma tinez found himself working in large-scale raids aim at blowing up oil refineries and chemical plants. Sometim Martinez would drop off a team and come back several da later to pick them up; at other times the team would st in Cuba for several weeks or months. The pickups—or, Agency parlance, "exfiltration" missions—were the mo nerve-wracking assignments: there was always the chan that the agents had been captured and forced to reveal t time and place of their rendezvous, in which event a tr would be waiting for the boat crew. The worst momen came during the long waits for the agents who nev arrived. Aboard ship on their way back to Florida, t commandos would clean their weapons and talk of the t gets they had hit and the Castro militiamen they had kill

There were missions to Cuba almost every week, and t Cuban agents had to trust entirely to the power and go intentions of the CIA. They didn't know the last names their case officers; as a rule, they didn't even know if t agents' first names were noms de guerre. Everything abo the Company was shrouded in mystery. The principle "compartmentation," or keeping information in strictly li ited compartments, was drilled into all employees. To ma sure that no one talked or listened outside his compartme the Agency employed hundreds of Cuban agents to wa other Cuban agents, and they, in turn, were checked, as v everyone else, including the American case officers, by pe odic polygraph tests.

All these security precautions tended to leave the Cub with little overall knowledge of what the Company w doing, although everyone knew that the JM WAVE stat somehow could violate the laws of the land at will. Th would be times when an agent would get drunk and thrown in jail. Their case officers could always get them without any questions. Agents could get divorces with having to go into open court, and they could carry all ki of guns around. Many times the Coast Guard would s their boats on the way to Cuba, and the captain merely to say a code word to be waved on. The extralegal power the Company added to the agents' dependence on their officers, which, as Martinez recalls, was a strong one:

"Let me tell you what it was really like. Your CO was you like the priest. You had to rely on him, because he the one who could solve your problems. You learned to him everything, your complete life. The important thing that you knew they would take care of you, and you k they would take care of your family if you were captu

r killed on a mission. They supported all the families of ıe Brigade members, and they did the same for the families f the men who were lost on our operations. They are still upporting them.

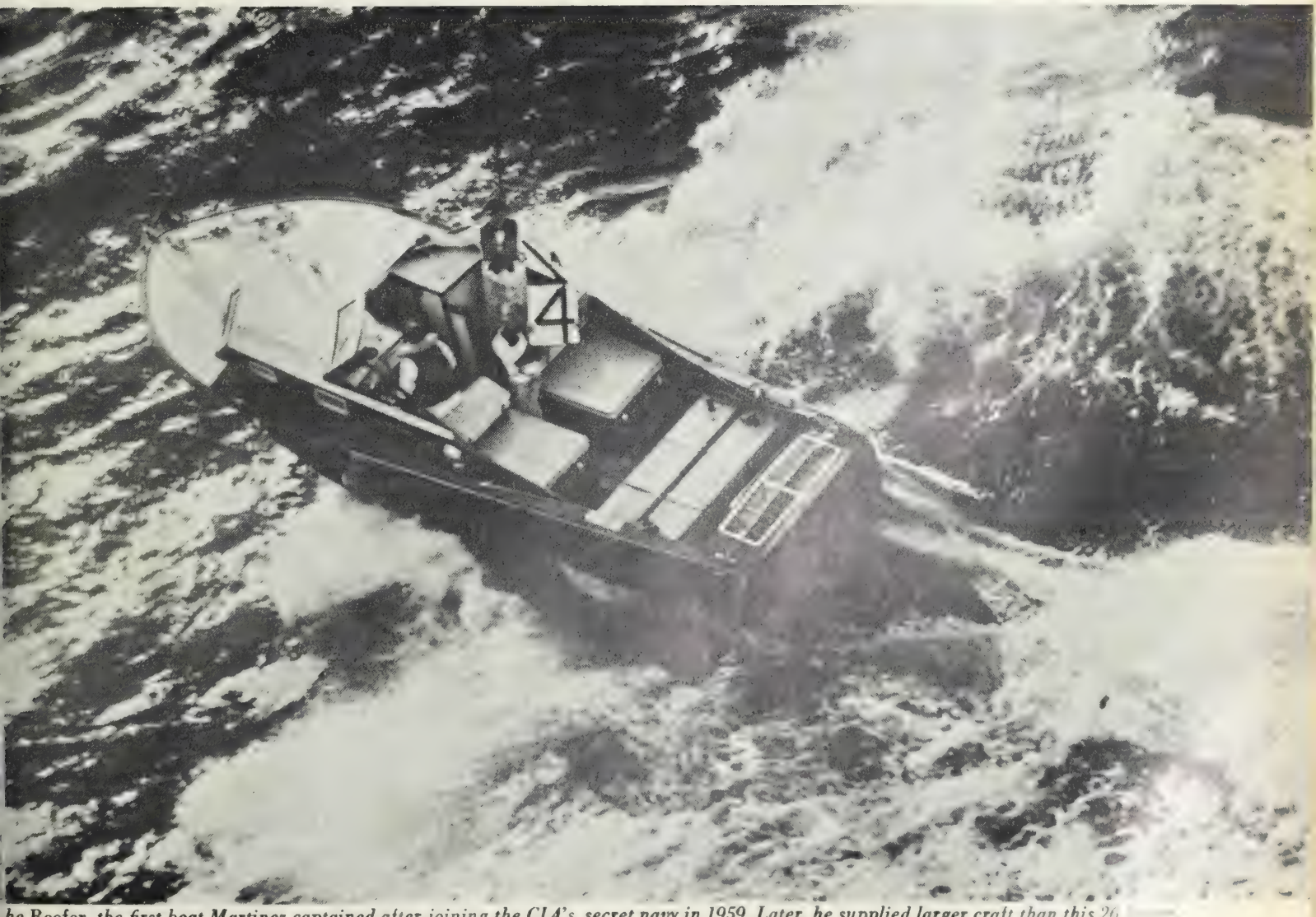
"Once a Castro gunboat came after my boat on a mission ff the north coast of Cuba, and I radioed for help. Before ve could even decode the return message from the base, I ooked up, and there were two Phantom jets and a Neptune ying over us. It's a trademark of the American forces in eneral. You have seen how in Vietnam if a helicopter goes own, ten other helicopters will fly in to get the pilot out. 'hat was the same spirit that prevailed in our operations. I till believe today that the Company might be able to do omething for me about the Watergate someday."

The cowboys of JM WAVE

ANOTHER KIND OF VOLUNTEER prominent in the secret war was perhaps best exemplified by the late William (Rip) Robertson. Robertson represented a special reed of CIA operative—men with names like Boy Scout nd Rudy and Mike—who led the military side of the secret ar. They were not case officers—the bureaucrats and diplo- ıats who comprise the Agency's permanent staff. Instead, hey were independent specialists under renewable contract o the CIA, known as "paramilitaries," "PMs," or "cowboys." Ray Cline explained their role in the Agency's work: "You need to understand the national consensus of the 1950s and '60s, when we believed the world was a tough place filled with actual threats of subversion by other countries. The Russians had cowboys around everywhere, and that meant we had to get ourselves a lot of cowboys if we wanted to play the game. You've got to have cowboys—the only thing is you don't let them make policy. You keep them in the ranch house when you don't have a specific project for them."

At the time of his arrival in Miami in the summer of 1961, Robertson already had become a figure of romance. He had fought behind the lines in Korea for the CIA, and he had endeared himself to the CIA's Cuban agents by his performance at the Bay of Pigs. Despite President Kennedy's orders that no Americans land in the invasion, Robertson was the first man ashore on one of the beaches. Later, when Castro's forces started routing the invaders, he went back in voluntarily to rescue survivors. In Washington, during the investigation into the CIA's handling of the invasion, Robertson appeared as a witness and talked at length with Robert Kennedy. He told his Cuban commandos that Kennedy was all right, which they took as a high compliment, since Robertson hated all politicians.

Rip Robertson was close to fifty by the time he started running paramilitary operations against Castro. He was a big man, about six foot two, with a perpetual slouch and wrinkled clothes. Everything about him was unconventional.



he Reefer, the first boat Martinez captained after joining the CIA's secret navy in 1959. Later, he supplied larger craft than this 26

He wore a baseball cap and glasses tied behind his head with a string, and always had a pulp novel stuffed in his back pocket. From the military point of view, nothing looked right about his appearance, but to the Cubans he was an idol who represented the best part of the American spirit and the hope of the secret war. Ramon Orozco, one of his commandos, remembers what the paramilitary operations were like:

"After the Bay of Pigs is when the great heroic deeds of Rip really began. I was on one of his teams, but he controlled many teams and many operations. And everything was good through 1963. Our team made more than seven big war missions. Some of them were huge: the attacks on the Texaco refinery, the Russian ships in Oriente Province, a big lumberyard, the Patrice Lumumba sulfuric acid plant at Santa Lucía, and the diesel plant at Casilda. But they never let us fight as much as we wanted to, and most of the operations were infiltrations and weapons drops.

"We would go on missions to Cuba almost every week. When we didn't go, Rip would feel sick and get very mad. He was always blowing off his steam, but then he would call us his boys, and he would hug us and hit us in the stomach. He was always trying to crank us up for the missions. Once he told me, 'I'll give you $50 if you bring me back an ear.' I brought him two, and he laughed and said, 'You're crazy,' but he paid me $100, and he took us to his house for a turkey dinner. Rip was a patriot, an American patriot. Really, I think he was a fanatic. He'd fight anything that came against democracy. He fought with the Company in Korea, in Cuba, and then he went to Vietnam. He never stopped, but he also went to church and he practiced democracy."

At the end of December, 1961, Orozco went on a ten-day operation with a seven-man team. The commandos blew up a railroad bridge and watched a train run off the ruptured tracks. Then they burned down a sugar warehouse, and on Christmas Day, with a detachment of militia apparently in pursuit, they sought to escape in their rubber boat to an intermediary ship on which Rip and Martinez waited for them. By this time, the American officers were not supposed to be going into Cuban waters, much less to the shore, and Rip had already been reprimanded for his previous adventures. Nevertheless, when his commandos missed their first rendezvous, Rip loaded a rubber boat with rockets and recoilless rifles, ordered another commando, Nestor Izquierdo, to get in with him, and then motored up and down the coast looking for signs of his men. He was back on Martinez's ship when Orozco called him from the shore.

"We had a problem with the motor when we finally got in the boat. I had just shot some guy with an M-3 silencer, and we had to get out, so we radioed Rip with the distress signal: 'Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh.' Well, Rip came right into the bay. When we saw him, we said, 'That is the old man for you.' We called him the old man. And then he called out, 'Come on, my boys!' Later he told me why he had to come in for us. 'I couldn't lose the crazy guy,' he said. He always called me the crazy guy."

Despite orders, Rip continued to go on operations with his commandos. His superiors became so angry that they resorted to ordering the Cuban boat captains not to allow him to board the intermediary ships that took the teams to the shore. One of the boat captains from those days, now a Washington lawyer, recalled the futility of this restraint:

"Rip was not supposed to get on the intermediary boat—'not under any conditions.' One time, he was on my mothe ship, and his boys were about to go on an operation. Ri said he felt sick, very sick, and then he goes down in th ship as if he is going to lie down. The next minute there Rip with his face all black with charcoal, and he is wea ing the uniform of the commandos—the hat and everythin —and he is all slouched down in the boat in the middle the men pretending he is not Rip. People knew it was hin but what could we do?

"I loved Rip, but oh, my God! He was not the kind man you want as your enemy. If the United States had ju 200 Rips, it wouldn't have any problems in the world. H loved war, but it was very difficult for him to adjust to th kind of warfare we were making. He wanted an open wa and we were waging a silent one."

UNDER THE BEST OF CIRCUMSTANCES, the paramilitari were a hard group to control, but the problem w particularly intense during the secret war becau they came to identify so closely with their Cuban agen and with the cause of wresting Cuba from Castro, who they saw as a simple tool of the Russians. They were cre tures of the Cold War, responding to the new call from th tough young President who was not about to tolerate a Co munist menace just ninety miles from Florida. It was time of high winds and strong feelings in politics. As t case officer who worked with Robertson remarked: "I almost impossible today to put yourself back in those tim when idealism ran so high, and we felt we were on a cr sade against evil, but that was what we felt.

"People think of the CIA's paramilitary officers as thug But you would be amazed to meet them. In Miami there w every conceivable kind of person represented in the par military units. Some had Ph.D.s, and some had gone to I League schools. There were a few who had lots of mone and of course there were some adventurer types. All of the were very emotional about their work. I've seen lots them cry at their failures, and there were many failures l cause of the high casualties on these operations."

The difficulties of control were so great that the Agen often didn't know which missions were leaving in whi directions. The various Cuban movements often wanted dependent raids to build their stature and reputation amo the anti-Castro Cubans. Some wanted to impress the Co pany with their skills in the hope of obtaining jobs and nancial support, while others went on their own in order escape CIA restrictions and control. JM WAVE gave so of these raids the green light of encouragement, some yellow light of toleration, and others the red light of approval—in which event the FBI or Immigration or Coast Guard would be alerted to enforce the law.

The confused maze of anti-Castro activity in South F ida during the secret war included everything from offici organized, elaborate CIA teams to impromptu groups zealous students seeking to make a name for themselves. T vagueness was well suited to the purposes of JM WAVE. the extent that an attack on Cuba was independent, it down on the station's enormous budget. And the existence the independent movements helped mask the station's



UPI

activities: even an official CIA commando raid could be passed off as the work of uncontrollable Cuban groups. The Cuban agents themselves would not know the status of a raid carried out by people outside their compartment, and there would be endless speculation in Miami about how much support the Company had given a commando raid here or an offshore mortar shelling there. Newspaper reports—"Alpha 66 Hits Castro Sugar Mill"—settled nothing, of course, for the agents knew they could mean anything.

Perhaps the most famous of the quasi-independent attacks took place on August 24, 1962, when six young Cubans piloted a boat to within 200 yards of the shore near Havana and shelled the Blanquita Hotel. All six of the commandos had been trained by the Company and worked for both JM WAVE and for the Revolutionary Student Directorate. The boat they used, a thirty-one-foot Bertram named the *Juanin*, belonged to the Directorate, as did the weapons for the attack—a recoilless rifle, two fifty-caliber machine guns, and a twenty-millimeter cannon, all purchased from Mafia gun dealers in Miami. The idea for the Blanquita Hotel attack originated shortly after one of the commandos, Carlos ("Batea") Hernandez, returned from an official JM WAVE mission to disrupt that year's International Socialist Youth Conference in Helsinki. When Batea landed at Miami Airport, one of his friends in the Directorate met him with word that an underworld contact was offering a twenty-millimeter cannon for sale at a bargain price of $300. Batea bought the cannon, and planned an attack based on intelligence that Czech and Russian military advisers, then coming into Cuba in large numbers, gathered for parties every Friday night at the Blanquita.

The *Juanin* sailed into the harbor at Miramar, a suburb of Havana, and got so close that Batea remembers seeing the lights in the ballroom and the uniforms of the soldiers. His companions opened up with a five-minute barrage at point-blank range, inflicting heavy damages on the hotel before returning to Miami at reckless speed.

Castro denounced the Blanquita attack so loudly that it was banner news in the world press. The Justice Department announced that the perpetrators of the attack had been identified, and that further acts of that nature would be prosecuted as violations of the Neutrality Act. JM WAVE announced nothing.

The semantics of assassination

DURING THE EARLY YEARS of the secret war, the authorization for the overall policies and for potentially embarrassing operations emanated from the 303 Committee (now known as the 40 Committee), through which the President controlled missions related to national security. Many of the men who sat on those committees now acknowledge that the commando raids and sabotage operations were approved at the highest levels of the U.S. government, but it is hard to find anyone who remembers supporting them. Marine Gen. Victor ("Brute") Krulak and his assistant, Col. Jack L. Hawkins, were in charge of coordinating the Pentagon's counterinsurgency forces. Krulak sat on the committee that authorized the Cuban raids, and Hawkins represented him on a lower-level committee that met to consider other acts of sabotage against Cuban ta gets. Both of them say they were skeptical of the tactics best. "The object in Cuba was not to put down an insu gency," said Hawkins, "but to develop one.... The wo was done by the Agency. I remember them blowing up refinery and making efforts to burn up sugar fields—thin like that—but none of them was very successful. I do know why they were doing it. What happens in these thin is that the bureaucrats fall in love with their operatio and rational thought just flies out the window."

Gen. Maxwell Taylor, President Kennedy's chairma of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, offered the staunchest defen of the paramilitary side of the secret war. "Just bear mind," he said recently, "that this was a period of gene frustration after the Bay of Pigs over what to do abo Castro. After all, Castro was setting up training faciliti and inviting Latin-American Communists to come to Cu to learn how to spread the revolution, and there were a h of a lot of those people. When you have an unpleasa neighbor who is kicking you in the shins, you ask yourse 'Can't I just retaliate a bit and remind him that we're st around?' They [the raids] weren't completely rash, ho ever. Otherwise we would have discouraged them. But in strategic sense they weren't anything more than just p pricks."

CIA officials now admit disarmingly that the pinpric were part of the general strategy of the secret war, but th point out that they were merely following the directi set forth by the White House. And insofar as Cuban op ations were concerned, the White House tended to me Robert F. Kennedy. Both Krulak and Hawkins saw him the moving force behind the policy, as did Under Secreta of State George Ball. "Bobby was always for that kind thing," Ball said. "He always used to go to the 303 Co mittee; he was fascinated by all that covert stuff, count insurgency and all the garbage that went with it."

THERE WAS A CERTAIN CHARM about the way in wh Robert Kennedy pursued his enemies. His infecti idealism transformed the dry world of governm memos into a crusade against the devil, whether it w James Hoffa, organized crime, Fidel Castro, or the Vietn war. Like Nixon, he was ruthless. But, unlike Nixon, he convinced that the world would be on his side. The w most bandied about inside the Kennedy Administration *tough*, while outside everyone spoke of Camelot.

Kennedy and the CIA waged a secret war against Cas partly out of the combatants' vindictiveness and partly of a commitment to the democratic crusade. "I remem that period so vividly," said Ray Cline. "We were so wrap up in what the President wanted. Bobby was as emotio as he could be [about Cuba], and he always talked like was the President, and he really was in a way. He was ways bugging the Agency about the Cubans. I don't do that talk of assassinating Castro was part of Bobby's cussion with some Agency people."

There were a number of high-level discussions about sassinating Castro, even before the Cuban missile cri mostly arising out of frustration with Castro's success a Cold War adversary. It was an era when, as former natio security adviser McGeorge Bundy recently remarked, "

d to sit around the White House all the time thinking
nice it would be if such and such a leader did not exist."
eral Lansdale says that he chaired one meeting at which
ssassination proposal was made. Richard Goodwin, who
ired a White House task force on Cuba, said that at one
he meetings Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara ad-
ated killing Castro. "I was surprised and appalled to
r McNamara propose this," said Goodwin. "It was at the
e of a Cuba task force session, and he said that Castro's
ssination was the only productive way of dealing with
a." Goodwin believes that Robert Kennedy might have
ulated such methods only indirectly, perhaps unaware
he knight's compulsion to fulfill the king's every wish:
the extent that Bobby was involved in anything, it would
e been like Henry II asking rhetorically, 'Who will free
of this turbulent priest?' and then the zealots going
and doing it."

WHETHER OR NOT THE ZEALOTS received direct orders from the President or Attorney General, they did receive orders to eliminate Castro from power in a. The secret war was the result of that policy, and ro's assassination, if not specified, was a logical objec- of that war. Acting on the President's authority, JM VE trained several thousand Cubans in guerrilla tac- armed them with weapons and explosives, and sent n down to the Caribbean with hopes of glory. All of them ght to end Castro's hold on Cuba, and many of them e their own attempts on Castro's life, in the impromptu ition of the attack on the Blanquita Hotel. By the end of , several men affiliated with the CIA had already been d in attempts to kill him, among them Luis Toroella (ex- ed), Eloy Gutierrez Menoyo (still imprisoned), William gan (executed), and Antonio Veciana (escaped to the ed States). Had these men succeeded, their efforts would e been tied to the U.S. only indirectly, if at all. Certain- heir failures did not cause the embarrassments of the of Pigs, and even a successful assassination by any of them would have been impossible to trace to the Office.

o the CIA's Cuban agents who fought in the secret war search for proof of officially sanctioned plots seems ewhat absurd. Martinez described it as largely a ques- of semantics: "There was an attempt by this country verthrow Castro, and it was not to be by elections," he "It was to be by war. The papers now want to say were plots. Well, I can tell you there were plots. I a lot of weapons to Cuba. Some of them were very al weapons for special purposes. They were powerful with sophisticated scopes—Springfields with bolt ac- , rifles only used by snipers. They were not sent to t pigeons or kill rabbits. Everyone in the underground plotting to kill Castro, and the CIA was helping the un- round. I was with the underground, as well as with the so you could say I was involved in the plots, too, but is all so obvious."

y Cline made a similar point: "I'm almost positive that was no serious CIA-controlled effort to assassinate ody," he said, "but I think the intention of some in- tion teams was to do it. It was the spirit of lots of ns and lots of the CIA case officers."

The secret war surfaces

IN AUGUST OF 1961, just as the secret war was beginning to take shape, White House adviser Richard Goodwin found himself at a party in Uruguay with Ernesto (Che) Guevara. The chance encounter led to a conversation which seemed to sum up the contradictions inherent in all of the American efforts to overthrow Castro.

Guevara began by asking Goodwin to thank Kennedy for the Bay of Pigs invasion. Before then, he said, Castro had held a tenuous grip on the Cuban revolution, with the economy in chaos and numerous internal factions plotting against him. But the invasion, Guevara said jovially, had assured Castro's hold on the country. It had made him even more of a hero, as the man who had defended Cuba against the greatest power in the world. Goodwin, by his own account, acknowledged the backhanded compliment and asked Guevara to return the favor by invading the U.S. Naval Base at Guantanamo, Cuba. This would give Kennedy a pretext for openly using America's overwhelming military force, releasing him from the clandestine restrictions of the secret war. Guevara smiled and said that Castro would never be so stupid.

Neither Castro nor John Kennedy was politically stupid, but they acted against each other in an atmosphere of mutual paranoia and vengeance that eventually came to the world's attention as the Cuban missile crisis. To Fidel Castro, who was attempting to become the first Cuban leader in history with a power base independent of the United States, Kennedy was a necessary but dangerous enemy. In a sense, Castro needed both the Bay of Pigs and the secret war to help him turn Cuba's revolutionary tradition into a war of independence against the United States, and he made constant speeches to his people about the new American threat. "Imperialism was shocked by the Bay of Pigs," he said, "but now they are at it again. Their strategy includes forming mercenary groups, sabotage groups, fifth columnists, terrorists, and bands of counterrevolutionaries." While Castro found U.S. hostility helpful to the task of maintaining national unity within Cuba, he was uncertain of Kennedy's intentions, and he knew that the very survival of his regime depended upon his holding the balance between useful little wars and a fatal big one.

By the summer of 1962 the economic warfare had a real effect on Castro, more than offsetting the political gain he had achieved within Cuba. The Cuban economy was deteriorating and had become more dependent on the Soviet Union than it had been on the United States. In addition, the people were afraid that the commando raids and paramilitary missions prefigured a new invasion. Castro had triumphed at the Bay of Pigs, but, sooner or later, his luck would run out. Castro turned to the Soviet Union for military protection as well as for economic support, and he began receiving Russian missiles in the summer. For all practical purposes, it was an act tantamount to invading Guantanamo, and so Castro tried to do it secretly.

From President Kennedy's perspective, the events of mid-1962 were as alarming and fateful as they were to Castro. Signs of the Communist advance filled the news. Castro loudly proclaimed his goal of spreading the revolution across Latin America, and at the same time the number of new

refugees from Communist Cuba remained constant at about 3,000 a week. Some came on the Pan American flights from Havana, some on commandeered yachts, and others on homemade life rafts. All of them brought horror stories about life under the Cuban dictatorship and only those personal possessions they could carry in a single suitcase. When the refugees landed at Opa-Locka Air Force Base, where the CIA maintained a massive debriefing facility, at least one of them would bend down and kiss the earth. In the debriefing sessions, many of the refugees told of the growing Russian presence in Cuba, which was not difficult to see. By the fall, there were 20,000 Russian soldiers and teams of Russian laborers there, working secretly to assemble the nuclear missiles. This word filtered up through the CIA to President Kennedy, for whom the Russian presence carried the electric political meaning of the Berlin Wall.

ON OCTOBER 15, the day Kennedy was told that U-2 photographs confirmed the existence of Russian missiles in Cuba, Martinez and his boat crew were called to their base at Summer Land Key and told that they would leave immediately on a mission. For several months, they had been preparing for one of their biggest operations—the destruction of the Matahambre copper mines in Pinar del Río Province. The ore from the mines, which accounted for 1 percent of Cuba's gross national product, was carried to the port of Santa Lucía along a twelve-kilometer elevated cable-car system, supported by giant towers. CIA planners had determined that production could be halted for a full year if the towers were knocked out.

Twice before, JM WAVE had sent teams to Cuba to blow up the mines. The first time, in late 1961, two of the American paramilitary commanders had gone along to direct the operation. In preparation for the mission, CIA technicians constructed a full-scale model of one of the cable-car towers, and the commandos practiced their demolition tactics for weeks. Everything appeared to have been taken into account. But halfway to Cuba the ship's motor conked out, the radio battery went dead, and the team was left floating helplessly in the Caribbean.

The mission was typical of many CIA operations—everything would be planned down to the last second, and then some quirk or accident would throw the mission awry. In the summer of 1962 Martinez took the commandos back for a second try, but the team met a patrol of Castro militia and retreated to the ships.

As the agents listened to the October 15 briefing, they realized that there was a special urgency attached to the mission. "You do it," they were told, "or don't bother to come back alive." The next day, Martinez, his boat crew, and the eight commandos left base on the Agency's 150-foot mother ship. By the time they left the mother ship for Martinez's intermediary boat on the night of October 18, one of the largest amphibious invasion forces since World War II was beginning to assemble in Florida and neighboring states. The Army's 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions were ordered ready for immediate deployment, and 40,000 Marines stood ready as part of an amphibious task force in the Caribbean, with another 5,000 Marines on alert at Guantanamo. In all, the Army gathered 100,000 troops in the southern United States.

WHEN THE COMMANDOS LANDED on the coast of Pi del Río Province, they split up to set the C-4 char around the cable-car towers. Before they could so, some of them were seen by a Cuban patrol, and Marti saw militia search flares light up the night skies. He wai in his boat near the shore, and six of the commandos ma it out to him after a brief fire fight. Martinez waited hour for the other two to return, and then went out to s He returned the next night, and again the night after th

On October 22, Martinez took the boat in close to sh at dusk, with an infrared light serving as a beacon for two lost commandos. The boat was within shouting ra of the coast when the radio operator said that the Presid was about to make an address to the nation. The men tur the radio on low, expecting Kennedy to announce a n crisis in Berlin or a new stance on rising steel prices. stead, the subject was Cuba, and the President was say everything the Cubans wanted to hear about the Russi and the missiles and the need for the United States to It was all too much for the ship's navigator, who grab the radio and put it on full volume. "He was so happ Martinez later recalled, "that he didn't care if anyone co hear the speech from the coast. We had to make him t it down."

Back at the base, Martinez was approached by a hi ranking JM WAVE official who said the U.S. was abou invade Cuba and asked Martinez if he would be willing parachute into Pinar del Río, his old province, in advanc the American troops. Hundreds of the CIA's other Cu agents were ordered to stand by for landings in which t would mark the beaches and serve as guides for paratr units.

A second w

WHEN THE CRISIS PASSED and most of the world relieved to have survived it, the Cuban agents disappointed but not despairing. They believed Kennedy, having stared "eyeball to eyeball" at Ni Khrushchev and won, had acquired renewed confidenc his capacity to overthrow Castro. They felt the momen swinging their way, and their spirits were buoyed higher when they learned that Kennedy was pressing his vantage in the negotiations for the release of the 1,179 of Pigs survivors still in Cuban jails. Castro's ransom was $53 million in drugs, medical supplies, and cash. " of the Kennedys felt a real sense of obligation to get t people out of jail," said Ray Cline. "They felt guilty ashamed in the face of the refugees still down there in County; they couldn't stay away from them, but they couldn't face them. Both of them, particularly Bobby, countless hours getting the drug manufacturers to get guys out. There's kind of a historical parallel here. must have felt like the Plumbers when they found ou Cubans were in jail over Watergate. The question was to get them out. Who's going to do it, will John Mit do it? It was pure bribery, what they did with the manufacturers. They raised almost $60 million from t and it was simply a matter of twisting arms."

On December 29, 1962, exactly a week after the r



ident Kennedy in Miami shaking hands with former Cuban invasion prisoners on December 29, 1962. Wide World

he soldiers, President Kennedy and his wife flew to mi to welcome them back. Forty thousand Cubans—ing virtually all of JM WAVE's Cuban agents—turned for the ceremonies in the Orange Bowl, and there was ild celebration of tears and shouts when the President ected the troops. The brigade members stood proudly ttention even though several were still on crutches. In esture of gratitude, one of the commanders gave Ken- the brigade's flag for his safekeeping, and Kennedy urled the flag as he stepped up to the microphone at the -yard line. "I want to express my great appreciation to brigade for making the United States the custodian of flag," he said, in a voice rising with obvious emotion. an assure you that this flag will be returned to this bri- in a free Havana."

heer bedlam reigned for a few minutes before Kennedy d continue his speech: "Your conduct and valor are of that although Castro and his fellow dictators may rule ons, they do not rule people; that they may imprison ies, but they do not imprison spirits; that they may de- the exercise of liberty, but they cannot eliminate the rmination to be free."

he Cubans were overjoyed. The President of the United es had joined them not only with his presence and his ority but also with his feelings. Within two months the nd and by far the most intense phase of the secret war nst Castro had begun. Instead of calling previous Cuban ies into question, the missile crisis seemed to provide further justification for the conduct of the secret war. Hardly anybody in Washington allowed for the possibility that the secret war may have persuaded Castro to welcome Russian nuclear weapons in Cuba as a means of guaranteeing his own survival. The lesson drawn was that Communist influence must be snuffed out quickly—preferably by covert means—else dominoes fall and new threats of nuclear exchanges ensue.

American policy in this era came to resemble a terrible Rube Goldberg machine fashioning ever more menacing confrontations out of the humiliation of past defeats. It is impossible to know to what extent the secret war, with its hundreds of American case officers and its thousands of Cuban agents, shaped succeeding events. But the men who directed the war and the tactics they employed were to be seen encroaching on the news of the next ten years.

Ted Shackley, the station chief of JM WAVE, packed his bags and took his aides with him to orchestrate a new secret war in Laos and then to direct the underground aspects of the war in Vietnam. Rip Robertson and his fellow paramilitary cowboys also joined in the effort and helped run the Phoenix program. And the CIA's Cuban agents began the confusing trek that would change them from trusted government agents into common criminals. During the same period the two Kennedys would be assassinated, and President Nixon, employing both the tactics and the veterans of the secret war, would attempt a covert attack against the American system itself. □

(For further reflections, see page 103.)

John Kenneth Galbraith

APOTHEGMS OF AVARICE

Who's got five dollars?



To most people money is a serious thing. They expect financial architecture to reflect this quality —to be somber and serious, never light or frivolous. The same is true of bankers. Doctors, though life itself is in their hands, may be amusing. A funny banker is inconceivable.



If money is weak and wasting in value, even the rich lack something in certainty as to their worth. Their minds, like those of others, leap forward to the day when their money will have disintegrated. No such question arises in the minds of its possessor, or those who would denigrate him, if money is hard and eternal.



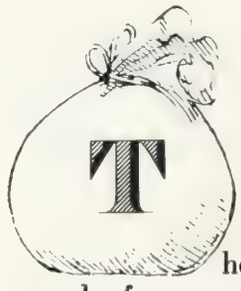
If all else fails, immortality can always be assured by spectacular error.



Much discussion of money involves a heavy overlay of priestly incantation. Some of this is deliberate. Those who talk of money, and teach about it, and make their living by it, gain prestige, esteem, and pecuniary return, as does a doctor or a witch doctor, from cultiving the belief that they are in privileged association w the occult—that they have insights that are in no v available to the ordinary person. Though profession rewarding and personally profitable, this, too, is a v established form of fraud.



Nostalgia combines r ularly with mani respectability to g credence to old e as opposed to truth.



There are good reasons why men sessed of money, like men earlier favored with n birth and great title, imagine that the awe and adm tion that wealth inspires derive from their own wisdo personalities. The contrast between their view of th selves, as so enhanced, and the frequently ridiculou depraved reality, has ever been a source of wonder amusement. Similarly, there has always been pleasu a low sort in the speed with which the awe and adm tion evaporate when something happens to the ind ual's money.

Money bemuses in another way. Over the centu men have supposed that they have mastered the secr its infinite amplification. As reliably as they have suaded themselves of this, they also have persu others. Invariably it involves the rediscovery, perha slightly novel form, of some ancient fraud. The spa time between the transcendental heights of the fina genius and the nadir of the ensuing collapse—from h John Law the savior of the French Regency to h

John Kenneth Galbraith is the author of Money: Whence It Came, Where It Went, *from which these apothegms are drawn. It will be published this fall by Houghton Mifflin. Copyright © 1975 by John Kenneth Galbraith.*

n Law the penitent in Venice, from being Nicholas ldle the first master of American finance and fearsome ıre to Presidents to being Nicholas Biddle the most tinguished of Philadelphia bankrupts, from being Ber- d Cornfeld of the jet planes and sad-eyed concubines oeing Bernard Cornfeld of the prison of Saint Antoine s often only a few months, at most a few years. There vonder and a certain wicked pleasure in these giddy ents and terrible falls, especially as they happen to er people.



conomic stimulation that encourages the reased expenditures of the rich has an aspect of ndness and sanity that is lacking in expenditures on alf of the undeserving poor.



hat the love of money is the root of all l can, conceivably, be disputed. What is not in doubt hat the pursuit of money, or an enduring association h it, is capable of inducing not only bizarre but ripely verse behavior.



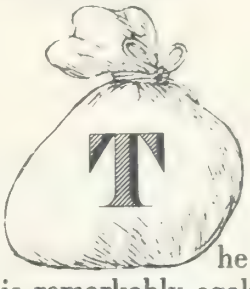
he process by which banks create money is so simple that the mind is repelled. Where something so important is involved, a deeper mystery seems only decent.



f anything is evident about people who nage money, it is that the task attracts a very low el of talent, one that is protected in its highly imper- t profession by the mystery that is thought to enfold subject of economics in general and of money in ticular. Inadequacy is protected further by the fact t failure is almost never at cost to those responsible. re often it has been an interesting subject for discus- n and has given an added dimension to personality. cess, in contrast, requires accommodation to new umstance, the associated thought and risk of criticism. It is for these and the accompanying discomfort that those responsible are remembered. Failure, accordingly, has often been the wisest personal strategy. Finally, as in diplomacy, in the management of money a good tailor has ever been a good substitute for a good mind.



he marvel of banks in relation to money —the wonder of creating deposits or issuing notes—is suspended on one silken thread. The requirement is that depositors or noteholders come in decently small numbers for the hard currency that the bank is under its obligation to pay. If all come at once, the bank cannot pay. When the thought spreads that the bank cannot pay, then, often in much haste, all come. When that occurs, the deposits or notes serving previously as money cease to be available.



he function of credit in a simple society is remarkably egalitarian. It allows the man with energy and no money to participate in the economy more or less on a par with a man who has capital of his own. The more casual the conditions under which credit is granted, and hence the more impecunious those accommodated, the more egalitarian the credit. It is also that agreeable equalization which levels up, not down, or seems to do so. Thus the phenomenal urge in the United States, one that lasted through all of the last century and well into the present one, to create banks. Thus also the marked, if unadmitted, liking for bad banks. Bad banks, unlike good, loan to the poor risk, which is another name for the poor man.



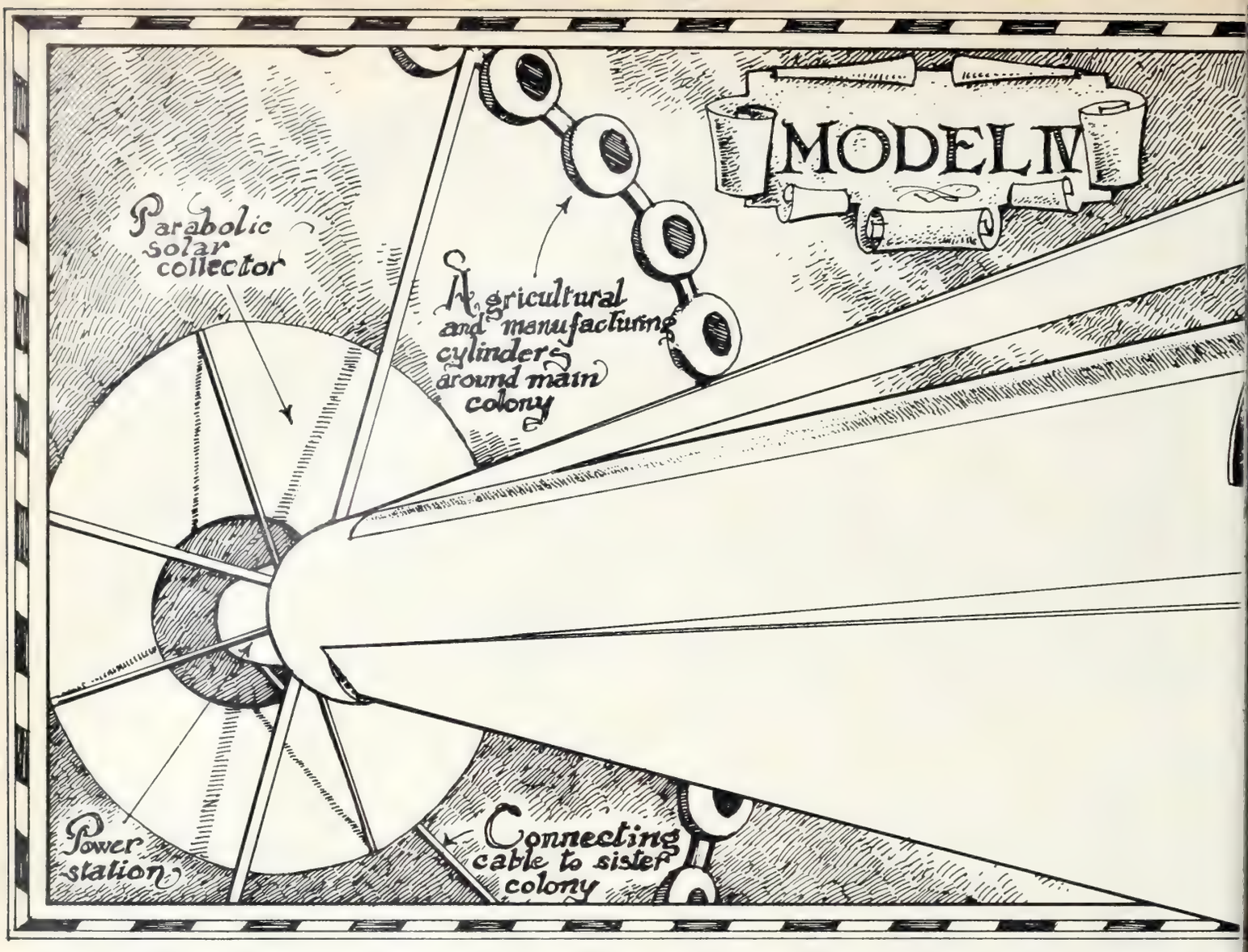
conomists are economical, among other things, of ideas; most make those of their graduate days do for a lifetime.



ruth has anciently been called the first casualty of war. Money may, in fact, have priority. □



b slackman



THE GARDEN OF FEASIBILITY

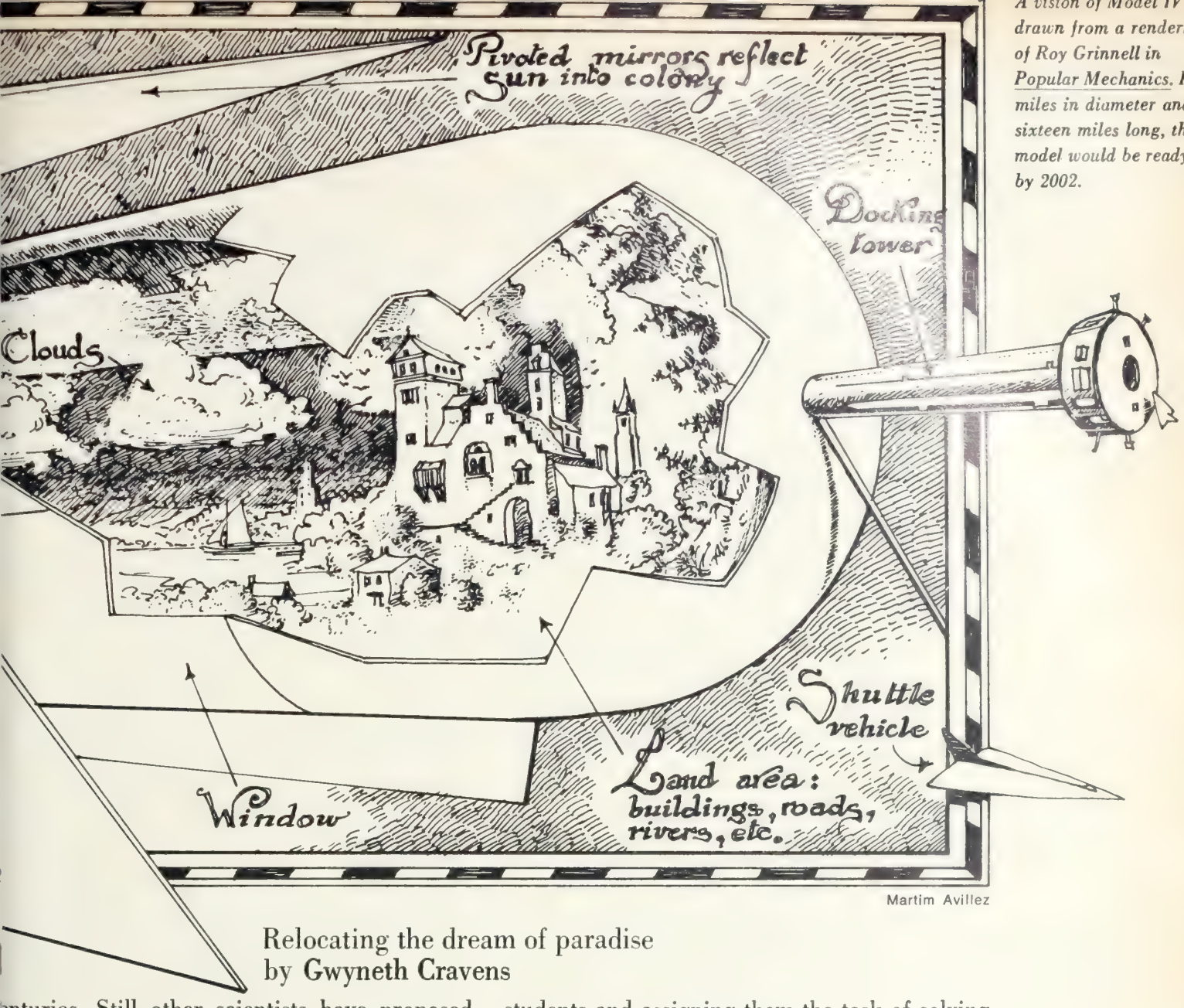
How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new;
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run,
And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we!

—Andrew Marvell
"The Garden"

THE FIRST HUMANS lived in a wilderness so terrifying that perhaps they consoled themselves with visions of future paradise. Later, the wilderness itself was remembered as a lost paradise, the Garden of Eden. Now that imagined garden is a blurred childhood memory, forgotten along with hopes of attaining paradise, and we are left with visions of ashes and strife. By the year 2000, according to various sober prophecies, the world will be poorer for everyone in every way, with energy resources, living space, and the varieties of individual choice severely diminished and with nations who compete for the leavings constricted by authoritarian governments and continual warfare. By 2018, according to the most conservative estimates, there will be 9 billion people living on the Earth—unless famines, e demics, and battles kill millions and destr governments in even the most advanced cou tries. A number of solutions have been offer to halt the rush toward doom. One of the m stupendous and far-seeing, and certainly most adventurous, proposes the mass migrati of humans into space.

"The earth is the cradle of mankind, but c cannot live in the cradle forever," wrote K stantin Tsiolkovski, a Russian who studied practical problems of space flight early in t century. He envisioned self-contained spa communities as a means of traveling to wor beyond our solar system and colonizing the Such a journey could take many generatio since the nearest sunlike stars likely to ha planets are several light years away, and starship would have to be a closed system, way Earth is. In the 1960s Freeman Dyson physicist at the Princeton Institute for A vanced Studies, designed a self-sufficient st ship that would use a million hydrogen bon to accelerate to a speed near that of light order to get to a neighboring star in just a f

Gwyneth Cravens is a contributing editor of Harper's *and a former member of the Monroe Junior High School Rocket Club of Albuquerque, New Mexico.*



A vision of Model IV drawn from a rendering of Roy Grinnell in Popular Mechanics. Four miles in diameter and sixteen miles long, the model would be ready by 2002.

Martim Avillez

Relocating the dream of paradise

by **Gwyneth Cravens**

enturies. Still other scientists have proposed ıther more prosaic habitats in space—Earth ıtellites in the shape of doughnuts or dumb-ells; hollow, concentric spheres; and hollow, ɔinning cylinders. Arthur C. Clarke found this ıst form so pleasing that he recently wrote *endezvous with Rama,* a science-fiction novel bout a cylinder fifty kilometers long and six-en kilometers wide which arrives in our solar ystem in the year 2130 containing a vertigi-ously curved landscape of vast metallic plains, ıminous panels, and buildinglike structures, as ell as a cylindrical sea.

While Clarke was in Ceylon dreaming up the ɔvel, Gerard K. O'Neill, a physicist at Prince-n University, had his mind on more mundane ıings—chiefly on what he should do now that was his turn to teach the big freshman physics ass. It was 1969. Student rebellion was wide-ɔread, and faith in science and engineering was l but gone. He found that several students who ırolled in his class were gifted in science but ey felt guilty about it—their friends kept say-g the work wasn't "relevant." He responded y setting up a seminar for the most ambitious students and assigning them the task of solving world crises through technology.

The students were to design large-scale engineering solutions to the problems of overpopulation and to shortages of materials and energy. Because O'Neill happened to be interested in space research in addition to his work in high-energy experimental particle physics, he also asked the seminar whether a planetary surface was really the best place for an expanding technological civilization. He challenged the students with some additional questions: If one builds habitats in free space where they can receive solar energy continuously, then what will their limitations be? Will they necessarily be so small that they will always be rather like space stations? Will only astronauts want to go to them? Or could such habitats be made big?

The first surprise was the discovery that a habitat built in space using current technology and present-day construction materials could be extremely large—up to hundreds of square miles. The second surprise was the discovery that construction materials are available in such abundance from the asteroids, many of which

happen to be composed of very fine steel, that it is possible in space to create thousands of times the land area of Earth.

SPACE IS RICH in everything necessary to normal human life. Energy pours from the sun in a continuous stream, every essential element occurs on the moon and the asteroids, and although no planet but Earth can provide the familiar gravity, precise diurnal and seasonal cycles, and oxygen atmosphere that humans require, all these effects can be fashioned and controlled inside gigantic habitats in free space.

Taking the position that space is a fertile medium and applying the findings of the seminar, O'Neill devised a self-sufficient colony, Model I, to be constructed from lunar materials at a point almost equidistant to the Earth and the moon. He found that the most efficient design was a pair of enormous, hollow, spinning cylinders connected by cables, and that the gravity, atmosphere, and landscapes of Earth could be duplicated inside the cylinders. O'Neill found that his version can be built today, without the help of futuristic technology, that space suits and other encumbrances now endured by astronauts would be unnecessary, and he sees no reason why the interior should be harsh and metallic. He wants Model I and its successors, which could proliferate exponentially, to be as verdant as the loveliest terrain on Earth.

If work on Model I is begun in the next year or two, he estimates that by 1988 some 10,000 men, women, and children could be living luxuriously in space; that by 2008 hundreds of thousands could be enjoying Model IV habitats big enough to accommodate, say, the equivalent of Bermuda or the coastline around Carmel, with all their natural beauty; and that by the middle of the twenty-first century millions of colonists could be thriving in thousands of similar communities, with access to unlimited energy, materials, and elbowroom.

O'Neill insists that all his estimates are quite parsimonious. Model I could be built very quickly, he feels, at a cost comparable to that of the Apollo project, which required about $33 billion to put men on the moon, and, to this end, he has woven together a great many calculations and cost estimates.

The space shuttle, a semi-reusable rocket plane already under construction, will be operable by 1979; in O'Neill's plan, it would be modified to ferry basic equipment, supplies, and a work force of 2,000 to a point along the lunar orbit called Lagrange 5, or L5. This site has several advantages. Because the gravitational pull and the centrifugal forces of the Earth-moon system cancel out each other at L5, anything tossed in its direction will naturally come to rest there, and anything placed there wi stay put—about 238,000 miles from the Earth 250,000 from the moon, and beyond the shad ows of both.

While technicians, engineers, and laborers a L5 assemble a prefabricated space station wher they will live with their families, grow most o their own food, and build Model I, 200 men o the moon dig it up and catapult pieces of toward L5. The miners load aluminum and t tanium ores, silicates, and oxides into a circula ing series of buckets accelerated by electromag nets along a track. When escape velocity, whic is quite low on the moon, is reached, the buck ets slow down to launch their contents towar L5, where they are collected in a gargantua "venus flytrap" and processed into modula sections of aluminum walls and glass window Soon the twin cylinders begin to take form They are sealed with hemispherical endcaps an prevented from flying apart in the vacuum o space by a mesh of longitudinal steel cables an circumferential bands.

The interior of each cylinder is divided int alternating strips of land area and blue-tinte windows. The axis of the cylinder is alway oriented toward the sun, and light is divide from the darkness by vast planes of aluminu foil attached outside the cylinder at an angl These solar mirrors reflect sunlight in throug the windows to create the day, and can be ad justed to control its length, which in turn dete mines the average temperature and seasonal var ations. When the mirrors are moved, the angl at which the sunlight hits the land area changes, and, just as on Earth, the sun appear motionless in the sky. When the mirrors close night falls. Solar-powered electric motors set th cylinders spinning until their rotation rate i once every twenty seconds, generating a centri ugal effect on the inner surfaces equal t Earth's gravity. Because the cylinders are con nected by cable, their torque keeps them rota ing in opposite directions at this speed forever

HAVING GIVEN night and day to the ne world and set it in motion, the creato must make land from lunar soil an crushed rock, molding it into plains, valley and hills (they might be hollow so that no u acceptable weight is put on the hull). Water created from industrial waste, which in this ca happens to be liquid oxygen generated by th smelting of lunar ores, and from liquid hydr gen, which is either extracted from the residu of billions of years of solar wind striking th lunar surface or imported from Earth. Th water is gathered into rivers and lakes and di fused through the atmosphere to make it com fortably humid.

Clouds form, rain falls, seeds are plante

READ MORE. SPEND LESS.

Bestsellers. Old sellers. Fiction and non. Now get virtually any book at breakthrough discounts!

ou're a reader. With an appetite as big as the Library of ongress. Perpetually enmeshed in three volumes simultaneusly. And wondering what to do when you run out of attic pace (your bookshelf having long since surrendered its last acancy).

/hat's more, you wouldn't have it any other way. *(There's ways the garage.)*

ut there are two very real problems today's reader *does* ace: meeting the skyrocketing cost of buying books—without mortgaging the attic, garage, and everything in between. nd locating a book dealer who can hand over an obscure uthor or old title as easily as he can the current bestseller.

nter THE BOOKSERVICE. Exit problems.

HE BOOKSERVICE, a new division of Harper's Magazine ompany, offers its members the unique opportunity to buy, ith ease and convenience, any hardcover book in print. *ny.* The new #1 novel. A dusty autobiography. A chilren's classic. Poetry and painting. Arts and crafts how-to's. ven dictionaries, atlases, and encyclopedias. If it's in print, 's yours.

nd two, the lagniappe: *unprecedented savings* on every olume you purchase through THE BOOKSERVICE. At least 5% off the retail price of every bestseller; 25% off all eneral titles; 15% off university press and reference books; 0%, 60%, and sometimes higher savings on special supernargains!

ome typical examples of BOOKSERVICE discounts:

	List Price	Member's Price
he Lord of the Rings	30.00	22.50
omething Happened	10.00	7.50
entennial	12.50	9.38
ne Palace Guard	8.95	6.72
agellan's Voyage	100.00	50.00
rictly Speaking	7.95	5.97

nd as you can see, your savings are comparable to any ook club. Often better. What's more, THE BOOKSERVICE ves you the original publisher's edition, instead of an onomized, separately printed "club edition." And you are ver obligated to buy any specified number of books.

ur membership also includes the unique, biweekly okletter. Great reading all by itself.

the heart of THE BOOKSERVICE is the *Bookletter,* a cinating newsletter you'll receive every other Monday. s a lively, up-to-the-minute, thoroughly entertaining guide today's world of books.

u'll read original *reviews*—pro and con—of all the bestlers, new releases, and significant revivals. As well as osulized comment from other national media. You'll enjoy lusive *essays* on publishing events and personalities. Reoraisals of the immortal authors and first impressions of ne likely candidates.

ere are reflections on *children's books*: which ones are tten to nurture young minds, and which solely to snare adult dollars. Evaluation of *crafts and reference works,* from collage design to college dictionaries. *Trend-tacking:* the book subjects that are "hot," the fads and fancies in this mercurial medium.

Plus corridor *chatter* from the publishing palaces: how the authors, agents, editors, and owners who make things work, work; why some great books nose-dive while some disasters become book of the month.

The *Bookletter's* range is A to Z. The delivery, succinct, literate, often irrepressible. The thoughts, always on target. Like George Plimpton's cutting satire of the sports book macho mania. Richard Adams paying his respects to the classics of childhood in "Ingredients of Watership Down," Jose Yglesias on Harriet Beecher Stowe—reversing unjust neglect. Walter Goodman reassessing *The Unheavenly City*—Edward C. Banfield's hardheaded 1970 view of the urban scene. And an intriguing binocular review of Morton Sobell's *On Doing Time,* by representatives of two generations of the political Left.

THE BOOKSERVICE
Charter Membership: 33⅓% savings . . . 0% risk.

THE BOOKSERVICE's regular membership rate is $15 a year, which includes the book discount service and 24 biweekly issues of the *Bookletter.*

However, during the current introductory period, you can become a Charter Member for *just $10,* billed semi-annually. Same benefits, but a ⅓ saving. And, as a Charter Member, you'll automatically receive the lowest rates available every time you renew!

In addition, you risk zero. Should you decide to cancel anytime during your membership, you'll receive a *full refund* for your current six-month period—even if it's your first! Which means you can cancel next week, next year, 1987—whenever and for whatever reason—and get a refund for that current six-month payment. Not prorated. In full!

No need to enclose payment with order now. But please mail the coupon below right away. You'll never have a better opportunity to read more, more enjoyably, for less. And you may never have another chance to save ⅓ with a Charter Membership.

So join THE BOOKSERVICE today. And hearty appetite!

Yes, please enter my Charter Membership to THE BOOKSERVICE at the special rate of *just $10 for one year*—instead of the regular $15. This entitles me to full discount book-buying privileges and a year of the *Bookletter* (issued every other Monday, 24 times a year).

☐ Please send bill for $5 now (and $5 six months from now)

☐ I prefer to enclose $5 (fully refundable)

name _____
(please print)

address _____

city _____

state _____ zip _____

Harper's Magazine
THE BOOKSERVICE
381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302 D970

Gwyneth Cravens

THE GARDEN OF FEASIBILITY

trees pleasant to the sight and abundant in fruit take root, and animals, birds, fish, and harmless insects are sent forth to multiply—within the constraints of a closed ecosystem requiring 440 pounds of standing biomass (plants and animals) to maintain each person. Species endangered on earth could flourish here, since agriculture and industry, along with their hazardous runoffs, are carried on outside the hull, in ancillary cylinders, where crops can be intensively cultivated (grains thrive in continuous sunlight, whereas fruits and vegetables require a day-night cycle), and in open space, where solar energy, caught in parabolic mirrors and transferred to conventional turbogenerators, is used along with zero gravity and the vacuum to facilitate heavy industry. Some plants and animals might become especially adapted to the unusual conditions available in the cylinder. Along its axis, there is no gravity, and so fish, who die out of water on Earth because gravity flattens their gills, might do very well swimming in a misty atmosphere.

Against the endcaps, housing for 10,000 men, women, and children takes shape. O'Neill has suggested small apartment buildings with big rooms and wide terraces overlooking the fields and groves, but neighborhoods might vary widely in architecture and character. One possible prototype is the Italian village, with its piazzas, fountains, high population density, and strong social bonds. During construction, which takes about eight years, a great deal of attention is also given to trompe l'oeil effects in the landscaping and overall interior design so that the habitat feels as Earthlike as possible. If people want to climb to the central axis and enjoy weightless soaring, they can, but at least half their time must be spent on the inner surface, where gravity is Earth-normal. Otherwise, bone and muscle deterioration might occur over time, and the circulatory system, whose job is to work against gravity, might grow lazy. There is plenty of opportunity to keep in shape swimming and sailing in the streams and lakes and hiking in the woods—although the higher one climbs, the more his weight decreases. The colonists will probably do just what Earth people do—eat, make love, sleep, rearrange everything to suit their idiosyncrasies, visit their friends (their celestial colleagues are nine minutes away in the neighboring cylinder, which might enclose a contrasting climate), and work.

The first generation of colonists—presumably the 2,000 or so from the prefabricated space station and the moon, along with 8,000 new ones brought from Earth on big shuttles—will have to work in order to justify the existence of this Eden and to pay its truly exorbitant bill. The citizens of Model I will manufacture two products: Model II and a device that can supply Earth with all the energy it needs.

UNTIL RECENTLY, the U.S. Energy Research and Development Administration (ERDA) has not heavily funded the development of solar energy, concentrating instead on nuclear power. Solar energy cannot be efficiently collected on the Earth's surface to feed the stupendous appetite of heavy industry. If the sun's enormous tide of energy could be captured out in the continuous day of space, however, then the power supply would be formidable indeed. This possibility led Peter Glaser, vice-president of engineering sciences at the consulting firm of Arthur D. Little, Inc., to develop the concept of the satellite solar power station, or SSPS. The satellite would travel in a geosynchronous orbit 22,300 miles above a particular spot on Earth collecting sunlight and converting it into a microwave beam, which would be locked—at an intensity low enough to satisfy environmental safety regulations—on a circular antenna array on Earth and converted to direct-current electricity. Without creating thermal, chemical, or radioactive pollution, one receiving station antenna about ten miles square could provide enough electricity to satisfy the present electric-power needs of New York City.

Feasibility studies indicate that the technology to build the SSPS is available now, but at a cost too high to make it competitive with other energy sources. In time—maybe twenty years—this expense could be reduced through the development of less expensive technology. After the SSPS had been successfully demonstrated using available Earth resources, the building of the SSPS would probably take place at L5 or if if the space colonists could produce it more easily there than on Earth. The main advantage of manufacturing the SSPS at L5 would be the ability to tow it into orbit from the colony, thus avoiding the difficulty of launching the huge satellite into orbit from Earth.

O'Neill wants the colony to use its industrial facilities to manufacture the SSPS and thereby generate sufficient cash flow to pay for the entire colonization project. Once in orbit, the SSPS would require little maintenance, and its energy would keep on flowing as long as the sun shone. Model I could then make duplicates of the SSPS and station them over all the poor countries of the world, providing enough energy to end starvation and poverty. At a recent conference sponsored by Princeton University, NASA, and the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics, Glaser observed that if space manufacturing facility is the best method for getting the SSPS into operation, then it will be done that way because the energy of the future has to be solar energy. "We have

ce but to learn to harness solar energy," aid.

ne physicist Theodore Taylor has noted that y industry devotes most of its energy sim- o fighting gravity. But the zero gravity of e permits superior processing techniques automated construction. As O'Neill envi- s it, therefore, after the colonists built the S, they could go on to build Model II, h would have three times the area and ten s the population of Model I. Model II might be dependent on Earth for some resources ydrogen, perhaps—but the citizens of Model even bigger and ready by 2002) could be- mining the asteroid belt, 50 million miles . The asteroids are composed mostly of and nickel: one cubic mile of asteroid d provide ten times the amount of steel the d now uses annually. O'Neill believes that in a century so many habitats would be r construction that the asteroids would have ovide 64 billion tons of steel a year, or four s the amount ever produced on Earth and times the current annual world produc- The asteroids also contain hydrogen, nitro- and carbon; hydrocarbons are the basis of ics, innumerable fibers and fabrics, and ice cream. Model III, needing nothing at rom Earth, could manufacture a daughter ny quite grand in scale and lavish in ap- tments. Model IV, sixteen miles long and miles in diameter, could house a few mil- emigrants with ample room to spare. Its ities could include blue skies (it takes two of atmosphere to make a sky blue), and cates of the Grand Tetons (O'Neill's favor- nge) piled up against the endcaps, their)-foot peaks poking through the clouds form at 3,000 feet). All in all, a happy en-state.

A green thought in a green shade

FTER READING ABOUT space colonies, I decided to leave the island of Manhattan, which is smaller by far than Model IV much more densely populated, and make vay through the industrial desolation of n New Jersey to the sunny glade of eton University to talk to Gerard K. ill. Besides being the prime mover of Mod- he is a distinguished contributor to the of high-energy physics; we met in the nergy corridor of the Physics Department lwin Hall, a stark, cuboidal structure remi- t of laboratories in old science-fiction s. Dr. O'Neill, though, would not make a good Brilliant Scientist in a movie: he 't look old enough to save the world, or to run a cyclotron. He is forty-eight, a conservatively dapper man with a modified shag haircut and a fine-boned, slender face. He is all feasibility.

I asked about the immensity of Model IV.

"That's actually very conservative," he said. "There could be dozens of Model IVs in the early twenty-first century. If you project the current technology ahead to the point that we could start chewing up asteroidal materials—and they're just out there, not doing anybody any good—you can create land areas millions of times that of the Earth. Millions and millions of people could eventually be living in space."

While teaching at Princeton in 1956, O'Neill became interested in a proposed machine that would make beams of high-energy particles collide in a vacuum chamber. The idea was to produce reactions of a much greater order than those produced by an ordinary accelerator. "The machine was very complicated, and it didn't leave much room for designing experiments," he recalls. "I got the notion that there was perhaps an easier way to accomplish the same thing." O'Neill speaks quietly, does not gesticulate, and appears to expend only the exact amount of effort required for the task at hand. He obviously uses existing energy—updrafts and currents—more adroitly than other people. "I designed a device called a storage ring for use in colliding-beam experiments," he said. "I spent about two years convincing a widening circle of people that we should build storage rings, and finally the Office of Naval Research and the AEC gave us $2 million to do it. Now, most of the proposals for accelerators are for storage rings. It's been fun watching that idea grow from nothing to being applied all over the world."

O'Neill envisions a time when millions of space colonists will conduct all sorts of astrophysical research while producing specialized goods to be traded among colonies or returned to Earth. He does not see many goods going to the Earth's surface very soon, with the possible exception of pharmaceuticals and crystals (the latter, used in electronics, can be grown much more efficiently and beautifully in zero gravity, and they don't weigh much). But he does look forward to a time when most heavy industry would be carried on outside the fragile biosphere of Earth, and the Earth would become a wildlife preserve, "a great place to visit."

Colonists might also experiment with various social and political structures, ecologies, and new scientific hardware, such as telescopes and explorer labs. But, lest you imagine a race of extraterrestrial technocrats, O'Neill wants the citizens of the colonies to be mostly men and women whose occupations are in agriculture, forestry, botany, zoological planning, and "other activities which are nonrepetitive and require a sense of art and beauty."

"The colonies could be a means of enriching the Earth and seeding a new Renaissance, just as the colonization of the New World replenished Europe."

Gwyneth Cravens

THE GARDEN OF FEASIBILITY

Some have expressed suspicion and even antipathy toward what Freeman Dyson has characterized as "beautifully planned colonies in an insufferable paternalistic atmosphere where every blade of grass is carefully watched." Dyson told me that he has been an enthusiast of space colonization for a long time and that he was grateful to O'Neill for having made the idea respectable. "But I disagree with him about many of the details," Dyson said. "I wouldn't want to live in one of his colonies—it's all too hygienic, too bureaucratic, too official. And far too expensive. I believe we can lower Gerry's costs for the first colony by a factor of 1,000." (Physicists like to factor things.) "Roughly, one factor of ten by having fewer people; one factor of ten by being willing to take risks that a government organization cannot take; and one factor of ten from new technology. But of course nobody in NASA will believe that anybody outside can calculate costs correctly. I think we shall go as the Mayflower went, a small band of dedicated fanatics in a makeshift boat."

Dyson and O'Neill have exchanged long letters on this issue, and O'Neill told me that Dyson's factors are not possible. "Shoestring operations are unfeasible until you're out in the colonies, where you can do all sorts of things cheaply, simply, and independently," he said. "The project to build Model I could be governmental, multigovernmental, or it might even be done by private industry."

O'Neill also disagrees with Dyson's Mayflower analogy. "That would be accurate if you already had people living in a colony who wanted to strike out from there. Being at L5 is very much like being on a seacoast, but being on Earth and wanting to go into space is very much like being at the bottom of a hole 4,000 miles deep. We have to fight our way up. And I would go even further than Freeman: one of the attractive things about the space colony is that a real maverick, someone who hates official constraints, someone who isn't willing to work with *anybody*, is free to wake up one day —ten or fifteen years after Model I—and decide to go off on his own. The kind of a vehicle he would have to build to go easily and safely from L5 out to the asteroids would not cost any more than what someone building a homemade airplane today might spend. There are thousands of them built every year, you know, and they fly quite successfully. I worked out all the economics and found that it would cost a guy maybe $50,000 to $100,000 to build a small craft, strike out with his family and the necessities for basic agriculture and mining, and homestead an asteroid. To take off from Earth requires high thrusts and precise timings. Every second is critical, and if anything goes wrong, you're in bad trouble. But if a guy started out from a colony and his engine quit a week out, he could just stop and fix it, or radio for help and wait for the 'Coast Guard' to pick him up. His navigation instruments would have to be any more than a telescope and sextant. In fact, it would be easier to navigate from L5 to the asteroids than it would be to navigate across the Atlantic. There's no atmospheric or gravitational stress in space, and there are far fewer surprises."

THE IDEA OF SPACE as a safe place to l is new to many people, and dubious those who have heard about the dang of cosmic rays. "You've got to take care that," O'Neill said. "You can do it by us industrial slag or sand to make a shield ab two feet thick around whatever craft you're In the habitats, the depth of the atmosph would protect the colonists."

As anyone who watches space operas on t vision or who has taken the Flight to Mars Disneyland well knows, meteoroid strikes are ways putting space travelers in jeopardy. actuality, most meteoroids are made of dust frozen gases and are more like snowballs t rocks.

Various aspects of the engineering of Mc I have been criticized by some of O'Neill's leagues. Almost none of them appears to miss the project out of hand, but they do q tion such aspects of it as the strength of hull structure, the workability of the solar-r ror system, and the long-term effects of trifugal force and zero gravity on human pl iology. Others are dissatisfied with the cost alysis, which they feel is far too optimis Some of the engineering critiques have insp O'Neill to do further homework and impr on his original scheme. To the fiscal critic he replies that he has actually kept his figu for the size and population of Model I ge ous enough to permit a "substantial de-s ing" without sacrificing the basic concept. has given several presentations to NASA cials, many of whom are enthusiastic bac and who agree that his numbers are valid worry that sloppiness, graft, and politics m drive the price up. Apollo cost twice as muc anyone thought it would.

A great deal of the money NASA spen the Apollo project went into hardware, suc the lunar landrover, which was for one-time only. Say you decided to fly round trip New York to Los Angeles and the cost of fare covered the development and construc of the passenger jet, John F. Kennedy ternational Airport, and the Los Angeles I national Airport, and then, after buying wondrous ticket, at the end of the trip threw the jet away. That's what Apollo was

only major new manned program NASA in progress is the space shuttle. Five shut- will be built, at a total cost of $1.25 billion, each will be used up to 500 times. But, as high-ranking official of NASA put it, "the it of adventure is gone from the space pro- m," and so no one is quite sure what to do h the shuttles once they are on the launching ls.

ndeed, the agency is searching for great as and has established "Outlook for Space," advisory panel, to report on the prospects for next twenty-five years. Members of the panel e been quite cordial to O'Neill and have n given speeches at space-habitat seminars conferences. Meanwhile, O'Neill has a nt from NASA to continue research on del I, and the American Institute of Aero- tics and Astronautics, considered by the ospace industry to be its most powerful by, has started urging Congressmen to al- ate 15 to 20 percent of the federal aerospace lget to the project.

At the Princeton conference on space col- zation last spring, the participants included only engineers and physicists but also erts from the fields of social philosophy, in- national law, and space medicine. The mood the conference was good-humored and op- istic—the campus trees were in full bloom the Vietnam war had just ended—and at conclusion, some of the participants spoke heir exuberance at being present at the be- ning of an enormous new development. They spoke of their relief that at last the space gram might be able to do something of di- benefit to mankind. Jerry Grey, former ctor of the Nuclear Propulsion Research oratory at Princeton, pointed out that the of building Model I might be as much as fifth the amount designated for Project In- ndence, but that the rewards could well much greater. "I've been in the aerospace ness for twenty years," he said. "I've seen s come and go. This idea is farfetched, of se, and it must be demonstrated that the stment will pay off, but the project certain- eems to be one the world needs and that an make happen if we work together."

Preparing for longer flight

O'NEILL FEELS THAT self-sustaining space colonies would provide new choices and new possibilities for a great many peo- He thinks that one of the crises of the next decades will be an intangible one—a short- of options. Throughout history, human so- es have varied widely from place to place, if present conditions continue unchecked, uniformity will have to be enforced and personal independence curtailed so that large, unwieldy populations can survive. O'Neill believes that space colonies might well escape the Earth's authoritarian imperatives. He envisions a rich diversity of habitats governed by a loose federal system—a frontier providing so much freedom and opportunity that the colonists would have little or no reason to fight wars.

Some think the colonies are the only means of perpetuating the human race in the event of an apocalypse, and others see them as a means of enriching the Earth and seeding a new Renaissance, just as the colonization of the New World replenished Europe. Still others consider the colonies as simply the first step out of the cradle.

The second or third generation of self-sustaining colonies might have little interest in Earth: by the middle of the next century, it might not make much difference to colonists whether their island in space were located at L5, in the asteroid belt, or beyond the orbit of Pluto. Far outside the solar system, a habitat would still enjoy Earth-normal sunshine, and men like Freeman Dyson and Theodore Taylor, as well as other scientists who have a strong desire to voyage into space, have already designed propulsion systems for star voyages.

Only one prediction may be made with some confidence: if large numbers of men and women are to go into space in our lifetimes, then—because of the careful, farsighted planning necessary for such a venture—the decision to do so must be made in the next year or two.

O'Neill has been giving lectures around the country about space colonization, and sometimes he appears on television talk shows. Recently I watched him on a panel convened on national television to discuss the year 2000. The members, mostly people paid to think ahead, agreed that if present trends continued we were going to be in terrible trouble, but they were unable to agree on a solution or, except for O'Neill, to focus on whatever reality might lie beyond the immediate purview of the middle class of the United States. One woman, who was wearing a big diamond ring, said we had to give up our two-car lives, our blister packs—in short, our entire economy of waste and overproduction—and share our wealth with the underdeveloped countries. Other panelists vigorously advocated philosophical revolutions or better politics. With a fervor that often characterizes the high degree of competition that is said to fuel the intellectual elite, they put forth one solution after another.

O'Neill watched them, and he listened carefully, and then he said—too quietly to be heard by his fellow panelists—"We've tried political solutions for 10,000 years, and we haven't gotten much better at it. It's time to try something else." □

"If large numbers of men and women are to go into space in our lifetimes, then the decision to do so must be made in the next year or two."

A story by Stephen Dixon

STREETS



Jacqueline Chv

TWO PEOPLE STAND on the street corner. Or, rather, she stands on the corner. He's gone into the corner store. She looks up. A jet plane passes. She waves at the plane and laughs. She looks at the cars passing on the avenue. A bus. She waves at the people in the bus. A young boy in the bus waves back. She sees me waiting at the bus stop. She smiles. I smile. The man comes out of the store. He holds out a package he didn't seem to have when he went into the store. She takes the package and puts it in her pocketbook and runs. He walks after her. She sees him walking after her and runs faster. He starts jogging after her. She sees him and begins to run as fast as she can. At least it seems like that. She's sprinting. He's now running after her. She turns around as she runs and sees him gaining on her. She seems to try to run faster than she was going, but she can't. She's in fact slowing down. She's getting tired. The pocketbook she's holding might be heavy. I'm running along the avenue behind both of them. People turn as we run past. They look at the couple and then me as if I know what's going on. I don't. As if I'm part of a threesome—this woman, man, and I—but I'm really not. I was just watching them on the corner. Then just the woman on the corner. Then the man leaving the store and holding a package out to her and the woman taking the package and putting it in her pocketbook and running away with it and the man following her, and now he catches up. He tries to take her pocketbook. She pulls her pocketbook back. I stand and watch this from about fifteen feet away. Other people watch. He pulls the pock book from her. When she tries to get the pock book back, he pushes her. She falls. A man ste over to them and says something to the m who pushed her and holds out his hand to t woman and pulls her up. The man with t pocketbook tells him to mind his own busine The helping man steps back but continues watch them while sitting against a parked c The man he's watching pulls the package of the pocketbook and puts it in his side jacl pocket. The woman reaches into his pocket. slaps her hand. She slaps his face. He puncl her in the face. She falls, this time on her ba Her head hits the ground hard, and she see unconscious. The helping man rushes over a begins arguing with the man who hit the wo an. The man swings the pocketbook at him a catches him in the face. The woman was o stunned or maybe unconscious for a few s onds. The helping man has a cut on his ch from the bag. He pulls out a knife. The ot man tries to knock the knife out of his h with the pocketbook, but the strap breaks the pocketbook drops to the ground. The wo takes a handkerchief out of the pocketbo presses it against the back of her head stands. The two men are facing one another shouting, the helping man waving his knif the air, the other man his fists. "Use it. just try and use it," he says to the man w the knife. Several people come over, and otl from across the avenue, and almost all of t crowd around the two men and the wo

Stephen Dixon's stories have appeared in several literary reviews and in the anthology Making a Break *(Latitudes Press).*

gh giving them plenty of room to move nd. I still haven't moved. The crowd forms kly and so densely around the trio that n no longer see what's going on. I hear ms. From women and men. One woman around from the crowd with her arm to ips and looks at me and walks away. Her e is taken immediately, so I still can't see 's going on. I go over to the crowd, try to place in the circle by squeezing between eople, then look over a couple of shoulders e what's going on inside. The man who to help the woman has his own knife in hest and is lying on his back. The woman ng on her front, her face on its side. Blood es the back of her head, though it could be the second fall that I saw. The man who er then is on his knees. Blood seems to be ng his dark shirt around his stomach where nolding himself.

Vhat happened?" I say to a man.

Don't you see?"

ut how'd it happen?"

Vhat's the difference how? It's happened."

omeone should go for the police."

ood idea. You go."

nd the people there should be helped."

hat's what someone else said. You help ."

low can I if I'm going for an ambulance he police?"

hat's true. And an ambulance. You're They need one."

Vill someone please go for an ambulance he police while I try and help these peo- I say.

ll go," a girl says. She doesn't look older eight.

bmeone older?" I say.

ere are about twenty people around the Nobody responds to anything I say with a head shake. I push through the crowd. nan's shirt is soaked now and he's groan- The man with the knife in his chest looks The woman is still bleeding from the

Vill someone please go for the police?" I

et the girl go," a woman says. "I know Know her mother, I mean. She's a smart Rather, her mother says she's smart."

ne's smart," another woman says. "Go, Call the police."

need money," the girl says.

ut my hand in my pants pocket. Everyone es me go through all my pockets for e. I look at the crowd nearest the girl. "I ht I had change," I say.

re," a man says. He gives the girl a dime.

ve her two," a woman says. "She might ne first."

won't lose the first," the girl says. "I know who to call and how. I dial. I put the dime in."

"You put the dime in and then dial," the woman says.

"I know, I know. I only need one dime." She goes.

I GET DOWN ON ONE KNEE. I don't know whom to help first. Probably the woman. The knifed man looks dead. If the knifed man is dead, and he didn't by some accident fall on the knife himself, then the man who stabbed him would seem like the last person to help. I'm not sure about that. All I know is someone has to be helped first. So I pick the woman. Maybe because she is a woman. Though if she's the one who stabbed the man, then I probably should first help the man who I thought stabbed the man in the chest, though only if I'm sure the stabbed man is dead. If he isn't dead, then I wouldn't know which man to help first—that is, if the woman is definitely the one who stabbed the man, but not out of self-defense. If she stabbed him out of self-defense or to protect the man who chased and hit her before, then the last person to be helped would be the stabbed man, dead or not, and the first would be either the woman or the man holding his stomach.

"Who stabbed who?" I say.

"Who stabbed who?" a man says.

"Who's responsible for all this?"

"I didn't see it."

"I did," a woman says.

"Who stabbed who?" I say.

"Why you want to know? You a cop?"

"No. I just want to help these people."

"You a doctor?"

"I'm a passerby, just like you."

"No you're not. You were running after them before."

"I was running after them because I saw the man chasing the lady, and I thought something was wrong."

"Something was," a man says.

"What happened?" I say.

"You're the one running after them, and all of a sudden you didn't see?" a woman says.

"No."

"Bull."

I decide to help the knifed man first. At least I can find out quick enough if he's dead or not. If he's alive then there can't be much I can do for him except put a support under his head, and then I can go right to the woman or other man.

"Will someone please do what they can to make the woman and that man comfortable while I see to this one?"

"Best medicine and treatment in these situations is to wait for professional help," a man says. "Real doctors or hospital aides, but some-



one ignorant of medicine can do more damage than someone not doing anything."

"He's right," several people say in different ways.

"But I know what I'm doing. I'm not in the field of medicine, but I do know how to stop someone from bleeding to death."

"How?" a man says.

"Tourniquets, for one thing."

"That's for arms and legs, not the head."

"I said 'for one thing.' Another way is pressure points. The neck. There's one there. They're all over the body. Or you stick your finger on the wound or in the blood vessel that's cut if you can't find the right pressure point. At least let me try."

"Sure, we can let you try, and watch you finish off all three of them before our eyes. Just stay off them."

"I'm sorry, but I still think it's best I try." I feel the woman's forehead. Put my ear next to her mouth. "She's breathing."

"We said stay off her," the man says. "Wait for help."

"What I think is someone else ought to call the police for help. That girl might have met a friend or someone and just forgotten about it."

"She's a good trustful girl," the woman who said she knows the girl's mother says.

"I'm not saying she's bad or distrustful. But younger people—particularly around her age, eight or nine or so—do get distracted more than adults."

"She's ten," the woman says.

"Ten-year-olds probably get less distracted than eight- or nine-year-olds, but still get distracted a lot."



"So do adults," a woman says.

"I know. But children more so."

"Children more so. You're right. Maybe someone ought to go, as he says. You go, why don't you?" she says to me. "You seem so interested and reliable."

"I want to stay here and help these people now."

"I think you'd best be giving help by calling for it than touching them," a man says. "And out of all of us, you're the one who seems more liable to do the most trouble if you stay."

"I agree," the woman says.

"I don't." I feel the stabbed man's temple. "He's alive."

"Too bad," a man says.

"What are you saying?" someone else says.

"What I said. Too bad he's alive. He started it, didn't he?"

"No, the other man did."

"It was the woman," a woman says. "She stole something from the man with the knife in him. That's why he chased her. The other man just happened to step in. And she took the knife out of his hand, which he only pulled out to protect her, and put it in the stabbed ma chest."

"I think the woman and the man holding stomach did know one another," I say.

"You know them?"

"I saw them together. They were standing the corner of this same avenue three blo away. The man went into a corner store, and woman waited for him outside."

"What kind of store?"

"I forget. A jewelry store. I was waiting my bus. Then the man came out and held package out for her, or just held it out with any intention of giving it to her. Anyway, took it and put it in her pocketbook and The man walked after her. She ran faster. started jogging and then ran after her. She first ran faster than him when they were b running, and then, because she was tired or pocketbook had become too cumbersome to with or something, she slowed down and caught up. Right here. I was standing there. Next to the hydrant. The one where two dogs are."

I'M STILL ON ONE KNEE and now poin through someone's legs. Almost all of t turn to look at the hydrant and dogs. "T the man took the pocketbook from her, and tried getting it back. He pushed her and slapped him. Rather, he hit her hand and slapped his face and he punched her and went down. That's when the man who knifed stepped in for the second time. Mos you must have seen that. The first time stepped in he was told to mind his own busi and he did. This time I don't remember being told anything. They just argued. he pulled out a knife—the knifed man di after the other man hit him in the face with pocketbook. Then the other man must h taken the knife away from him and stabbed with it, though I'm only assuming now, as th when you all suddenly encircled them ar couldn't see what happened."

"That's not at all what happened," som says.

"What really happened then?" someone s

"You didn't see it?"

"I just got here."

"Remember that little girl who went to pl the police?"

"I told you, I just got here."

"Well, there was a little girl of about nin ten or so who we sent to call for help."

"Ten," a woman says.

"Ten. Well, she knifed him."

"Don't be ridiculous," several people sa different ways.

"I thought we needed a bit of, I don't k levity here, what with the grim sight of t

there and the waiting for help taking so
But I guess it was in bad taste."
ery."
ile they were saying all this I took my
t off, rolled it up and put it under the
n's head.
ere it comes," a man says.
hear an ambulance siren and look in the
. The ambulance and police escort preced-
pass.
ust be for someone else."
really think one of us should try and get
olice now," I say. "Just to remind them,
girl called, or to let them know, if she
."
aybe he's got a point," the woman who
he trusts the girl says.
ll go," I say.
ou've already done enough damage," a
says.
hat do you mean? You wouldn't let me
ything, which is why I'm volunteering to

ou picked up that woman's head just be-
Maybe they didn't see you, but I did. And
r condition you might have done just
h damage to kill her, when if you hadn't
ed her she might have been saved."
ou don't know that."
say we make sure he stays here and send
ne else to call."
nd anyone you want, but I'm also phon-
r help." I push through the crowd. I look
The circle's together again around the
injured people. I go into one of the stores
st the crowd and ask the hardware-store
f I can use his phone.
here's a public booth a block north of
' he says.
is is an emergency."
l I get every day are emergencies, and
e and death."
t him use the phone," a woman at the
egister says.
said no."
t it's real important. Can't you look out-
ourself and see?"
st keep looking for your register-tape
and don't butt in."
n't you talk to me like that."
aid shut up," he says to her.
d I'm telling you this is as much my
s yours and even more so, as it's in my
And I want him to phone for the police
atever it is that happened out there."
better go somewhere else," I say.
u're damn right," he says.
. Go no other place. Use our phone. It's
-in my name—and in the back there,
down that aisle."
e the phone and you're flattened," he says,
d in a tray of wrenches on the counter.

I head for the door. The woman runs after me. "I said you can use the phone."

"But I don't want to cause any more trouble and also get killed for it."

"Trouble between him and me is nothing new. Besides, he's a blowhard—all wind and words. So use the phone."

"No."

"He's smart," the man says. "Now get the hell out of here, sonny."

"Coward," she says to me. "Idiot!" she yells at him.

He picks up a wrench and comes over to her. "Don't be calling me an idiot."

"All right. I apologize. You're not an idiot." He relaxes both arms to his sides and walks away. "You're a big moron and stupid son of a bitch."

HE RUSHES AT HER to use the wrench on her, or it at least looks like that. She runs. I freeze. But I just about froze before and watched, and now three people are near dead out there. The man runs past me after the woman. I grab the hand that holds the wrench. "Get his other arm and we'll trip him," I yell at her. He hits me on the back with his other arm or hand. I fall. He lifts the wrench over my head and yells, "Meddler, meddler!" and comes down on my shoulder with it and then my neck. Both times it seemed he aimed for my head. Something in me broke both times. He lifts the wrench again.

"Don't!" she yells.

He turns to her. I start to crawl to the door. He comes after me.

"Leave him!" she yells.

He turns to her. I'm still crawling. He steps over to me with the wrench raised.

"Stop!" she yells.

He rushes her and hits her across the face with the wrench at the same moment she sticks a chisel in him. I don't see where she got him. Somewhere high up. They both fall. They don't make sounds. I crawl out of the store to the crowd. The ambulance and police still haven't come. I grab a man's ankle and shake it. He turns. "Oh my gosh," he says. "What happened?"

"In there." I can't point. "The hardware. Two people are hurt. Maybe dead. The man hit me twice with a wrench and then the woman with a wrench, but she much worse than me. She stabbed him to protect me and herself. Take care of her. Then me. The man should come third. Or rather, call the police, for I never could. Help for all six of us. I'm sure that girl never called. They would have been here by now."

"He wants us to phone for help," he says to the crowd.



Stephen Dixon

STREETS

"You go," a woman says to him. "He told you."

"I haven't any change."

"Use the phone in the hardware store," I say. "In back. Straight down the middle aisle."

"You don't need a dime?"

"Maybe you do. I thought it wasn't a pay phone, but maybe it is. But they must also have a regular business phone that doesn't take dimes."

"I better take a dime just in case."

"Two," I say.

"Two dimes, then."

"Two ambulances. For the trio in the street and the couple in the store and me."

"The stabbed man doesn't need help anymore."

"The one in the street?"

"Maybe the one in the store also," a woman says.

"That would mean only four people need help," the man says.

"We'll still need two ambulances if they're the triple kind," I say.

"The lady doesn't seem to need help either," a man says. "The one in the street, I mean. She doesn't seem to be breathing."

"Check," I say. "No, just go in the hardware store and call the police. Don't tell them how many ambulances we'll need. The ones I'm thinking of they might be out of. Just say six people are seriously hurt. Also, if some of you would turn me over now and put something under my head. A jacket. But gently. Rolled up, and not the jacket that's under the head of the woman in the street."

"I wouldn't touch him," a man says. "You might do more damage than not."

"Don't worry," I say. "I'm uncomfortable, in pain, and know what I need. I give you permission."

"For his own good I wouldn't touch him. His shoulder seems broken. So does something with his neck the way he's keeping it."

"Wait for the ambulances," several people say in different ways.

"Phone," I say to the man.

"I don't want to go in the store. The man with the wrench might be up and ready to clip the first one to come in. For all we know, you could have been the one who provoked him into using the wrench, and he might think the next person to come in his store is the same."

"I didn't provoke him. I only went in to call."

"Maybe you're right. The courts will decide if it has to come to that. But I'm not going in there. Anyone know where the nearest phone booth is?"

"Three blocks south on this avenue," someone says.

"One block north," I say.

"The dime," he says. "I'm all out."

Several people search their pockets and h bags.

"In my shirt pocket," I say. He takes ou my pocket the dime I was going to call with fore and goes. "I think someone else shoul in the hardware store to also phone the po and see about the couple."

"You think he's going to get distracted that ten-year-old girl?" a woman says. "He grown man."

"I know. But I'd like the double assura that help will come."

"Look, I know him a long time, that fe who went. When he says he'll do something does it."

"That's not the way I see him," a man s "He's owed me $10 for two years now an ways says he's paying up and never does. given up on him and don't even ask him more."

"Well, I know him as a very dependable est man," she says. "Always pays his ren time. Never a bill due on anything for r than a day or so."

"Not him. Two years he's owed me. For plies."

"Then you better go in the hardware s and call the police," I say to this man.

"Right," he says. He goes into the store.

"You know who you just sent to call the lice?" a man says to me. Several people la "The worst thief of them all. He's going to s everything that isn't held down."

We hear sirens. It seems the ambulance is ing to pass. A man runs into the street waves at the ambulance to stop. It's gone.

"Somebody else again must be sick o trouble," a woman says.

"Or that siren's on so it can get through fic quicker," a man says. "They have that vantage over most of the other cars and use

I turn myself over on my back.

"You shouldn't do that," a man says. " can hurt yourself worse."

I put my good arm under my head. Ev thing hurts. "You know, it's possible those ple who went to phone could all be unreliab I say. "I think someone else should call."

"How many do you want?" a woman s "If they are reliable and too many people pl the police, they'll think we're cranks or cr pots and never send anyone to help. Th enough."

"Three are plenty," a man says.

"Three for what?" someone new in the cr says.

"Three people have gone to call the p for these four people in the street here a couple who are seriously hurt in the store."

"Three calls are more than enough," the person says.

I shut my eyes and wait.



GEORGE



IN THE AFTERNOON

An adventure in group journalism
Barry Farrell et al.

George Segal was just being friendly when he reed to be interviewed by the twenty-six stu-nts in my nonfiction writing class at the iversity of California at Santa Barbara. He t all dressed up and rented a Lincoln Conti-ntal to add a theatrical touch to the occasion, d we had such a good time on the drive from Beverly Hills that our arrival in the ssroom was a little chastening. An awkward ment passed before George declared himself dy to begin—a moment in which I thought captured exactly the note of noblesse oblige t is part of every celebrity interview. The dents asked questions for an hour and twen-minutes, and the following week all but one ned in a 1,000-word paper. Their disharmo-us impressions of what George looked like, at he said, what he stood for, and what he s doing there in the first place struck me as hly amusing at first, leading me to take a sen-ce or two from each paper and arrange them o the composite interview that follows. But in ense of my students, and of the art of inter-wing generally, I submit that our 25,000-rd Segal dossier rivals in accuracy most gov-ment profiles, newsmagazine features, and er literary enterprises involving the work of ny hands. —Barry Farrell

AS GEORGE SEGAL ENTERED the classroom, I prepared for my first exposure to a bona fide actor from Hollywood. I saw a blond-ish young-old man in a blue suit, an immacu-lately tailored blue suit, a wondrous unwrin-kled work of expense. The suit and tie estab-lished a certain limit, a boundary beyond which those without an invitation could not go. He was a dolphin in powder blue under surveillance in front of us. George looked real sharp in his bright blue suit. Here was Mr. Conservative.

His hair had that enviable quality that sug-gests that it will never be any more or less tousled than it is. The green eyes looked almost too bright to be real. The chin was rock-hard mayonnaise. Hands in pockets, he panned the room with the smile of an impish boy. It was the smile of a man pleased with himself and with the position he has made for himself, the smile of a man who thinks he is in control. He directed a mocking stare toward everyone pres-ent. His blue-eyed gaze lingered peacefully on each student's face. I was struck by his candid but pleasant arrogance. He had no false pre-tenses or pompous mannerisms. The blond-haired actor was reverberating with the taut worry of a struck tuning fork. Could this calm, composed man be the same George Segal who pulled down his pants on the *Black Bird* set? Segal wasn't always this suave.

Segal rested languidly on a desk top. He perched atop a desk. He assumed a command-ing place on top of a table in front of the class. He clung to the table, knuckles curled tightly around its edge. His hands were resting mo-tionless in his lap, but he seemed to be knitting all the flying, scattered vibrations into a low-keyed OM. His posture suggested confident con-trol as he sat upright on the table. He studied his questioners with an intent half-smile, fold-ed his arms across his chest, crossed and re-crossed his ankles. His brown socks and loafers matched the color of his hair. He epitomized grace, style, savoir faire. He was witty, smooth,

Barry Farrell is Harper's *contributing editor for the West Coast.*

Barry Farrell et al.

GEORGE IN THE AFTERNOON

confident, aggressive, unbearably urbane. While he was talking, Segal, who seems to be shorter in person than on the screen, used his arms frantically. "What I'm trying to do is be stoned about my life," the tall, ruggedly handsome actor said.

He was so patient and attentive to each question put forward, so direct and sincere in the ideas he gave back. It was clear from the beginning that this would be *his* interview, not ours. I was impressed with his wit, his verbal agility. I'm sure he'd said it all before on *The Tonight Show*. Segal's spirit was one of total openness to the flow of the discussion. Obviously, he was a man who was used to being in control. He was refreshingly candid about himself as a person, gracious enough to volunteer bits of information that I found very revealing. Whenever a query touched on his personal life he was quick to maintain a safe distance. "I'm naturally stoned in thinking about my life," the Hollywood actor said.

ALWAYS IN COMPLETE CONTROL, Segal fielded ridiculous questions with professional ease. He stooped to answer familiar questions. He was patient about answering even the dumbest questions. Serious questions that touched on conflicts were treated as jokes or ignored. I was surprised at his willingness to answer whatever questions came his way. I was rankled by the interview. It was stilted and tight. His observations were colorful and lucid. Statements of double meaning were in abundance. The bass note was sincerity and cool. It was clear that he had learned the necessity of humility along the way. Who had more right to snobbism, sophistication, and conceit than one who had achieved so much since his meager existence in New York City? "What I'd like to do is live my life loaded," he said.

Many of his answers initially appeared to reflect a philosopher's logical system, but as time went on the inconsistencies came to the surface. Segal's self-confidence, his good humor, and his friendly, yet detached manner all indicated a man who had smoothed out the roughest edges in his life. A persistent whisper bade me wonder: is George Segal playing George Segal? After admitting to tantrums, exhibitionism, and a general lack of consideration during the shooting of his last film, Segal could look back on what happened and gain from it. "A little madness establishes respect," he said. "A little madness establishes sanity. By acting a little mad you prove your sanity. You win fear and respect if you act a little mad. A little meanness establishes sanity. I'm a crackerjack actor. What I really want to do is be stoned about my life."

The actor George Segal and the man George Segal were both sitting on the table. Geor Segal, the person, did not exist for this int viewer. We only saw Segal acting. There c tainly is a George in Mr. Segal. Thinking t way George Segal thinks often leads to perso isolationism. People who get where Segal pay a very high price, both in psychological a real terms. His career has taught him that has to be arrogant, I suppose. Obviously, su cess is something he has learned to handle wi ease. I was amazed that after so much succe he could still be so natural and real. "I'm t ing to live stoned," he said.

Segal said he is his own worst critic. He p fers to rely on his own judgment of his wor He refuses to say which of his films he lik best. He said he thought *Where's Poppa?* a *Born to Win* were his best films because th dealt with real-life problems. Significantly, garnered the most satisfaction from his role *A Touch of Class*. He likes to make people ha py, if only for a brief time. He thinks of hims as a teacher but would not say of what. "I just trying to be stoned about my life," he sai "I'm a top-notched cracker actor."

Segal always capped off every answer with grin that overflowed into everyone around hi He kept that forced, fixed smile glued on. I genuinely wanted to make positive conta with everyone in the room, to make sure th each of us felt comfortable talking with him a felt a freedom to respond on an equal lev Unfortunately, now that he has it made, l concerns are centered on himself. The talk w primarily about the big me, numero uno. Bei a star, he has had to set up defenses. He w cynical, realistic, but interesting. Apparen he knows something about Yoga. He sat the on the table and weaved a marvelous portrait a content, successful person.

His nervousness seemed to lighten as t questions continued. I was struck by how ca and rational he was in viewing his own care Sometimes he would drum his fingers on t table. He came across as perceptive and awa making an effort to know the people who before him. His front was dropped to a mi mum, and he tried to let the classroom set own mellow tone. He was too convincing, t amusing. He was totally composed. As far seeing George Segal goes, you remain the o sider. You see only the performance. "I'm top-notch crackerjack actor," he said. I could help but agree.

The interview ended before the shell t enclosed him could be entered. Much of megafantasy had dropped away, and we w beginning to interview George Segal, m rather than legend. Still smiling, now hav about him an air of casual confidence that n not have been there when he entered, Geo Segal headed for the door.

BOOKS

HE RIVATE LIVES F REBELS

Henry M. Pachter



Emma Goldman



UPI

Angela Davis

WHAT MAKES THEM throw bombs? Millions of people may come from broken es, may have been deprived of , stultified or humiliated or ex- ted, but only a few turn against ety, risk being outlawed, dream evolution. Why just these? Most ple who dream of change dream ising into the dominant group, of abolishing it; they want to et the low status of their grand- nts. The militant constantly re- ds himself (and others) that his stors were slaves in Egypt.

Why he and not others? Is there "revolutionary character" that ifests itself under conditions of lship or on specific provocation? is the opposite true? Studies of sings suggest that sudden im- vement, the appearance of real- new goals, whip expectations in- npatient frenzy and unleash rad- energies for the Great Leap.

ocial theorists explain the po- ial of a revolutionary temper in mmunity as a whole, but they ot tell us why this individual at time took to violence. Che Gue- came from a well-to-do family was a doctor. Mahatma Gandhi was a successful lawyer. Karl Marx could look forward to a brilliant academic career; his friend Engels was a wealthy manufacturer who rode to hounds with the gentry. Kropotkin, Mirabeau, Tolstoy, Nehru were born to the highest society—only to throw their lot in with the lowest.

But, of course, one knows that Mirabeau was a bankrupt, that Marx had carbuncles and tried to hide his Jewishness, that Jean Jacques Rousseau had urinary difficulties. Subject any of those saviors of mankind to psychoanalysis, and you might find that they could not save themselves. Mikhail Bakunin, before whom the mighty czar trembled, may have been impotent; Alexander Herzen—the great, exiled libertarian whose powerful periodical, *The Bell*, shook the Russian empire—may have suffered from the stigma of his illegitimate birth (although his father brought him up as a nobleman and left him a fortune).

So what! One man reacts to a birth defect by becoming a drunk, another by conquering a kingdom. One gets even with society by indulging in crime, another by becoming its benefactor. The revolutionary may be a mixture of the four: dreamer, insurgent, conqueror, and despoiler. But the truth is that most revolutionaries are like other people: gloomy or fierce, fascinating or dull. In their private lives, many great rebels were hopelessly bourgeois. Consider Marx leading his wife, three daughters, and maid on a Sunday excursion to Hampstead Heath, there to recite Homer to them like any *Gymnasium* professor might do. Or Alexander Herzen, that indomitable foe of authority, forbidding his son to marry beneath his station! Or Lenin, explaining to a friend his views of marital fidelity: "You see the soiled rim of this glass from which I have drunk —would you drink from it?"

Fortunately for biographers and novelists, some rebels were not bores; others have left us letters or memoirs full of zest. I would say that what these men and women had in common was egotism—a quality they also share with saints. Both the pious and the iconoclasts think that their personal lives have public meaning; both easily identify their experience with

Henry M. Pachter is a professor of political science at the City College of New York.

their idea or cause. But, again, different people may display this trait in different ways: one will go to his martyrdom in deep conviction; another will see the revolution as a mere vehicle for his exhibitionism.

In the lightweight category is Jonah (Jomo) Raskin, who thinks thirty is the right age to write his memoirs; he also believes, strangely, that his sex education and more or less successful attempts at lovemaking are of interest to readers of political literature or have significance for the happenings he mistook for revolution. The so-called autobiography of this upper-middle-class adolescent from the Bronx is a continuous puberty rite:

> *As people danced they leaped into the air, kicked their feet together and shouted, "EXPLODE, EXPLODE." I, too, shouted, "EXPLODE." I participated and I didn't think that I was a mad terrorist, a fanatical saboteur. I assumed that EXPLOSIONS meant bombings, but I also thought that we'd be metaphorically EXPLODING the old forms of consciousness.... Abbie Hoffman had said, "Jomo, we're out to dynamite brain cells," and I knew that the Yippies weren't going to use TNT. Abbie meant explosion by guerrilla theater—a lot different than a Weatherman explosion. I guess that at heart I was more of a Yippie than a Weatherman bomber.*

This is also a sample of Mr. Raskin's writing—and a college lets him teach English! The main success of the 1968 fuck-and-protest movement apparently was to elevate its votaries to academic positions, editorial boards, executive offices, and other ramparts of the Establishment. Have they made it more honest? Does Mr. Raskin write memoirs to appraise his experience? He has not even checked his statements. The Columbia University revolt of 1968 was provoked by a plan to build a gymnasium on the bluff on which the university stands. Since Harlem lies beneath that bluff, its citizens were to have access to the gym from their side. Students unaware of the practicality of that arrangement then demonstrated against it; and although the gym has been built as planned, Raskin still describes the Harlem gate as "a service entrance for black boys."

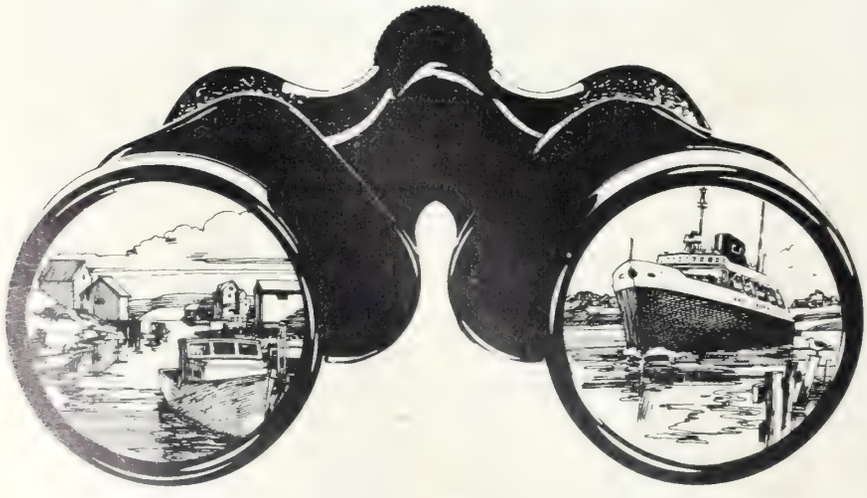
He has not matured enough to r ognize that the gym was a mere p text. Although he claims that "new left energy" is now joined w his parents' "old left history," shows none of the theoretical refl tion that was the strength of the Left. The twenty-six-year-old Trots did not write his memoirs after abortive revolution of 1905 but st ied its shortcomings—and went to win the revolution of 1917. Raskin's EXPLOSION will not remembered as the precursor of a thing.

BUT PERHAPS it is unfair to co pare an American psychoan chist with a Bolshevik; nat parallels might be more appropria The black martyr George Jacks though certainly more genuine a r olutionary than all the Yippies gether, nevertheless betrays a simi confusion of political radicalism w egotistical posturing. In *Soled Brother,* this boy from the ghe boasts of having been a troublemal ever since his school days. A f quent offender, he expected noth from life except continuous puni ment, and, when he received an definite jail term for a relativ minor crime, he did not use his tive intelligence to obtain an ea release but made a point of prov ing the authorities and of mak prison life miserable for himself. need to demonstrate was stron than his desire to be free. Impot to change either his situation or attitude, he spewed his rage forth tirades of indiscriminate hate wh glowing intensity earned him admiration of famous writers Jean Genêt, himself a compul criminal and rebel.

> *You can never fully under stand. It is an existential impos sibility for you to know how it' been with me. My character an disposition are such that my re sponse to a crisis situation alway leads to a situation more desper ate than the one which provoke it. That's the way I like it and would not be alive if it weren for the habit to overreact and t look forward to the trouble that' coming.*

It seems strange that revie should have placed such outbu side by side with the noble w

Set your sights on a Nova Scotia holiday. Then set sail on the "Bluenose."



Take a good look at Nova Scotia, Atlantic Canada's Ocean Playground. You'll get everything you want in a holiday. Spectacular beaches. Scenic coast line. Stirring historic landmarks. Great outdoor fun and activity for the whole family. And warm, friendly faces that say "welcome".

It's all there. And only 6 hours on the auto-ferry "Bluenose" out of Bar Harbor, Maine. Drive aboard and enjoy all the fun and excitement of a real ocean voyage: a fine restaurant and bar, free movies, a duty-free shop, even a casino!

"Bluenose" leaves Bar Harbor daily at 8:00 a.m., arriving Yarmouth, Nova Scotia just after lunch. The return trip departs Yarmouth at 4:30 p.m.

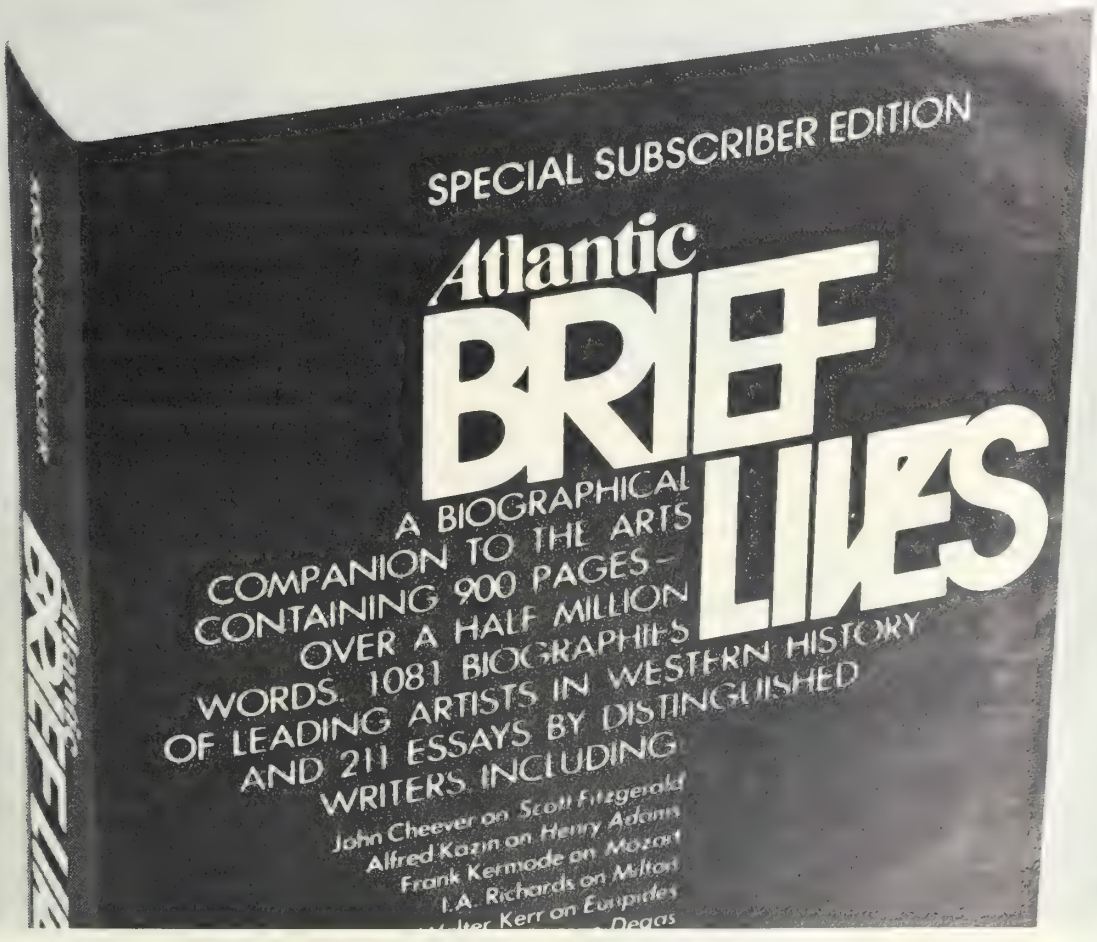
Fares: $27.50 for car, $11 each adult, $5.50 children 5—11 under 5 free. Trailers: $2.25 per foot. Summer minimum, $25. Daily service June 7th to September 22nd Tri-weekly rest of year.

For reservations: Terminal Supervisor, Canadian National Railways, Bar Harbor, Maine, 04609. Call toll-free (800) 341-7981 in Northeastern U.S., or (800) 432-7344 in Maine. In Bar Harbor call 288-3395. For Nova Scotia information: Suite 3115, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10020. Tel: (212) 581-2420. 616 Forest Ave., Portland, Maine 04101. Tel: (800) 341-6709. Toll-free in New England except Maine. In Maine 772-6131.

EAST COAST MARINE AND FERRY SERVICE

FREE!

Take this unique reference book when you subscribe to The Atlantic for just $4.97.



It's yours free. Atlantic Brief Lives. Our indispensable 900-page companion to the arts. With 1081 fascinating biographies of great artists from Euripides to Hemingway. Plus 211 added essays on especially outstanding figures:

John Updike on Kierkegaard. George Steiner on Kafka. Alfred Kazin on Henry Adams. John Cheever on Scott Fitzgerald. Frank Kermode on Mozart.

Besides Brief Lives, you get 8 months of The Atlantic for just $4.97 (newsstand price, $8). Eight months of the famous magazine of the arts that's also become a famous magazine of public affairs.

The Atlantic won three National Magazine Awards in a row. It publishes Frances FitzGerald, Lillian Hellman, Daniel P. Moynihan, David Halberstam, Jessica Mitford, Robert Coles, John Kenneth Galbraith and many other important writers on important themes. It gives you new *perspective* on the world.

Send for your free Brief Lives. Start your Atlantic subscription now. Use the coupon to the right. Enclose payment or use your favorite charge card now and we'll send you Brief Lives right away. Or we'll bill you later and mail Brief Lives the day we receive payment. Offer is limited; hurry, please.

To: The Atlantic, Subscription Dept.
Box 1857, Greenwich, Conn. 06830

Please send me Brief Lives and 8 months of The Atlantic for $4.97.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ Remittance enclosed ☐ Bill me later
☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge
☐ BankAmericard

Interbank No.
4-digit no. above your name on card ☐☐☐☐
Charge Card No.

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Credit Card Signature _____

Expiration Date _____

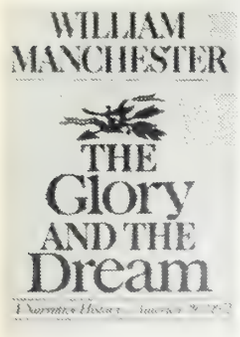
A-5G016

THE Atlantic MONTHLY

BOOKSERVICE

THE GLORY AND THE DREAM

Subtitled "A Narrative History of America 1932-1972," this volume is William Manchester's most ambitious project to date. Thoroughly researched and with a fine sense of drama, *The Glory and the Dream* is a massive popular history that chronicles the events, moods, and personalities of the last four decades.



Pub. Price $20.00
Member's $15.00
Code 111

THE ILIAD

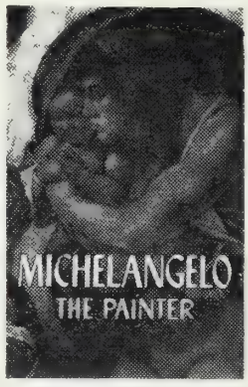
In preparation for ten years, this new translation of the *Iliad* will immediately take its place with Robert Fitzgerald's previous award-winning translation of *The Odyssey.* Himself a major poet, Fitzgerald has presented a version that is both lyrical and easily understood. This book is a fine addition to every serious reader's library.



Pub. Price $15.00
Member's $11.25
Code 114

MICHELANGELO THE PAINTER

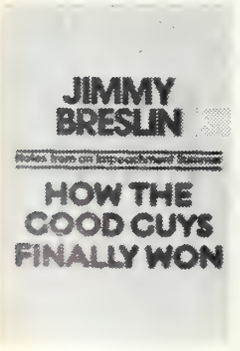
Published in coordination with the Italian National Committee to Honor Michelangelo, this magnificent book brilliantly presents all of Michelangelo's artistry in more than 120 illustrations including 100 full-color plates. Beautifully bound this volume will enhance the library of every art lover.



Pub. Price $75.0
Member's $22.9
Code 108

HOW THE GOOD GUYS FINALLY WON

Jimmy Breslin returns to reportage after a long absence with this recounting of the "impeachment summer." His on- and behind-the-scenes anecdotes, profiles, and perspective make this book one of the most readable, enjoyable, and informative in the cornucopia of Watergate literature.

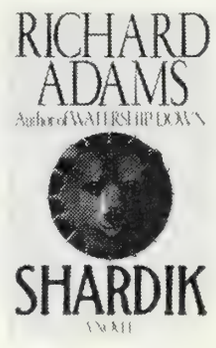


Pub. Price $6.95
Member's $5.22
Code 112

SHARDIK

Richard Adams's bestselling *Watership Down* was a powerful work of imagination and was acclaimed widely as a modern masterpiece.

Shardik, perhaps more powerful than *Watership Down,* is a gripping tale of war, adventure, horror, and romance, and will affect everyone who reads it for a long time.



Pub. Price $9.95
Member's $7.47
Code 101

MIRO

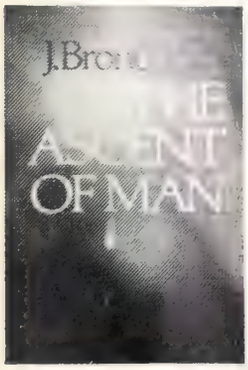
Margit Rowell's richly illustrated volume reproduces Miro's painting, collages, sculptures, and ceramics, spanning a period of more than 60 years. From his early realism, through the exciting periods of cubism and surrealism, to the contemporary works of pure fantasy and imagination, all of Miro is here in 18 illustrations, 75 in full color. Large format.



Pub. Price $35.0
Member's $16.9
Code 102

THE ASCENT OF MAN

Jacob Bronowski's critically acclaimed television series is also an important best-selling book. *The Ascent of Man,* beautifully illustrated, outlines the development of science as a reflection of man's genius. This informal history ranges from the first days of flint tools to the present era of atomic energy, is written with authority.



Pub. Price $15.00
Member's $11.25
Code 110

PICASSO IN RETROSPECT

Edited by Roland Penrose and John Golding, this is a superb final assessment of the twentieth century's greatest master. Composed of contributions from his friends and from art historians, each contribution examines a critical feature of his art from the blue and rose periods through cubism and surrealism. Illustrated with more than 400 photographs and 30 color plates.

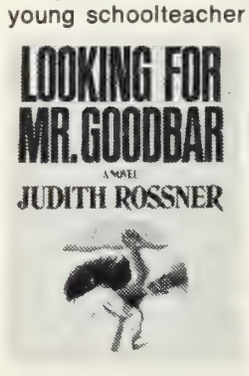


Pub. Price $37.50
Member's $16.98
Code 105

LOOKING FOR MR. GOODBAR

Judith Rossner emerges as a major author in current American fiction with this sure-fire bestseller.

This is the life-and-death odyssey of Terry Dunn—her life as an attractive young schoolteacher from a "respectable family" to her death by a stranger picked up at a New York singles' bar. *Looking for Goodbar* is a spellbinding tale of haunting intensity.



Pub. Price $7.
Member's $5.
Code 104

ervice of Harper's Magazine Company. ks shown here may be purchased at ishers' prices or at discount prices ollowing the instructions under How To er. Bookservice offerings will appear on quent basis in future issues of Harper's azine.

W ME!

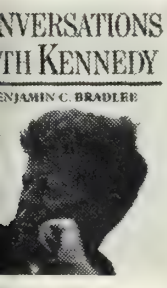
w Me! is an explicit, thoughtful, frank, affectionate photographic essay de- ed to satisfy children's curiosity about sex and sexuality. More than 65 double-page photographs with text and commentary in large format.



Pub. Price $12.95
Member's $9.72
Code 109

NVERSATIONS WITH KENNEDY

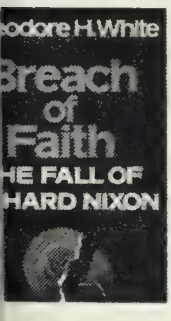
Bradlee, confidant and intimate friend of John F. Kennedy, has written a captivating, poignant, behind - the - scenes bestselling remembrance of the New Frontier.



Pub. Price $7.95
Member's $5.97
Code 106

EACH OF FAITH: THE FALL RICHARD NIXON

odore H. White is the master chronicler of American electoral politics, and this insightful book brilliantly reports the decline and fall of the Nixon Administration.



Pub. Price $10.95
Member's $8.22
Code 107

'H WITHOUT VIOLENCE

book is revolutionizing the way we our children into the world. Frederick Leboyer, who has delivered than 10,000 babies, presents his al yet supremely simple techniques easing the birth trauma and helping new human being to start life without pain, and fear.



Pub. Price $7.95
Member's $5.97
Code 103

How To Order Books

You may order any of the books featured above at publishers' prices, or you may order any of the same books at Members' prices if you check the appropriate box and enclose your check for $5.00, plus an amount to cover the purchase of the books you selected.

Member's Benefits

Bookservice Members receive 24 issues a year of BOOKLETTER, the bookperson's biweekly guide to bestsellers, oldsellers, nonsellers, and why.

Bookservice Members have no obligation to buy any books ever. (Bookservice is definitely not a book club.)

Members may order any book in print, whether it is featured in BOOKLETTER or not, and save up to 70% on special bargains, 25% on general titles, including the *New York Times* bestseller list, and even 15% on reference and university press titles.

You may become a Charter Member of Bookservice and receive full book-buying privileges at Members' prices and 24 issues of BOOKLETTER at the special rate of just $5.00 for six months (and $5.00 six months from now)—instead of the regular $15.00 a year.

Code	ADDITIONAL BESTSELLERS	Publisher's Price	Member's Price
115	Far Tortuga by Peter Matthiessen	10.95	8.22
116	The Memoirs of a Survivor by Doris Lessing	6.95	5.22
117	The Gentle Tasaday by John Vance	15.00	11.25
118	Minamata by W. Eugene Smith and Aileen Smith	20.00	15.00
119	The Moneychangers	10.00	7.50
120	Journey by Robert and Suzanne Massie	8.95	6.72
121	The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum by Heinrich Böll	7.95	5.97
122	Reading Myself and Others by Philip Roth	8.95	6.72
123	The Mediterranean (two volumes) by Fernand Braudel	35.00	26.25

☐ Yes, enter my Charter Membership in Bookservice at the special rate of just $5.00 for the next six months (and $5.00 six months later) instead of the regular $15.00 a year. This entitles me to the full discount book-buying privileges and a year of BOOKLETTER (issued every other Monday, 24 times a year).

☐ I enclose $5.00, plus $_____ for books I want at Members' Prices.

☐ I do not wish to join Bookservice but enclose $_____ for books at publishers' prices.

Name Address

City State Zip

Please send all orders for books and Bookservice to:
Book Order Department
HARPER'S MAGAZINE
Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016
Postage and handling included in price

Code	Title	Quantity	Publisher's Price	Member's Price

Total _____ $_____ $_____

(N.Y.S. residents add appropriate tax on book orders) $_____

GRAND TOTAL OF BOOKS ORDERED _____ $_____

Harper's Magazine Company Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

D972

How to Succeed in the Business of Finding a Job

PHOEBE TAYLOR



Whether you're a beginner or a professional looking for a new or better job, application of the author's techniques and strategies will work for you as they have for thousands of her clients. Two new tools—the Selectascope and the Perceptual Résumé—can be crucial to your success. $7.95

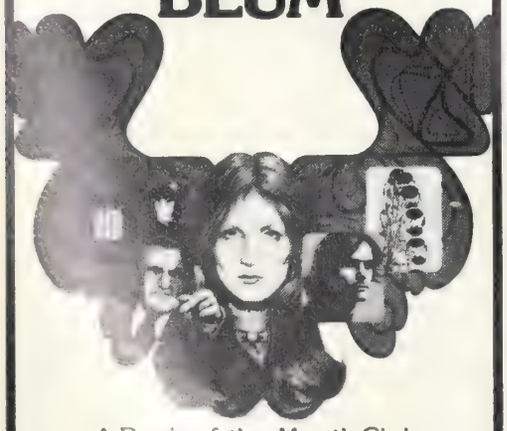
AT YOUR BOOKSELLER

nh Nelson-Hall Publishers
325 W. Jackson, Chicago, Ill. 60606

use your zip code

"An angry, cuttingly matter-of-fact, deeply humane novel"–The New Yorker
"Impressive"–The New Republic

Nobel Prize-winning author
HEINRICH BÖLL
THE LOST HONOR OF
KATHARINA BLUM



A Book-of-the-Month Club Featured Alternate
Translated by Leila Vennewitz
Jacket Illustration by Dave Christensen
$7.95
McGraw-Hill Book Company

Bartolomeo Vanzetti left for his son —"Our lives nothing. Our struggle all." The only parallel between him and Jackson is that both were persecuted not for what they did but for who they were (and it needs remembering that in 1927 Italian anarchists were as low in society's esteem as black militants are today, or perhaps lower). But Sacco and Vanzetti had been politically active before political justice ensnared them, while Jackson, a victim of the conditions he had been born into, went to jail as a criminal and did not discover the Panther philosophy until he became a *cause célèbre*. Criminal behavior may have been a first attempt to make his protest heard, but he was utterly unaware that his actions could have social significance. Vanzetti's letters radiate hope for mankind's future: beyond his case he beheld the universal cause. Jackson, by contrast, goes on for 230 pages expectorating his frustrations between the bars of his cage. The reader feels pity, as one does at the sight of a trapped animal; but, for all the sympathy one may be prepared to give his struggle, Jackson only communicates his despair. One doubts that he wants to get anywhere or that he would know what to do with freedom if he attained it. Indeed, he died in a suicidal jailbreak only a few days before the opening of the trial in which his codefendants were eventually acquitted.

Yet we have here a radical in the making. In jail Jackson learned to articulate his antagonism in the pat phrases of Communist ideology: against "capitalism," "imperialism," "racism." He saw himself as a victim and martyr. Although the hollow images in which he rationalized his plight offered little insight, they served as a convenient mask. Those who fitted him with that mask, however, were not interested in helping him, only in urging him to persist in playing the role that destroyed him. Thus he became the symbol of a cause.

THERE COULD BE NO two persons less alike than George Jackson and Angela Davis. Her parents were teachers and had been active in progressive causes; she received a good education and was deluged with scholarships. Her earliest knowledge of Marxism was spo sored by her white benefactors a teachers. Although in her autobi raphy she tries to trace her m tancy back to early school days, it clear that she expected to oper on two levels that are compatible most of us: while writing a Ph. thesis on Kant and pursuing career of a philosophy teacher, would use her spare hours to su port causes she cared for. She join the Communist party and tr eled to a Red Youth Festival in H sinki, later to Cuba; but it should noted that, from a black perspecti Communism is one of the less ra cal movements. It teaches that blac too, are divided into econon classes, and that people are poor because of their color but becau they are exploited.

Unfortunately, the regents UCLA did not know that. And, any event, reaction unfailin chooses the most glamorous of critics to persecute: a beauti black woman is deprived of chance to have a university caree and thereby catapulted into natio politics. Out of a rather "gruntle Negro the regents made an ang black militant and a useful inst ment for Communist propaganda. symbol and celebrity, she beca available for the campus circuit; was in that capacity that she a became interested in the Solec Brothers.

When she saw George Jacks that other symbol, in the courtroo she fell in love—or so we were t by the prosecutor in Miss Davis's o trial. The meeting cannot have las more than a few minutes, and two lovers never had a word in vate with each other. I must con that those love letters, which D.A. had the indecency to disp in court, have a strange ring of ondhand Werther, the way roma ladies in schmaltzy novels used write—and the overwhelming pression is that Angela Davis fel love with an image, with what Ja son at that moment represented: black proletarian, a fettered force nature, at the point where he is m downtrodden and most in need, t ing to fight for his life against oppressors and gain his freed This was exactly Marx's idea of revolution, and Angela's own avo of love for the man does not con

the inference that she saw in the incarnation of the idea. The and the martyr were one.

similar conflation occurred in minds of other famous women were much less cerebral than Davis. The American anarchist pioneer feminist Emma Gold- has written in her memoirs that tical life has always been in- ingled with my love life," and was true not only because the in her life were all part of the ment, but because she had to everything through people and actively identified her own de- for love with that which she ght existed in everybody. Her interview with Lenin ended in ter, and she said of him later 'He may know Karl Marx but oes not know sex; he was cold cucumber."

hall say more about Emma and fierce companion, Alexander man, but first I want to intro- two other women whose lives intimately drenched with revo- n: one world-famous as a fierce r and original thinker, the oth- emorable only as the companion reat rebels. Rosa Luxemburg's s from prison have long been shed by her German admirers e testament of a great soul. They l a sensitive, almost sentimen- aracter in her understanding of e, of people, of art. A new se- ce of these letters has recently published in German, and I er whether it might not be a idea for an American publisher ve this extraordinary document lated.

ALEXANDER HERZEN'S eldest daughter, Natalie, grew up in a circle of exiles who were ning of the great revolution they nissed: her brilliant, aloof, and ed father, "Papasha"; the rest- nd gentle Bakunin; the bum- and bibulous "Uncle" Ogarev, or of *The Bell*—all has-beens trying to revive the spirit of nostalgic Russians who might been invented by Chekhov. But just once, there burst into her n emissary of the real revolu- hat was to come back home in a, the fascinating, infernal yev. We know Nechayev as of the evil Verkhovensky in *The Possessed*. In Natalie's letters, collected in *Daughter of a Revolutionary*, we meet him in the flesh as lover, as schemer and conspirator, as the swindler and adventurer he was. Pursued for the murder of a czarist official, Nechayev came to see Bakunin in Switzerland and pretended to be the head of a far-flung conspiracy in Russia. He wrote flaming manifestoes which sound like Raskin's:

> *We have lost all faith in the word. . . . What is nowadays called a deed . . . is nothing more than a ridiculous, abominable, childish game. We term real manifestations only . . . actions which destroy something absolutely: a person, a thing, or an attitude which is an obstacle to the liberation of the people. . . . We have only one single, negative, immutable plan—merciless destruction. We refuse outright to suggest models for living conditions in the future.*

The aging Bakunin took to the youth and treated him like a son, but Nechayev cheated him out of money, embarrassed him politically, and ruined the reputation of all anarchists. Extradited by Switzerland, he ended in the fortress of Peter and Paul.

Among the schemes Nechayev proposed to Bakunin was a plan to divert Natalie Herzen's inheritance into the movement's treasure box, for which purpose he was even prepared to marry her. In a devilish intrigue to bind the girl to him, he involved her in underground activities risky for a lady of her class in the middle of the nineteenth century. At one point he forced her to hide him in her house; she rejected his advances tearfully, but bravely smuggled him across the canton border. At that time two marriage plans had gone awry for Natalie; she was drawn to this heroic youth, but chilled by the scar where, he claimed, the murdered man had bitten his hand. Even while working for his harebrained conspiracies, she was afraid of him, and she gave no answer when Bakunin asked her: "Do you want to wither as the spinster aunt of your brother's children?"

Alas, that was just what poor Natasha wanted. Compared to her majestic Papasha, no husband would ever do, and Papasha himself saw to it that her engagement led to noth-

THE SUMMER TREE.

Tips on tree care from the Bartlett people.

Summer is the best time for many types of tree care. Not only are your trees at their seasonal peak but their enemies—insect pests, diseases, storms, lightning, wind and air pollution—are too. It is the time weakness shows most and the time to have Bartlett correct it.

Bartlett men are trained experts in the diagnosis and treatment of tree troubles. They have the scientific knowledge and specialized equipment to do what needs to be done efficiently and economically. With Bartlett you know guess work is replaced by know-how; each step in the procedure is based on techniques prescribed by our research laboratories.

Ask your local Bartlett man to stop by today and show you how we help nature look its very best. We're in the Yellow Pages.

SCIENTIFIC TREE CARE

BARTLETT

TREE EXPERTS

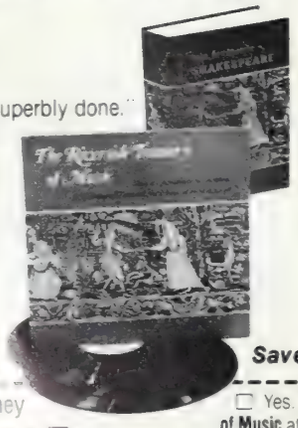


ing. She had been born to be his darling daughter, the nurse of the family, the tutor of her nephews and nieces. As a great libertarian, Herzen had encouraged her to study the humanities, but at the first sign of independence on her part, he sighed: "That's the result of giving girls an education." The formidable champion of freedom reveals himself here as a petty tyrant in his family, a rather class-conscious aristocrat and fastidious snob. Herzen had two younger children by the wife of his best friend, the poet and pamphletist Nikolai Ogarev, who meanwhile had consoled himself with a British prostitute, and part of the correspondence in this volume deals with the question of when the children should be told that their "father" was their uncle and the "uncle" their father. This whole tribe, including the prostitute's son and the governess—Malvida, a famous memoirist in her own right—constantly travels from one European spa to another, gossiping and weeping on each other's shoulders. They all seem to come out of a Russian novel, all of them melancholy and faded like yesterday's violets. These exiles do not represent the future but the past of the revolution. No one knew it better than Herzen himself, who did not trust the masses and called their leaders "new despots." His daughter worshiped his ideals but had none for her own generation; the flame of 1848 had burned out and Nechayev was not able to kindle another. After her father's death she continued to care for those two extinguished volcanoes, Ogarev and Bakunin.

Aware that these three cannot hold our interest for a whole volume, the editor has wisely included the fascinating correspondence between Bakunin and Nechayev. In a forty-page letter the older man excommunicates his prodigal disciple and at the same time begs him to conduct himself so that he could forgive him. He explains the humanist principles of anarchism and condemns violent action that is not related to a revolutionary and creative surge of the masses. Bakunin did not have the intellect of Marx or Herzen, and he was totally unreliable, but with all his faults one cannot help loving him. He represented anarchism as a pure rejection of domination.

Enjoy Shakespeare in a unique new way... and enjoy special savings, too!

"A major work superbly done." New York Times



The Riverside Treasury of Music. Hear the songs, dances and sacred pieces of Shakespeare's time, played on exact replicas of Elizabethan instruments—plus the classic operas and overtures inspired by Shakespeare's works... all in this unique 2-record stereo album. Specially produced by London Records for Houghton Mifflin, this collector's album features Joan Sutherland, Régine Crespin, The London Symphony, The Paris Conservatory Orchestra and others in an extraordinarily diverse musical anthology.

The Riverside Shakespeare. The perfect companion piece, this critically acclaimed volume is one of the most readable, authoritative editions ever published. Contains all the plays and poems—with critical commentary and historic background for complete enjoyment and understanding. 1900 pages. More than 100 illustrations, many in full color.

Enjoy both for 10 days without obligation, then decide. Hear the music. Leaf through the volume. Enjoy Shakespeare as never before. If you choose to keep this remarkable set, you'll save a full $4.95 over their price if purchased separately. Otherwise return them for a complete refund. Ideal for personal or public libraries, schools or colleges. (Offer good in U.S. only.)

Save $4.95 with this coupon!

Send No Money

10 Day Free Examination

Prices subject to change

Houghton Mifflin Co.
Dept. M23, One Beacon St.
Boston, MA 02107

☐ Yes, please ship **The Riverside Shakespeare** and **The Riverside Treasury of Music** at the special discount price of $22.95. A $4.95 saving! If not completely satisfied, I'll return them in 10 days without obligation. (Postage and handling extra. Please add state and local taxes where necessary.)
☐ Send book only, $15.95 ☐ Send record album only, $11.95
☐ Bill me ☐ Payment enclosed (saves postage and handling)

Name (please print) _____
Street & No. _____
City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

I HAVE ALREADY mentioned Ba nin's American disciples, En Goldman and her lover, idol, friend, Alexander Berkman. To precise, neither was really Ameri for both were Jewish immigr from Russia; both had to stru their way out of the ghetto, poor alien, and there was always an i national accent in whatever said. Before World War I, Berk had shot and wounded Henry Frick, the industrialist, a troglo enemy of labor. Fortunately, Fri injury was not serious, and B man's jail term ended in time for and Emma to go back to Russi help with the revolution. Alas, dom and Bolshevism did not mix though Berkman tried hard to ac revolutionary discipline, the eventually were glad to get out o workers' paradise. From then on had no country. Berkman finally tled in southern France, but Emm more practical and better equi to take advantage of formal de racy—returned to the United S and Canada at the end of her frightened by the Nazis and en aged by the new freedom that with the New Deal.

Richard Drinnon, who wrote ma's biography fifteen years ago now published a moving collecti letters that shows the two rebels size. They were no longer lover still as close as two human being be, consulting with each other o minutest affairs in their public private lives (including their affairs), quarreling with each and supporting each other, r manding each other and yet ne each other. Berkman is more lectual; he is sterner as a re tionary and at the same time generous. She is more impulsiv on the whole more effective, b helps her write her books, an one case, even lets her use ma he had collected for his own His somewhat saturnine perso dominated her life. In the da darkness, when liberty seeme succumb to the massive assault totalitarian age, they rescued their relationship with a few fri

"The still voice in me will n silenced," she writes, "the which wants to cry out again wretchedness and injustice i world. I can compare my state that of a being suffering from

ible disease. He knows there is emedy. Yet he goes trying every or. I know there is no place re I can go." And he writes to n Mooney, the labor leader jailed an Quentin: "Life outside is sim- in certain respects to life 'inside.' longer one stays in it, the more earable it becomes." Or: "From y childhood I always had to e, an undesirable citizen always." he worst disappointment for e lovers of freedom was the Rus- dictatorship. Later they wit- ed the losing fight of democracy nst Fascism in Europe; then the nish Civil War and its ugly out- e. In the end, more and more tions hang. Was it worth the ble? Have their efforts brought world closer to equality and free- ? Do people even want either? their cause, worse than having defeated, been disproven?

While Berkman is fatally sick, she es to him: "The masses are any- g but hopeful; yet we must go we are a voice in the wilderness, h more than forty years ago. because of the present mad or for dictatorship we of all peo- must not give up." But he needs omfort. In his pithy style he puts ccinctly: "The revolution may against the revolutionaries, but must go on, affirming the idea if it cannot be realized." The of the collection, *Nowhere at e*, is appropriate not just in the ical sense: these lovers of life no home spiritually, no church, rland, party—and Berkman failed to write that *Philosophy narchism* he had planned.

THERE ARE STRANGE parallels be- tween the lives of Emma and Angela. Emma bought the re- r that Berkman aimed at Frick. la provided the guns that Jack- brother, Jonathan, used in stag- the court kidnapping in which men lost their lives. Both wom- ere prosecuted, and acquitted ant of evidence. But while Em- ater told the story with candor, la has to persist in her role of cuted innocence. We know that elt compelled to flee after the and the information that her iography supplies has not con- d this reader that she had noth- o do with it. But it would be foolish to insist that a revolutionary must help the state to convict her. In fact, people seem to like outlaws who thumb their noses at the guardians of society.

The danger, rather, may be that Angela Davis might end up believing the act she is performing for the party: I was framed; I was unjustly persecuted; I was forced to flee. In the face of her acquittal, she is capable of writing: "I knew that the gas chamber was waiting for us all." Although she was free on bail, she writes: "No Black ever gets bail." And after several juries in recent years have thrown out charges against black militants on mere technicalities, she still insists: "No Black ever finds Justice before an American Court." Distrust and suspicion even distort those pages of her book where no personal hurt could have clouded her vision. Her teacher, Herbert Marcuse, reached the statutory retirement age at Brandeis and went to San Diego; for her this meant that "he was pushed out." A shrieking propaganda cliché, "The pigs murdered him," is her reaction on hearing that Jackson died in an attempted jailbreak.

Even the dead have to serve propaganda, and the true tragedy of the Jackson brothers has to be distorted; Angela Davis transforms herself completely into the black militant, the party spokesperson, the fanatic. For the sake of that image she retrospectively rejects even those white liberals who first sponsored and befriended her. Normal adjustment difficulties on entering college must appear as racial barriers to understanding, and blind hostility takes the place of humanity. By contrast, Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman never see their Jewishness as an obstacle to the fulfillment of their ideals. They never despair of man's ability to reason; they assume that even the horrors of Fascist aggression are aberrations from man's normal rationality. Miss Davis reacts to a shocking news report with a frightening glorification of unreason: "*This was no aberration* [my emphasis] ... something sparked by a few extremists gone mad. On the contrary, it was logical, inevitable." It is a defeatist view of society, a philosophy of total despair.

Totalitarian parties grow in the soil of defeat. A near-textbook case

THE WISDOM SEMINAR

of

Self-Realization and Planetary Management

regards education as a life-long project. It begins where other colleges leave off: not a substitute for traditional education but an extension of it. The usual goals are a diploma and a job; Wisdom Seminar aims at Wisdom, Cosmic Consciousness, Eternity. Four years of home-study at $25 per 4-month semester including books and study-guides. Payable one semester at a time. Sponsored by Phenix Society, Inc., a non-profit educational corporation, and endorsed nation-wide by the Phenix Clubs. Curriculum supervised by New-Age-oriented professors of Eastern Universities. Founded to meet a widely-felt need for truths our standard materialistic schools have neglected: The Nature of Consciousness; The Psychic Structure of the Universe; The Meaning of Life.

Enrollment Application

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State ..... Zip .....

WISDOM SEMINAR, Box 25, Guilford, Ct. 06437
Please enroll me as a student. Check enclosed for $30.95 ($5.95 handbook: prerequisite for first enrollment; $25 for one semester's books and study guides)

EDUCATIONAL BACKGROUND (check appropriate space:)
High School __ College 2 yr. __ 4 yr. __ Grad. School

THE ATLAS OF SEXUAL PLEASURES



ACTS, PRACTICES AND DEVIATIONS

Straightforward, totally revealing European approach unveils the full story of human sexual development. Includes sections on masturbation, erogenous areas, special love techniques, homosexuality, nymphomania, exhibitionism, and many others. Beautiful full color photographs reveal sexual acts and practices in explicit detail. Money back if not delighted. Nationally advertised at $16.95 173 pages. Now only $8.95.

SEND $8.95 TO **ADAM & EVE,** DEPT.DHA-15, 105 N. COLUMBIA, CHAPEL HILL, N.C. 27514

You're invited to a very special party

HARPER'S



See page 102

EUROPE'S BEST SELLING SEX MANUAL!

PICTORIAL GUIDE TO SEXUAL INTERCOURSE. A step-by-step specific course through clear, concise full-color photographs of how to engage in the many forms of physical love and sexual intercourse. Turn dull, confused routine "quickie" sex into exciting sexual episodes, which continue to improve each time and provide greater degrees of pleasure than you ever thought possible. Thousands sold at $12.95. Now available in soft cover for just $4.95. 223 pages. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.



Send $4.95 to: Adam & Eve ©
Dept.DHA-IZ, 105 N. Columbia, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

may be found in the memoirs of Ernst Fischer, onetime leader of the Austrian Communists. Once a Social Democrat, he broke with that party after its suppression by Chancellor Dollfuss in the bloody coup of 1934. In exile he turned Communist and then went to Moscow to become a liaison man between the Comintern and the Austrian Communist party, a broadcaster on the German-language radio, and an editor of the official *Communist International.* He accepted and defended the purges, the mock trials, the false confessions, the mass executions, finally the pact with Hitler. In his book Fischer now asks himself: How could I have believed all that? How could I have written all that? He does not answer his questions; he *exhibits* the totalitarian mind but he does not *explain* it. He became critical only after the Czech invasion of 1968, and even then he did not break with the Communists but waited for them to expel him. This was no "opposing man"; even after his expulsion he makes no attempt to find out what converted Communism into Red imperialism.

THESE LIFE STORIES show two styles of personality: the romantic revolutionary and the soldier of revolution. Both may be opposed to the established regime, but some join a counterestablishment, while others remain lonely and live by their faith. The American campus has supported a new type of counterestablishment figure, the tenured rebel, just as in former times the kings had their court jesters and the haute bourgeoisie had romantic poets and painters to *épater* them. Such a jester is Mr. Raskin, who—according to his blurb—wanted nothing but a revolution in everyday lifestyles. But cultism is not revolution, and no Establishment need tremble if Raskin's impotent despair is typical of America's New Left. The great shakers in history usually went into print only when they had something to say, acted on their ideas, and kept their private quirks in their diaries. Our adolescent rebels shout from the rooftops that they have nothing to say, and act out their private neuroses in public happenings. Historians are not likely to find in their personal correspondence any ideas or the signatures of great characters. On t contrary, what the literature of pr test seems to betray is an outbre of flagellantism, a collective rage being incapable of integrating t experience into a social world, an strangely, a furious exhibition hostility to ideas that might help shaping this world.

How different is the protest those others whom poverty or min ity status first provoked to defy t established order. Their revolutio promise few rewards but carry gra personal risks. It is difficult to main free in spirit, even in the fa of defeat and eternal exile. The pa is narrow: on the one side there lu the abyss of totalitarian comm ment, the party spirit, the aband ment of that very freedom for wh one first took the *engagement;* on other side there is sectarian nothi ness, self-destructive protest, nihi tic, terrorist despair, or withering ridicule. To walk the path one m have "the nerve of failure" wh others have only failures of nerve.

Books discussed in this essay:

Out of the Whale: Growing Up in the American Left, by Jonah Raskin. Links Books paper, $4.95.

Soledad Brother: The Prison Letters of George Jackson. Bantam, paper, $1.95.

An Autobiography, by Angela Davis. Random House $8.95.

Living My Life, by Emma Goldman. Out of print.

Rosa Luxemburg in Gefängnis, edited by Charlotte Beradt Frankfurt: Fischer.

Daughter of a Revolutionary Natalie Herzen and the Bakunin-Nechayev Circle, edited b Michael Confino. Translated b Hilary Sternberg and Lydi Bott. Library Press, $10.95.

Rebel in Paradise, by Richard Drinnon. Out of print.

Nowhere at Home: Letter from Exile, by Emma Goldma and Alexander Berkman, ed ited by Richard and Anna Ma ria Drinnon. Schocken Book $12.95.

An Opposing Man: The Au tobiography of a Romanti Revolutionary, by Ernst Fi cher. Translated by Peter an Betty Ross. Liveright, $12.50

TURNABOUTAPAROU



ppies – A Collective Reminiscence

eking explanations for com- social phenomena is a herous business, but it es for good table conver- n and, occasionally, good ing. In a recent issue of APAROUND, we asked ers to give us their theories the demise of the hippie terculture. To date about people have sent us essays, es, and testimonials. Among ost memorable:

ow what happened to the es. I remember them in eley, my hometown. They ed condescendingly into the al cities, and some of them diately turned into gar- they couldn't cope with eality of living poor. There cheap melodrama in liv- oor that calls for the high- ind of performing art. I ed them in their blue and $40 boots as they ed with us blacks in the Berkeley flatlands, tell- is how lousy the Good was. They never saw that ore imitation silk and imi- leather; we wore blue only when we had to. I mber the blonde girls who lew away the mystique of ig black dick—they dis- ed that in the dark all look and feel the same. an tell the difference only aching the hair.

used to call them the new ers. Ironically. I remember the riots; I saw the joy in their rage. Hippies played a "role"; they were one of the American fads. They could not have been a lasting development because they always had an ace in the hole. They could go home again.

But their primary error was in equating physical filthiness with freedom. Having dirty hands on a cold cement street at midnight is a bad, bad feeling.

I know what happened to the hippies. They all turned twenty-nine.

—Alice Reid
Oakland, Calif.

The end of the counterculture. My first thought is to say, "Let's all take another hit of acid and think about it."

When acid came to town, the government paid Ken Kesey to try it. Timothy Leary wrote about it. The Beatles sang about it. Then all the rest of us, your average neurotics, we took it, and it opened us up like flowers in the morning sunshine. Thousands of years of cultural conditioning fell away and we were primary, childlike creatures in God's garden. We knew LOVE, not that stale violence that passes for it in the world of men. We saw the reality behind appearance. We spent hours marveling at plants and insects and money. We saw into people, their essences behind the masks of their psychophysical selves. We saw how life had wounded and scarred them. We saw how they had sold their spontaneity, creativity, and beauty, and how they worshiped false and evil gods. We laughed with joyous release, and we wept with joyous, heartrending abandon. We thought the millennium had come, and we knew we'd never be the same.

Then we came down. Not once but many times. Most of us had longer hair. Most of us weren't doing what we were doing when we started. A few of us drifted into space and didn't come back. A few of us died. And somewhere in there most of us discovered the bad trip. A moment when all the evil and horror in the world roared through the eye of a needle and stood pulsating before your eyes or flowed into you with each inspiration.

The horror didn't just live in the world of heavy hits. It walked the Haight in rip-off artists, pushers, junkies, rapists, and murderers. It rose in Tucson and a hundred other local capitals. It pulled the trigger on you in *Easy Rider* and the knife on you at Altamont. It crawled up the leg of your pants as you walked along the street.

Then all the love and horror and tinsel and glitter fell away, and we saw it not as the culmination of our lives but as a way station in the continuing psychodrama of creation. A few of us stayed frozen in time, confused and piteously repeating the awful empty triumphs of our days in the sun. But most of us struck out on our own to fulfill our destiny. To each according to his ability to escape the trap. The opposite of every historical trend took place, and specialization became diversification. The energy dispersed into a thousand different things, and the legacy, for better or worse, burned in our hearts, brains, and guts.

—Paul Menzies
Berkeley, Calif.

Hippie was only a cutesy, hypocoristic, insidious diminutive. *Freak* is still true anomaly, psychic/spiritual magician, social/cultural/political revolutionary. Hippie was mass-media-mind-hype, a misnomer, a pill. Freak is pure hip, a verb, a smoke, one long smooth regenerative blur. Hippie was etymological, literary, extrapolant. Freak is indefinable paraverbal, transhistorical. Hippie was concocted, arrested, photographed, filed. Freak is intangible. Hippie died in captivity—Haight-Ashbury circa 1967. Freak slipped away. Diminutive hip surrogate ghost/image foisted on gullible public. Freak went invisible. Diminutive hip surrogate psychedelic amusement parks opened all over America. Freak went into limbo. Common denominator hip diminutive surrogate usurped market and most seriously casual social gatherings. Freak returns to anonymity.

AROUND CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

DWRAPAROUNDWRA

Common denominator diminutive hip impostor finally shows up on TV pushing moustache hair-dryer granola country herbal essence soapsuds psychology. Freak digs in. Common denominator surrogate hip diminutive huge success. Freak out here anywhere strategically carryin' on.

—Anonymous

We still believe in peace, love, rock 'n' roll, and human understanding. We just don't get color spreads in *Life* magazine anymore.

—Regina Mathews
Placitas, N. Mex.

When we met at college, he was a characteristic hippie; I was characteristically middle class. Each evening, after classes, he hitchhiked home to his commune and smoked grass, did speed, dropped acid; I drove home to my bedroom in my parents' house. We shared a dedication to the arts; he was a painter, I was a writer. We were both politically liberal and went to rallies and marched against the war in Vietnam. We fell in love, and envisioned an idyllic bohemian existence together.

We got married—in a church and with full ceremonies, at my request. He cut his hair to shoulder length, but grew a full beard. He continued school; I went to work to support us. He continued to smoke dope, do speed, drop acid; I started smoking grass.

By the time he got his liberal-arts degree, we were heavily in debt for our tuition, I continued working; after soul-searching deliberation, he decided he would have to compromise his stand as a purist on art and look for a job in the commercial art field (symptom #1). He looked for six months, then hoped to improve his chances at acceptability by shaving off his beard, cutting his hair to "mod" length, and buying a suit (symptom #2). It didn't work; fewer jobs and greater competition closed him out of the art field. I suggested he pursue his painting and assured him that I didn't mind working for both of us; he didn't share the same sense of freedom, and started to feel guilty (symptom #3).

He decided he would have to become "economically negotiable" (symptom #4) and concluded that his liberal-arts background wasn't "marketable" (symptom #5). He enrolled in school again to learn computer programming. He stopped doing acid and speed in favor of drinking (symptom #6); we both continued to smoke grass.

After completing programming school, he immediately found a job. By that time, my old jalopy from college days was running into the ground and became unrepairable. We agreed that a car was useful; he thought we had to give in to materialism sooner or later and decided to buy a brand-new one (symptom #7).

We still owed tuition money (even more with programming school), and the car payments were taking a big chunk out of our budget; he decided to find a better-paying job (symptom #8). He did; he liked the new freedom of more money, and bought a stereo system that cost half as much as the car. He's now bucking for a promotion and a raise; he no longer paints at all.

It may seem simplistic, but that was the progression. Possibly my value system influenced him heavily; if one marries middle-class values, does one begin to embrace them—and is it choice or passive resistance? If anything, I expected to grow closer toward his counterculture attitudes; remember, I fell in love with him when he was a hippie. After experiencing both, maybe economic freedom becomes more desirable than social freedom; maybe they're both illusions.

—Amanda Blake
Chicago, Ill.

Hippies? They are still around. They are in my classes. They sprawl in their chairs, stick their bare feet in the aisles where I must carefully step. They come to class every other day, as they still take time out to live and love; they are the first tanned in the spring. When they come to class they often sleep. They are not bored, but exhausted. They work nights, mopping up at the cannery or rolling rigs interstate, and ride with the surf at dawn. They take forever to graduate as official student status keeps the G.I. Bill coming through to support the kids. They smile a lot, radiate love and laughter through a grass haze. They finger Castaneda, Maslow, and Hesse. When their paperback bibles fall apart, they move across the hall, to the front of their own classes. Through faded denim, mop hair, and beards, their eyes beam and captivate. They remain true to their ethic, ignoring campus politics, refusing to serve on committees that evaluate and judge. They teach for four years and then fade away, as they never finish their Ph.D.'s. They take again to trucking or to sorting in the post office. Hippies? Yes, they are still around. They are butterflies unnoticed in the tall grass.

—Noreen Toyoshima
Dominguez Hills, Calif.

I killed us.

—James Klein
Toledo, Ohio

Well, y'know, I can't say for sure, but even though I smoked a lot of dope and let the hair and beard progress unclipped, and even though I rode around in Volkswagen buses and listened to rock music and demonstrated against the war and lived in a commune for three years, I can't seem to remember no hippies. Nope.

Lots of plain folks, some fools, a few phonies, and many good hearts. But no hippies.

Some people I knew went over to Nam and didn't come back; others I knew did come back and were in even worse shape. Some folks got burnt out into stumbling, simplistic street nomads whom you could maybe count as missing in action. Some are in the joint. Others went from dope to one form of god or another, but what the hell, everyone's entitled to make the same mistake twice.

I still do most of the things I used to. I still look pretty much the same. Those who know me say it's still the same old kid. But I dunno, too many things just wore out all at once, it seemed, and, while there ain't no use crying over it, there ain't no way to explain it, neither.

But hell, after all I hold a regular gig that keeps the food on the table and the landlord off my back, and I even vo
a few times in recent ye
not that there was anyone
vote for.

Me and my friends, we
around gassing in the Calif
nia weekend sunlight, sipp
the brew and listening vagu
to John Prine and Bob Dyl
just thinking about places
folks and times and wonder
how the hell we got from th
to here and wondering wh
the hell is everyone, anyw
which don't make us no dif
ent from anyone else, I supp

But hippies? No, I n
knew one myself. If you
any, I'd be obliged if you'd s
them my way 'cause I'd lik
meet one after hearing so m
about them for so long.

But until those mythical f
show up (don't hold
breath), maybe you could
out a Middle American or
'cause I never seen one of th
neither.

Categories always lie,
know. Some damned fool
another, always telling us
we are and who we ain't.
many fools like that run
around loose, if you ask
Which you did.

—Don K
Palo Alto, C

I'll tell you what killed
counterculture. It was a n
paper photograph of a
mouth open in a scream of
ny as she bent over a Kent S
student who had been sho
the National Guard.

The semblance to Ed
Munch's painting *The Scr*
was too close for comfort.
all packed up our hookahs
went home.

—J. K. Wa
Parkville,

Remember those experi
in sense deprivation that se
so heavy in the days of I
The subjects were blindfo
and smothered with cotto
that before long their onl
ality was the carnival goin
in their heads. This is the
fect metaphor for the dea
the counterculture: an e
movement turning inward
feeding upon its own image
rhetoric. The ideas died of
vation, the vehicles—drugs,
sic, sex—stagnated in a m
of sameness. And so the c
terculture died of attrition

ROUNDOWRAPAROUND

to think and act because
at paralyzing awareness of

en so, there are hippies
maybe 10,000, maybe even
00. Every age, after all,
ts utopians who mock the
placency of others. Perhaps,
of the sound and fury of
c attention, they're ac-
lishing something, grap-
toward some of those
nal ideals. But by God, let's
them out of the media's
Because if new ways of
are going to be created,
l be by a small number of
e working in a dingy cor-
of our culture, well insu-
from the self-conscious-
n which the rest of Amer-
society feeds.

—Christopher Johnson
Downers Grove, Ill.

the height of the hippie
ment, I saw Allen Gins-
attempting to read his
at the YM-YWHA. An
mous slob from the au-
, whom Ginsberg obvious-
ew, harassed and heckled
to the point of leaping
the stage and unzipping
n fly. Ginsberg remained
tolerant. The audience
e so indignant the curtain
rung down. For either
erg or the YM-YWHA to
thrown the fellow out
have been dubbed fascist.
t night it hit me how
lly naive hippies can be,
oorly equipped for ulti-
survival. There are good
in hippie culture: the
premium it puts on lei-
ts stress on the individual
e creative, rather than on
anipulative and the re-
e. If values like these are
ss, they are also fragile
sually enjoyed only by
who know the rules and
iscipline themselves.
wing one's limits and the
limits never have been
points with American
. I doubt whether any of
know Matthew Arnold's
line "The world will
hee; not thou the world."
ughout history there
ways been hippies. They
be called artists, philos-
and mavericks. They
ery tough people, sharp
finite about their values,
their judgments about
lves and their fellow-
The blurred permissive-
ness so characteristic of Ginsberg's hippiness that night at the YM-YWHA just played into the hands of that all-devouring maw, American democracy, which, true to its melting pot tradition, swallowed all its hippies whole.

—Dorothy Robertson
Chappaqua, N. Y.

Put simply, the white, middle-class young who were the dominant representatives of the hippie phenomenon returned to the security, advantage, and comfort of their class position when they bitterly tasted the massive retaliation and repression of the state. When they found Amerika neither democratic nor reformable and, in fact, violently resistant to change, they retreated en masse to their privileged status. **—Jack Haas**
Hamilton, Ontario

Whatever happened to hippies? Now, let's not quibble over connotations. Bums, beatniks, hippies, or just plain vagrants —what is the real difference? We have them now, and, if I read history correctly, we have always had them. They are the dregs of society. For some obscure reason we are now trying to give them a culture all their own, make them almost sacrosanct.

In our town they rent houses, make a shambles of them, and then move on to greener pastures, leaving a disordered neighborhood, unpaid rent, and unhappy people behind them.

In my book, you may call them what you will. And if a bit of paraphrasing is allowed, let me say: "A skunk by any other name would smell as bad."

—Mary E. Price
Springfield, Mo.

They were consumed by their shepherds. **—Billy Zoom**
Sequim, Wash.

Harper's states that the counterculture died five years ago. If that is the case, then here in Montana (a geographic and cultural space warp five years behind the rest of the nation) we have an opportunity to observe the disease that afflicted the flower children, and perhaps we can determine the cause of death.

From the door of my husband's pottery shop, located on a secondary Montana highway, we have watched them come now for seven years, the long-haired and bearded men, the barefoot and braless women, who alight from their VW van or bread truck with children and/or dog in tow, and make a beeline for our (authentic) log-cabin shop. Each year the number has decreased, and each year the mode of dress has become less identifiable. Obviously pleased with the potter's old-fashioned kick wheel, they comment favorably on the native clay glazes and the homey wood stove used for heating. Then they walk outside, behind the cabin, to see the kiln: its galvanized iron cover glistens in the sun like some recently alighted spaceship—the spell is broken. They ask, hopefully, "Is your kiln wood-fired?" We say no: the time required to make enough pots to make a living doesn't allow us the luxury of cutting and hauling and splitting that much wood and stoking a kiln for hours on end.

Disillusioned, but somewhat reassured by my husband's friendly, bearded face, they ask us about land for homesteading. Sympathetically, we tell them about the small amount of tillable acreage still available—for an inflated price—and they go on their way. They are nice people, and, should they attempt to settle here, we usually see them again. We also see them run afoul of technobureaucracy—the familiar disease that will either change their methods or defeat them altogether.

The old-timers, who began fifty years ago with the same elementary tools and methods the flower children hold in high esteem, watch with skeptical good humor as these young people bend their backs to tilling the soil and attempt to remove themselves from the evils of modern society. The old-timers' skepticism is inevitably rewarded with the "I told you so" of their own experience: thirty years ago they welcomed the tools of technology which eased their physical burdens and gave them some precious leisure time. The new back-to-the-lander either compromises and begins to use some elements of technology to reach his goal, or leaves the land and goes back to the city.

Nevertheless, I submit that the spirit of the flower child lives on: in the business-suited shoe salesman whose warm smile is genuine, whether or not you buy the shoes; in the contented communion with the soil evident on the face of the farmer plowing his organically grown acreage, not with horses, but with a tractor; in our pottery shop, where the door is always unlocked and a sign tells you which merchandise is for sale and to leave your money on the potter's wheel if the proprietor is out; in the family walking in the woods after a long, hard eight-to-five day at jobs they don't necessarily like, instead of sitting robotlike in front of the tube.

I suggest that all these gestures of caring—of human beings reaching out in friendship and trust to one another, of people endeavoring to stay in tune with themselves and with nature—are evidence of the living spirit of the counterculture. They are infinitely more meaningful than the symbolic gesture of handing a flower to a cop. And maybe, through sheer force of numbers, these ex-flower children will someday bring about a subtle but vital change in our soulless society. **—Parnella Hayes**
Big Fork, Mont.

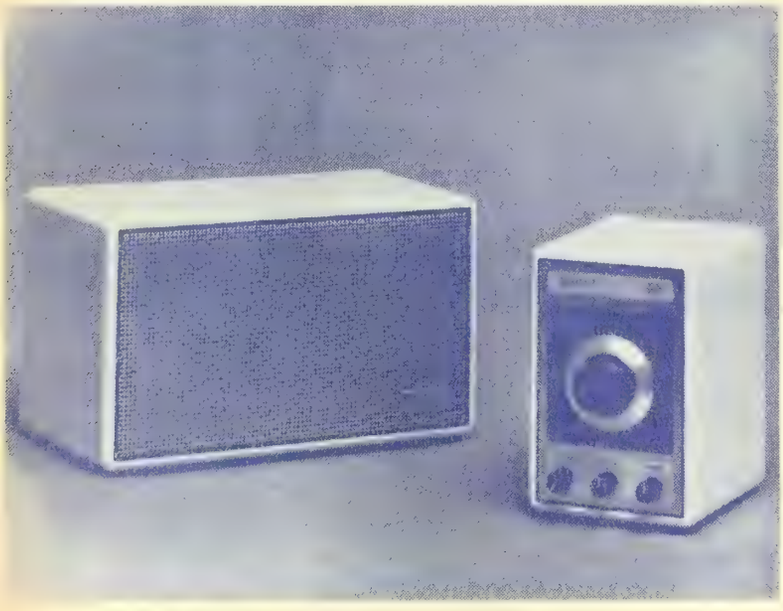


TOOLS FOR LIVING

GOOD READING

Of the hundreds, perhaps thousands, of books about New York City, two that recently crossed our desk made us sit up and take notice. You've heard of the first one: *The Power Broker: Robert Moses and the Fall of New York,* by Robert A. Caro (Alfred A. Knopf, $17.95). It took Caro seven years to research and write this lengthy but brilliant study of the use of power by a man whose genius and high position in the administrations of six governors and five mayors enabled him to irrevocably change—some say destroy—the future of the nation's largest city. A classic study of an American Faust, the book won the 1974 Pulitzer Prize for biography and the Francis Parkman Award of the Society of American Historians. At 1,200 pages, you can curl up with it for a week.

The second book is *Lost New York,* by Nathan Silver (Houghton Mifflin, $15; Schocken, paper, $5.95), a spectacular portrait of the architecture, culture, and mood of New York as it was until a few decades ago. Neither didactic nor polemical, the book uses extraordinarily fine photographs on high-quality paper to look back at the squalor and extravagance of an adolescent New York. It captures the era when men climbed out of the shantytowns and tenement factories, and walked through the portals of Crystal Palaces, cast-iron skyscrapers, and railroad stations of cobwebbed steel into the towering swirl of the twentieth century. Both books can be ordered from us. (E-1)



GOOD SOUNDS

The Advent Corporation of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has produced an unusual new FM radio that warrants special mention. Advent is the company that gained attention not long ago when it came out with a color television large enough to portray actors life-size. This radio, Advent Model 400, demonstrates some of the same inventiveness. First, it comes in two parts—a tuner/amplifier with bass and treble controls that can be used in conjunction with a tape recorder, and an air-suspension speaker. This arrangement allows one to fiddle with the speaker location without having to readjust the dial or antenna. Second, the monaural speaker employs an extra-powerful magnet in its drive system, and the whole unit is designed for optimal octave-to-octave harmonics. In plain language—as they always say in audio ads—the result is an unusually clear sound, with distinct separation of channels and practically no background hiss. The Advent Model 400 is priced at $125 and is available at audio equipment stores or through us. Please include $2 for shipping. (E-2)

—Margot Moes-Hunt

Margot Moes-Hunt is Tools for Living consultant to WRAPAROUND.

SLEEPING ON AIR

In keeping with the pragmatism of the times, we bring you the adjustable air bed—guaranteed to circumvent such problems as algae in the waterbed, one unexpected guest too many, rocks under your tent, and boredom with your sleeping environment. Is all this too much to ask of a bed? Perhaps—but read on. Called the Inflate-A-Bed, this velveteen-finish vinyl bed is similar to a waterbed except that it uses air as a cushion instead of water. You can use the exhaust of a cannister-type vacuum cleaner to inflate it. If you like a firm bed, put more air in; for a softer bed, let some out. This bed is not to be confused with the air mattress one might take to the beach; the Inflate-A-Bed is a real bed, and it has what the manufacturer calls "air-coils" inside to distribute the pressure evenly. It makes an ideal bed for guests because it can be deflated and stored in a closet when not needed. For those who like their creature comforts, it can also be taken on camping trips. It weighs about ten pounds, and is fully guaranteed for one year. With a rich, red finish, the bed comes in four sizes and the prices vary accordingly: thirty-nine-by-seventy-four-inch twin, $59.95; fifty-four-by-seventy-four-inch double, $79.95; sixty-by-eighty-inch queen, $94.95; and seventy-four-by-eighty-inch king, $114.95. The beds are available at furniture and department stores, or through us. Please add $2 for shipping. (E-3)

THE AQUASNIFTER

If you've always wondered what "drinking like a fish" really means, here is your chance to put a guppy or two in a brandy snifter and watch them do their ichthyological stuff. The Aquasnifter looks like a large brandy snifter (it holds 100 ounces of water), but is actually a self-contained, filtered aquarium. Keep one on your desk at the office, or put one on a coffee table at home. As a conversation piece, it usually fares better than those plastic cubes lined with pictures of your relatives. The Aquasnifter comes with a pump, gravel, plants, and a filter that needs cleaning only once every eight months or so. The pump and filter are powerful enough to handle a ten-gallon aquarium should you want to switch to a larger system. The Aquasnifter weighs nine pounds when full. It may be ordered from us for $23.95, which includes postage. Sorry, fish not included. (E-4)



SPLASH PROTECTOR

There was a time when we fell out of the sky, and if it didn't hit you on the way down it didn't hit you. But today, with cars, taxis, buses, and trucks sloshing around the city's streets, water can come at you from all ways. The only way to completely protect yourself against all possibilities is with a two-piece rain suit. The one we found, manufactured by Swell-Wear Inc., is just the thing for walkers in the rain, or for anyone who must be outside in inclement weather. Made of water-repellent nylon, the suit comes with a hooded jacket that zips up in the front, and pants large enough to fit comfortably over street clothes. There are snaps at the cuffs in case you want to tuck the pants into a pair of boots. The lightweight suit is fast-drying and comes with a carrying bag. It costs $15 and can be purchased at sports and department stores or through us. Specify small, medium, large, or extra-large; please include $1 for shipping for each order.

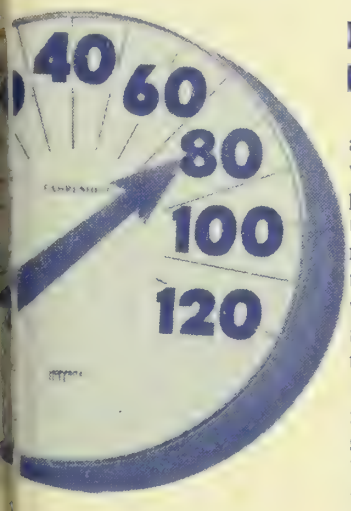
BUY OUR BAG

Liberation is leaving your hands free by using an [illegible] denim *Harper's* shoulder bag. The sixteen-by-sixteen-inch navy-blue bag carries the magazine's logo in white, and is guaranteed to carry a load of books, groceries, and assorted stuff and still look nice. Tax. $3.50 each from us. Price includes postage.

APAROUNDWRAPARO

IEPRINT FOR ACESHIP LIVING ROOM

e have mentioned *Nomadic iiture* before. In our Feby 1973 issue, we went so s to call it the kind of book expects to be "written in ," and it is safe to say the last two-and-a-half years borne out that judgment. there's a follow-up—*Nomic Furniture II*—that ams the original book's pragc but charming approach reating one's own enviient. Put together by VicPapanek, a UNESCO der, and James Hennessey, ant dean of the School of n at the California Instiof the Arts, both books clearly explain "how to and where to buy lightweight furniture that folds, collapses, stacks, knocks-down, inflates or can be thrown away and recycled." With simple illustrations, the authors show how to make lamps, tables, desks, bookshelves, beds, chairs, sofas—all for next to nothing, all flexibly designed to accommodate one's idiosyncrasies. Because there's little investment in money or labor, one is left free to experiment—to make, say, a chair, only to throw it away a month later if it doesn't satisfy or if one moves elsewhere. Intended for both the nomad and the urbanite coping with tight spaces, the books are available through us for $4.95 each (Pantheon, soft cover) or $9.90 for both volumes. Prices include postage and handling. (E-8)



MATTER OF EGREES

metimes it's hard to tell the outdoor temperature m inside your house or ment. You can read the or listen to the radio reut their information may rrespond with what's hapoutside your window. If on't feel like going out sting the air, or if you the umpteenth floor of partment building, you like to have a giant therer mounted just outside window. We found one twelve-inch face that has black numerals on a white ound for easy reading. A row indicates the tem- e. Made for and avail- Hoffritz in New York, ermometer can also be from us for $10 plus or postage. (E-7)

BABY-SITTER ON WHEELS

Moving around the city with an infant in tow can be nerve-wracking, even hazardous. You put the baby into a carriage, then struggle to squeeze the carriage through bus doors, into taxis, down subway steps—and what do you do with the carriage when you want to carry the child for a while? All this becomes academic with the Gerry Carry-Free, a portable baby stroller that folds up and can be carried on your arm like an umbrella. Made of aluminum, steel, and woven nylon, it weighs only six pounds and works as well as a carriage but is more convenient. Available at department stores or through us for $27.50, plus $2 for postage and handling. (E-9)



A TISKET, A TASKET

Fruits and vegetables aren't just for eating: you can also transform them into works of art. Get a lightweight wire basket, hang it in your kitchen, and fill it with fresh produce—garlic and onions make a nice combination, as do apples and oranges. Presto! You've added a bright touch to the kitchen decor. These baskets are great for washing fruit and vegetables, perfect for draining lettuce and cabbage. It's also possible to turn them into miniature hanging gardens. First, line the basket with moss, and line the moss with a sheet of plastic. Then cover the plastic with an inch or so of dirt. Just right for herbs and small plants. We have found a basket twelve inches wide that may be purchased in specialty and department stores or through us for $4.25. A three-tiered, graduated set (eight, nine, and eleven-and-a-half inches) for $9 (postage included) is also available. (E-10)



WINDPROOF PLAYING CARDS

Inveterate card players will appreciate this new product: wind- and jostleproof playing cards. They look and shuffle like ordinary cards, but contain steel wafers inside; when laid on the magnetic playing board that comes with the set, they're held fast. The perfect deck for playing on a patio, at parks and beaches, or while traveling with the windows open. Made by Regal and Wade Manufacturing, the set is available at department stores or through us for $12.95 postpaid. (E-11)

HOW TO ORDER

Harper's will get you any item (including any book) for which we mention a price. If you would like to order through us, specify the item(s) you want, how many, and what color (if that's relevant). Include the order number that appears at the end of each Tool description. BankAmericard or Master Charge may be used on orders over $15.

Send to: Tools for Living, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Order Number	Item	Quantity	Price

Total (N.Y. State residents, add appropriate tax) $_____

☐ Check enclosed (Make payable to Harper's Magazine)
Charge to ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard

Card number _____ Expiration date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

GAME CLASSIFIE

DEAR ABBIE (WHO ARE YOU NOW?)

by Lawrence Burns, New York, N.Y.

Some people say that the experience of Abbie Hoffman—the ex-Yippie leader who is now a fugitive—is a metaphor for what happened to the hippies, the subject of this month's Turnabout. Now that Abbie has surfaced on several occasions, each time with a new disguise, we wonder what his repertoire of personas might include. Perhaps Abbie is now . . .

. . . disguised as an environmentalist, drafting legislation to protect endangered hippies.

. . . costarring with Patty Hearst in *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad.*

. . . impersonating Sydney Schanberg and living in Bangkok.

This month, readers are invited to conjure up brief sketches of what the chameleonlike Hoffman may be doing. Send your entries on a postcard to "Dear Abbie," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be postmarked by August 7, and become the property of *Harper's.* Winning entries will be published in the November issue. Decision of the editors is final.

First Prize: *Borne on the Wind: The Extraordinary World of Insects in Flight,* by Stephen Dalton (Readers Digest Press).

Runners-up: *Memoirs of a Survivor,* by Doris Lessing (Knopf).

Winners of "Class Clash," the June game that asked readers to invent nonstandard tax deductions, are:

First Prize
The Life of Emily Dickinson, by Richard B. Sewall (Farrar, Straus & Giroux):

Malpractice insurance for economists. —P. F. Hoffstrom
St. Simons Island, Ga.

Runners-up
A Thermos space blanket:

Automatic nose-scratchers for Buckingham Palace guards.
—Janet Parker
Los Angeles, Calif.

No-fault insurance for Southeast Asia advisers.
—Robert Tobinski
Chicago, Ill.

Transcendental Meditation training for supermarket check-out clerks. —Doris Galt
Portland, Oreg.

Shrub replacements for people whose neighbors own dogs.
—Lillian Koslover
Redondo Beach, Calif.

Sneakers for runners-up.
—Rollo Pool
Durango, Col.

Even breaks for suckers.
—Zeke Zonker
Joliet, Ill.

Windbreakers for draft dodgers.
—John Abbott
Wickenburg, Ariz.

Visine for Nielsen television-viewing families. —Edith Dang
Rockville Centre, N.Y.

Coffin drops for gravediggers.
—Len Elliott
Auburn, Wash.

Depletion allowance for everyone over fifty-five.
—Clara Beth Negoro
Hawthorne, Calif.

Dr. Scholl's for streetwalkers.
—Alfred G. Hoel
Honolulu, Hawaii

Houseplants for CIA agents.
—G. Embrey
Los Angeles, Calif.

Landing permits for dropouts.
—Mildred MacKinnon
Oceanside, Calif.

Acting lessons for athletes.
—Sandie Spence
Dannemora, N.Y.

Knee pads for sycophants.
—Ingrid Youngren
Pueblo, Col.

FUTURE GAMES: Readers are invited to submit their own suggestions for games. Those who invent games eventually published in the magazine will receive $50.

CLASSIFIED RATES

Rates: $1 per word. (10-word minimum. Deduct 10¢ a word if ad is to run six times; deduct 20¢ a word if ad is to run twelve times.)

All ads must be prepaid at the time you send your insertion. (If you are ordering more than one insertion, please send full amount to qualify for discount.) Telephone numbers count as two words, as do box numbers. ZIP Codes count as one word.
Copy must be received by the 8th of the second month prior to the issue date.

Harper's Magazine
Classified Advertising Department
Two Park Avenue
New York, New York 10016

TRAVEL

Nova Scotia wilderness canoe trips. Information, write Maritime Canoe Outfitters, R.R.1, Shelburne, Nova Scotia BOT 1WO. (902) 875-3055.

Roam the world by freighter. Deluxe accommodations. Cheaper than staying home. Freighters, 163-90 Xb Depot, Flushing, N.Y. 11358.

Australia. Authentic information is freely available *without charge* from the Australian Embassy in Washington, D.C. (202) 797-3000, and the Australian Consulate General in New York (212) 245-4000, San Francisco (415) 362-6160, Los Angeles (213) 380-4610, and Chicago (312) 329-1740.

RESORTS

Fishermen & photographers! Vermejo Park is open. America's largest private park has a limited number of guest openings for the remainder of this summer. Situated on 480,000 acres in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, Vermejo offers unrivaled privacy. Rainbow, cutthroat, and brook trout are being caught in record numbers. Streams and lakes are overflowing from last winter's big snow. Wildlife and flowers fill your camera lens with little effort. Bring your family to Vermejo now. For reservations or information, write Vermejo Park, Dept. MA, Drawer E, Raton, N. Mex. 87740. Or call (505) 445-3097.

REAL ESTATE

Government lands . . . from $7.50/acre! Vacationing, farming, investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review," listing lands throughout U.S. Send $2. Surplus Lands, Box 6588-HV, Washington, D.C. 20009.

Central Ontario—Choice 640-acre sportsmen's paradises still available—$20 plus $6.50 taxes yearly. Maps, pictures, $2 (refundable). Information Bureau, Norval 64, Ontario, Canada.

VACATIONS

Condominium exchanges—worldwide. Executives and professionals only. Write: Vacation Exchange Club, Box 207H, Etters, Pa. 17319.

$98 weekly for two—at "Strawberry Fields," Jamaica's tropical beach campsite. Double-bed tents/cottages; cooking equipment; reggae music. Information: Strawberry, 54 West 56 St., N.Y.C. 10019. (212) 247-4505. Or Eastern Airlines/travel agents.

Parador Martorell, family inn by world-famous Luquillo Beach, Puerto Rico 00673.

European road maps. Plan your vacation carefully, multiply sightseeing opportunities. $3 each. Specify country; some maps multination. Stamped envelope brings catalogue. Maps, Box 37323, Jacksonville, Fla. 32205.

GOURMETS

Grandma Betty's custard-topped rice pudding. Recipe, $1. Sherman's, 20 Broad St., Red Bank, N.J. 07701.

Real old-fashioned English "ginger pop" recipe, $1. Grandma's Recipe, Box 1, West Minot, Maine 04288.

Send 50¢ today for personal interview sheet, sample recipes (low-calorie or low-cholesterol), and special introductory offer. Moneyback guarantee. SaraLou's DietAid, Box 8, Los Altos, Calif. 94022.

Pavlova recipe. Extraordinary. Meringue torte. $1. Sunshine, Box 23149, Milwaukee, Wis. 53223.

New freezer coleslaw. $1, stamped envelope: Scott, P.O. 280, Oak Forest, Ill. 60452.

Make your own yogurt for ½ price. For flavored and fruited yogurt recipes send $1 to Scott Adams, 111 Montebello Circle, Charlottesville, Va. 22903.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Kits! Build dulcimers, balalaikas, guitars, kalimbas, banjos, mandolins, harps. From $2.95. Finished dulcimers from $23.95. Free catalog. 8665 West 13th Avenue-HM, Denver, Colo. 80215.

Learn to play the recorder—free catalogue. Recorders, recorder music—beginners' birchwood recorder, instruction book, $12.95. Amsterdam Recorder Company, 1624 Lavaca, Austin, Texas 78701.

STAMPS

Free! Big bargain catalogue—world edition listing thousands of bargains including U.S. & B.N.A. starter packets, albums, accessories and supplies. Also, fine stamps from our approval service which you may return without purchases and cancel service at any time. Jamestown Stamp, Box E85HM, Jamestown, N.Y. 14701.

RECORDS

Movie soundtracks, original-cast albums, free list. Rare Records, Box 12, Wood River, Ill. 62095.

What 5 phonograph records would you take for an extended stay on a desert isle? Send your list to Harper's Magazine, Dept. 2RL, Two Park Ave., N.Y.C. 10016.

GAMES

Non-competitive games for children and adults. Play together not against each other. Free catalogue. Family Pastimes, RR4, Perth, Ontario, Canada.

Association. Improves card playing by enjoying fascinating game. Elementary memory system. $3 ppd. William Taylor, Box 397 (H), Newhall, Calif. 91322.

Easy Bridge. The fun way to learn the great game. For four players. Even if they never played bridge before, all bid each hand consecutively. They then play and review it. Fast way they learn how they should have played. Special introductory offer $19.95 plus $1.50 mailing charges and LJ Gordy, Box 215, Palm Harbor, Fla. 33480.

IOWRAPAROUNDWRA

MOTION PICTURES

8mm, 16mm, 8mm silent and film classics. Free catalogue. 1141-HP Mishawaka, South Ind. 46615.

ART

tors Series"—airplanes, auto-, railroad prints ready for . Send $1 for catalogue of eautiful lithographs, "Collec-ries," HM, 161 W. Harrison, , Ill. 60605.

UNUSUAL GIFTS

idly reminder in dark mo- an imaginative gift, or just t the lights and rekindle your hims. Free particulars! House mons, P.O. Box 11278—HMC, , Ill. 60611.

7 horseshoe—mounted on 7x9 laque, $7.77 Postpaid. Lucky, , Hope, Idaho 83836.

nameplates—your name in printed on plastic. $3. Free bumper sticker. Condra's, 67-H, Santa Monica, Calif.

historic images on grave- historic markers, plaques. Oldstone Rubbing Kit makes to get perfect impressions me. "How To" booklet, 5 4x36 Aqaba paper, 2 cakes e, brush, sturdy carrying case ppd. Oldstone Enterprises, -2, 77 Summer St., Boston, 2110.

TAPES

recording tapes. Discount . 25¢. Tower, #33098, Wash-D.C. 20028.

o shows! Complete, original ts. Cassette catalogue free. talogue, $1. Virgo House, -E, Des Moines, Iowa 50311.

SOLAR ENERGY

ergy illustrated design man- t increasing fuel costs. $3. sociates, P.O. Box 37d, New- k, Calif. 91320.

SCHOOLS

chool placement service. individual requirements consideration. 163 High Middletown, Conn. 06457. e: (203) 346-5111.

ograms in France. Language, performing arts. For infor- Paris American Academy, 9 Ursulines, Paris 5.

onal college on the English- Cayman Islands (B.W.I.). ivate, higher education, lib- Open year-round. Bacca- program. Tuition: $10 per r. *Associated Stateside Pro- Graduate Level.* Catalogue: 125H, Hamilton, Ind. 46742.

sia, Radionics, dowsing. rses and equipment cata- (refundable). Established Dept. PH, Bruce Copen, Danehill, Sussex, England X.

ology. Complete study rtificate. Free information. Parapsychological Research n, Box 5395-M, Sherman if. 91413.

ritish degree in Philosophy, Sciences. Catalogue $1 air- efundable). Dept. H, Secre- ex College of Technology, Dane Hill, Sussex Rh17 and

Unique college in Mexico. Instituto Allende offers full undergraduate, graduate, and serious non-credit programs in English, specializing in arts, crafts, writing, Spanish, and social studies. U.S. Office of Education and V.A. approval. Perpetual sunshine, inexpensive living. Mexico's most beautiful colonial town. Free illustrated prospectus. Instituto Allende, Box H, San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

College degree at home. Your choice of subjects. Easy tuition plan. Free information. Elysion College, B.C. Box 909, San Ysidro, Calif. 92173.

CATALOGUES

Free! occult-witchcraft catalogue. Books, curios, unusual jewelry, bizarre miscellany. Importers, Box 2010, Toluca Lake, Calif. 91602.

Leaded art stained glass catalogue. Supplies: wholesale/retail. Send $1. Nervo Studios, 7th and Addison Sts., Berkeley, Calif. 94710.

BOOKS

Publishers' overstocks catalogue. Free. Bookseller, 30-6 Chambers, Danbury, Conn. 06810.

Publish your book! Join our successful authors: publicity, advertising, promotion, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for free manuscript report and detailed booklet. Carlton Press (Dept. HZS), 84 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10011.

Fiction, mysteries, war, science. Free catalogue. Sunmount Books, Box 145-H, Willowdale, Ont., Canada.

Free illustrated list 100's unique low-cost books. Rena's Treasures, 1252 E. Denwall, Carson, Calif. 90746.

What 5 books would you take for an extended stay on a desert isle? Send your list to Harper's Magazine, Dept., 2BL, Two Park Ave., N.Y.C. 10016.

Home preserving made easy. A Complete Guide to Pickling, Smoking, Canning, Drying, Freezing, and Jelly-Making. By Vera Gewanter and Dorothy Parker. Cloth, $12.95; paper, $5.95. The Viking Press, 625 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Mining Lore, by Prof. Wolfgang Paul. Monumental document on miners' contribution to mankind. Profusely illustrated. First edition sellout. FREE brochure for latest edition. Mining Lore, 1619 SW Jefferson, Portland, Oreg. 97201.

Buy 40 books for $3!! Not a club. Choose subjects. Free details. R.I.K., Box 5893, Shreveport, La. 71105.

Rockefeller-Rothschild conspiracy revealed! Free details. FFF-HM, Box 11306, Palo Alto, Calif. 94306.

New! Astrologer's handbook to gambling, tested, researched method by competent astrologer. $6.25. Box 215, Munroe Falls, Ohio 44262.

Free fiction catalogue. Old favorites, 250 Adelaide West, Toronto, Canada M5H 1x8.

Rare books. VanTreuren. 1950 Post #108HA, San Francisco, Calif. 94115. Send Wants.

Complete list of books by Rudolf Steiner. Anthroposophic Press, Inc., 258 Hungry Hollow, Spring Valley, N.Y. 10977.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

Name the book—we'll get it! Free search service. CHICAGO BOOK MART, Box 636-H, Chicago Heights, Ill. 60411. Est. 1948.

Books located. Send wants. No obligation. Bazaar Books, Box 496, Chico, Calif. 95926.

LITERARY INTERESTS

Looking for a publisher? Learn how you can have your book published, promoted, distributed. Send for free booklet, HP-2 Vantage Press, 516 W. 34th St., N.Y.C. 10001.

Publish your poems. Our guide tells how/where. $2.50. LYF-Hp, Box 1872, Milwaukee, Wis. 53201.

Poetry now being accepted for new anthology. Carousel, Dept. H, Box 11917, Philadelphia, Pa. 11945. SASE.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

Scholarly treatises, writing, editing, typing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team. *Research Unlimited,* Box 300-H, Dayton, Wash. 99328.

Manuscripts, reports, academic writing, editing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team at work. *Research Unlimited.* Box 300-H. Dayton, Wash. 99328.

Professional editing, revising, typing manuscripts. Marye Myers, P.O. Box 2435-D, Pasadena, Calif. 91105.

Educational research from our catalogue now as low as 90¢ per page. Send 40¢ to: Writer's Unlimited, Box #4391, Washington, D.C. 20012. (202) 723-1715.

FOREIGN NEWSPAPERS

Worldwide English newspapers. 65 countries! Sampler: 9 newspapers/9 countries: $3.98. Free brochure. Multinewspapers, Box DE-7 Dana Point, Calif. 92629.

PUBLICATIONS

Witty, amusing, entertaining conversation! Biweekly humor digest, 20,000 publications, worldwide. 85% renew annually at $35. Month's trial: $2. Funny Funny World, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90210.

We'd like to show you Canadian nature as you've never seen it before through our magazine, *Nature Canada.* Details: *Nature Canada,* Dept. H1, 46 Elgin Street, Ottawa, Canada K1P 5K6.

Thailand in a Changing Asia. May-June *Indochina Chronicle,* 50¢. One-year subscription, $5. Indochina Resource Center, P.O. Box 4000-D, Berkeley, Calif. 94704.

Ribald jokes. Contemporary. $2. Pussycat Press, Box 1884, Fresno, Calif. 93718.

High Times—only magazine dedicated solely to getting high. Dope articles, entertainment, information. Dope price index. A glossy quarterly. $3 for two recent issues. Subscriptions: $10/8 issues; $14/12 issues. High Times, Dept. HP, Box 386, Cooper Sta., N.Y.C. 10003.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Biggest, safest moneymaker in history! Tiny investment. Details 10¢. J. McCarthy. Golden Guild, June Lake, Calif. 93529.

Earn immediately stuffing envelopes. $25/100. Send stamped envelope. United 3838½R, Van Dyke, San Diego, Calif. 92105.

Import-export opportunity, profitable worldwide, mail-order business from home, without capital or travel abroad. We ship plan for no-risk examination. Experience unnecessary. Free report. Mellinger, Dept. A-1028, Woodland Hills, Calif. 91364.

$30 per 100 addressing envelopes. Immediate earnings. Beginners' kit, $2. W. W. Rutledge Ltd., RD1, Box 300, Wallkill, N.Y. 12589.

Homeworkers — mailers — addressers needed! Earnings $1,000/month possible! Rush today 50¢, self-addressed, stamped envelope: RAB Associates, Box 395-H8, Feeding Hills, Mass. 01030.

Very last chance: $100/week mad money? Easy, risk-free business kits. Literal money trees. $2. Candide, Box 1254, Omaha, Neb. 68101.

How to make money writing short paragraphs! I tell you what to write, where and how to sell, and supply lists of editors buying from beginners. Small checks can add up to worthwhile extra income. Write to sell right way. Send for free facts, Barrett, Dept. C-77-D, 6216 No. Clark, Chicago, Ill. 60660.

Make money clipping newspaper items. $2-$10 each. Free details. Clippings, Box 10344-H3B, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303.

Turn $10 into $1,000! Guaranteed! Free details. Money Hotline, Box 3155-Q, Springfield, Mo. 65804.

$100 Daily! In every envelope! Plans and 7 formulas! Dollar bill. Carter Company, 26 Laplaza Acres, Searcy, Ark. 72143.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT

Overseas opportunities—now available! Free transportation! Complete information . . . plus directory of 200 companies hiring thousands worldwide . . . all occupations. Send $2. International Opportunities, Box 29232-HV, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

Worldwide opportunities . . . Australia, Europe, Asia, South America! All occupations! $700-$4,000 monthly! Employment International, Box 29217-HV, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

Australia, New Zealand Want You! 50,000 jobs! Paid Transportation! Latest information and forms, $1. Austco, Box 3623-H, Long Beach, Calif. 90803.

Exciting overseas jobs. Directory, $1. Research Associates, Box 1750-H, Santa Fe, N. Mex. 87501.

Work overseas. Australia, Africa, South America, Europe, etc. Construction, sales, engineers, clerical, etc. $8,000 to $50,000+. Expenses paid. For employment information write Overseas Employment, Box 1011H, Boston, Mass. 02103.

Overseas jobs—Now hiring, 103 countries, all occupations, high pay, free transportation, tax benefits. Latest computerized reports—$2. TRANSWORLD, International Airport, Box 90302-H, Los Angeles, Calif. 90009.

MERCHANDISE FOR SALE

Celebrate the Bicentennial! Genuine colonial Virginia honeysuckle. Sturdy, fragrant, fast-growing. Generous clump, $3 ppd. Holly House, Box 1844, Williamsburg, Va. 23185.

Headgear, Pipe gift sets from $3.25. Posters, jewelry, etc. Free catalogue. S-T Mailorder. Box 1885. Ann Arbor, Mich. 48106.

PAROUNDWRAPAROU

Printed stationery; 100 Hammermill bond letterheads, 7½x10¼", 100 matching envelopes, $4.95. Carrollton Press, 12844 Bittick, Bridgeton, Mo. 63044.

Original art, multi-purpose cards. Floral pastels, 4½x5½ inches. Each one unique. Ten cards, $7.50. Joyce Pressley, 843 Eastway Dr., Charlotte, N.C. 28205.

Wood-powered water heaters. Mexican-made, quality work. Info.—Mexi-Heat, P.O. Box 291, Patagonia, Ariz. 85624

Century-old newspapers, $1 each ppd. our choice. Pre-1875 newspapers, $2. Media, Box 451, Springfield, Vt. 05156.

SPORTS EQUIPMENT

Backpacking, ski touring equipment, canoes, kayaks. Free catalogue. Moor & Mountain, Dept. 53, 63 Park St., Andover, Mass. 01810.

PERSONALS

Ocean Park Feeling Center. Primal-based process: three-week live-in intensive period. Six-month to year program. Weekly small group and individual sessions. 1307 University Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94702 or call (415) 841-6649 or 339-2284.

Penfriends. For free information, write: Papyrus, 927-H 15th St., Washington, D.C. 20005.

Interesting penfriends! 35¢ handles. HR Club, Box 5546, Ocean Park, Calif.

Financial wealth increased by a proven, step-by-step method. Send $2 for our booklet. P.O. Box 8071, Cranston, R.I. 02920.

Intensive and group therapy—Austin Institute, Inc., 5000 North Lamar Blvd., Austin, Texas 78751. Staff did their therapy at Janov's Primal Institute. $2,000 for three-week intensive; subsequent groups are $10 each.

Moving to Cleveland? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, integrated neighborhoods. Contact Shaker Communities, 3380 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio. (216) 751-2155.

Instant memory—New way to remember. No memorization. Release "photographic" memory. Stop forgetting! Liberates extraordinary knowledge, talents, ESP. Free information. Institute of Advanced Thinking. Box 606-H, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272.

Play chess by mail! Information: CHESSNUTS, 25-HA Mount Vernon, Saugus, Mass. 01906.

Learn professional astrology at home. Write World Astrological Services, Inc., Box 471, Murray, Ky. 42071.

Wealth and happiness for you! Simple step-by-step procedure. Send $2. O'Rourke, 3 Garden Heights, Woburn, Mass. 01801.

Biorhythms—Fact or Fiction? See for yourself! Chart physical, intellectual, and sensitivity cycles for yourself, family, friends. Packet includes complete instructions. Bio-Curve, 24 graphs. $4.95. PSI Rhythms, Inc., 2382H South Dixie, Dayton, Ohio. 45409.

Author of books needs help, moneywise. Address, Matt, 8055 Wilkinson Ave., No. Hollywood, Calif. 91605.

Make friends worldwide through international correspondence. Illustrated brochure free. Hermes, Box 110660/H, Berlin 11, Germany.

Amusing European honorary medals and fictitious degrees. For color brochure send $2. International Awards Committee, Dept. H, 2350 Bean Creek Rd., Santa Cruz, Calif. 95060.

Condoms! Three samples: $1. Twelve assorted samples: $3. Illustrated catalogue free with every order. Choose from ALL nationally advertised brands. Promptness and privacy assured. Money-back guarantee. POP-LAN. P.O. Box 2556 - Dept. CHA-2b, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514.

Former VISTA denied due process requires contributions for litigation expenses. John Maher, 230 South Franklin, #212, Juneau, Alaska 99801. Receipt and report available.

Primal Institute of San Francisco—Only Janov-approved facility offering primal therapy other than Los Angeles Institute. 30 Tanforan, South San Francisco, Calif. 94080. (415) 871-2496.

Geologist in desperate need of financial aid to continue education! S. Byrnes, 921 S. Spring, Beaver Dam, Wis. 53916.

Illinois Lottery Club. Free details. Ajax, Box 281H, Danville, Ill. 61832.

Help an unemployed, divorced mother of mentally retarded girl. Urgently need financial aid to continue her necessary institutional/educational care. J. Balcuns, 4177 Vassar, Dearborn Heights, Mich. 48125.

Law student seeks several months' house-sitting in New England for study. 225 Constitution, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

Photographs of you shaking hands with celebrities and world leaders. Expertly faked. Brochure, 35¢. Grand Illusions, Suite 114-H8, 605 West 47th, Kansas City, Mo. 64112.

Communal living magazine and utopian newspaper. Samples, $1. Storefront Classroom, P.O. Box 1174, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

Don't die without a will. Protect your family—Send $2.25 for 4 will forms plus instructive booklet. Satisfaction guaranteed. The Source, Box 306-H5, Buena Park, Calif. 90621.

Bertrand Russell Society. New. Information: Dept. HM, R.D. 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

Relax and laugh by dialing 108,000 onomatological combinations from the 60 unusual real names on Psteve's Psilly Pseudonym Psorter. $2.30 postpaid. Hustvedt Studios, Cardamon Dr., Edgewater, Md. 21037.

Pearfriends! Lonely and sincere, 25¢. Enterprises, 1626 Walton, Oceanside, Calif.

Handwriting analysis in depth. $10 and sample to Elisabeth King, 41 E. 29 St., N.Y.C. 10016.

Astrological readings by R. Baldwin, M.A. Character, destiny, advice on specific questions if desired; $20. Send birth data including place and time to 209 W. 21st St., N.Y.C. 10011.

Reprints available

"The Surgeon's Dilemma"
(May 1975)
25 cents each, $20 per 100
Reprint Department
Harper's Magazine
Two Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

HOW'S IT FEEL TO BE 125 YEARS OLD

Absolutely marvelous, thank you. So much sc we can hardly believe that, although *Harper's* born in 1850, and is now America's oldest mon magazine, we feel younger than ever. The secr course, is that *Harper's* is constantly renewed remarkable writers who've appeared in these p throughout most of the history of the Republic. Writers who angered, charmed, dazzled, move thrilled, and taught their contemporaries; writer not only mirrored but often changed the life ar literature of the United States and of the world well.

Here's a partial list of those *Harper's* contrib Mark Twain . . . Horace Greeley . . . John Mui Charles Dickens . . . John Stuart Mill . . . Thon Babington Macaulay . . . Max Beerbohm . . . Woodrow Wilson . . . Felix Frankfurter . . . He Stimson . . . D. W. Brogan . . . Harold Laski . . E. B. White . . . Zane Grey . . . Elmer Davis . . . Bernard DeVoto . . . Reinhold Niebuhr . . . Robe Oppenheimer . . . Ralph Ellison . . . Albert Cam Graham Greene . . . Joyce Cary . . . Adlai Stev . . . C. Wright Mills . . . James Baldwin . . . Arth Miller . . . Simone de Beauvoir . . . John Barth Henry Kissinger . . . David Halberstam . . . Ger Greer . . . Norman Mailer . . . Tom Wolfe . . . K Vonnegut, Jr. . . .

Many of those great names will soon reappe encores marking our 125th birthday. But we hc more: we also invite every *Harper's* reader to the party and help us celebrate. *Please write* We're especially eager to publish readers' commentaries (up to 1,000 words) describing t encounters with *Harper's* writers, whether in p or in print. Do you recall the first piece in this magazine that truly impressed you, gave you a of real discovery? How old were you at the tir Did the piece change your mind, your outlook possibly your life? How? Have you ever had memorable personal experiences with *Harper'* writers or editors? What purpose has the mag served in your life, and for how long? What p should it serve during its next 125 years? In put your thoughts about *Harper's* on paper: a cartoon, birthday card, or polished essay—an will do. We're also eager for material about the 1850—old books, newspaper clippings, family pictures, and other 1850 artifacts that we migh borrow for a *Harper's* anniversary exhibit in N York. Send everything—soon—to Anniversar Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New N.Y. 10016. Many thanks!

OMMENTARY

POLICY

N AN EVIL HAS SPRUNG UP WITHIN A STATE, OME UPON IT FROM WITHOUT, IT IS SAFER TO ORIZE WITH IT RATHER THAN TO ATTACK IT ENTLY

ne Roman republic grew in reputation, power, ominion, the neighboring tribes, who at first ot thought of how great a danger this new re- might prove to them, began (too late, how- to see their error; and wishing to remedy their eglect, they united full forty tribes in a league t Rome. Hereupon the Romans resorted, gst other measures which they were accustomed ploy in urgent dangers, to the creation of a dic- that is to say, they gave the power to one man, without consulting anyone else, could deter- upon any course, and could have it carried into without any appeal. This measure, which on r occasions had proved most useful in over- g imminent perils, was equally serviceable to in all the critical events that occurred during owth and development of the power of the re- . Upon this subject we must remark, first, that ny evil arises within a republic or threatens it vithout, that is to say, from an intrinsic or ex- cause, and has become so great as to fill every ith apprehension, the more certain remedy by o temporize with it, rather than to attempt to ute it; for almost invariably he who attempts to t will rather increase its force, and will accelera- harm apprehended from it. And such evils nore frequently in a republic from intrinsic xtrinsic causes, as it often occurs that a citizen ved to acquire more authority than is proper; changes are permitted in a law which is the erve and life of liberty; and then they let this so far that it becomes more hazardous to cor- than to allow it to run on. And it is the more t to recognize these evils at their origin, as it natural to men always to favor the beginning gs; and these favors are more readily accorded acts as seem to have some merit in them, and e by young men. For if in a republic a noble s seen to rise, who is possessed of some extraor- merits, the eyes of all citizens quickly turn to d all hasten to show him honor, regardless of ences; so that, if he is in any way ambitious, s of nature and the favor of his fellow citizens n raise him to such a height that, when the become sensible of the error they have com- they have no longer the requisite means for g him, and their efforts to employ such as e will only accelerate his advance to power....

hen, that inasmuch as it is difficult to know ils at their first origin, owing to an illusion ll new things are apt to produce, the wiser s to temporize with such evils when they are recognized, instead of violently attacking them; for by temporizing with them they will either die out of themselves, or at least their worst results will be long deferred. And princes or magistrates who wish to destroy such evils must watch all points, and must be careful in attacking them not to increase instead of diminishing them, for they must not believe that a fire can be extinguished by blowing upon it. They should carefully examine the extent and force of the evil, and if they think themselves sufficiently strong to combat it, then they should attack it regardless of consequences; otherwise they should let it be, and in no wise attempt it. For it will always happen . . . as it did happen to the neighboring tribes of Rome, who found that it would have been more advantageous, after Rome had grown so much in power, to placate and keep her within her limits by peaceful means, than by warlike measures to make her think of new institutions and new defenses. For their league had no other effect than to unite the people of Rome more closely, and to make them more ready for war, and to cause them to adopt new institutions that enabled them in a brief time to increase their power.

—Niccolò Machiavelli, 1520

From The Discourses, *translated by Christian Detmold.*
Copyright © 1940, 1950. Random House.

ON WAR

Famine, plague, and war are the three most celebrated ingredients of this world of ours. In the category of famine can be included all the bad food to which scarcity obliges us to resort, abridging our life in the hope of sustaining it. In plague are comprised all the contagious diseases, which number two or three thousand. These two gifts come to us from providence. But war, which unites all these benefits, comes to us from the imaginations of three or four hundred persons scattered over the surface of this globe under the names of princes or ministers; and it is perhaps for this reason that in many a dedication they are called the living images of divinity.

The most determined flatterer will readily agree that war always drags plague and famine in its train if he has glimpsed the hospitals of the armies in Germany and has been in certain villages in which some great warlike exploit has been performed.

It is certainly a very fine art that desolates the countryside, destroys dwellings, and brings death to 40,000 out of 100,000 men in an average year.* This invention was at first cultivated by nations assembled for their common good. For instance, the Greek diet

*This form of words appears in all the editions, but the figures are clearly impossible: a mortality rate of 40-per cent in war would long since have extinguished the human race; Voltaire no doubt wrote that 40,000-100,000 men were killed every year in war.



informed the diet of the Phrygians and neighboring peoples that it intended to set out in a thousand fishing boats to exterminate them if it could.

The assembled Roman people judged it to be in its interest to go before the harvest to fight the Veians or the Volscians. And a few years later all the Romans, furious against the Carthaginians, long fought on land and sea. That is not the way things happen nowadays.

A genealogist proves to a prince that he is the direct descendant of a count whose relatives had made a family pact three or four hundred years ago with a house whose very name has left no memory. This house had remote pretensions to a province whose last owner had just died of apoplexy. The prince and his council conclude without difficulty that the province belongs to him by divine right. This province, which is some hundreds of leagues distant, protests in vain that it does not know him, that it has no wish to be governed by him, that one must at least have a people's consent before legislating for it. These discourses do not even reach the ears of the prince whose rights are incontestable. He immediately finds a great number of men who have nothing to do nor to lose. He dresses them in heavy blue cloth at 110 sous the ell, puts a heavy white cord round their hats, makes them turn right and left, and marches to glory.

The other princes who hear of this escapade take part in it, each according to his means, and occupy a small piece of land with more mercenary murderers than Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Bajazet ever dragged in their train.



Fairly distant peoples hear that there is going to be fighting, and that five or six sous a day can be earned if they care to take part. They at once divide themselves into two troops like harvesters, and go off to sell their services to anyone who wants to employ them. These multitudes go for one another, not only without having any interest in the proceedings, but even without knowing what they are about.

Five or six belligerent powers can be seen at once, now three against three, now two against four, now one against five, all equally hating each other, uniting and fighting with each other turn and turn about, all agreed on a single point, to do as much harm as possible.



What is marvelous about this infernal undertaking is that each chief of murderers has his banners blessed and solemnly invokes God before he sets off to exterminate his neighbors. If a chief has had the good fortune to have only two or three thousand men butchered, he does not thank God for it. But when about 10,000 have been exterminated by fire and sword, and, by a crowning grace, some town has been destroyed from top to bottom, then they sing a rather long four-part song, composed in a language unknown to all those who fought, besides being crammed with barbarisms. The same song serves for marriages and births, as well as murders: which is unpardonable, especially in the nation most famous for new songs.

From time to time Commentary will publish the observations of prior witnesses whose remarks pertain to the day's news. Harper's *continues to welcome brief contributions from any of its readers who find themselves moved to passionate statement.*

Natural religion has a thousand times p citizens from committing crimes. A well-b has no wish to commit them. A tender soul of them, remembering a just and vengeful artificial religion encourages all the cruelties association, conspiracies, seditions, robbe bushes, attacks on towns, pillages, murders. E marches gaily off to crime under the banne saint.

A certain number of orators are everywh to celebrate these blood-stained days. Some w black jackets, doubled by abridged cloaks; oth shirts over gowns; some wear two slings of cloth over their shirts. All talk for a long time it is about a battle in Veteravia, they refer was done of old in Palestine.

The rest of the year these people declaim the vices. They prove by three points and by eses that ladies who lightly spread a little r their fresh cheeks will be the eternal object eternal vengeance of the eternal; that *Polyeu Athalie* are the works of the demon; that a m has 200 crowns' worth of seafood served at h in Lent infallibly brings about his salvation, a poor man who eats two and half sous' w mutton goes forever to all the devils.

Out of five or six thousand declamations kind there are three or four at most, compos Gaul called Massillon, that an upright man c without disgust. But among all these dis there are hardly two* in which the orator protest against this scourge and this crime which comprises all scourges and all crim wretched orators speak ceaselessly against love is mankind's only consolation and the only perpetuating it. They say nothing about the nable efforts we make to destroy it.

O Bourdaloue! You have delivered a ve sermon against impurity, but none on these gated murders, these rapines, these pillages, t versal fury that desolates the world. The unite of all the ages and of all places will never eq evils produced by a single campaign.

Wretched physicians of souls, you declaim quarters of an hour about some pinprick, and nothing about the disease that tears us into sand pieces! Philosophical moralists, burn a books. So long as the whim of a few men cause sands of our brothers to be honorably butcher portion of mankind devoted to heroism will most frightful thing in the whole of nature.

What becomes of and what do I care ab manity, benevolence, modesty, temperance, ness, wisdom, piety, when half a pound of le from 600 paces shatters my body, and I die age of twenty in agony beyond words, in th of five or six thousand dying men, while m opening for the last time, see the town in w was born destroyed by sword and fire, and sounds I hear are the cries of women and c expiring under the ruins, all for the alleged be a man I do not know? —Voltair

*Here we have a good example of Voltaire's scr justice: he originally wrote "not a single one."

From The Philosophical Dictionary, *edited and trans Theodore Besterman. Copyright © Theodore Bester Published in the Penguin Classics.*

Facts about Air Travel / Goodbye, San Francisco

The Bright Side of Recession by James Boyd

September 1975 $1.00

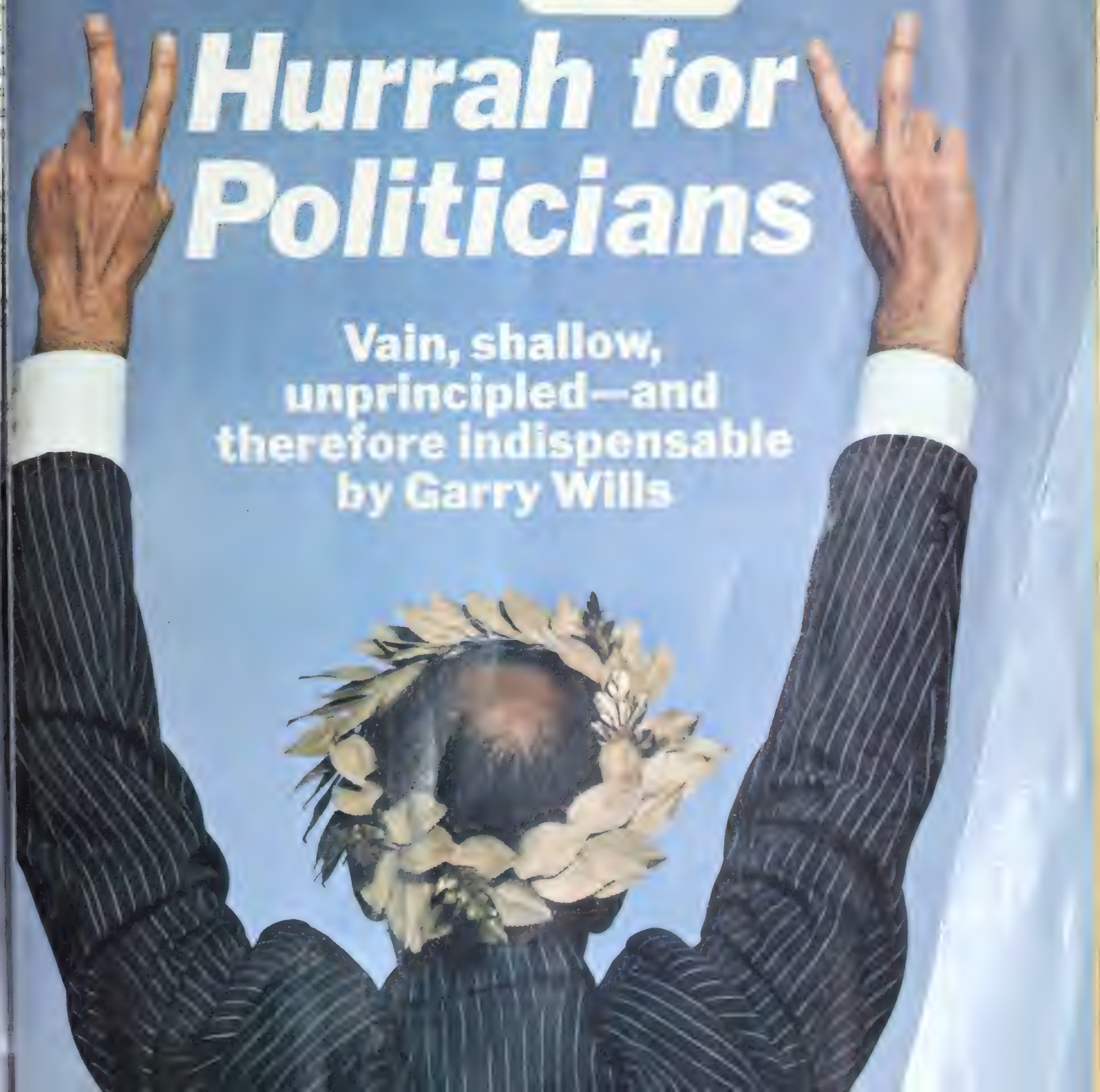
Harper's Magazine

BURLINGAME
LIBRARY

Hurrah for Politicians

Vain, shallow, unprincipled—and therefore indispensable

by Garry Wills



DEWAR'S® PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • ©SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N. Y., N. Y.

LYNDA J. WELLS

HOME: Cambridge, Massachusetts

AGE: 34

PROFESSION: Neurobiologist

HOBBIES: Yoga, classical guitar, hiking, cooking.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: Jung's "Memories, Dreams, Reflections"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Awarded a post-doctoral traineeship in experimental neurobiology.

QUOTE: "One of the most fascinating subjects for the scientist is the study of the human brain and human behavior. Neurobiological research will lead to an understanding of the basis of behaviors such as emotional illness."

PROFILE: Deep compassion gives her a strong commitment to help relieve the anguish of emotionally disturbed people.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label®"



Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards established in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop go only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

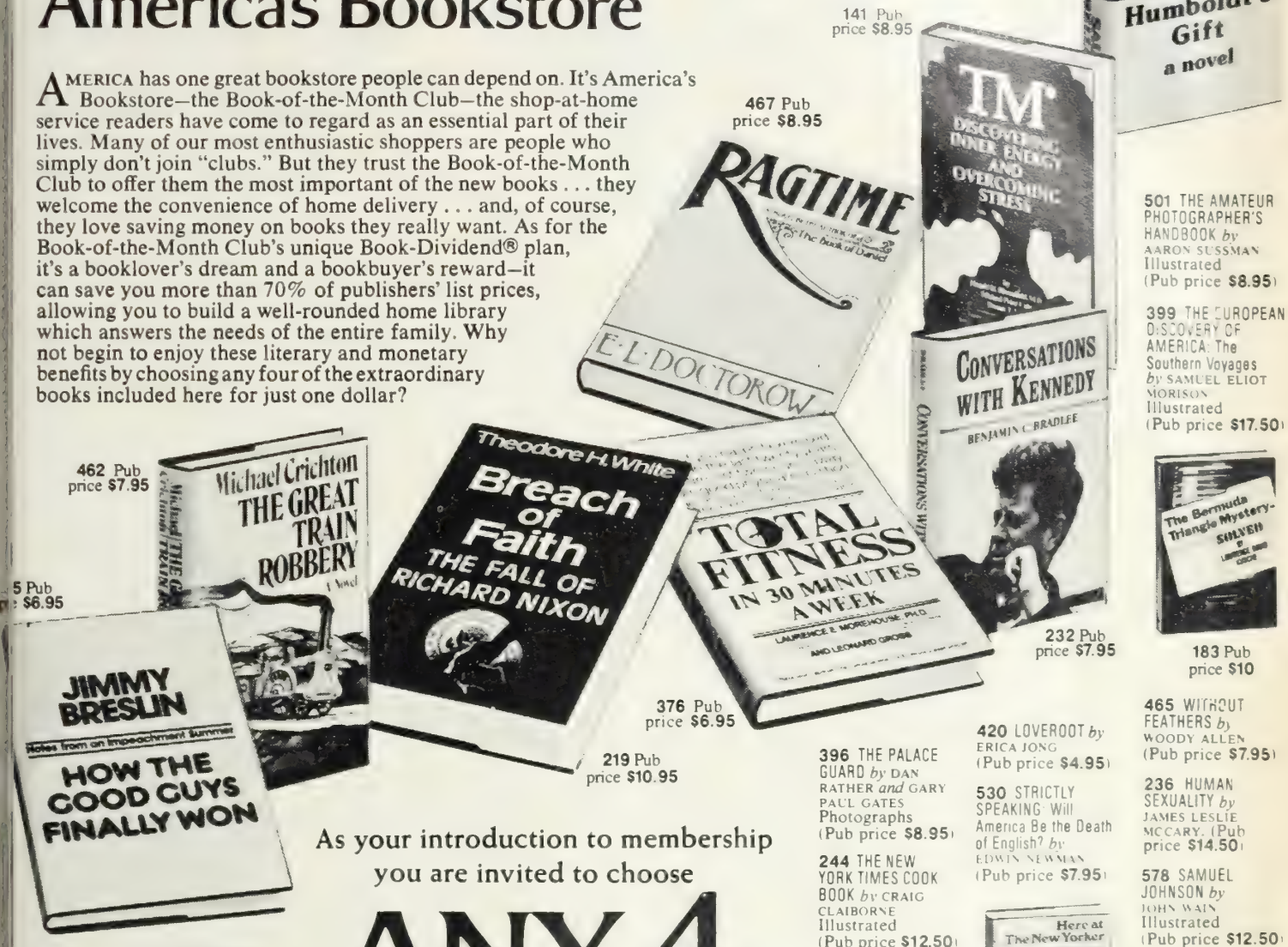
Dewar's never varies.

f you've thought of joining a book club, consider the

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

America's Bookstore

AMERICA has one great bookstore people can depend on. It's America's Bookstore—the Book-of-the-Month Club—the shop-at-home service readers have come to regard as an essential part of their lives. Many of our most enthusiastic shoppers are people who simply don't join "clubs." But they trust the Book-of-the-Month Club to offer them the most important of the new books . . . they welcome the convenience of home delivery . . . and, of course, they love saving money on books they really want. As for the Book-of-the-Month Club's unique Book-Dividend® plan, it's a booklover's dream and a bookbuyer's reward—it can save you more than 70% of publishers' list prices, allowing you to build a well-rounded home library which answers the needs of the entire family. Why not begin to enjoy these literary and monetary benefits by choosing any four of the extraordinary books included here for just one dollar?



As your introduction to membership you are invited to choose

ANY 4 FOR ONLY $1

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree to buy four Club choices within a year at substantial savings on most books you choose.

THE DREADFUL ON SKY *by* N D. MACDONALD price $6.95)

LEGS *by* LIAM KENNEDY price $8.95)

ALIVE. The of the Andes vors by PIERS READ tos & Maps price $12.50)

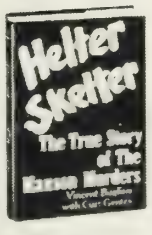
THE LOST HONOR ATHARINA BLUM INRICH BOLL price $7.95)

FAR TORTUGA ETER THIESSEN price $10.95)

THE BOAT *by* AR-GUNTHER IEIM rice $10)

THE COMPLETE ICAL GUIDE ENJAMIN F. LER, M.D. Illus. price $12.50)

188 ALEXANDER DOLGUN'S STORY An American in the Gulag *by* ALEXANDER DOLGUN *with* PATRICK WATSON (Pub price $10)



252 Pub price $10

554 THOMAS JEFFERSON: An Intimate History *by* FAWN M. BRODIE Illustrated. (Pub price $12.50)

197 THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK OF HOUSE PLANTS *by* JOAN LEE FAUST Illustrated. (Pub price $9.95)

383 THE BANKERS *by* MARTIN MAYER (Pub price $15)

173 THE WAR AGAINST THE JEWS 1933-1945 *by* LUCY S. DAWIDOWICZ Maps (Pub price $15)

109 CENTENNIAL *by* JAMES A. MICHENER (Pub price $12.50)

223 HOW TO BE AWAKE AND ALIVE *by* MILDRED NEWMAN & BERNARD BERKOWITZ (Pub price $4.95)

416 JUDY *by* GEROLD FRANK Photographs (Pub price $12.50)

396 THE PALACE GUARD *by* DAN RATHER *and* GARY PAUL GATES Photographs (Pub price $8.95)

244 THE NEW YORK TIMES COOK BOOK *by* CRAIG CLAIBORNE Illustrated (Pub price $12.50)

310 THE GULAG ARCHIPELAGO *by* ALEKSANDR I. SOLZHENITSYN (Pub price $12.50)

412 THE TREASURES OF TUTANKHAMUN *by* I. E. S. EDWARDS Photographs (Pub price $14)

420 LOVEROOT *by* ERICA JONG (Pub price $4.95)

530 STRICTLY SPEAKING: Will America Be the Death of English? *by* EDWIN NEWMAN (Pub price $7.95)



184 Pub price $12.95

465 WITHOUT FEATHERS *by* WOODY ALLEN (Pub price $7.95)

236 HUMAN SEXUALITY *by* JAMES LESLIE MCCARY. (Pub price $14.50)

578 SAMUEL JOHNSON *by* JOHN WAIN Illustrated (Pub price $12.50)

207 THE HAMMOND WORLD ATLAS Superior Edition (Pub price $12)

424 THE TWENTIES *by* EDMUND WILSON *Edited with an introduction by* LEON EDEL (Pub price $10)

Prices shown are publishers' U.S. prices. Outside the U.S., prices are generally somewhat higher.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012

5-A67-9

INDICATE BY NUMBER THE FOUR BOOKS YOU WANT

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the four volumes whose numbers I have indicated in boxes at right, billing me $1.00 for all four volumes. I agree to purchase at least four additional Selections or Alternates during the first year I am a member, paying in most cases special members' prices. My membership is cancelable any time after I buy these four books. A shipping charge is added to all shipments.

MR. }
MRS. } .....
MISS }
(Please print plainly)

Address.....*Apt.*.....

City & State.....*Zip*.....

FACTS ABOUT MEMBERSHIP

• You will receive the Book-of-the-Month *News*, a literary magazine published by the Club fifteen times a year. The *News* describes the coming Selection and scores of Alternates, and will be sent to you approximately every three and a half weeks.
• If you wish to purchase the Selection, do nothing and it will be shipped to you automatically.
• If you do not want the Selection—or you would like one of the Alternates or no book at all—simply indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed with the *News* and mail it so we receive it by the date specified.
• If, because of late mail delivery of the *News*, you should receive a Selection without having had 10 days to decide whether you want it, that Selection may be returned at Club expense.
• All books distributed by the Book-of-the-Month Club are identical to the publishers' editions in content, format, size and quality.

Harper's

SEPTEMBER 1975 FOUNDED IN 1850/VOL. 251, NO. 1504

WRAPAROUND	3	**FLYING: The Heavens as Airspace**		
	86	Tools for Living	89	Classified
	88	Game		
Peter H. Schuck	16	WHY REGULATION FAILS Suggesting that the federal regulatory agencies harm both the public and private interest		
Martin Koughan	30	GOODBYE, SAN FRANCISCO The events of 1906 may have been only a dress rehearsal		
Andrew Sarris	38	THE MYTH OF OLD MOVIES Looking for the real tinsel		
Garry Wills	45	HURRAH FOR POLITICIANS It's not true that anyone can be President: most of us have better things to do		
Kenneth Bernard	55	THREE STORIES		
Arthur Hoppe	58	GOOD OLD-FASHIONED AMERICAN KNOW-HOW Patriotic citizens adapt		
James Boyd	58	THE BRIGHT SIDE OF RECESSION An up side to the downturn		
Frederick Busch	64	THE OLD MAN IS SNORING A short story		
Paul Zweig	68	**BOOKS:** DELICATE INTENTIONS		
Geoffrey Bocca	70	LESSONS IN ENG. LIT. FROM SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL And a few words from Lord Beaverbrook		
Chilton Williamson, Jr.	78	THE NASHVILLE SOUND You can say the critics are elitists, but it don't worry them		
		COMMENTARY		**LETTERS**
	91	ON THE CHARACTER OF POLITICIANS: Walter Bagehot	12	On economic cults and cabals

Cover photograph by Terry Stevenson

EDITOR: Lewis H. Lapham
ART DIRECTOR: Sheila Berger
SENIOR EDITOR: Nelson W. Aldrich, Jr.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR: John Fischer
WASHINGTON EDITOR: Taylor Branch
WRAPAROUND EDITOR: Michael Aron
COPY EDITOR: Rhoda Koenig
STAFF EDITORS: Valerie Brooks, Lawrence S. Burns, Melanie Pulik
EDITORIAL ADMINISTRATOR: Angela Santoro
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Gwyneth Cravens, George Crile III, Timothy Dickinson, Annie Dillard, Barry Farrell (West Coast), Jim Hougan, Russell Lynes, George Plimpton, Marion K. Sanders, Earl Shorris, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
CONTRIBUTING ARTIST: Martim Avillez

Published by Harper's Magazine Company, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

PRESIDENT & PUBLISHER: Russell Barnard
EDITOR IN CHIEF: Robert Shnayerson

BOARD OF EDITORS: Lawrence Freundlich, Tony Jones, Lewis H. Lapham, Suzanne Mantell

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: Griff Ellison; **ASSISTANT PUBLISHER:** Ernest M. Walker, Jr.; **TROLLER:** Louis A. Isidora; **CIRCULATION MANAGER:** Elizabeth Jacobsen; **PRODUC MANAGER:** Louis Seeger; **REPRINTS/PERMISSIONS:** Lucy Mattimore

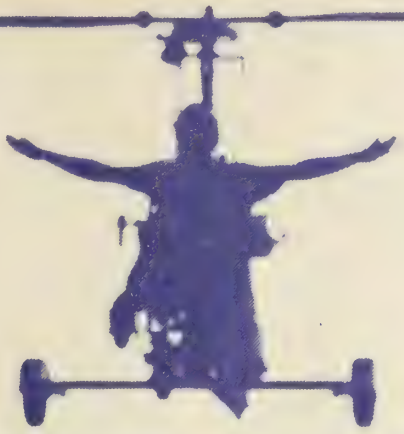
Published monthly by Harper's Magazine Company, a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Co Inc. John Cowles, Jr., Chairman; Otto A. Silha, President; Norton Armour, Secretary; William R. I Treasurer. Subscriptions: $8.97 one year; $17.91 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan A $1.50 per year additional.

For advertising information contact Harper-Atlantic Sales, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. Other offices in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, and San Francisco.

Copyright © 1 the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is u Harper's Magazine Company under license, and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row, Pub Incorporated.

Printed in the U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing

POSTMASTER: Please send Form 3579 to Harper's Magazine, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302.



LYING:
he Heavens
s Airspace

few weeks ago, I had my occasion to call the home n airline pilot. A child an- red the phone, and when I d to speak to his father, a ll voice said, "He's flying y." My mind happened to wandering at the time, and words produced the mental ure of a grown man float- in the air above his house. the same moment that I ized how silly the image was what it was the child really nt, I also was surprised by miracle implicit in those ds.

he child, of course, does not reciate the miracle, having n born at a time when more 500,000 people a day board mercial flights in the United es alone, and when, for ev- airliner aloft in this coun- hundreds of other craft are g somewhere at any given ent, for purposes that near- arallel the entire range of an endeavor on the ground: ary, scientific, commer- recreational, legal, illegal. because of it, he will be to experience flight in for which nineteenth-cen- monarchs might have d their kingdoms.

e can only assume that the cle will become increasing- mplicated as what we once d the heavens and now call irspace becomes ever more ded. Administering the air- e is already a complex task iring sensitive instruments, us regulations, and a vast aucracy. But a man who I visualize that task as it t be in the future would to imagine a three-dimen- l map, moving at various ds, in contrary directions, elessly shifting its geography e manner of clouds slid- cross a hurricane.

backpacks, once a subject of cartoons and cocktail-party speculation, already have been declared operational; the Marine Corps has several versions, the best of which carries its wearer twenty miles at speeds up to 100 miles per hour at altitudes of 100 to 200 feet. A few years ago Pan Am announced it was taking reservations for the first passenger flight to the moon—a publicity stunt which nevertheless yielded more than 300,000 serious inquiries, so many that Pan Am decided to keep their names on file. More recently, Wernher von Braun predicted that the first baby would be born on the moon before the year 2000, the combined result, he said, of graduate student field trips to the moon and the new emphasis on sexual equality in graduate schools. What with technology, public desire, and the benediction of scientists all pointing in one direction, it seems fair to say that human activity will float increasingly upward into the skies.

That all of this has come about in seventy-five years, little more than a lifetime, constitutes another miracle. I think we take for granted those other turn-of-the-century innovations —the automobile, the cinema, the radio—but one still can hear people say with some amazement, "New York to London in five hours? Why, that's less than it takes me to drive to . . ." The only miracles that elicit in me an equal sense of wonder are the transoceanic phone call and the television transmissions from the moon. My great-grandmother, who was twenty-nine years old when the Wright brothers made their first flight and who watched those television transmissions with fascination, refuses to believe that what she saw actually happened. "It's a trick," she says. "They don't really go." (And what a miracle it would be if she were right!)

With so much flying going on, it is not surprising that people, especially young people, would seek to counterfeit the sensation of flying in as many ways as possible. Hang-gliding, ski-jumping, motorcycle-racing, LSD, and space-rock music can all be seen as anticipations of the jet backpack and other human flying devices, such as the gyrocopter pictured on this page. Meanwhile, flying enjoys a vogue as a literary metaphor, thanks to Erica Jong and Kate Millett—though Freud made the connection long ago. Asking why so many people dream about flying, he answered himself as follows: "When the inquisitive child is told that a big bird like the stork brings the little children, when the ancients have formed the phallus winged, when the popular designation of the sexual activity of man is expressed in German by the word 'to bird' (*vögeln*), when the male member is directly called *l'ucello* (bird) by the Italians, all these facts are only small fragments from a large collection which teaches us that the wish to be able to fly signifies in the dream nothing but the longing for the ability of sexual accomplishment."

It would be nice if there were more space for such speculations, but WRAPAROUND has chosen to concentrate on flight in its most literal forms. Much of what follows, therefore, has been written by pilots, whose acquaintance with things airborne and whose passion for flying makes them better informants than those who would compose eloquent paeans to flight from the safety of the ground. If anything has been left out or lightly touched upon, I can only repeat the last words of Otto Lilienthal, the nineteenth-century inventor whose theories of aerodynamics are said to have inspired the Wright brothers, and who, in 1896, moments before a sudden wind slammed him and his experimental glider into a Pomeranian hillside, said to a friend, "Sacrifices must be made."

Lilienthal made more than 2,000 powerless glider flights during his lifetime, and people thought he was crazy. A similar judgment attached to the Montgolfier brothers, Frenchmen who sent up the first hot-air balloon in 1782; to Sir George Cayley, who built and flew the first glider in 1808; to Henri Giffard, a Frenchman who flew the first dirigible in 1853; and, of course, to the Wright brothers and their rival, Glenn Curtiss, and to other aviators and barnstormers of the pre-World War I era. I think they were all crazy, and that's why we're aloft today.

—Michael Aron

Dangerous Airports p. 6
Flight in the 1990s p. 7
Rating the Airlines p. 85

NTRAPAROUNDOWRAPA

"The [flying machine] will take its first flight . . . filling the world with stupor and all writings with renown and bringing glory to the nest where it was born." —Leonardo da Vinci
Sul Volo degli Uccelli, 1505

A MAN WHO DONNED FEATHERS

A man to induce astonished admiration was Giovanni Battista Danti, the Daedalus of Perugia, who, after he had worked hard at mathematical studies, made, among many other such things of his own devising, a pair of wings, properly proportioned to his body, which he fixed to himself with the skill of a man of the greatest mechanical genius. . . . As soon as they responded perfectly to his control, he decided to try them publicly in Perugia. . . . When a crowd of people were gathered in the great square for jousting, behold, suddenly there was Danti, flying through the air from a high part of our city with a great rushing sound, enveloped in various kinds of feathers, crossing from one side to the other of the square with his great pair of wings, so astonishing everyone, and indeed terrifying quite a few, that they thought they were witness to some great and portentous monster. But when, having left the low earth behind, he was trying with his proud limbs to attain through the high air the summit of his genius, envious Fortune, indignant at so much audacity, broke the iron bar which controlled the left wing, and as Danti could not sustain the weight of his body with the help of the other wing alone, he fell heavily on to the roof of the church of St. Mary, and to his great distress, and that of everyone, hurt his leg. **—Cesare Allessi**
Elogia, 1652

Most Americans had never heard of the Wright Brothers in 1908, when Glenn Curtiss flew a plane called June Bug at Hammondsport, New York, on Independence Day. Newspapers hailed Curtiss as the first American to fly. The Wright Brothers protested. The Wright-Curtiss feud became legendary, led to lawsuits, and lasted for twenty years.



The gyro-copter, a hand-built aircraft shown here disassembled and at the top of page 3 in flight, flies eighty miles per hour at altitudes of up to 10,000 feet and has a range of 100 miles. It uses regular aviation gas and takes off straight up after running along the ground for 300 to 400 feet. The kit, from Igor Benson Gyro-Copters of Raleigh, North Carolina, costs about $2,000. The photographs are by George Gardner.

Free at Last

We stood at the tops of cliffs, didn't we? And didn't we look over the edge at the air and raise us up on tiptoe and spread our arms into the wind and go, "I wish . . . I wish . . !"

Or we were there hacking in the jungle after food, flint axes shattering in our hands, when from behind us to beyond us in one breath flew a hawk, do you remember? With feathers like fingers in the wind? Mad as ants, we'd blur the air with broken flints, and he'd tilt just an inch to dodge and go his swift lazy way over the horizon.

The hateful thing was that flight came so easy to creatures given the gift, and so not at all to us. Old saber-toothed tiger didn't care that he couldn't fly. But us, we stood there with our ax-handle monkey wrench and cried, *"AAAUAAHH!"*—which is to say, "Somehow, honestly now, I *should* be able to fly!"

We went on aaauaahhing for how long—10,000 years? 50,000? All kinds of civilizations rising and falling, pharaohs and caesars and kings and not one of them ever could he fly.

Now comes our generation, this generation of freedom-seekers, to lay hold on the middle of the twentieth century: don't prejudge me, please, and while you're at it don't judge me at all; don't force me to fight, don't force me to live; I'll believe what I believe, thank you, I'll fly my own way. And as we think, so it is for us. Not Assyrians, not Greeks touched the gift of wings, none of those lofty cultures. It turned out to be us, thinking of freedom, who woke up from history with feathers on our arms. Only the last thirty years of the last million has it been that an everyday thee and me can walk out to a little skyport and say, "Airplane ride, please!" and if we like the ride, learn for ourselves how to fly. Our generation, first one of all generations that can make that statement.

"I'll live my own way, thank you" bends sheet metal and steel tube and layers of fabric around itself and calls it *airplane*, and all at once here we are looking down on that primal hawk, flying past him 60 miles per hour or 400; upside

"Aloft, the earth is ancie and man is young, regardless his numbers, for there, aloft, may reaffirm his suspicions th he may not be so very much
Ernest K. Gar
Ernest K. Gann
Flying Circus, 19

down, climbing straight up leveler than he can fly; on su ny days and in weathers th cling him to his tree. We're o there in the sky with glide and home-built, seaplanes, a tiques and aeroboats, spo planes and rainbow parachut while he's hunting food to st vive. "Hang in there, haw baby—we may not be ve quick at it, but table-turni is our specialty!" And we gone in a roll of twisting sl

There are a few thousa airline transports around day, a few thousand milita aircraft, but far and away 90 percent are small tin-ar cloth sleds for us average f to discover our planet wi and ourselves along the wa What's it like to be afraid wh the world turns upside dow and how can I control when it does? What's it like hold my life in my hands, h on throttle and right on stic How do I act with no boss b my knowing of the sky, and this strange freedom-creatu marked Piper and Cessna a Schweizer and Waco, Roga and Strato-Star?

It is true that the airpla is a neat little space-time co presser, good for business pr it. But that's boring as flint Neanderthal and Cro-Magn peering from behind our ey Business, so what.

But FLIGHT! *What does feel like?* What is it—joyf awesome? terrifying, to drive machine that will fly you a where you point it?

Any pilot, if you ask h these questions, is going to you that it is a nice feeling fly an airplane. Press him, a he'll admit that it is in fact *very* nice feeling. Well, y sometimes it does get just a scary, but anything worthwh is always scary, isn't it? A even the scariness is nice keeps the blood moving ri along and is good for respi tion. Yes, a person *can* killed flying airplanes. Pre ing head-on into tornadoes, instance, has never been g form. But then a person

UNDOWRAPAROUNDOW

killed walking across the
et, can't he, without ever
ing looked down on a cloud
he greensummer country of
own planet Earth?
he airplane is twentieth-
tury freedom with wings, for
one who chooses to touch
It is *I'm me!* for whoever
hand on cockpit controls.
Ve can ignore the miracle
n us, or we can play with
nd change our lives; we're
to do either.
ut my! what fun to fly past
ks upside down!

—Richard Bach

ard Bach, private pilot, author
onathan Livingston Seagull *and*
more recent A Gift of Wings
acorte Press—Eleanor Friede),
es a course called "Philosophy
light" at Embry-Riddle Aeronau-
University in Daytona Beach,
ida.

aring at the ing

wonder what it would take
make me panic during a
ht. What sight, or sound, or
den jolt would suffice to
me past enlightened anx-
into witless terror, claw-
at my seat belt and shriek-
for the stewardess, the cap-
, my mother?
flash of fire behind an
ine? A sudden rush of icy
inside the cabin? Some-
es, when occupying a win-
seat behind the wing, I
e out at that gargantuan
structure gleaming in the
ely sunshine above the
ids, and watch for trouble.
ning my eyes over the neat,
metric patterns of the rivets,
onder what I would do if
began to work loose under
enormous pressure. Then
ther, wrenched out of its
ket and swept away to obliv-
at 35,000 feet above the
walk.
Quick—push the call button.
third rivet goes—this one
cheting madly off of the
lage below my window—
ore the natty young lady

Icarus, having been taught
ly by his father, Daedalus,
destroyed by his rashness.
ar that the same fate may
rtake the populations whom
lern men of science have
ht to fly."

—Bertrand Russell
us, or the Future of Science
1924

In the U.S., planes generally fly west at even-thousand altitudes, and fly east at odd-thousand altitudes.

with the pretty smile arrives and bends down over me. Three of its rivets gone forever, the front edge of the wing plate begins to crumple up like tinfoil in a hot fire.

"May I get you something, sir?" She is looking carefully at my right eyebrow. She suspects nothing.

Keep calm. Speak softly. Are there parachutes?

"Miss. It seems that—if you'll look out here—the wing. . . ."

She bends down further, looks. Her body goes rigid. She screams in horror and clutches my shoulder. No—she glances quickly at the gnarled metal, then straightens up, bids me to be silent, and strolls quickly to the front. Or—she plops down in the seat beside me, crosses her legs, scratches her belly, and says wryly: "Well, I guess we're done for."

It doesn't matter what she does. Nothing can be done. The occupants of an airplane are trapped and helpless, stripped of control over their own survival, hostages to the blind probabilities of modern technology. Most people's reaction is to pretend none of this is really happening, to avoid rational responses, such as buying flight insurance, for fear that such actions might somehow ratify the unwanted reality and thereby beckon disaster. The airlines help in this regard by stuffing their customers' ears with Burt Bacharach and warming their tummies with chicken and Scotch. Just like being back in the airport bar on terra firma.

The whole plate goes now, tearing away from the rumpled wing with a deafening screech that brings half the people in the cabin to their feet. The huge craft lurches into a sickening wobble, casting dishes and passengers about like toys. But I am calm. A spectator.

A spectator. Certainly not a participant. The only remedy for the sense of panic which haunts even the most peaceful flights is to embrace one's state of utter helplessness. To find solace in release from the terrible burden of responsibility for one's fate which accompanies the power to affect that fate. To bask in the rare and precious freedom from decision over your life.

What could happen? An accident, a crash, death. But worse than death is the fear of dying. And worse than either is the dread of the ultimate catastrophe, the eternal damnation of an unworthy, faithless death. In a crashing plane, that danger is overcome—can only be overcome—by doing nothing. There is no trial, no ordeal in the traditional sense. There *is* no tradition. Passengers are not blamed when planes go down. A passenger on a doomed aircraft can at worst be a victim, never a loser.

Humans do not fly. As passengers in aircraft, we are suspended in time as well as space. We are absolved from functioning, except in the most rudimentary ways, and can only remain waiting, perhaps bouncing our fearsome imaginations off the clouds. While searching for the cartoons in *Forbes* magazine. Or looking at the wing.

—William Hart

William Hart is a writer who lives in a cabin in the wilderness near Glorieta, New Mexico.

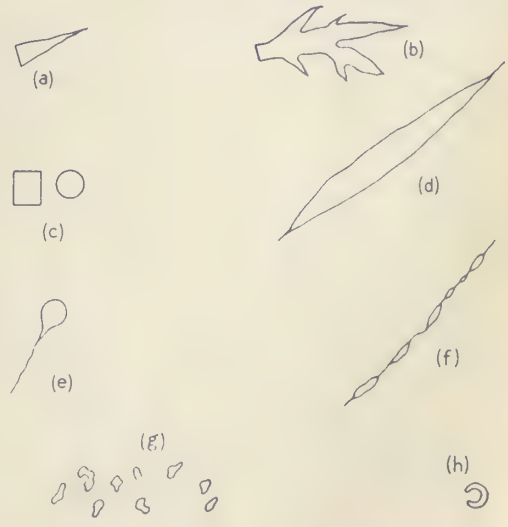
LITERARY COLLISION

A pilot's business is with the wind, with the stars, with night, with sand, with the sea. He strives to outwit the forces of nature. He stares in expectancy for the coming of dawn the way a gardener awaits the coming of spring. He looks forward to port as to a promised land, and truth for him is what lives in the stars.

—Antoine de Saint-Exupéry
Wind, Sand and Stars, 1941

To measure the hold [martial] imagery has on French civilization, one has only to open one's eyes to the bookshop successes which transcend the world of the literati. . . . The greatest of these successes over the past thirty years has been Saint-Exupéry, the cou-cou man who replaced the human brain with an aeroplane engine. All of his prop-driven platitudes go towards exalting the 'chief' . . . and the 'team,' well led and kept in hand. Saint-Exupéry, who has inundated baccalaureate exams and station bookstalls, deluxe volumes and paperbacks, magazines and weeklies . . . Saint-Exupéry has grown into more than an author, he is a saint, a prophet. To understand France one must realize that the influential writer is not Gide, is not Breton, it is Saint-Ex, who has shown the French how an asinine verbosity can become profound philosophical truth if one can have it take off the ground and rise to a height of seven thousand feet.

—Jean-François Revel
En France: La Fin de l'Opposition, 1965



Lake shapes as seen from the air: (a,b) lakes caused by man-made dams; (c) swimming pools; (d) lake occupying a glacial valley; (e) cirque lake or tarn at the head of a glacial valley; (f) lakes along a young river; (g) lakes in irregular glacial deposits; (h) an oxbow lake formed by an abandoned river meander. From Science for the Airplane Passenger, *by Elizabeth A. Wood (1968).*

APARROUNDWRAPARO



A kite of ancient Chinese origin, first used to ward off evil spirits. From Flight Through the Ages, *by C. H. Gibbs-Smith (1974).*

THE ALTITUDE FACTOR

Above 8,000 feet, every breath leaves you with a slight deficit of oxygen. But you don't gasp for more breath; you feel fine. Too little oxygen acts much like a bit of alcohol. Tyrolean boys and girls get the "upper-pastures-intoxication" when they drive the cattle up the mountains in spring—a state of elation, coupled with a pleasant relaxation of sex taboos. Even the eighteenth-century balloonists used to report that the upper air contained "invigorating acids." Actually, you ought to feel awful at, say, 14,000 feet, perhaps as if a snake had bitten you; you are slowly suffocating. But your sensory system is itself doped up, and in all aero-medicine there is only one record of a pilot who actually felt as sick at altitude as he was. Actually, your mental arithmetic with miles, minutes, and gallons of fuel becomes sloppy; your flight-test notes turn out later to be illegible scrawls; on the radio you report yourself "southeast" of the field when you mean "southwest"; but your confidence rises. After half an hour at 12,000 feet you may suddenly loop the loop simply because it seems a good idea at the time. . . . Above 18,000 feet the effects of altitude become vicious. Vision blurs. Hallucinations begin. Out of the corner of your eye you see someone flying formation on you, but when you look for him he isn't there. An Army pilot and observer once flew for several hours at 18,000 without oxygen. The observer began to notice the pilot's red, sunburned neck, and after a while the sight so irritated him that he searched frantically for a fire extinguisher or other club with which to kill the pilot! And the higher you go, the worse it gets. The symptoms always depend on various factors —altitude, length of exposure, quickness of climb, the victim's constitution, and personality. Some get melancholy, others get giggly, still others vicious; some fade out gradually, some collapse suddenly. But the end result is always the same: if you fly high enough long enough, you pass out into a glassy-eyed, open-mouthed coma. And if you stay in that coma long enough, you die.

—Wolfgang Langewiesche

Harper's Magazine, February 1946

At 30,000 feet, if you dropped a kitchen sink from an airplane, it would take about 43 seconds for it to reach the ground.

On Being an Airline Pilot

A question recently put to me was what do I, as an airline pilot, think of the movie *Airport '75*? The kindest thing I can say about it is that it has very little to do with airline flying; it says more about the entertainment business. The pilots are overdrawn caricatures, the situation impossible. The truth is that Karen Black would have driven into the first mountain.

My strongest objection is that, again, superficial writers have given us romanticized notions of what airline pilots *should* be. They always make us so damn noble. I suppose surgeons have the same complaint.

Nobility is not much valued among airline pilots. Almost to a man they are straightforward realists who genuinely like what they are doing with their lives. They have been able to turn a love of flying into a long career. To understand them you need to know some of the conditions of the career. The two major ones are: live by the seniority system and make the right decisions.

It's popular to carp at seniority systems, but they are objective and, I believe, humanistic. Promotion comes strictly by number, not through political maneuverings, social position, or personality. Men in seniority systems can live and work without being thrown into competition. Close friendships follow automatically, "friendships untainted by rivalry or calculation," as Alison Lurie put it. A comfortable state, more mature than a fraternity, more relaxed than a business association.

The fliers develop strong independence. It comes in part from knowing that, although they are well supported by a large group of specialists, they are on their own. When the crisis moments come—and they come to us all at least once—pilots are alone. They've all been there where everything was going to hell in a hurry, and they paid their dues getting home. They made the right decisions.

An airline pilot is basically a performer. It's a performing job, like that of a television reporter or a studio musician.

Built at a cost of about $70 million, the new Dallas-Fo Worth airport is the world largest. Manhattan would fit i side its confines.

There is a certain amount technical preparation, the m ment of launching, then steady performance. One d ference is that flights come a definite end; nothing m can be done. Most jobs are series of continuing midd without ends. They nag at y Airline flying doesn't.

Airline pilots have m days off than you do, proba twice as many, and they gu this time jealously beca they've earned it. The peri of work are intense. A str of flights is put together make three- or four-day tr Fourteen-hour days are not common, nor is rolling out 5:00 A.M. or working throu the night. The theme is k the airline moving. Food brought to the airplane and pilots stay in the saddle.

It takes them about hours on duty each month generate 85 hours' flight p the limit at most airlines. American wage-earning st dard has long been the 40-h week, or 160 hours a mon Pilots grit their teeth when t they don't appear to w much.

Is there an airline pilot m tality, an airline pilot type think so. The type falls som where between the succes businessman type and the reer military type. Most pi have middle-American, sm town backgrounds and an e relationship with things chanical. If there is a gr personality flaw, it is a tend cy to smugness. There plenty of exceptions, of cou Every airline has a few sw buckling buckaroos, a wearisome scolds, a few o bearing Pooh-Bahs, and s absolutely indefinable cha ters on its seniority list. nobility, in the Hollyw sense of the word? I doub

—Stephen A. Rob

Stephen A. Robbins is a pilot Allegheny Airlines and a free-l writer who has contributed ar to Flightime, Adirondack Life, *the* New York Times.

There are approxima 12,500 airports in the U.S., of which are served by c mercial airlines.

ad Airports

Washington National Airport ould be made into a park. It s one runway that is 6,870 t long, only 370 feet longer n minimum standards allow. is is sufficient in good weath- but landing on a wet strip ld easily put you in the river. There are no over- or under- s on the strip (tacked-on tches of runway that allow margins of error), and when wind is strong out of the st or east the field may be sed to airliners. There is y one instrument landing tem (ILS) at the airport, and t's to the north. So when dings are made to the south, pilot follows the course of Potomac River, and must k steeply at low altitudes. e FAA could install an ILS the south, but that would ng planes over the Capitol. LaGuardia in New York is ther bad one. Both runways 7,000 feet long. They come an abrupt halt at the water's e, on a highway, or in a e. Were it not for the dike l a series of pumps, La- ardia at times would be un- water. A few years ago an liner hit this dike on land- and was flipped over on back.

Buildings obstruct the traffic troller's view of the airport, l the airport is without a l complement of controllers. ere are three ILSs and tching approach lights, but se cannot improve the gen- l location. LaGuardia should no more than an airport for t planes.

Midway Airport in Chicago s designed for the DC-3; to- it isn't even safe for that. runways are below the 00-foot minimum standard. cause of the numerous build- s that surround it, a pilot st "land long" on a short way in order to clear the roach hazards. It could use ht ILSs but must make do h two. Only one runway has roach lights.

Los Angeles International port has some good features, h as ILSs and long runways, it has a major problem. Be- se of its proximity to resi- tial areas, pilots who use field must adhere to noise- tement rules. All flights ning into the airport between night and 6:30 A.M. must land to the east, and all take-offs must be made to the west. This procedure, which keeps the noise out over the ocean, may be great for local residents but dangerous for an airliner. Unless the wind exceeds ten knots or the ceiling is lower than 400 feet, planes are required to take off or land downwind. This is the reason why the International Federation of Airline Pilots Association has named this airport the worst in the U.S.

Fortunately, there are also good airports—Dulles in Washington, Minneapolis-St. Paul International, Metro in Detroit. And if all airports were only half as good as the new Dallas-Fort Worth complex, a pilot's life would be much more pleasant, and perhaps longer.

—Brian Power-Waters

Capt. Brian Power-Waters has been an airline pilot for nineteen years. Under the name Captain X he wrote Safety Last *(Dial), an indictment of air travel and the FAA. A revised and updated paperback edition is being issued this month by Pinnacle Books.*

"Other difficulties I do not foresee that could prevail against this invention, save one only, which to me seems the greatest of them all, and that is that God would never surely allow such a machine to be successful."

—Francesco Lana, proposing the construction of a "flying canoe," 1670

A GIANT BANG FOR MANKIND

"We already know," said I, "the Height of the Moon's Atmosphere, and know how Gun-powder will raise a Ball of any Weight to any Height. Now I design to place myself in the Middle of two wooden Vessels, placed one within another, with the Outermost strongly hooped with Iron, to prevent its breaking. This I will place over 7,000 Barrels of Powder, which I know will raise me to the Top of the Atmosphere. . . . But before I blow myself up, I'll provide myself with a large pair of Wings, which I will fasten to my Arms in my Resting-Place, by the help of which I will fly down to Earth."

—Murtagh McDermot

Trip to the Moon, 1728

The first person to die in an airplane crash was Lt. Tom Selfridge, a companion of Orville Wright's. He and Wright were flying in army trials at Fort Myer, Virginia, in September 1908 when their craft plunged to the ground. Wright escaped with a broken leg.



"Looks like R&D is onto something big."
Drawing by Charles Addams; © 1973, The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

TRAVEL TIP

"Many things we've learned about air safety we've learned from accidents like this," Dr. Michael M. Baden, the deputy chief medical examiner, said.

"When I travel," he said, "I travel in the last seat in the coach. It's amazing in a crash how many people in the front of a plane, in the first-class section, get wiped out."

At Doctor Baden's back, on a wall of the morgue, was a Latin inscription. In translation it read:

"Let conversation cease. Let laughter flee. This is the place where death delights in helping the living."

—**John Corry**, on the crash of Eastern Airlines Flight 66, in the *New York Times*, June 26, 1975

Transportation Accident Fatalities: 1974

Pedestrians	8,600
Pedicycles	1,200
Motorcycles	3,376
Automobiles (Drivers/Occupants)	31,774
Total Highway	44,950
Railroad Grade Crossings	1,250
Railroad	582
Rail Rapid Transit	114
Pipeline	34
Marine (Commercial)	379
Marine (Pleasure)	1,475
Total Marine	1,854
General Aviation	1,290
U.S. Air Carriers	467
Total Transportation Fatalities	50,541

Source: Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association. Based on preliminary estimates of National Transportation Safety Board, May 1975.

AROUNDWRAPAROUND

GO, NASA, GO

I believe the search for extraterrestrial intelligence to be exceedingly important. . . . But I do not believe that the most efficient method of examining this topic is via the UFO problem. The best hope for such investigations is NASA's unmanned planetary program.

—Carl Sagan, 1972

Washington—Orbiting astronomical observatory (OAO-3), in a 450-mi. earth orbit since August, 1972, is now devoting some of its observing capability to a search for possible intelligent life elsewhere in the universe.

The spacecraft already has scanned the star Epsilon Eridani and later this year will scan two other stars with the hope of receiving ultraviolet laser beam signals from any planets that might be circling the stars.

—Aviation Week & Space Technology
June 9, 1975

What's in a Statistic?

Commercial airliners cruise at about 600 miles per hour at altitudes of 30,000 to 36,000 feet, though they can fly as high as 43,000 feet. The largest commercial jetliner is the Boeing 747, which can carry more than 450 passengers and holds the record for lift-off weight at 820,700 pounds. In comparison, the maximum take-off weight for a B-52 bomber is slightly more than 475,000 pounds. (The Air Force will not give absolute specifications of any of its operative craft.) The later B-52s cruise at more than 650 miles per hour at altitudes above 50,000 feet, and have a range in excess of 10,000 miles. The experimental B-1 bomber, which is two-thirds the size of the B-52, can carry twice the actual payload of the B-52, and can fly more than 1,300 miles per hour at altitudes above 50,000 feet, or at 600 miles per hour skimming 500 feet off the ground.

The smallest plane ever flown was the Stits Skybaby biplane, with a length of nine feet, ten inches and a wingspan of seven feet, two inches. The smallest plane manufactured in quantity is the Whing Ding II, which has a wingspan of seventeen feet, weighs 123 pounds (including fuel), and is powered by a fourteen-horsepower go-cart engine. At fifty miles per hour, it gets forty miles to the gallon.

Helicopters are considerably slower than airplanes. The fastest a military helicopter has flown is 220 miles per hour. The altitude record is 40,815 feet. Contrast that with the X-15A-2 rocket-powered jet. Used in the early 1960s to train astronauts, this now-obsolete aircraft flew at 4,520 miles per hour and reached an altitude of 354,200 feet (67.08 miles). In making that record, the X-15 was dropped in midair from the belly of another plane. Ordinary military jets have flown as fast as 2,200 miles per hour and as high as 100,000 feet.

The Saturn V rocket, which powered the Apollo XV space flight, weighed 7.6 million pounds fully loaded, and its three stages combined to produce 175.6 million horsepower. Its first stage alone consumed fifteen tons of fuel per second for two-and-a-half minutes. The fastest rocket was the Pioneer X, used to explore the environments of Jupiter and Saturn. Its second stage whizzed past the 100-mile-high Skylab going 31,000 miles per hour, a
the third stage will have tra
cled 1,800 billion miles
1980, when it will pass out
the gravitational field of t
solar system.

Closer to earth, the high
an unpowered glider plane h
soared is 46,267 feet—14,0
feet short of the highest clou
The distance record for a glid
is 907.7 miles; the great
speed reached (unofficial)
280 miles per hour. Attem
at duration records were hal
when pilots surpassed fifty-
hours; too many pilots h
been killed after falling asl
at the stick. The greatest a
tude from which a hang-gli
(in effect, a manned kite)
been flown is 10,500 f
launched from a balloon. T
longest duration of a ha
glider flight is ten hours
fifteen minutes, accomplis
in Hawaii in 1974.

"Though aviation is perilous, I do not believe we should attempt to stifle the spirit of youth."

—Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, 1927

STRANGE PERSPECTIVES

How could it be the same world, I thought, looking down on it in amazement. It was so small, how could it hold anyone? . . . That narrow bungalow—was that where I sat bound in lethargy, in the armchair, night after night? The dust-colored thread curling up a gentle slope—was that the steep path I climbed so often to the bungalow? And those figures, those bobbing dots in the boat, those moving specks on the hill—were they the living people we had been talking to? . . . Only a few minutes ago—and now . . . we were as separated as we would ever be. Space became time in that instant. We were as far away as we would be next week, next year, or at the end of life. They were now part of the past and—looking down on them was looking down at life from the altitude of death.

—Anne Morrow Lindbergh
Listen! The Wind, 1938

The Future of Flight

The development of cle
high-energy hydrogen as a f
for aircraft jet engines will
the biggest change in aviat
in the 1980s. Hydrogen-p
ered supersonic transports
be able to cross oceans with
dangerous pollution emissi
By the mid-Eighties, liqu
hydrogen should be chea
than petroleum-based fuels.

Not only will the cost
commercial air travel go do
but the Mach 2 and 3 SSTs
shrink the Pacific Ocean t
small a puddle as subsonic
have made the Atlantic. Ar
ican and Japanese tourists
flood Australia, New Zeal









"Sky Birds," a series of 1934 bubble-gum cards. From the collection of Richard Merkin.

the South Pacific islands as they swarm over Europe. Closer to home, one-person ving belts" or jet "back-ks," powered by hydrogen oxide (in stronger mixtures n the hair bleach) will open v thrills for sportspeople. day's skiers and cross-coun- cyclists may well take to air for flying drag races and eplechases.

The stately dirigible, or zep-in, may stage a comeback ing the Eighties. Using safe, rt helium for lift, modern odynamic design and space- structural materials—such titanium—for low drag and h payload capabilities, diri-les may become the freight s of the air, conveying huge nages of cargo across oceans continents cheaply and er than by conventional rail-ds or ships. By adding pow-il jet engines, the dirigibles even become supersonic. i with proper aerodynamic ling wrapped around the gible's body, an SSZ (super-ic zeppelin) can fly without ating sonic booms.

n the 1980s, NASA's space ttle will begin to lower the t of placing people and pay-ds in orbit around the Earth. until now, space engineers e been building "sports s"—small, highly engineered icles that are used for spe- missions and then dis-ded. The space shuttle will more like an aerospace sta- wagon, capable of being d time and again, and hold-

The mass gross absence of nd in space is more than just ace." —Eugene Cernan uoted in *First on the Moon*, Neil Armstrong et al., 1970

ing more cargo in one flight than all the Saturn rockets deposited on the moon during the Apollo program.

With the shuttle bringing the ticket price of a trip into orbit down to almost reasonable levels, it will become possible to begin building permanent laboratories and other facilities in space.

By the Nineties, industrial operations will be building factories in orbit, where the weightlessness, high vacuum, virtually free energy from the sun, and extremely precise environmental control will be invaluable assets for electronics, pharmaceutical, and other specialized manufacturing. Perhaps before then, medical researchers will be using the weightlessness and pollution-free environment of space to prolong the useful lives of otherwise healthy heart and allergy victims. And, of course, astronomers and physical scientists will be among the first to live and work in orbit for extended periods of time.

But the biggest excitement of flying's future will probably come from stratospheric soarplanes, based on such designs as the old U-2. These sport soarers will use cheap, throwaway rocket "bottles" to boost them into the stratosphere, twelve to fifteen miles high, from which they can attain continental distances without further power. Distance races will become the big sport among glider enthusiasts, and before the end of the century, some Lucky Lindy will fly the Atlantic, unpowered. **—Ben Bova**

Ben Bova is a pilot, novelist, lecturer, editor of Analog *magazine, and science writer. His new novel,* Millennium, *will be published by Random House this fall.*

World Airways, which flew children out of Vietnam in the waning days of the war, would like to initiate $89 coast-to-coast passenger flights in the U.S. Laker Airways of Great Britain has been trying for three years to begin $125 passenger service between London and New York. Neither carrier stands much chance of winning CAB approval.

LIFE ABOARD THE HINDENBURG

The passenger area on the *Hindenburg* had promenade decks, a bar, a smoking lounge—all of the comforts of the palatial liners of the day except that the trimmings were at a minimum to save weight. The wines were excellent, as was the food, and there was no pitch, roll, yaw, or seasickness.

The $400 [transatlantic] fare on the *Hindenburg*—that's in Depression dollars—meant a select passenger list. Because the four diesel engines that propelled the airship were aft, the passengers were untroubled by noise or vibrations. It was like floating a thousand or so feet up at about 80 knots, with the wind the only sound. For exercise, passengers put on special slippers—the purpose was to guard against any chance spark—and toured the cavernous belly of the zeppelin on catwalks. They were not allowed to have matches, but there was a carefully protected smoking room where the steward provided a light. There was no orchestra, but on some trips the *Hindenburg* carried an aluminum piano for entertainment. The bar opened at noon, and on the westward run the clocks would not be moved back until it had opened.

—Dan McCrary

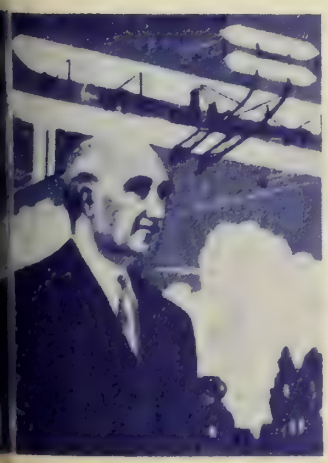
Business Week, February 26, 1972

In 1930 Wiley Post flew around the world in eight days. In 1965 two astronauts, at an altitude of 125 miles, orbited the earth in eighty-eight minutes.

Earliest Aviators

	Wingbeats per second	Meters per second
Medium butterflies	8—12	2—4
Damselflies	16	1—2
Scorpion flies	30	½
Large dragonflies	25—40	7—15
Cockchafer beetles	50	3
Hawk moths	50—90	5—?
Hoverflies	120	3—4
Bumblebees	130	3
Houseflies	200	2
Honeybees	225	2—3
Mosquitoes	600	under ½
Midges	1,000	under ½

Source: *Borne on the Wind: The Extraordinary World of Insects in Flight*, by Stephen Dalton, 1975









OUNDOWRAPAROUNDO

Tale of a Wartime Glider Pilot

"When the Cuban missile crisis erupted in 1962, SAC was ready. With B-47s poised for immediate take-off, B-52s flying airborne alert, and the growing missile force on alert, the command formed a strategic umbrella under which American diplomacy was able to peacefully resolve the tense situation." —Press kit of the Strategic Air Command, 1975

In the early afternoon of August 15, 1944, the Allies began the second phase of the invasion of France with a paratroop assault ten miles inland from the southern coast, near Fréjus. Hard after them came a fleet of 400 C-47 transport planes, each towing a huge supply glider. The mission was to furnish the paratroopers with artillery, transport, and other heavy equipment. This function is now performed with helicopters, but in World War II these ungainly gliders were used in massive numbers, in hopes that enough of them would make it through the skid landing to get the job done. I was flying the lead glider, carrying a small bulldozer.

It was nearly dark as we crossed the Riviera coast over Fréjus. We were being towed at 800 feet, which made us especially vulnerable to antiaircraft guns, and we were late, besides. There was the danger that we would hit an air pocket or updraft, which could shift the bulldozer, throw the controls out of whack, snap the tow rope. Still I couldn't resist looking down for the stream of tracer bullets indicating ground fire. All I could see was the thick smoke of battle. The thought came to me that I wouldn't be able to see the landing zone. Sweat stung my eyes, and my breath locked in my chest. We were in for a bad time.

There was no question of turning back. The tow pilots had been instructed to drop the gliders regardless of ground conditions, because the transport planes had only enough fuel to get themselves back to base. Still, I expected the pilot to signal, "There it is," or something before dropping me. But instead, without warning, he cut the rope and I was on my own. No way to go but down, and I hadn't even *seen* the landing zone. Then I saw it. Beneath me, the landing field bristled with spearlike poles. The Germans had clearly figured out where we were going to hit, and planted the poles to block the field. I circled the landing strip following the dark outlines of the Fréjus forest surrounding it, and saw that the only place I could land was right into the poles. This was it: my life was going to last another ninety seconds. Those bastards at HQ had to have known about the poles—there was a reconnaissance flight every two hours—and they hadn't told us. My fear turned to rage.

I pushed the stick forward for the descent. This flimsy box of tubes and canvas was overloaded. We were nose-diving toward the ground. I jerked back hard on the controls and shot a look at the guy sitting next to me. He was commander of the airborne engineers I were bringing in; all he had do during the flight was p the "spoiler" lever to slow down. He looked pale. I bank toward the field and felt a tle better; this was somethi I could do well. Then I s flashes of fire from below; Germans were going for with machine guns. Instinctly, I yelled, "Spoilers!" at engineer, thinking we had get down fast. But then th were those poles! At 400 f I realized I had turned in close to the field and wo overshoot it on the approa which meant I would land in woods. I could see those a chair pilots at HQ coolly cussing our deaths over b saying the problem was didn't know how to fly th turkeys. They'd never bla themselves. I wrenched glider into a sideways slip bring it down as fast as po ble, and then we were crabb down toward the poles at terrifying speed. If there w any chance of slipping the co pit in between two of the po —if I could save our skin I was damn sure going to it, the hell with the bulldoz I glanced at the engineer incredulously, saw him star at me with a look of total t on his face, as if he believe was going to save him.

That's the last thing I member. They told me af ward that a paratrooper pul me, unconscious, from wreck and carried me to an station. I never found out w happened to the engineer, how many pilots were kil crashing into those poles. I told, however, that the miss was considered a tactical s cess; about half of the eq ment was salvaged.

—William Nee

Wiliam Needle flew in the Sixty-ond Troop Carrier Group du World War II. He is now a st broker in New York City.

"Gliding gives a pilot the fundamentals in a way more basic than any other. This is probably why the pilots of the Luftwaffe, in their time, were the world's best: they had learned their flying in gliders, because the Versailles Treaty denied them the experience of powered flight."

—John McPhee
The Deltoid Pumpkin Seed
1973

WRIGHT MAKES MIGHT

We stand ready to furnish a practical machine for use in war at once, that is, a machine capable of carrying two men and fuel for a fifty-mile trip. We are only waiting to complete arrangements with some government. The American government has apparently decided to permit foreign governments to take the lead in utilizing our invention for war purposes. We greatly regret this attitude of our own country, but seeing no way to remedy it, we have made a formal proposition to the British government and expect to have a conference with one of its representatives, at Dayton, very soon. **—Wilbur Wright,** 1905

When my brother and I built and flew the first man-carrying flying machine, we thought that we were introducing into the world an invention which would make further wars practically impossible. **—Orville Wright,** 1917

What a dream it was. What a nightmare it has become. **—Orville Wright,** 1918





From An Alphabet of Aviation, *by Paul Jones (1928)*

Meanwhile, in Washington...

During our review of the VOR/DME Runway 12 FAS, found obstacle violations in the present ASR procedure. We h contacted the Atlantic City FIFO, and they agreed, on Febru 11, 1975, to increase the ASR MDA from 700 to 780 feet NOTAM. We are pleased that the FIFO agreed to take this act by NOTAM, but we request that the ASR Runway 12 proced be reviewed in detail concurrently with the review of the VO DME Runway 12 procedure. —Letter from J. J. O'Donn President of the Airline Pilots Association, to Alexan Butterfield, Federal Aviation Administrator, February 12, 1

WRAPAROUND CONTINUES ON PAG



The BMW 530i. Based on the belief that a true luxury car is more than a living room with whitewalls.

In their preoccupation with such finery as deep imitation mohair carpeting, opera windows and plastic replicas of ancient Edwardian crests, many of the world's automakers appear to have overlooked the one thing that makes owning an expensive car really worth the money.

That one thing? Extraordinary performance. The sort of performance that makes driving the BMW 530i something to be enjoyed rather than something to be endured.

So, while the 530i leaves no creature comfort untended, it also provides you with a singularly responsive, fuel-injected, 3-liter engine, called by Road & Track magazine "...the most sophisticated in-line six in the world."

It provides you with an independent suspension system capable of absorbing most any bump imaginable—yet so agile that human driving errors are easily correctable.

It provides you with the protection of a steel passenger safety cell and a dual twin-circuit, disc-braking system that affords adequate braking power—actually more than the law prescribes—even if one of the two systems should fail.

In truth, the 530i is the luxury car all automotive engineers would design if the automobile companies would let them.

"Yet, in the end," as the editors of Motor Trend magazine have said of the BMW, "it is the pure, unfiltered pleasure of driving the car that makes it supreme."

If you've never had the pleasure, we suggest you phone your BMW dealer and arrange a thorough test drive.

The ultimate driving machine.

Bavarian Motor Works, Munich, Germany.

© 1975 BMW of North America, Inc.

Montvale, N.J. 07645 and 12541 Beatrice St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90066. Contact your nearest BMW dealer for further information. Convenient overseas delivery plan available

LETTERS

Shamans and shysters

Saul Friedman ["The Dismal Religion," July] has articulated a deep-seated feeling held by a growing number of economists about the formal hierarchy of the so-called profession. The dogma which has grown up around the gospel according to St. Paul Samuelson based on mathematical gimmickry was sterile when it started, and time and refinements have not improved its prospects.

With the mental inbreeding which has taken place in the priesthood, the hierarchy has been able to develop a rigid party line. If an economist dares to deviate from it, his articles are rejected by the journals, he cannot obtain a place on convention programs (The Union of Radical Political Economists is no better; no anti-Marxist will be tolerated), and his books will not be published.

The use of mathematics, estimated statistics, and the computer have only given the illusion of certainty to the work of those who have sought either to quantify economic activity or to predict the future. These predictions are neither more nor less than what they have always been—guesses. Yet the oracles of the profession who pontificate before Congressional committees, in the press, and as guest speakers seldom emphasize either the questionable nature of their statistical data or the personal nature of their pronouncements, which are nothing more than guesstimates concerning future economic activity.

This economic priesthood can have no more power than practical men give it. Therefore, when politicians and businessmen stop genuflecting before the members of the hierarchy, these shamans will lose their control over the profession. The profession, when released from the stultifying effect of dogma, can then return to a more meaningful study of economics.

KARL F. SIMPSON, JR.
Professor of Economics
Wilbur Wright College
Chicago, Ill.

Saul Friedman is quite correct when he portrays neo-Keynesianism as a bankrupt philosophy leading the nation to economic disaster. However, he does a great disservice to his readers when he implies that the so-called radical economists are the only people opposed to these policies. Conspicuously absent from his discussion were the proponents of economic freedom, most particularly Alan Greenspan, the present chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers. I can only assume that Mr. Friedman, by ignoring the works of such men as Greenspan, Frederick Hayek, Murray Rothbard, and Ludwig von Mises, was consciously misrepresenting dissident economic thought in this country as wholly collectivist/Marxist. By this omission Mr. Friedman damages his credibility and insults his readers.

TERRY W. CULLER
Middletown, Md.

Saul Friedman's article is on a par with the character assassination, guilt by association, and innuendo of the Watergate era, to say nothing of the plethora of misleading implications. For example, Paul McCracken is described as a new "distinguished professor" at the University of Michigan. While the adjective "distinguished" was recently added to his title, he has been teaching at Michigan for twenty-eight years. Furthermore, the article implies that $200 per day is an exorbitant fee to pay for his consulting services. I would like to point out that this is approximately the rate charged by automobile mechanics, and it pales in co
parison to the fees of attorneys, a
tuaries, and many other professio
als. It is particularly misleading
attribute the current economic tr
bles to Schultze, Ackley, and M
Cracken, all of whom headed t
CEA *prior* to 1972. Has Friedm
forgotten about subsequent econo
ic policy decisions? Or has he c
veniently omitted them becau
these decisions cannot be attribut
to economists, but rather to a C
gress intent on reelection and a Pr
ident engrossed in self-preservatio
The implicit assumption that de
sions by those in power necessar
reflect economists' recommendatio
is incredibly naive.

Our economic woes are sympto
atic of the crushing dominance
politicians and not the "wealth
economists discussed by Friedman

PHILIP NATHANS
University of Michig
Ann Arbor, Mi

SAUL FRIEDMAN REPLIES:

It is true, as Culler says, t
there is an important movement
the right wing of economics, an
suppose I should have at least no
that. But because the libertari
seek a laissez-faire world that ne
was or could be in this age, t
seem to me much less influen
than the various groups on the l
Besides, Greenspan, as chairman
the present Council of Economic
visers, doesn't seem much like a
sident now.

Maybe $200 a day isn't exorbit
for the expertise of economists
McCracken; I suppose we can le
even from experts who are con
tently wrong. But what would
do, Mr. Nathanson, if your auto
chanic, after you paid him a sim
fee, told you that your car, for
own good, would not work about
percent of the time?

QUALITY PAPERBACK BOOK SERVICE

e easy, economical way to buy the best paperbacks in print.



re than 7000
tinguished new paperbacks
published each year.
wonder you miss so many good ones.

Prices shown are publishers' list prices

ny 3 books or sets for only $1 each

You simply agree to buy six more within the next year and as a member you'll immediately qualify for our Free Book Plan.

How can you keep track of all the worthwhile paperbacks published every year? You can't. But we can. We're the Quality Paperback Book Service.

We offer our members the pick of the paperbacks. And we offer a 20% saving on all Main Selections.

You won't find these paperbacks on drugstore shelves. Or at newsstands. Or even, unless you're lucky, at your neighborhood bookstore. So you've probably been missing out on a lot of rewarding reading.

But now you can have all the good paperbacks you want. Because now there's the Quality Paperback Book Service. It's the only book service like it. Use the coupon today.

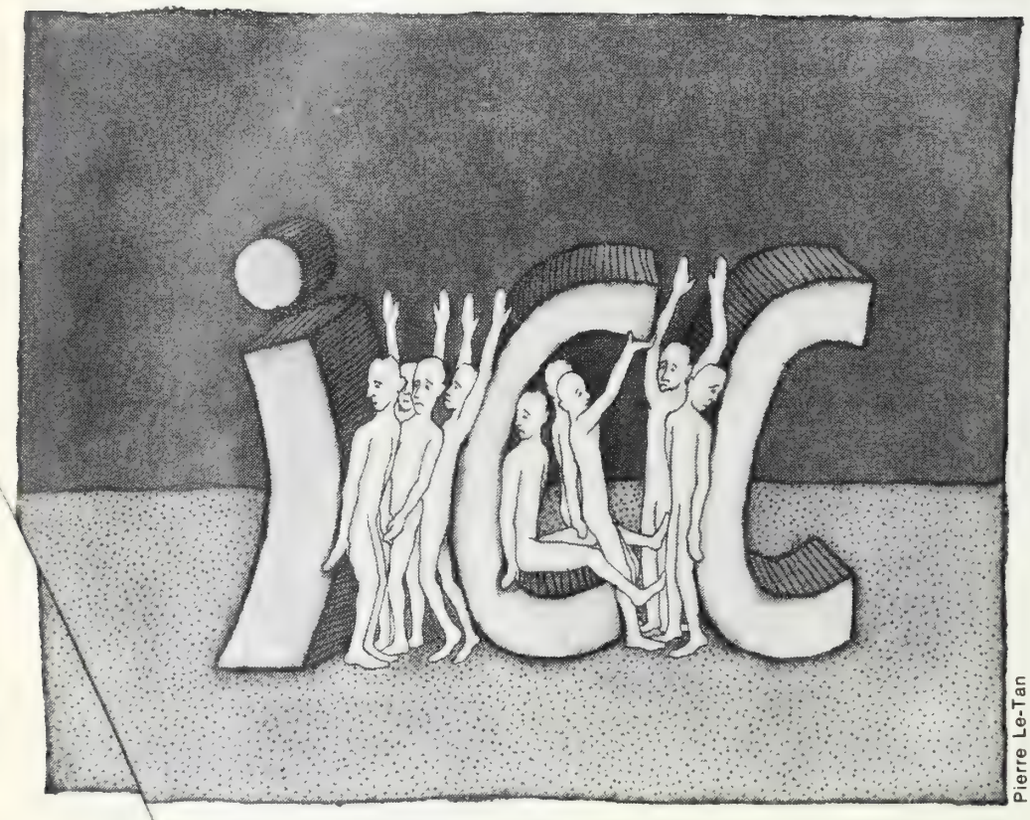
QUALITY PAPERBACK BOOK SERVICE, INC.
Middletown, Pennsylvania 17057

Use attached card to acquire as many as 10 different works... and save up to $25.25 in this introductory offer.

Peter H. Schuck

WHY REGULATION FAILS

A case for the reform of federal regulatory agencies



Pierre Le-Tan

The fact of the matter is that most regulated industries have become federal protectorates living in the cozy world of cost-plus, safely protected from the ugly specters of competition, efficiency, and innovation.

—Lewis A. Engman
Chairman of the
Federal Trade Commission

MR. ENGMAN'S CRITIQUE of government regulation bids fair to become the conventional wisdom of the late 1970s. Caustic social critics, such as Ralph Nader, and fierce defenders of existing institutions, such as Gerald Ford and Barry Goldwater, have come together to render a joint indictment against the government's regulation of American business. To a surprising extent they agree upon the central elements of the regulatory crimes: inflation of costs to consumers; encouragement of inefficiency in critical sectors of the economy; the stifling of innovation; the corruption of the political and administrative processes by the regulated interests; the enervating of competitive forces in the economy. Elsewhere in the country, other voices raise the same cry. Academics fill professional journals with studies documenting regulatory misadventures. Congressional committees investigate the costs and benefits of particular regulatory regimes. The President of the United States urges Congress to establish a National Commission on Regulatory Reform.

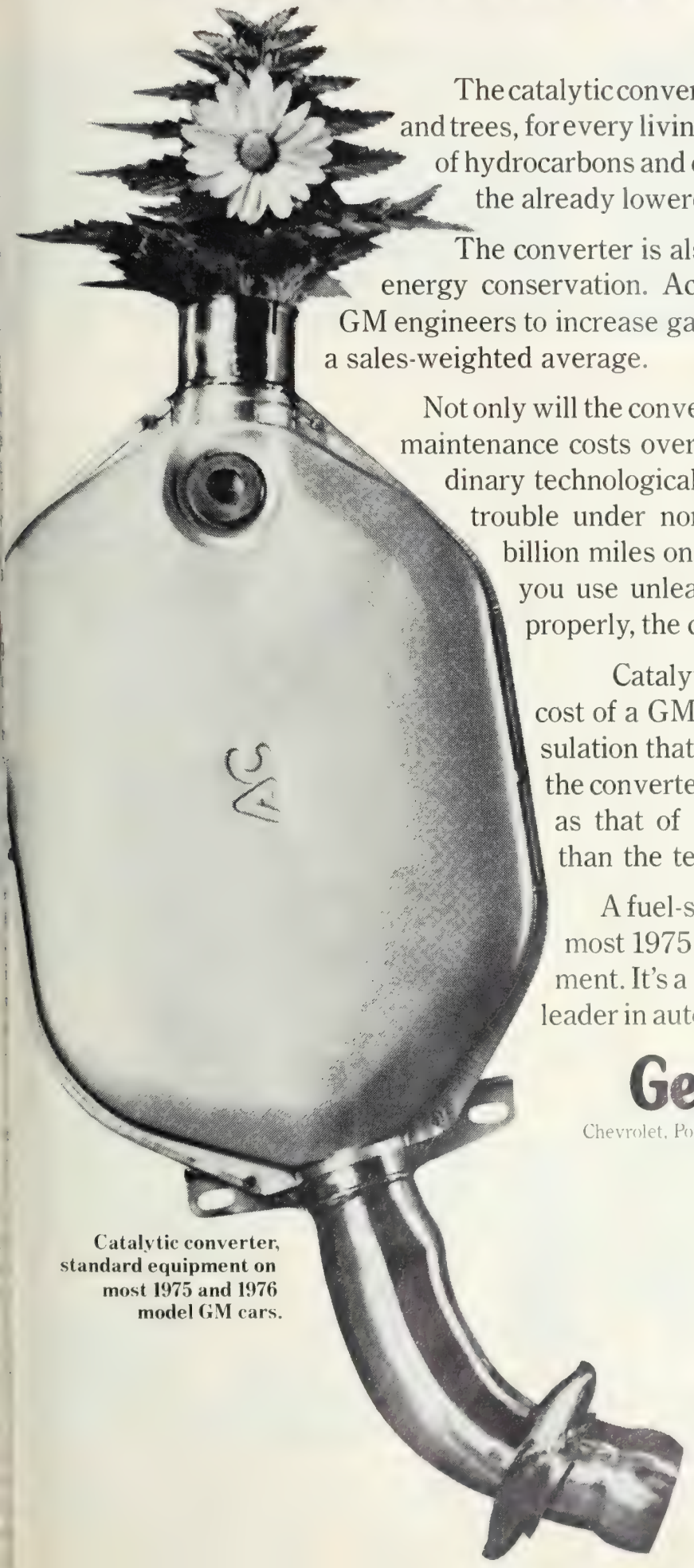
Government regulation has so steadily and noiselessly insinuated itself into the corpus of American life that one must step back and ponder its significance. Like a marriage or a friendship that one usually takes for granted, the routine, stable quality of regulation has assured its survival; only when the system is v perceived to be in crisis does gin to intrude upon the public sciousness. The double-digit inf of 1974 and 1975 has manag create this sense of urgency regulatory reform.

Federal regulation of busin typically implemented by an a or commission appointed by the ident, usually with the appro the Senate. Buttressed by the la agency's rules seek to obtain c mity by creating both positive tives (a subsidy, the right to o in a particular market, imm from the antitrust laws) and tive incentives (monetary pen the threat of loss of operating criminal sanctions) for the reg businesses. Congress prescrib regulatory objectives of the by statute, usually in very g terms. The Natural Gas Act of for example, directs the F Power Commission to establis for natural gas which are "ju reasonable"; other statutory dards do little more than exh agency to regulate "in the pul terest." The agency and its b cracy, however, ultimately det what the "public interest" re Congress will occasionally dis an agency, or even reverse on decisions, and the courts may r an agency that ventures bey statutory boundaries. There ar checks as well: limited resour professional norms of agency b crats, the limits imposed by po ly powerful groups interested regulatory scheme, and publi ion (in extreme cases). But astonishing degree the agenc ulate as they see fit.

The regulation of busin tivity is as old as the co life of human societies. T Testament regulated aspects nomic life, and the Code of H rabi established uniform weig measures and limited interes Regulation was often inten separate the sacred and the spheres of life: religious as civil sanctions were impose violators. During the late Ages, Thomistic notions o price" and usury were refle regulation of commerce by sovereigns. England under th etic" Tudors practiced merc —government regulation so e

Peter Schuck, an attorney, is the director of the Washington office of Consumers Union and the author of The Judiciary Committees *(Viking).*

A breath of fresh air in automotive technology.



Catalytic converter, standard equipment on most 1975 and 1976 model GM cars.

The catalytic converter is a device for people and flowers and trees, for every living thing. It reduces exhaust emissions of hydrocarbons and carbon monoxide by about 50% from the already lowered levels of 1974.

The converter is also a device for pocketbooks and for energy conservation. According to EPA figures, it helped GM engineers to increase gas mileage in city driving by 28% on a sales-weighted average.

Not only will the converter save you money in fuel bills and maintenance costs over the years, it's one of those extraordinary technological advances that won't cause you any trouble under normal operating conditions. After a billion miles on the road, it's proved dependable. If you use unleaded gas and maintain your engine properly, the converter will last the life of your car.

Catalytic converters do add to the basic cost of a GM car. Part of that money goes for insulation that keeps the outer skin temperature of the converter in normal operation about the same as that of an ordinary muffler, and far lower than the temperature of the exhaust manifold.

A fuel-saving catalytic converter comes with most 1975 and 1976 GM cars as standard equipment. It's a breath of fresh air from GM, a world leader in automotive pollution control technology.

General Motors

Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac, GMC Truck

and detailed as to arouse the envy of the most zealous ICC functionary. In the same year that the Declaration of Independence was signed, Adam Smith, a Scottish economist, published his *Wealth of Nations*, a fundamental attack on the centralized direction of economic endeavor. Smith urged that the mercantilist system be dismantled, to be replaced by a regime of "laissez-faire." In Smith's system the state would limit its regulatory activity to those areas in which an unregulated market might work against the interest of the consumer. The debate over government regulation has raged for the past 200 years between the antipodes of the mercantilist system of extensive state regulation and the free market system with which Adam Smith hoped to replace it.

In America the debate has evolved within somewhat narrower limits. The issue has never been controlled economy versus laissez-faire, but the more limited and pragmatic issue of how much government regulation was justified in a given instance or industry. The result has been a distinctively "mixed" economy, in which an estimated 10 percent of the gross national product is subject to federal regulation. The regulated sectors, however, include much of the most critical activity in a modern economy—transportation, communications, energy, banking, utilities, and, increasingly, health care. Until the latter part of the nineteenth century, federal intervention in the economy was primarily confined to subsidization of canals, turnpikes, and railroads, enactment of tariff legislation, promotion of Western land development, and creation of a national banking system designed to maintain an inflationary money supply. Regulation by the states was quite limited, due to political forces and to Supreme Court decisions restricting the right of the states to regulate economic activity within their borders.

The first federal regulatory agency, the Interstate Commerce Commission, was created in 1887 under circumstances which continue to be controversial. In the traditional view, the ICC was established as a result of political agitation by Western farmers and other shippers who complained bitterly of abuses by railroads—monopolistic practices, free passes and rebates to the largest shippers, discriminatory rates between locations shipping to the same markets. Several revisionist historians, however, argue that the ICC—along with many subsequent regulatory agencies—was created at the behest of the railroads themselves, the larger ones being eager to fashion a regulatory umbrella under which they could stabilize and dominate the industry.

Whatever its origin, the ICC was, according to Thomas Gale Moore, a leading student of the ICC, "designed to encourage cartel activities." In subsequent years, the act was amended to augment the ICC's authority to suppress competitive behavior and to protect the railroads from unfavorable state regulation. By the 1920s, according to Moore, "the total cartelization of the railroad industry" had been accomplished. Already, the ICC displayed the tendencies which have come to characterize almost all regulatory agencies—a hostility to competition within, and a solicitude for the stability and profits of, the regulated industry. During the depression, however, not even the ICC could sustain the profits of the railroad industry. The highly competitive trucking industry, in which low capital requirements made entry into and exit from the industry quite easy, had begun to attract much business from the railroads. The ICC and the railroads pressed vigorously for protection from this competition, and in 1935 Congress extended the ICC's regulatory power to include motor carriers. In 1940 the railroads and truckers persuaded Congress to permit the ICC to regulate certain water carriers as well, since they, too, were competing successfully for freight business.

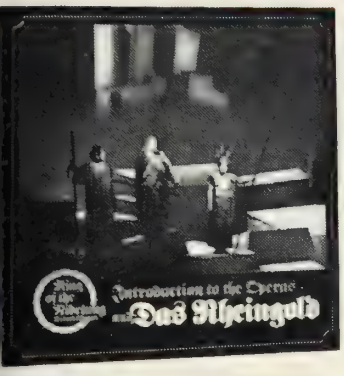
In succeeding years the ICC has regulated these three transportation modes—rail, truck, and water—in a manner calculated to prevent the competition between them that could benefit shippers and consumers. It has done so through a variety of methods. It allocates traffic among these modes, often preventing the low-cost mode from carrying the freight. By granting or withholding certificates of public convenience and necessity—the authority that every carrier must possess in order to do business—the ICC controls entry into the industry. It does its job well —new entry into interstate truc or rails is almost nonexistent.

Besides limiting entry into th dustry, the ICC prohibits com tion between certificated carrier prescribing the routes that may travel and the commodities each may carry. Consider the I infamous "gateway" rule, which hibits many trucks from trav the shortest and most direct between two points in order t duce competition on those ro Instead, it requires them to their destinations by trav through an often distant "gate city. Only slightly liberalize 1974, the gateway rule has wast much as 460 million gallons o a year and creates as much as 000 tons of pollutants, accordi one estimate. When the Depart of Transportation recently requ the elimination of these restric for trucks carrying hazardous rials, the ICC refused, citing onl dangers of increased compet But if the ICC's route restric seem perverse, consider the Ali Wonderland quality of some *commodity* restrictions, as desc by the commission itself:

> *It has been held that car retors, distributors, generato electric motors, and similar co modities are not embraced in description "machinery"; t electric regulators are not "m chinery"; that the term "build materials" relates to materi intended to be used for the e tion and repair of buildings not for building operations g erally, and that, as a consequen materials for the erection o bridge are not included sinc bridge is not a building; that commodity description "f products" embraces only s products as are fit for hu consumption and does not incl canned animal food; that word "canned" in the desc tion "canned goods" refers the process of canning and to the receptacle in which goods are placed, which may metal or glass; that "grocer are defined as articles for hu consumption which are cust arily served as food, or w are used in the preparation food, except "fresh meats" that only rough or unfinished ticles are embraced by the modity description "iron

TIME LIFE RECORDS

WAGNER
the RING of the NIBELUNG









The greatest musical drama ever created

A CYCLE OF FOUR EPIC OPERAS

Once upon a time, the world was peopled by gods and giants, dwarfs and dragons. Mermaids sported in the swift-flowing rivers. The forests rang with the clash of mighty swords.

One day in that magical time, a cunning dwarf stole a treasure of glittering gold from the bottom of the Rhine. He took the treasure to his cave beneath the earth. There he fashioned it into a magic ring whose wearer could rule the world...

A fairy tale? It's much more than that. It's one of the greatest stories ever written by man: Richard Wagner's *The Ring of the Nibelung*.

To create this mighty saga, Wagner drew upon a vast body of ancient Norse and Teutonic mythology. To contain it, he invented the "music-drama"—an inspired wedding of symphony, chorale, spectacle and drama. He labored on his creation over a period of 25 years. And in the process, he transformed the history of music.

Now TIME-LIFE RECORDS invites you to begin the cultural adventure of your lifetime by enjoying free for 10 days Part I of *The Ring of the Nibelung*.

A performance no opera house could duplicate

Performing the four operas of *The Ring* in this historic recording are famous artists drawn from all over the world: Sir Georg Solti and The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra... Kirsten Flagstad... George London, Claire Watson, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Birgit Nilsson, Wolfgang Windgassen and many others.

The attention to detail is fantastic. Wagner's original score called for musical effects that defy the resources of most opera houses. But in this landmark recording all are here: the six harps, the specially made steerhorns, the huge alphorn, even the 18 real anvils upon which Alberich's dwarfs hammer.

The result: an experience you could not match in a lifetime of operagoing.

Each of the four albums in the series contains six LP stereo records, plus a synopsis of the story and the complete German and English text of the opera covered in that particular album. And to help you enjoy it all to the fullest, you'll have the most expert guidance.

Part I of *The Ring* includes—in addition to the first opera, *Das Rheingold*, on three records—a three-record music-and-text commentary by a noted musicologist.

Three-volume Wagner library also included

Also included with Part I—at no extra cost over the price of subsequent albums—is a superb three-volume Wagner library to further increase your knowledge and enjoyment.

In this handsome matched set of TIME-LIFE RECORDS Special Editions, you'll enjoy "The Perfect Wagnerite", George Bernard Shaw's witty analysis of *The Ring*. You'll learn the inside story of how *The Ring* was recorded in producer John Culshaw's fascinating book, "Ring Resounding". And you'll probe deeply into Wagner's life in an authoritative, 535-page biography by Robert W. Gutman.

Now begin your lifetime adventure by mailing the coupon for Part I of *The Ring*. Enjoy the six stereo LP records and the three-volume Wagner library on the terms outlined in the coupon. Then if you do not wish to keep them, simply return all six records and all three books within 10 days and owe nothing. Mail the coupon today.

To unlock the secret of Wagner's greatness
ENJOY ALL THIS FREE FOR 10 DAYS



1. **DAS RHEINGOLD** complete on three 12-inch stereo LP records



2. **SYNOPSIS** of the story of DAS RHEINGOLD plus complete text in German and English.



3. **COMMENTARY** on three 12-inch stereo LP records and in print—identifying 193 examples of Wagner's musical motifs.



4. **THREE-VOLUME WAGNER LIBRARY** handsomely bound:
   - —**The Perfect Wagnerite**—essays by George Bernard Shaw
   - —**Ring Resounding**, the fascinating story of this seven-year recording project by producer John Culshaw
   - —**Richard Wagner**, Robert W. Gutman's authoritative single-volume biography.

TIME-LIFE RECORDS
Dept. RFAS43
Time & Life Building
Chicago, Illinois 60611

Yes, I would like to examine Part I of the TIME-LIFE RECORDS presentation of THE RING by Richard Wagner. Please send it to me for 10 days' free examination and enter my subscription to the complete set of THE RING. If I decide to keep Part I, I will pay $29.95 ($31.95 in Canada) plus shipping and handling. I then will receive Parts II, III, and IV of THE RING, shipped one Part at a time approximately every other month. Each is $29.95 ($31.95 in Canada) plus shipping and handling and comes on a 10-day free-examination basis. There is no minimum number of shipments that I must buy, and I may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you.

If I do not choose to keep Part I, I will return it within 10 days, my subscription for future shipments will be cancelled, and I will not be under any further obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

steel articles"; that engines and machinery are not included in the term "iron and steel articles"; that the commodity description "paper and paper products" does not include newspapers, magazines, circulars, and other publications; that the commodity description "fruit and vegetable juices" does not include frozen juices; that gasoline is not a "liquid chemical"; and that the commodity description "glassware" does not include sheet glass or rough rolled glass or glass rods.

This definitional creativity is not simply lawyers' fun and games. Each of these restrictions means less competition, trucks running backhauls without cargo, and higher costs to consumers.

THESE ANTICOMPETITIVE rules, perverse as they are, are only the beginning. The ICC, by law, countenances price-fixing by "rate bureaus," which are carrier-dominated cartels. In 1974 the ICC investigated only 5 percent of the rate increases filed by the bureaus, disapproving less than a third of these. Each year the ICC refuses to approve rate *decreases* proposed by railroads. When the courts ruled that frozen fruits and vegetables were in fact "agricultural commodities," and therefore exempt from ICC regulation, rates for transportation of fruits and vegetables declined by an average of 19 percent; when fresh dressed poultry and frozen poultry were held to be exempt, rates declined by an average of 33 percent. The cost of wasteful regulation adds up; three years ago, well before the onset of double-digit inflation, a leading study concluded that "it would not be unreasonable to expect that elimination of [ICC] regulation would result in a saving to the economy, in terms of resources, as high as $10 billion a year."

Many of the patterns associated with the ICC also characterize other regulatory agencies. Since the creation of the ICC in 1887, there have been four major waves of federal regulatory legislation. Regulation of meat, food, and drugs began in 1906. The Wilson Administration launched the Federal Reserve System and the Federal Trade Commission. Two decades later the economic havoc wreaked by the depression led to the creation of a plethora of new federal agencies to regulate, among other industries, investment banking and securities, airlines, natural gas and electric utilities, communications, agricultural production, and housing. During the last few years, economic regulation per se—the regulation of rates, entry, and standards of service—has been extended to the petroleum and petroleum products industry. Indeed, during the period of economic controls from 1971 to 1974, virtually the entire economy was subject to price regulation. Even more significant, however, was the dramatic expansion during the 1960s and 1970s of health and safety regulation in the fields of environmental protection, occupational conditions, intrastate meat and poultry inspection, food and drugs, radiation, and product safety, particularly auto safety. The economic distress of 1974 and 1975 has generated desperate calls for regulation of credit allocation and a restoration of wage and price controls. A system of national health insurance will require extensive regulation of health-care providers. Yet, just as the nation is preparing for a new spasm of regulation of enterprises previously governed largely by market forces, government is being urged—often by former advocates of regulation—to dismantle many of the existing regulatory systems. Because the outcome of these efforts will have profound implications for our politics and our economic life, it is important to understand what is at stake and what are the likely consequences of both approaches.

MUCH GOVERNMENT regulation of business is widely accepted as necessary. Some businesses permitting dramatic economies of scale—generation of electricity is an example—supposedly require regulation because competition is not feasible. Yet when economist George Stigler tested this hypothesis by comparing rates and profits for regulated and unregulated electric utilities, he concluded that regulation made little difference. Stigler's explanation was twofold: even a monopoly utility faces competition from other energy sources, and what entrepreneurs do is simply beyond the control of even the most assiduous regulator. Another reason f regulation is "externality"—the fect of a transaction upon "inn cent bystanders" or society as whole (air pollution, for exa ple). Many externalities, howev could be limited or eliminated w minimal regulation if effective co pensation or cost-shifting mec nisms could be implemented—: example, effluent fees are imposed polluters on the Ruhr River. Re lation may also be justified if seri market imperfections exist, such monopolistic conditions, intracta consumer ignorance, or ineffect compensation mechanisms. M health and safety regulation f into this category. Even here, h ever, nonregulatory innovations, s as no-fault liability insurance, c actions, and cooperative purchas by consumer aggregations, could duce the need for much regulati And some market imperfecti even when they persist, may be inefficient or inequitable in their fects than the distortions inheren the political-regulatory system.

The burden of justification heavy on the regulator. For gov ment regulation is fundamentally variance with the philosophical sumptions underlying the Ameri political system. We are a lib society, rooted in utilitarian ic about the relation between cit and state. The primary notion h that the individual is the sole ju of his own interest and welfare that individual satisfactions, be "altruistic" or "selfish," are soci raison d'être. In this view, volun exchanges of value between indi uals, as in a market transaction, socially beneficial; by definit such exchanges increase the wel of both contracting individuals they would not engage in them), unless third parties are adve affected, the welfare of societ thereby increased.

In addition to vindicating the eral notion of *equity*, such volur exchanges between individuals mote *economic efficiency*. For a these voluntary exchanges, taken together, will tend to all the society's resources in ways will maximize the satisfactions o individuals in the society and put the resources to their best

Given these assumptions, go ment regulation will—except i

of natural monopoly, external-
s, or other market failure—always
d an inferior social result to free,
ıntary exchanges between indi-
ıals. By specifying and limiting
terms under which transactions
veen individuals may take place,
egulation supplants their evalua-
s of their own interests and sub-
ıtes for these the judgment of the
ılator. Individual and social wel-
will be diminished thereby, par-
larly in the case of economic
., rate and entry) regulation.

irst. Certain transactions which
ı parties deem to be in their in-
sts cannot be consummated be-
se the regulation prohibits them.
en an agency sets a rate, it pro-
ts all sales at a lower rate, even
oth parties would gain by such a

econd. Certain transactions which
or both parties deem to be con-
y to their interests will neverthe-
have to be consummated at the
st of the regulator, thus requir-
either government coercion or a
idy (whose cost will have to be
e by someone else). Companies
compelled by the Jones Act to
ge high-cost American ships to
y cargo between American ports;
umers and shippers pay the com-
ory surcharge.

hird. Regulation, by prescribing
mum standards which all must
, will tend to limit entry and
ce diversity and consumer choice
e increasing the costs of some,
perhaps all, sellers. Requiring
all television repair shops be li-
ed, for example, seems to have
effect of increasing repair costs
limiting competition, without
rent effect on the level of con-
er fraud. Regulators have little
or the part-time electronics whiz
repairs TV sets in his garage
ng his spare time at low prices.
e does not obtain a license—
r because obtaining one would
o costly or because he cannot
the licensing requirements—he
either be driven out of business
ill have to operate illegally; his
mers will either be denied low-
service or will have to pay some
ium to compensate him for run-
the risk of detection. Similarly,
ation of taxicabs may assure
umers that no drug addict or al-
lic will drive a licensed cab and
such cabs are inspected three



Venita has known a lot of suffering.

Venita is a shy little girl with big, dark eyes. You can see by her wistful expression that she has known much suffering in her short life in India.

She hardly remembers her parents. Her mother was in ill health when Venita was born. She died when Venita was only two years old.

Her father earned very little and lived in one room in a tenement in Delhi. He was unable to support and care for the frail little girl. He asked a children's Home, affiliated with the Christian Children's Fund, to take care of his daughter.

There is still a sad, haunting look that lingers in Venita's dark eyes. But she's improving. Gradually she's losing her shyness, and she smiles and plays with other children who share the same room at the Home.

Venita now has the care she needs. Her CCF sponsor here in this country is helping give her a better chance for a useful, happy life.

But there are many other needy children still waiting for sponsors.

You can sponsor such a child for only $15 a month. Just fill out the coupon and send it with your first monthly check.

You will be sent the child's photograph, name and mailing address, plus a description of the project where the child receives assistance.

You may write to your sponsored child and your letter will be answered. You will get the child's original letter and an English translation. (Children unable to write are assisted by family members or staff workers.)

Your love can make a big difference in the life of a needy little child. Please fill out the coupon now . . .

Sponsors urgently needed in Brazil, India, Guatemala, Indonesia, Kenya and Thailand.

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in

(X)_____

☐ Choose any child who needs my help. I will pay $15 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____. Send me child's name, mailing address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____.

Please send me more information.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Member of International Union for Child Welfare, Geneva. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto, 7.

HP2890

times a year. It will assure them of little else, however, other than fewer cabs on the streets and inflated fares. Even those who are fortunate enough to be picked up by gypsy cabs will be paying more than the free market price would be.

Fourth. Where it does not eliminate competition, regulation will tend to distort it, often in grotesque ways. The Federal Aviation Act frowns on price competition among the interstate airlines, and the CAB quickly pounces on any sign of rate-cutting. This results in competition being trivialized into "booze wars," "lounge wars," and fuselage decoration, with the passengers compelled to pay the bill.

Fifth. Where regulation appears to benefit one economic group, it usually does so by exacting a subsidy —often a hidden one—from other groups. Product safety regulation subsidizes those people who would have been injured by negligent manufacturers and would not have received compensation for their injuries. This subsidy occurs at the expense of the far larger number who would have been compensated for injury or escaped it entirely. Regulation of auto emissions primarily benefits residents of congested cities, whether or not they own cars, and the pollution-control industry; the costs are borne by all car owners, rich and poor, in Durango, Colorado, as well as in Los Angeles. Such regulatory cross-subsidies may or may not be justified on other noneconomic grounds, and they often reflect the will of Congress. Since regulation is necessarily a political process, it is not surprising that the groups exacting the subsidies are often those with the most political clout and that efficiency and equity considerations are usually ignored. Politically well-connected maritime interests, for example, extract vast sums annually from consumers because of federally authorized price fixing and other subsidies.

Sixth. Regulatory standards will tend to be either too high or too low to maximize social welfare; rarely will an agency strike the right balance or maintain it amid changing conditions. With regard to regulated rates, "too high" means that some or all producers will enjoy excessive profits, particularly if the regulated rates are floors or the agency prevents new competition from entering the industry. "Too low" means that incentives to producers will be insufficient to sustain adequate production. The Phase II price freeze in 1973, for example, caught the cattle industry in a squeeze between feed costs that were at a record high and moderate wholesale prices. Consumers paid dearly for the shortages that the freeze induced.

Seventh. The regulatory agency will rarely command the resources necessary to scrutinize the costs or behavior of each producer or firm that it regulates. Several years ago, the FCC, with an annual budget of $31 million, publicly acknowledged its inability to evaluate a proposed rate increase by ATT, with more than $31 *billion* in assets. Because of this chronic disparity and the costly "regulatory lag" that accompanies delay in agency decisions (the ICC took twelve years to approve the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific merger and before the decision could be made final, the line went bankrupt), regulators must take shortcuts which, while making their tasks manageable, also suppress the enormous variety and differentials between firms. When the Federal Power Commission in 1954 undertook regulation of producer rates for natural gas, it began by determining "just and reasonable" rates for each of the more than 3,000 individual producers. By 1960 the sheer number of backed-up rate proceedings had swamped the commission, and it was compelled to simplify the process drastically by lumping all producers together into fewer than a dozen "areas." Each producer in a given area was required to sell gas at or below the same "area rate," no matter what the cost-and-profit profile of the particular producer. Because even area data were difficult and expensive to compile, "area rates" were themselves determined by the commission on the basis of area or nationwide *averages.* The relationship between an area rate and the economic profile of any particular firm became further attenuated.

Even area-rate regulation, however, proved too complex for the commission; the Southern Louisiana area rate was not affirmed by the Supreme Court until 1974. In June 1974, the commission took the inevitable final step in this unhappy history, issuing a single "natior rate" applicable to all but the sma er producers. Within six mont this "single" rate had been increas by almost 20 percent, had been peatedly encumbered with exc tions, exclusions, and amendmen and had begun its long journey the never-never land of judicial view. To an even greater extent th its predecessors, the national r was an artificial construct, bear about as much resemblance to economic profiles of the individ producers as the "average Americ does to the diverse society that h said to exemplify.

The Federal Power Commiss suggests another dilemma of reg tion. In order to rationally regu a market, one must regulate the *tire* market; if part of the marke unregulated, exchanges not per ted by the regulator will tend to into the unregulated sector, eluc control. Because only interstate s are price-regulated by the FPC, increasing quantity of natural has been sold and consumed in states where the gas was produ often for "inferior" uses and at pr four and five times the regul prices. Similarly the Federal Res System has seen its control over nation's money supply—and its regulatory influence—dwindl more banks relinquish their mem ship for the more permissive ronment of state regulation.

The obvious remedy for this r latory impotence—expansion of agency's authority to embrace th regulated sector—only thrusts i intractable difficulties upon the r lator. As the number and diversi transactions to be regulated arithmetically, the regulator's i mational, coordinating, and pol needs expand geometrically. Th ference between the resources (information, political influence quired by the ICC when it regu only railroads and those that quires today, when it must reg motor carriers, water carriers, freight forwarders as well, is a itative difference, a quantum in regulatory inadequacy. Th eluctable tendency of agencies pand their activities spawns an ly immutable regulatory failure more it *may* regulate, the less regulate, relative to its respon ties.

READ MORE. SPEND LESS.

Bestsellers. Old sellers. Fiction and non. Now get virtually any book at breakthrough discounts!

You're a reader. With an appetite as big as the Library of Congress. Perpetually enmeshed in three volumes simultaneously. And wondering what to do when you run out of attic space (your bookshelf having long since surrendered its last vacancy).

What's more, you wouldn't have it any other way. *(There's always the garage.)*

But there are two very real problems today's reader *does* face: meeting the skyrocketing cost of buying books—without mortgaging the attic, garage, and everything in between. And locating a book dealer who can hand over an obscure author or old title as easily as he can the current bestseller.

Enter THE BOOKSERVICE. Exit problems.

THE BOOKSERVICE, a new division of Harper's Magazine Company, offers its members the unique opportunity to buy, with ease and convenience, any hardcover book in print. *Any*. The new #1 novel. A dusty autobiography. A children's classic. Poetry and painting. Arts and crafts how-to's. Even dictionaries, atlases, and encyclopedias. If it's in print, it's yours.

And two, the lagniappe: *unprecedented savings* on every volume you purchase through THE BOOKSERVICE. At least 25% off the retail price of every bestseller; 25% off all general titles; 15% off university press and reference books; 50%, 60%, and sometimes higher savings on special superbargains!

Some typical examples of BOOKSERVICE discounts:

	List Price	Member's Price
The Lord of the Rings	30.00	22.50
Something Happened	10.00	7.50
Centennial	12.50	9.38
The Palace Guard	8.95	6.72
Magellan's Voyage	100.00	50.00
Strictly Speaking	7.95	5.97

And as you can see, your savings are comparable to any book club. Often better. What's more, THE BOOKSERVICE gives you the original publisher's edition, instead of an economized, separately printed "club edition." And you are never obligated to buy any specified number of books.

Your membership also includes the unique, biweekly Bookletter. Great reading all by itself.

At the heart of THE BOOKSERVICE is the *Bookletter*, a fascinating newsletter you'll receive every other Monday. It's a lively, up-to-the-minute, thoroughly entertaining guide to today's world of books.

You'll read original *reviews*—pro and con—of all the bestsellers, new releases, and significant revivals. As well as capsulized comment from other national media. You'll enjoy exclusive *essays* on publishing events and personalities. Reappraisals of the immortal authors and first impressions of some likely candidates.

There are reflections on *children's books*: which ones are written to nurture young minds, and which solely to snare adult dollars. Evaluation of *crafts and reference works*, from collage design to college dictionaries. *Trend-tacking:* the book subjects that are "hot," the fads and fancies in this mercurial medium.

Plus corridor *chatter* from the publishing palaces: how the authors, agents, editors, and owners who make things work, work; why some great books nose-dive while some disasters become book of the month.

The *Bookletter's* range is A to Z. The delivery, succinct, literate, often irrepressible. The thoughts, always on target. Like George Plimpton's cutting satire of the sports book macho mania. Richard Adams paying his respects to the classics of childhood in "Ingredients of Watership Down," Jose Yglesias on Harriet Beecher Stowe—reversing unjust neglect. Walter Goodman reassessing *The Unheavenly City*—Edward C. Banfield's hardheaded 1970 view of the urban scene. And an intriguing binocular review of Morton Sobell's *On Doing Time*, by representatives of two generations of the political Left.

THE BOOKSERVICE
Charter Membership: 33⅓% savings . . . 0% risk.

THE BOOKSERVICE's regular membership rate is $15 a year, which includes the book discount service and 24 biweekly issues of the *Bookletter*.

However, during the current introductory period, you can become a Charter Member for *just $10*, billed semi-annually. Same benefits, but a ⅓ saving. And, as a Charter Member, you'll automatically receive the lowest rates available every time you renew!

In addition, you risk zero. Should you decide to cancel anytime during your membership, you'll receive a *full refund* for your current six-month period—even if it's your first! Which means you can cancel next week, next year, 1987—whenever and for whatever reason—and get a refund for that current six-month payment. Not prorated. In full!

No need to enclose payment with order now. But please mail the coupon below right away. You'll never have a better opportunity to read more, more enjoyably, for less. And you may never have another chance to save ⅓ with a Charter Membership.

So join THE BOOKSERVICE today. And hearty appetite!

Yes, please enter my Charter Membership to THE BOOKSERVICE at the special rate of *just $10 for one year*—instead of the regular $15. This entitles me to full discount book-buying privileges and a year of the *Bookletter* (issued every other Monday, 24 times a year).

☐ Please send bill for $5 now (and $5 six months from now)

☐ I prefer to enclose $5 (fully refundable)

name _____
(please print)

address _____

city _____

state _____ zip _____

Harper's Magazine
THE BOOKSERVICE
381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302 D989

REGULATION TENDS to reduce the incentives for technological or marketing innovation; often, it snuffs them out altogether. In 1974 the CAB flatly rejected a proposal by London-based Laker Airways to fly regular "no-frills" flights between New York and London for $125 each way. Professional licensing authorities have long used state regulatory power to maintain the status quo. Just as some medical societies, led by the AMA, stifled the development of innovative group health organizations, state bar associations have followed the lead of the American Bar Association, using their authority to thwart "closed panel" prepaid group legal service plans.

But for regulatory antediluvianism, the ICC leads the pack—backward. When the Southern Railway, a particularly well-managed and dynamic company, developed a larger and far more efficient freight car—the "Big John"—and sought to use it for the carriage of grain at vastly reduced rates, the ICC quickly stepped in to protect those carriers and shippers who would lose business to Southern. Only after four years and a successful appeal to the Supreme Court did Southern manage to introduce the innovation. In 1974 a major motor carrier, Pacific Intermountain Express Company, announced a stunning innovation. In an industry with adamantine resistance to change and an aversion to punctuality, PIE proposed to guarantee on-time delivery in exchange for a 10 percent premium; if PIE was late, *all* freight charges would be refunded. Over the vigorous protest of the Department of Transportation, the ICC ruled that this plan amounted to an offer of "free" transportation and was illegal.

Other agencies share the ICC's hostility to change. The FCC has stunted, perhaps irrevocably, the development of cable TV. The CAB labored long and mightily to arrest the growth of charter carriers offering low-cost transportation. The Forest Service has resisted multiple-use management and wilderness protection. The Federal Reserve Board has moved to squelch banking innovations which threatened to upset the existing competitive equilibrium.

While there is considerable agreement on the pernicious effects of government regulation, critics disagree about the root causes of regulatory failure and thus about appropriate remedies. One group, led by Ralph Nader, stresses the "capture" of regulatory agencies by the regulated industry, arguing that this process hopelessly compromises the integrity and independence of regulatory decisions. The "capture" hypothesis is particularly compelling at the state level, where the law often *requires* regulatory agencies, such as pollution-control authorities or pharmacy licensing boards, to be controlled by representatives of the regulated industry. Numerous federal agencies, from the Food and Drug Administration to the Federal Power Commission, have also been staffed at the highest levels with former and future industry members. Overt conflicts of interest occasionally surface. In 1974 the public learned that Robert C. Bowen, a former Phillips Petroleum executive, had helped write an obscure Federal Energy Office regulation that allowed crude oil producers, including Phillips, to count certain crude oil costs twice and to pass these extra costs—amounting to more than $300 million—on to consumers. At Congressional hearings called to investigate this "double dipping," it was revealed that then FEO head William Simon had repeatedly but unsuccessfully been urged to remove Bowen, but that Simon had demurred, feeling that Bowen was acting only in a technical "advisory" role. Even as these events were unfolding, the Ford Administration was attempting—unsuccessfully, as it turned out—to confirm Andrew Gibson as the new head of the same agency. Yet Gibson was then the president of a company deriving its revenues entirely from the oil and utilities industries, which was itself controlled by a major oil company and would be paying Gibson almost $1 million after his departure from the firm.

The "capture" of regulatory agencies often proceeds in subtler, less personalized ways. Industry-dominated advisory committees, such as the National Petroleum Council, channel ideas, data, priorities, and political support to regulators desperate for these resources, often behind closed doors. Typically, the agency cannot perform its regulatory duties without obtaining much economic and technical information, almost all of which must come from the regulated industry. Perhaps the most extreme case of agency dependen upon industry information is t Federal Power Commission's use American Gas Association estimat of natural gas reserves to support entire regulatory program. Althou the AGA statistics had been demo strated to be unreliable, self-servi and compiled in possible violation the antitrust laws, the FPC cons tently failed to conduct an effecti audit of natural gas reserves. Wh the Federal Trade Commission vestigated the matter, the AGA timates often turned out to be wil inaccurate—understated by as mu as 1,000 percent—and AGA repo ing procedures were "tantamo to collusive price-rigging," acco ing to the FTC staff study.

CERTAIN REFORMS have co mended themselves to those w see "capture" as the predo nant obstacle to effective regu tion: more rigorous conflict-of-int est laws; recruitment of consum oriented regulatory officials from s tors other than private indust freedom-of-information reforms a "sunshine" laws; laws protect whistle-blowers inside governm agencies; financial assistance to c sumer and environmental gro seeking to participate in the regu tory process; and the creation o nonregulatory, federal-level Age for Consumer Advocacy, empowe to represent consumer interests fore regulatory agencies. These essentially procedural reforms though likely to have important p cy consequences), and their effic presupposes that the problem v regulations is its proindustry bia

To the Ash Council on Execu Organization, however, the diffic of regulation lay elsewhere—in lack of accountability, its gla pace, and its rigid approach to p lem solving. Those deficiencies believed, inhered in the formal dependence" of many regulat agencies, their insulation from c ventional political forces, particu ly those emanating from the W House. To remedy this struct problem, the council proposed st tural solutions. Most regulatory a cies would come under the di control of the President (much

ıe Department of Transportation now): an administrative court ould be established to review agen- decisions, and the organizational ructure of the agencies would be reamlined.

Yet a third group of critics, led economist Milton Friedman, re- ırds these procedural and organiza- ɔnal reforms as essentially innocu- ıs and of only marginal signifi- ınce. To this group, the fundamental oblem is the vast complexity and ter-relationship of the economic stem and the inability of even the ost well-intentioned, well-informed gulator to make even minimally ational" decisions in the face of is complexity. This view holds that e regulatory actions of even a enign government will invariably oduce unintended and unforeseen nsequences which will dwarf the oblem that regulation was designed solve.

Such critics concede, as they ust, that market imperfections often ist. They stress, however, that gov- nment intervention inevitably car- s with it far more serious distor- ɔns of a political and bureaucratic ture. The political system is based ɔn majority rule and will tend to nore the wishes of small minorities th special tastes; the economic arket, however, usually enables even tiny group—for example, those ıo wish to read pornographic lit- ature or those who want to smoke w-nicotine cigarettes—to satisfy eir desires if they are willing to y for them. People tend to be far tter informed about the products d services available in the econom- market than about the issues and liticians available to them as voters the political market; the selling of litical candidates is at least as de- ptive and banal as the selling of tiperspirants, and consumers know en less about the bureaucrats who ll actually do the regulating. More- er, the degree of concentration in ɔnomic markets is far less than the ncentration of political power in Democratic and Republican par- s, and there is no Antitrust Di- ion to police the political sphere. seller of goods or services, except rhaps the rare monopolist, can g ignore the desires of its custom- and still remain in business. The reaucrat, however, in his own reg- tory sphere has no competitor. Having no profit motive to guide his decisions, and no competitors to threaten him, he will respond to other motives, such as empire-building or buck-passing, which have nothing to do with consumer needs. He usually cannot be sued, cannot be fired, cannot even be identified.

Finally, regulation of private decisions by government inevitably increases the power of the state and reduces the autonomy of individual citizens. The centralization of power —the power to decide what products will or will not be produced and consumed, the power to prosecute for violations of innumerable regulations, the power to prescribe how people must treat one another in the most delicate human relationships—carries with it serious dangers to a democratic society: abuse of power, the sapping of private initiative and energy, the creation of a dependent and insecure citizenry.

To critics across the ideological spectrum from Milton Friedman to Ralph Nader, the remedy for these evils is to deregulate large sectors of the American economy. Abolition of rate regulation by the ICC, the CAB, and the Federal Maritime Commission are at the top of many reform agendas, while a substantial number would extend deregulation to the Federal Communications Commission, the oil and gas industry, and agricultural production as well. A few critics of regulation would even abolish the Food and Drug Administration, on the theory that it has retarded the introduction of drugs which would benefit consumers.

No Congress would go so far. But more limited regulatory reforms probably have far more public support than ever before. Certain political realities, however, remain inescapable—chiefly, the superior organization and political influence of those economic and bureaucratic interests served by regulation, compared to the diffuse and unorganized consumer interests with a stake in its reform. Which rural Congressman will be so suicidal as to advocate abandonment of subsidized rail, air, or trucking service to his district? Which Senator will be willing to say no to the politically hyperactive maritime unions and carriers seeking ever more generous subsidies in order to maintain jobs and profits? On the evidence so far, precious few. □



ALMADÉN SOLERA SHERRIES

Almadén **Flor Fino**, light and bone dry, the perfect aperitif. Serve chilled.

Almadén **Cocktail Sherry**, delicate, pale and dry, delicious on the rocks.

Almadén Golden Sherry, nutty and medium dry, appropriate before, during or after any meal.

Almadén Cream Sherry, rich, soft and moderately sweet, delightful with cheese and fresh fruit.

Almadén Vineyards, Los Gatos and Paicines, California

Martin Koughan

GOODBYE, SAN FRANCISCO

Measuring the effect of the inevitable earthquake



Fred Lyon

IT IS A BEAUTIFUL spring day in San Francisco, a welcome relief from the incessant winter rains. Crowds stroll aimlessly around Union Square, inspecting the craftwork of sidewalk peddlers. Department stores are jammed with shoppers in search of seasonal bargains. Restaurant workers gird themselves for the dinnertime crush. In the subway, BART commuters stand shoulder to shoulder, cursing the laggard Fremont trains. The freeways are hopelessly clogged with weekenders eager to get away as early as possible on this lovely Friday afternoon. The time is 4:32 P.M.

It comes with no warning. An earsplitting crack, inconceivably loud and terrific, brings all activity to an abrupt halt. In a fraction of a second, more than a million people realize that the moment has come at last. The Bay Area sits atop a system of active earthquake faults 300 miles long. There is nothing to do but pray. The rumbling and heavy grinding noises multiply with ominous intensity. Soon the ground rolls like a choppy sea; high-rise buildings sway like reed grass in a strong wind.

On the Embarcadero Freeway, cars roll off the elevated structure as it slithers and jerks; sections of the upper level have already fallen. At the marina, the ground settles dramatically, allowing the bay's frigid waters to rush down residential streets. The Golden Gate Bridge shakes furiously; the southern approaches have collapsed. Explosions wrack the Bank of America building, the Wells Fargo tower. Office windows shatter, disgorging desks and files and human bodies.

Across the bay in Richmond, oil-storage tanks rupture, gushing thousands of barrels of raw crude into the bay. San Quentin's walls are reduced to rubble; guards and prisoners huddle together as ceilings crumble around them. South of the city, the hills around the Crystal Springs Reservoirs tumble into the water, which then overflows the nineteenth-century dam. In less than a minute, the dam disintegrates, shooting a thirty-foot wall of water down the creek beds toward the city of San Mateo and the elegant mansions of Hillsborough. At the International Airport, the control tower has fallen, the runways are twisted, and a 747 jumbo jet overturns, bursting into flames.

What seems like an eternity has actually been ninety seconds. At first there is only silence, thick black smoke, and the sickening smell of gas. Survivors stand transfixed. So laugh uncontrollably; some c Screams from the injured begin emerge from the rubble.

In the central city, power ceas raw sewage pollutes drinking wa natural gas seeps everywhere, all t phones are dead. Most radio tra mission towers remain standing, the equipment at every radio stat is badly damaged. There is no one instruct the panicked populace.

Spectacular blazes roar unimpe through scores of shattered hi rises. More than a quarter of firefighting units have been lost; only source of water is emerge cisterns. Some fires must be allo to burn, some injured must be nied medical attention. These are cruciating decisions that no wants to make. Relief stations sp up haphazardly; there is not eno of anything.

Response from Sacramento is mediate, but all rescue efforts stymied. One earthquake epicen just south of San Francisco in I City, measured 8.3 on the Ric scale. Another, on the Hayward f in the East Bay, was recorded at This is an enormous complicati the radius of the affected are more than 300 miles. Commun that were relied upon for disaste sistance have suffered more dan

Martin Koughan, a free-lance writer working in the Bay Area, writes for the Washington Post *and the* Boston Globe.

Stamp Collecting. It lets you see what makes America, America.



Maybe your passion is the history of our country. s poetry and art. Or our first lonely trips space.

If you're fascinated by the things that make rica, America, stamp collecting is a terrific o learn more about them.

Every few weeks, your Postal Service s new U.S. Commemorative Stamps. Each p is like a window that gives you a color- ew of the landscape, the culture—the panorama of American life.

Our Skylab Stamp, for instance, ap- ls the tremendous ingenuity of ica's astronauts. Like Joseph Kerwin Charles Conrad. Who could forget courageous efforts to repair b's damaged solar panel with ng more than pruning shears at- d to a metal pole? It proved once how incredibly inventive man e when the chips are down.

Another dramatic time in our country's history is shown on our First Settlement of Kentucky Stamp. It portrays Fort Harrod, the first permanent settlement west of the Allegheny Mountains.

Daniel Boone carved the town out of the wilderness with his own hands, and defended it for months from Indians who wanted to burn it down.

The great American stories behind these commemorative stamps are just one of the things that make stamp collecting such an exciting hobby.

But remember, since each stamp is a limited edition, it won't be available for long. So don't wait, visit your Post Office soon.

It's the best place to discover the fun of stamp collecting.

Your Postal Service

© 1975, U.S. Postal Service

than they can handle. No hospital within 100 miles of San Francisco has survived the quake unaffected; field hospitals will have to be flown in from all over the state, but all Bay Area airports are out of service, and there is no place to land the C-130s laden with men and supplies.

San Francisco is now an island. Everything south of Candlestick Park on Route 101 is under water. All bay bridges are impassable. Interstate 280 and the Coastal Highway are blocked by landslides and earth movements that exceed fifteen feet in some places. The only way to reach the city is by boat or helicopter; the Coast Guard has already dispatched every craft at its disposal, but their contribution is pitifully inadequate. It will take more than ten hours for major relief forces to reach the stricken city.

The earthquake victims remain in the streets, afraid to return to the battered buildings. Transistor radios provide the only contact with the outside world. News reports blunt some hysterical rumors, but the news is bad. San Mateo is inundated, Berkeley and Oakland devastated. Warnings against looting are disregarded; people fight for scarce medical supplies, blankets, and food. Hours pass but no relief arrives; the situation is increasingly hopeless.

Darkness comes earlier than usual this night: thick black smoke shrouds the city. The wind picks up, fueling the fires that rage unabated. It begins to rain, but no one heads for shelter. The streets appear safer. In the pouring rain people huddle together, soaked and shivering, many of them dying from exposure, unable to receive the most basic attention for their wounds.

At 8:15 P.M., the first destructive aftershock hits, leveling buildings that survived the initial tremor. More aftershocks will continue for two days. Evacuation is slow and arduous; no attempt is made to dig for survivors in the rubble—there is neither time nor manpower.

The plight of San Francisco receives worldwide attention; promises of support and expressions of sympathy pour in from all over the globe. Rescue and cleanup operations will consume the better part of two months. The Great San Francisco Earthquake leaves in its wake an estimated $25 billion worth of damage, 500,000 injured persons, and more than 100,000 dead.

UNFORTUNATELY, the preceding fiction is all too close to probable fact. There is no question that an earthquake of this magnitude awaits its day in San Francisco's future. Widespread attempts to suppress these fears do nothing to postpone the inevitable, or make it any less terrible. With every passing day, San Francisco moves one step closer to a cataclysmic confrontation with the forces of nature.

About 200 million years ago, the continents were connected in a single, colossal land mass. At some time and for some as yet unknown reason this mass fragmented, setting the individual pieces in motion. But the theory of continental drift is not the whole story. According to the theory of plate tectonics, the continents are only the visible portions of much larger slabs; the earth's crust is actually divided into ten major plates, or blocks, that move in relation to one another. North America, for example, represents less than half of the North American plate, which extends from California to the Mid-Atlantic Range. Global systems of faults, chains of volcanoes and mountains, rifts in the ocean floor, and deep oceanic trenches are the constantly changing boundaries between these huge shifting plates. The glacial motion of these vast pieces of the planet creates inevitable collisions of unimaginable magnitude and power.

About 30 million years ago, the North American plate encountered the North Pacific plate, which extends to Japan. This collision was so violent that it was responsible, over thousands of intervening centuries, for California's dramatic topography—the rugged coastal mountain ranges, the broad valleys, and even the majestic Sierra Nevada. One third of California, including the entire coast up to San Francisco, remains geologically part of the ocean floor, with the San Andreas Fault system marking the division between it and the continent. The North Pacific plate is now creeping in fits and starts north and west of the North American plate at the rate of a half inch per year, slowed only in those areas where the two plates become locked. It is in these areas of blo



IMPORTED BLACK & WHITE® BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF, © 1975, HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

LUXURY IS BUILT IN. NOT TACKED ON.

The luxury of a Volvo 164 isn't something you just see. It's something you feel. A sense of elegance that's not gaudily apparent. But very much real.

Inside, for example, there are no brocades or wood-grain veneers. Yet, in its own way, the interior of the 164 reeks of quality. You can smell the fine leather used to face the seats. And these seats are a luxury in themselves. Numerous automotive journals have pronounced them "among the most comfortable in the world."

On the dashboard, no fancy dials or gadgets. The only instrument you may be unfamiliar with is the tachometer. Which in the 164 bears watching. The three liter, fuel-injected engine is so smooth and quiet, the tachometer is sometimes the only way to tell if you're in second or fourth gear. (No extra charge for 4-speed manual with overdrive or automatic transmission.)

Exposed structural parts of the Volvo body are made of rustproof galvanized steel.

Rustproofing isn't just sprayed on. It's drawn into the metal with a powerful magnetic charge before Volvo receives its final exterior coats. The result is an exterior finish that surpasses any mere "paint job." Even the striking metallic finishes are included in the base price of the Volvo 164.

Its overall styling, like all the world's truly elegant cars, is if anything over understated. It cannot be confused with those so-called luxury cars whose arrival loudly proclaims, "dollars, dollars, dollars!"

The Volvo 164 simply states, "sense."

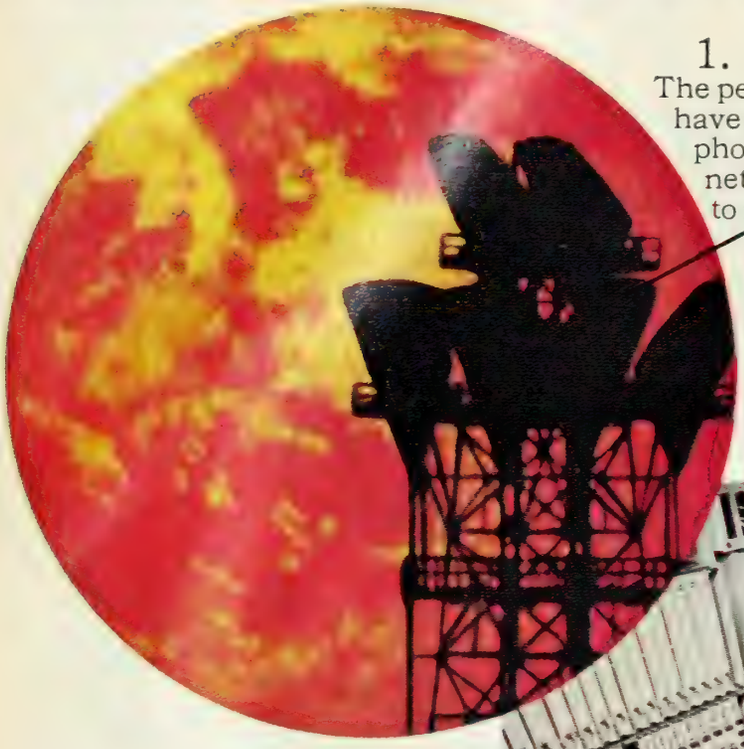
VOLVO 164

The luxury car for people who think.



©1973 VOLVO OF AMERICA CORPORATION
LEASING AVAILABLE

There are still some things Americans know how to do best.



1. One of them is building our phone system. The people of Western Electric and Bell Labs have developed ways to put even more phone conversations on the microwave network—three times more in the last decade—to meet the growing needs of a growing nation.

2. To prepare for those needs, people like Western Electric engineer Chris Zitny and Bell Labs engineer Robert Jackson have helped create electronic switching systems that can route over 350,000 phone calls an hour.

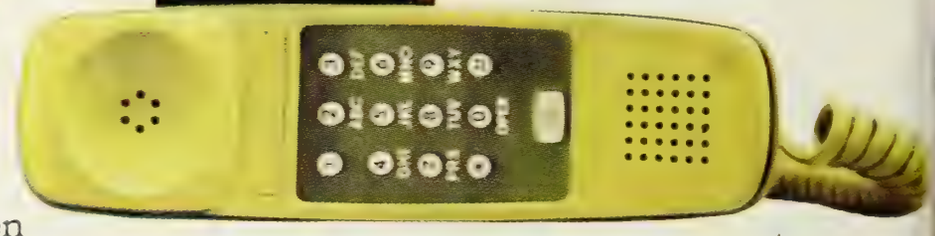


3. At the same time. Bell System people are working on innovative ideas like magnetic bubble "memories" that will help route your call by storing millions of bits of information in space no larger than a business card.





4. Our planning for the future may someday result in your call being carried on a laser beam through a thin thread of glass.



Making a phone call may be a small thing to you.

But to us it's a big job.

It takes a delicately balanced network of some ten million million parts for you to reach the one phone you want out of 140 million.

Working with Bell Labs and your phone company, we at Western Electric help make sure that all the parts work together with just one goal in mind:

Making your phone system the best system in the world.

Western Electric

We're part of the Bell System.
We make things that bring people closer.

e that strain builds up to a point ere it eventually overwhelms the stacle. The result is an earthquake ose severity depends on the latent ergy in the strain and the length the area that breaks all at once. ere has been virtually no seismic tivity in San Francisco for sixty ars; how much longer it can with-nd these irrepressible tectonic ces is conjectural.

Given the seriousness of the dan-r, the wonder is that so little has en done to prepare for it. The rea-n can be summed up in a single rd: economics. California is the lden West, the Great American ontier where fortunes are made d life starts anew. Talk about rthquakes is bad for business. San ancisco was destroyed by earth-akes in 1906; 521 city blocks were vastated by a fire that raged un-ntrolled for three days because the rth tremors had ruptured under-ound water mains. Yet the East-financial interests who rebuilt Bay Area dubbed the disaster he Great San Francisco Fire," mpletely ignoring the cause of the nflagration; and this fantastic self-ception endured for decades. Con-quently, no realistic earthquake-acing laws were instituted until 47, and the bulk of the city and services has been rebuilt as heed-sly as before. The city of San ancisco is as vulnerable today as was at the turn of the century. And 1906 earthquake, which all but moved the city from the map, had epicenter more than fifty miles rth of the city. The destructive po-tial of an equally intense tremor ser to the city is almost immea-able.

DECADES OF willful ignorance or shortsightedness have produced a frightening map of the area. Daly City, a residential commu-y just south of San Francisco, r 50,000 houses have been con-ucted directly on or near the fault the last ten years. The financial trict in San Francisco, which in-des most of the city's high-rise uctures, is built largely on bay fill, nowledged to be one of the least le building sites available. The ernational Airport, which serves 00 travelers a day, sits on ground unstable that it is not expected to survive even a moderately severe earthquake. In the East Bay, no less than eight major hospitals have been constructed directly on the Hayward fault.

The reason behind this folly is not particularly elusive. Consider the case of Anchorage, Alaska, after the tremendous 1964 earthquake. The quake, measuring 8.7 on the Richter scale, dropped the land more than eleven feet in some areas; in others, earth slid horizontally more than fourteen feet. On residential Turnagain Heights, an entire cliff fell some 700 feet into the bay.

The federal government, hoping to avoid future disasters, tried to enforce land-use planning by declaring certain areas high-risk and therefore ineligible for federal reconstruction aid (a policy that would, of course, have devastated local property values). No matter. Today, after $114 million in federal urban renewal funds and repeated attempts to enforce intelligent land-use planning, Anchorage is almost a carbon copy of the pre-1964 city. "Where economic interests are involved," noted one frustrated government researcher, "lessons learned from a disaster are not learned for long."

Anchorage's problems seem trifling, however, when compared with those of San Francisco's skyscrapers and the people who work in them. Like every major commercial center, the city is committed to the construction of high-rise office buildings and apartments, and it now ranks third in the nation, behind New York and Chicago, in the skyscraper sweepstakes. Sixty seconds of a serious earthquake will, of course, reduce its standing to last place.

Most of the towers sit on land that has been reclaimed from the bay, land subject to extreme differential settlement. Structural engineers boast that the danger has been minimized with design adjustments, but experts remain unconvinced. Louis G. Pakiser, Jr., former chief of research at the National Center for Earthquake Research in Menlo Park, noted that bay fill "sometimes loses strength and behaves like a liquid when the ground shakes violently. Soil that will liquefy could take down almost any building. The characteristics of any given area of soil are so complex, so intricately different, that there can really be no single present model for earthquake-proofing."

Collapse is only one danger facing cliff dwellers in a major quake. Fire-resistant enclosures around elevators and doors will be shattered, allowing toxic gases, heat, and flames to spread throughout the building in a matter of minutes; sprinkler systems, their sources of water cut off, will be totally ineffective. Only six of San Francisco's 900 high-rises meet the safety standards now included in the nation's uniform building codes, but that may very well be a moot point. Even the newest towers are susceptible to equipment fires on the mechanical floors located in the middle stories, fires that would completely isolate the workers above. With the city's emergency operations disrupted, their chances for rescue are pitifully slim.

THE MAN CHARGED with getting San Francisco ready for the inevitable is Ed Joyce, an affable and soft-spoken retired Navy commander known as the city's "disaster czar." After his military career he worked for the state disaster agency before being appointed to his present position by Mayor Joseph Alioto in 1969. His Office of Emergency Services dates back to the 1950s, when the fear of a nuclear attack by Communists aroused more consternation than earthquakes. As visions of nuclear holocausts faded with bobby sox and penny loafers, so did the federal money that supported OES; today only a nominal amount is made available to keep the sirens in good repair. The cost of the recent interest in seismic safety is assumed chiefly by the already overburdened municipal government. With seven staff members and an operating budget of $200,000, Ed Joyce is working against heavy odds.

The disaster headquarters, for example, is a dank basement cited in a Planning Department study for "alarming shortcomings." A hold-over nuclear-war facility lined with surplus tables, it was constructed before quake-resistant codes, making its survival highly doubtful. If the building does not collapse, the overhead steam pipes are likely to burst, flooding the dimly lit room and short-circuiting electrical wiring and outlets on the floor. Three hundred

and eighteen workers are scheduled to staff a headquarters that can accommodate seventy-five at most. There is no kitchen, so they will have nothing to eat; there are no beds, so they will have no place to rest throughout a grueling ordeal that will probably last for days. The congestion problem may be less severe after the catastrophe, though. What key personnel do live through the tremor will waste many precious hours picking their way through the rubble to reach the inaccessible center high on Twin Peaks.

The center's most glaring deficiency, however, is its communications network. "Without effective communications you're dead," insists Joyce, pounding his fist on the table for emphasis. If the director's assessment is accurate, then San Francisco is indeed "dead." The business of disaster relief will be conducted over twenty-three regular telephone lines passing through five exchanges; only a miracle will prevent their total disruption. Officials would then be left with two teletypes and two ancient radio sets linked to police and fire systems to arrange aid for as many as 1.5 million earthquake victims. "It all boils down to money," explains Joyce, reciting the all too familiar refrain. "I request communications funds every year, I get cut every year. In my last budget I didn't get a penny for communications."

The OES has proposed a new quake-resistant emergency communications center that would operate twenty-four hours a day as the point of origin for all police, fire, and medical dispatches; but it would also be designed for immediate conversion to a disaster headquarters, a flexibility that could save thousands of lives. For six years, city officials responsible for the budget have failed to appropriate the necessary funds. The matter has been recommended for the ballot as a $3 million bond issue, perhaps by 1976, but there is little reason to be optimistic about its passage. In a recent study, not one of the 125 people interviewed felt that earthquakes were a major problem; when asked what they would do in a major quake, 60 percent answered, "Pray." "If we had a little shake just before the vote," says Joyce with a smile, "the bond issue would probably pass by a landslide."

IN 1971 THE FEDERAL government established a five-year plan to develop an earthquake-prediction capability. The pivotal issue in this research is a determination of the level of strain energy in rock. Without a complete picture of why rock fails under stress, it is impossible for seismologists to chart an accurate failure curve that will enable them to reliably predict earthquakes. Jerry Eaton, spokesman for the National Center for Earthquake Research, says that results have been "very encouraging," but they have not been definitive. Scientists have yet to make significant progress in earthquake prediction. If and when they do, their knowledge will bring mixed blessings. The usual defense of an early-warning system goes like this: if we know what is coming and when, we can do something about it. The problem, unfortunately, is not that simple. A large urban center is, in many ways, an anthropomorphic organism whose delicate metabolism relies for survival on a continuous flow of people, goods, and services through its major arteries; one cannot easily stop the heart and save the patient. Thus, if word leaked out that a major earthquake was expected at some point in the near future, San Francisco might grind to a halt, and the effects would be irreversible. Industrial and commercial construction would be postponed or relocated; maintenance work and property improvements would stop; inventories subject to damage would be moved. Unemployment would skyrocket, investment capital would disappear. Marginal business enterprises would fail. Workers in vulnerable areas would face the difficult choice of abandoning their jobs and their incomes or risking their lives to pay bills that will not defer to the forces of nature. Evacuees may have to travel as far as 500 miles to be safe. But what about the poor and disabled who do not enjoy the luxury of mobility? Where would the money needed to look after them come from? And what is to be done with several million homeless people? The scare would deal a deathblow to the tourist industry as well as the housing market. But San Francisco would not be alone in its misery; the economies of every surrounding community would be equally devastated.

Earthquake prediction is a double-edged sword that may well cause more trouble than it prevents. A better solution to San Francisco's problem might be the triggering of numerous small earthquakes in order to prevent major ones. Chevron Oil Company personnel, while pressurizing their fields in Rangeley, Colorado, by water injection, discovered that seismic activity increased markedly. Subsequent studies revealed that, by pumping water out of the wells and lowering hydrostatic pressure, one could, as it were, turn off the earthquakes. Applying this technology to the San Andreas Fault seismologists could conceivably minimize strain energy by lubricating the fault at certain points while strengthening others, thus confining seismic activity to limited areas. Obviously, such sophisticated tinkering with Mother Nature would require a detailed understanding of rock and its properties; there is, for example, the risk of accidentally setting off a destructive quake. "Water injection is at present about the only promising method of earthquake prevention," according to Thomas McEvilly, a Berkeley seismologist. "But we are talking about a lengthy research program. At the very least decades rather than years."

The only thing that can be said with any certainty about the dilemma of San Francisco is that it is far more critical than most people believe and will not be as readily solved as some would like to think. In too many cases, the most serious mistakes have already been made, and they are not easily undone. Making the city safe from an engineering point of view would involve the wholesale elimination of more than half its structures. The creation of a disaster-response program that could guarantee the protection of every vulnerable life would require more funds and facilities than could ever be made available. The elimination of the hazard through scientific manipulation would require a technical sophistication that may never be developed. We have reached the point where distributing blame and imposing folly and dereliction become a meaningless exercise. We may want to shout, but there is no one to listen. In the confrontation between man and the forces of nature fate has already chosen the victor



Your telephone service. Such a small price to pay for such an important part of your life.

When you hear a telephone company has requested a rate increase to offset inflation, it's understandable that you don't feel good about it.

We know. We're the Independent, publicly regulated telephone companies, those companies outside the Bell System responsible for one of six U.S. phones.

But consider three facts about the cost of your telephone service.

First, it has risen only a third as much in the last decade as have prices for food, clothing and other key basics.

Second, when rates are increased, it's because your service depends on our achieving fair earnings.

(If we don't have sufficient earnings, we can't attract the new capital to invest in the system for more and better equipment, and so, better service.)

And third, when you think of cost, think of benefit. Remember that your telephone's always there when you need it.

When you think of it that way, the telephone is a rarity in these inflationary times.

It's a bargain.

The Independent Telephone Companies.

Statistics from Consumer Price Index, U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics. For more information, write U.S. Independent Telephone Association, 1801 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006. Phone (202) 872-1200.

THE MYTH OF OLD MOVIES

by Andrew Sarris

An interpretation of dream



UNTIL VERY RECENTLY the experience of moviegoing was mercifully free of the stigma of culture. There were no courses in the subject, no obligations, and no imperatives. We went to the movies and came back home. The movies themselves came and went and almost never returned. Old movies, like old cars, were products for capitalistic consumption, to be discarded for newer models that supposedly had all the latest improvements in design and technology. I remember seeing the 1937 movie *Stage Door* in the mid-Forties. The audience tittered at the obsolete long skirts and curled hairdos. I saw the same movie in the mid-Seventies, and the audience sat enthralled as obsolescence was transformed by time into history. What was once dismissed as a conventional women's picture is now hailed as a vehicle for feminist consciousness-raising. More important, the ensemble playing of Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Andrea Leeds, Eve Arden, Lucille Ball, Gail Patrick, and Ann Miller crackles with a grace and a generosity which seem positively ancient in the overly suspicious and ostentatiously sincere Seventies. Just one movie out of thousands which are available for reconsideration, but symptomatic of a new situation in which old movies have established a living presence in our consciousness. Nonetheless, there are critics who seem determined to bury the past as they overpraise many of the new releases as if a revolution in taste were occurring every month or thereabouts. To these hyperbolic modernists I would recommend a semblance of historical perspective. By the same token, the hidebound traditionalists who have abandoned moviegoing in today's supposedly licentious atmosphere have cut themselves off from the process of film history, since one cannot acquire historical perspective without historical continuity. After all, new movies help us to understand and appreciate old movies as much as old movies help us to understand and to appreciate new movies. In any event, it is too late for us to regain our old innocence as moviegoers. We must learn to live with the past even at the risk of seeming pedantic about pictures that move.

THERE IS, THEREFORE, a double-edged slash to the old saw that they just don't make movies like they used to. Genuine nostalgia for good plot craftsmanship makes up part of the sentiment, but very often, campy condescension to supposed idiot illusions makes the rest. The old movies are held as a reminder of a presumably simpler, more innocent age, and it becoming increasingly difficult to determine where the smiles leave and the snickers begin. What is the exact mixture of devotion and derision in Woody Allen's evocation of Bogey in *Play It Again, Sam*? Can Bette Davis ever live down all the female impersonators who mimic her most temperamental tantrum in *All About Eve*: "Fasten your seat belts. It's going to be a bumpy night." Can even *Citizen Kane* survive Snoopy's tongue-in-cheek tribute in *Peanuts*? And these are among the more flavorsome works turned out in the seventy years of the medium's existence as a mass entertainment. What of the thousands and thousands of lesser films? Are they really worth preserving and studying? Were they all that simple and innocent in their own time? And were American moviegoers all that bewitched and bedazzled by the unending stream of images on the silver screen?

I doubt it. People in the Thirties, Forties, and Fifties were hardly likely to believe that life was a bowl of cherries when War, Famine, Pestilence, and Depression were staring them in the face so much of the time. My father was dying from leukemia and the long business slump was

Andrew Sarris, film critic for The Village Voice *and associate professor of cinema at Columbia University, is working on a history of the American sound film.*

went to see *How Green Was My ley* in the winter of 1941, and couldn't sit through all the suffer- on the screen. Yet he was not ing for pure escapism either: Astaire-Rogers musicals he de- bed as "silly." He preferred mov- with an important social mes- , such as *Modern Times* (the in- an routine of the assembly line), *Horizon* (the world's need for itual refuge), *The Firefly* (the ossibility of corrupting patriots gold), *The Life of Emile Zola* eventual triumph of justice over er). Like the rest of us, of course, enjoyed a great many movies h he could not reduce to uplift- maxims. Now that we have the ortunity to screen many of these unredeemed movies, we find that e was often more of an interplay ronies with the familiar conven- s than a casual observer could gine. The unrealistically happy ng, for example, tends to make orget the utterly miserable mid- with its inevitable misunderstand- and recriminations. Similarly, generally superficial view of his- and politics in Hollywood mov- was offset somewhat by a pro- d expression of family feelings in an instinctively anarchic so- *. Gone with the Wind* and *The father,* the two most popular rican movies, can be interpreted, all, as sagas of "family" for- s prospering at the expense of r social interests.

onetheless, there has always been dency to criticize American mov- for their inadequate ideology. ate as 1948, the esteemed film rian Paul Rotha could write, out fear of brooking contradic- "What constructive contribu- , precisely, has Hollywood made e conception of the United Na- since the end of the war? How goodwill and understanding common sense could have been d around the world by Holly- l movies if their themes had chosen with that end in view? ne looked each week at the cur- releases, and the list of products e making, hardly a film was in way contributing to bringing t a better world."

hen movies were not supposed changing the world, they were osed to be reflecting it. Each de had its distinctive Zeitgeist. The Twenties were all flappers and bootleggers and Babbitts, the Thirties all breadlines and doleful countenances, the first half of the Forties all martial music, the second half all peace and understanding, the Fifties creeping stagnation, the Sixties alienation and absurdism. The vast numbers of movies which defied the Zeitgeist have been forced into the Procrustean bed of historical generalization. As with the celebrated Holmesian paradox, in "Silver Blaze," on the significance of the dog's having done nothing in the night-time, the fact that many movies made during the depression did not deal with the depression meant to many critics that these movies *did* deal with the depression by escapist default. Or as a Viennese socioanalyst might inquire of the medium, "Vy are you avoiding the subject of the depression?"

In retrospect, however, movies seem less to reflect an era than to augment it. Often, too, the movie version of history becomes the most memorable of all versions, though not of course the most faithful version. As Alistair Cooke once noted, the survival of the British Empire depended more upon Sir C. Aubrey Smith than upon Neville Chamberlain or Winston Churchill. Still, there are huge chunks of reality completely unrepresented in the popular cinema of the past seventy years. Of the deficiencies in the depiction of the downtrodden and the exploited many sociological critics have spoken. After all, even the downtrodden and the exploited themselves preferred to have the screen function less as a mirror of their own misery than as a window on the wealthy. The oft-preached screen moral that love was more important than money may have served the selfish interests of the ruling classes, but, on the other hand, Hollywood movies preached a gospel of social mobility more sweeping and more revolutionary on an individual basis than any the world had ever seen. Audiences everywhere in the world could sniff out the essential egalitarianism of the Hollywood ethos even when the plots were pure fantasies. By contrast, there was something patronizingly proletarian in Auden's ode to postal employees in John Grierson's *Night Mail.* The Socialist and Communist ideologues of the period had neat, rational plans for the masses, but Hollywood had wild, fanciful dreams. Above all, Hollywood endowed the grubbiest characterizations with the most glamorous masks. Movies, old or new, cannot be evaluated in terms of their literary texts. If we do not understand that, we do not understand anything. Whereas in the theater the player tends to wear the mask of the part, in the cinema the part tends to wear the mask of the player. Movie stars are therefore not merely temperamental performers, but the mythic stuff of film narrative.

THE LATE Robert Warshow suggested that the diverse faces of the stars constituted the linguistic tropes of the cinema. What writer, what poet, what painter, what sculptor could invent as incarnations of Woman the lineaments and voices of Margaret Sullavan, Vivien Leigh, Carole Lombard, Katharine Hepburn, Barbara Stanwyck, Mary Astor, Jean Arthur, Ingrid Bergman, Marlene Dietrich, Irene Dunne, Sylvia Sidney, Claudette Colbert, Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, Rosalind Russell, Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, Mae West, Joan Bennett, Constance Bennett, Lauren Bacall, Janet Gaynor, Helen Hayes, Joan Blondell, Ginger Rogers, Jennifer Jones, Maureen O'Hara, Audrey Hepburn, Marilyn Monroe? And the gallery of movie goddesses extends in time from the Victorian child-women of Lillian Gish and Mae Marsh before World War I through the flappers of Louise Brooks and Clara Bow down to the fashion-model types of the Seventies. The history and sociology of an entire civilization find expression in the way a woman adorns her eyes and shapes her lips. And the films of our own time will be judged ultimately on such supposedly ephemeral criteria some decades hence.

In this regard, how often have we heard and read lately that this is an age in which character actors can at long last become big movie stars? Yet Rod Steiger, one of this supposedly new crossbreed of character and stardom, has noted quite sensibly that in the old days of Hollywood such relatively unprepossessing performers as Edward G. Robinson, James Cagney, Wallace Beery, and Paul Muni were sterling character actors who gained top billing on mar-

quees. We can add others: Walter Brennan, Charles Coburn, Broderick Crawford, Laird Cregar, Paul Douglas, Walter Huston, Charles Laughton, Paul Lukas, Claude Rains, Will Rogers, George Sanders, Spencer Tracy, Clifton Webb, not to mention the unconventional types from musicals (Astaire, Chevalier, Jolson) and monster movies (Carradine, Karloff, Lugosi).

Louis Wolheim (so unforgettably earthy in *All Quiet on the Western Front*) and Robert Williams (so sparkling in *Platinum Blonde*) and James Stephenson (so electrically controlled in *The Letter*) might have become stars or exciting leads were it not for their untimely deaths. And Lee Tracy might have had a more lustrous career than Spencer's had not his untimely urination on the flower of the Mexican cavalry from a Mexican balcony (near the set of *Viva Villa!*) threatened an international incident. For that matter, Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre, and Elisha Cook, Jr., were about as prominent in their time as Robert De Niro, Michael Gazzo, and Lee Strasberg are in ours. Why then does the myth persist that Hollywood actors were once all pretty glamour boys? Besides, stardom has never been so much a matter of symmetrical features as one of dynamic photogeneity. And luck. For every Gregory Peck who hit it immediately, there have been at least five Clark Gables, their big ears flapping away at first in chilly studios while they waited for the right role to come along.

In the old days, however, once an actor signed a contract he made so many movies that he became relatively proficient in his craft even if he hadn't had much talent to start with. His roles might not have had much range or scope or size by theatrical standards, and there was always the danger of being permanently typecast. This is where the bad old movie moguls came in as the villains of the piece, since they were supposedly to blame for imposing a crowd-pleasing "image" on players who yearned only to play *Hamlet* or *Waiting for Lefty*. But now, with most of the moguls gone from the scene, the biggest actors in the business still seem to retain an interest in their image. This image may be oriented more to a youthful audience than to a middle-aged one, but it relies heavily on enlisting sympathy, even at the risk of sentimentality. There is also a paradox involved here in that today's big male stars tend to be at least a decade older on the average than their counterparts in the Thirties and Forties, but they are appealing to an audience at least a decade younger. Since it is unacceptable for most of these male stars to make love to women of their own age, they must be supplied with a steady procession of pliable model and starlet types to stir their flagging sexual appetites, the very theme of Billy Wilder's disenchantingly enchanting *Love in the Afternoon* in which a jaded Gary Cooper is titillated down to his toes by the archetypal ingenue, Audrey Hepburn. Hence, one can chart for today's male stars a pattern of role-playing fully as rigid as any perpetrated by the old studios.

THE MORE THINGS CHANGE . . ., as the French say, and in movies as in everything else each age considers itself superior to and more sophisticated than the previous one. The Edwardians snickered at the Victorians, and the Georgians snickered at the Edwardians. Similarly, the makers of the early talkies dismissed the silents as an embarrassment of wild-eyed emoting. The later talkies dismissed the early talkies as unmodulated chatterboxes. The Forties prided themselves on their increased social consciousness, the Fifties on their perceptive cynicism, the Sixties on their anguished absurdism; the Seventies (*Nashville* and all that) now flaunt their noble nihilism.

It is curious, however, that as we have become less naive (or perhaps less optimistic) about the power of any art form or medium to change the course of history, the movies have lost much of their easy rapport with audiences. This does not mean that movies are better or worse than they used to be, but rather that the cinema has yielded most of its sociological aspirations to television, and thus is no longer the medium of record and reality. The newsreels, laughably inadequate as most of them were, have disappeared into the tube, and even the fictional entertainment films have generally abandoned the matching-shot synt by which even the most farfetch stories were inserted into a suppo edly real world. Nowadays locati shooting is so much in vogue th the milieu has become the messag Whereas old Hollywood used to gi us an expressive idea of reality, n Hollywood gives us an extended i age. The whole world is now a s and all its people are extras. Unf tunately, no one particularly imp tant seems to live in the world u the key players are flown in or buss in from Malibu or Manhattan. Hen the touristy look of many new fil

Maurice Sendak, Brooklyn-b like me, once remarked that he h been inspired to make it in magi New York City by Hollywoo mock-ups of the Manhattan skyl in innumerable movies. In old Ho wood, New York was the City. It the Mecca for brave souls from M dle America. It was Eldorado the poor, and the New Jerusalem the talented. It was *The Broad Melody* and *42nd Street* and (ironically) the Great White Way l before there was any intimation *Midnight Cowboy* and *Superfly*. was the kind of place where C Brook could offer to lay the city Tallulah Bankhead's feet as t gazed out at the skyline from t penthouse window in *Tarnis Lady*, or where Irene Dunne Charles Boyer (in *Love Aff* could arrange a future rendezv atop the Empire State Building they passed it from the deck of t ocean liner on the Hudson.

Even in relatively downbeat York films, such as *The Cr Symphony of Six Million, Dead One Third of a Nation, Stree Chance, Street Scene, City for quest*, and *Force of Evil*, the sc vitality of city life undermined accompanying sermons on po congestion, crime, delinquency, spiritual debilitation. Sylvia Sid the proletarian princess of the ties, seemed always to be seeki nice place in the country where ple could "live decent." Thus, in its lowest depths, the New of old Hollywood movies rema more a magnet than a malign

As well as its dreamlike visi New York, Hollywood also cr replicas of the rest of America, the exception of the Gothic, b or chain-gang South for which

need of special costumes, ac-
, settings, and atmosphere. Un-
ry recently (*vide The Graduate,*
ican Graffiti, The Long Good-
The Day of the Locust, China-
) there have been relatively few
ornia *qua* California movies
in Hollywood, and particularly
Los Angeles *qua* Los Angeles
es. (San Francisco in film and
yes; Los Angeles, no.) Certain-
alifornia attitudes figured in
es set ostensibly in other re-
of the country, but it would
seemed too parochial for the
wood moguls to impose a Cali-
a mystique on basic American
ial. There was the West, of
e, but the old West, not the
West. The old Hollywood was
really done with the old West
e Westerns. And its locations
n Ford's Monument Valley et
constituted a spiritual refuge
the shamelessly opportunistic
state speculations of the new
. Also, there was always a lag
d movies between what was ac-
happening around the country
what had been absorbed by the
lar fiction and theater of the
Hence, rural America was
gly represented on the Holly-
screen until *Variety* came out
its famous headline: "STIX NIX
PIX." Regional taste was being
zed out of movie mythology in
ervice of a truly national model
ertainment. The road movies of
ixties and Seventies have rein-
ced regionalism, but in an iron-
not derisive mode of expres-
For example, the gentler pas-
of the Will Rogers era have
peared entirely. The cracker-
l philosophers have been re-
d by mindless crackers.
radoxically, the subject Holly-
knew best—its own inner work-
—was generally labeled box-of-
oison. It was too much to ex-
he old Hollywood to adapt the
ive visions of F. Scott Fitzger-
Nathanael West, John Dos Pas-
ing Lardner, and John O'Hara
own back lots. *Once in a Life-*
was about as far as Hollywood
in self-satirization, and even
Uncle Carl Laemmle of Uni-
wrote a prideful preface to his
e to show that Hollywood was
d capable of laughing at itself.
most of the behind-the-screen
is—*What Price Hollywood?, A Star Is Born, Stand-In, Sunset Boulevard, The Bad and the Beautiful*—contained more acid and bile than was to be found in the movies about Good Old Broadway. It was as if Hollywood needed a certain distance from its subject in order to fantasize about it. And Broadway was much more of an escapist myth to Hollywood than Hollywood itself, with its cramped tortures of a company town.

It is hard to believe today that there was ever a time when the Theory of Progress was unassailable. The Art Deco surfaces of the Astaire-Rogers films were not mannerisms of ostentatious optimism. People genuinely believed that society was moving forward, even in the darkest days of the depression. There was no aching nostalgia on the screen for the Twenties then as there is for the Thirties now. Instead, the Twenties were treated as a monstrous binge of giddy irresponsibility from which the Thirties had awakened with a big hangover.

The prevailing thrust of old Hollywood movies was forward into the future. It was common for scenarios to flash back one or two generations, and then move forward to an edified and enlightened present in which old feuds, curses, hatreds, and even prejudices were forgiven and forgotten. The old learned generosity from the young, and the young learned patience from the old. Death was softened and sentimentalized into a gaseous state of spiritual overview. The screen seemed to be saturated with transparent ghosts, and there appeared to be more conversational rapport between the living and the dead then than there is among the living now. The stench of sanctimoniousness was everywhere.

Yet this is not what we usually choose to remember from old movies. Our memories are selective, even inventive, as they project old movie myths into the present. The Marx Brothers were not quite the madcap anarchists of their later legend, and W. C. Fields was more often the hapless victim of a shrewish wife and monstrous mother-in-law than he was the sadistic tormentor of babies and old women. But only film scholars and trivia freaks bother to challenge the prevailing myths. Most people find it easier and more pleasant to impose their own fantasies

Before you tie up money for 4 to 7 years to earn higher interest, and agree to heavy penalties if you withdraw your money early...



Please send for the prospectus of

DREYFUS LIQUID ASSETS, INC.

TAX DEFERRED Accounts Available

Keogh Plan for Self-employed ($750 minimum; $7,500 maximum)

Individual Retirement Account ($750 minimum; $1,500 maximum)

an investment company which seeks current income by pooling investors' cash to purchase and hold high grade money market obligations: Certificates of Deposit (CD's)... U.S. Government securities ... Bankers' acceptances ... Highest credit commercial paper.

- **No charge when you buy shares**
- **No charge when you withdraw your money**
- **No monthly maintenance charge**
- **Dividends declared daily**
- **$2,500 minimum investment**
- **$1,000 minimum investment if forwarded by a securities dealer**
- **Check redemption privilege: minimum $500**

For a copy of the prospectus and a free information booklet, mail the coupon or call us at these numbers any time during the week from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Outside New York State—Call (toll-free) (800) 223-5525

N.Y. State—Call (212) 935-5700

Call Collect Outside New York City Area

Dreyfus Liquid Assets, Inc. 1380101
600 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send my prospectus and free information booklet. * PLEASE PRINT ALL INFORMATION

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Please send ☐ Keogh Plan ☐ IRA information

*For more complete information about Dreyfus Liquid Assets including charges and expenses, send for a prospectus from Dreyfus Liquid Assets, 600 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022 by sending this coupon. Read it carefully before you invest or send money.

on old movies than to delegate that task to solemn spoilsports. Every age group has its own, unassailably private, memories. Every individual can cling to some supposedly hidden corner of the cinema as a secret hideaway from the strictures of high art. More generally, the relatively repressed period between 1934 and 1939 has become more emblematic of the Thirties than the relatively raunchy period between 1929 and 1933. Certain studios, such as Warner Brothers and MGM, have been more accessible than others, such as RKO, Paramount, and Twentieth Century-Fox. Certain genres (horror, farce, early gangster, late Western) have been more fashionable than others (women's pictures, sex melodrama, romantic comedy). Hence, any film history ever written can be discounted as a hopelessly incomplete and superficial exercise in futility. An emphasis on facts reduces the space for insights; an emphasis on insights reduces the space for footnotes.

I CAN'T REMEMBER exactly when the movie past became particularly palpable for me. It was probably sometime in the late Fifties or early Sixties, when the mix of television screenings, museum revivals, college courses, film festivals, and cultist publications here and abroad crystallized into a revisionist film culture. In this context, I became aware of several second-generation Hollywood youths who had come East to Harvard, Yale, or what-have-you to escape the vulgarity of moviemaking in California for the literature and theater of Europe and the Europeanized Eastern states of the Union. To their amazement, film societies were sprouting behind the ivy. Daddy's once-despised movies had been transformed into cultural artifacts worthy of the most enlightened scrutiny. And even among the literati, the name of Howard Hawks began to carry more weight than that of John Hawkes.

I shall not be coy. As it happens, I played a very prominent part in the critical revolution which I now wish to mention only in passing, for it is truly past, along with all the movies it sought so religiously to reinterpret. If I have come to understand anything in the past two decades, it is that no methodology can serve indefinitely as a substitute for history, which is not to say that we of the auteurist-stylistic school of criticism have yet completed our historical function. It is simply that auteurism, like Gestalt before it, is dying from success. Even its professed enemies have profited from it. In less than two decades auteurism has gone from heresy to cliché. Having established the presence of personal style in what once seemed to be the most impersonal craftsmanship, we now find ourselves inundated with personal pretensions. The ground rules for both movies and movie criticism have been changed completely, and nothing will ever seem the same again, least of all the solemnly Marxist-montage-sociological criticism which preceded us.

The cinema, however, is infinitely renewable, perhaps because it reflects reality so expressively and so effortlessly. There is no escaping it: there is something about movies that is intransigently inartistic. Hence, the high-art critics of the medium may be on the wrong track when they seek the occasional great work which validates the bad movies endured in the search. From my own experience at the lectern with a pointer, great works in the cinema seem to wither under intense and repeated scrutiny. In some mysterious way, bad movies seem to enrich good movies not simply by making them look better in comparison, but rather by extending their context. Thus, the quest for old movies proceeds for its own sake. Each new discovery forges a new link in the chain of luminously vicarious experience. Finding a long-lost print of *Journey's End* sheds more light on *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Similarly, *Quick Millions* and *Blood Money* throw *Scarface* and *The Public Enemy* into bolder relief. But even this is scholarly rationalization. The primal impulse to let movies dream us as much as we dream them generally precedes any cultural commitment to the medium as such. The dream, however, changes as movies acquire a patina of pastness. It is then that we reach beyond the grave to snatch a few seconds from eternity. I had seen Fredric March in the 1937 *A Star Is Born* a few days before his death was announced in 1975. It is a common enough experience, but I can't think of any other medium which so profound juggles memory and mortality.

The old movies all look differe today. It is as if no one ever had t time or perspective to notice wh was happening on the screen. F the most part, the old moviemake imagined that their product was p ishable but that their industry wou endure. The medium would live, b their movies would die. Moviema ing was a job, not a high art. B this is precisely what makes old m ies so enthralling. They seize moment in which they are made, a hang on for dear life. In respond to what they think are the publ yearnings, they help shape th yearnings. And since no one imp tant is looking very hard at w they are doing, they can slip in intimations of their own person ties. Thus, the charm of old mov is very much the charm of sensu cryptograms in which half-hidden tentions are extracted from fami conventions. The main thing is there are so many of these mo puzzles, literally thousands and th sands, that all the chapter headi of technology and ideology swamped in the process.

What is interesting is that, thro most of the history of the mov the medium was considered in a s of mutation. Only recently has it come apparent that there is a defi limit to how far cinematic forms conventions can be stretched. T tightly ordered assortment of s we call a movie has remained markably constant for over s years. Strangely, when movies much more restricted by censor and convention than they are they were also much more optim about their own future developn It is this very optimism which m old movies so poignant today.

As much as new movies may ic the past, only old movies act breathe the past—perhaps not past as it really was, but cert the past as it was refracted or screen for our parents and gr parents. Old movies are a pre heritage, and, properly decoded, tell us more than we may wa acknowledge about the true f sies of human nature. It is also for the modernists in our mid remember that all our spank brand-new movies will soon soon—be old movies.

Garry Wills

Hurrah for Politicians

Credit where credit is due

POLITICIANS HAVE MANY VIRTUES that ignorant people take for vices. The principal ones are: (1) compromise of princi-; (2) egotism; (3) mediocrity. In other n these may be vices; but for a politician y are needed skills—so much so that, if a litician is not born with them, he must learn m; and if he does not learn them, he will her fail himself or do harm to others, as Eue McCarthy did.

McCarthy could compromise, but preferred to, believing himself bound to the illusion principle. A real politician must not only mpromise—we all do that—he must positivelyprefer compromise to the indulgence of any nion, even his own.

McCarthy was not egotistical but proud. de digs in its heels; it offends against the t virtue of compromise. Egotism, on the er hand, is flexible; relaxes to the tickle of laim; seeks polymorphous cosseting; is easy access. Its wants are constant, but its dends are small.

McCarthy, though not a great poet, is not a ibly bad poet, which tempted him to decline honor of mediocrity. Terribly bad poets are wed in politics. Their poetry is just another n of egotism, an exercise and confirmation he second necessary virtue. There is in Balore a city comptroller, Hyman Pressman, has made a long and useful political career his terribly bad poetry. He could never be pected of excellence, while McCarthy contly raised just those suspicions. The suspis were never confirmed, but their very sence was enough to doom him. People do like to be ruled by their superiors. They settle for their equals, but prefer their inors. They like to feel they are too smart to be eived by a politician; so, just to be safe, they ose politicians too dumb to deceive them.

We wrong politicians when we attack them qualities that serve us and adorn them, qualis only acquired with labor and exercised diligence. We should honor these virtues —and implicitly we do: we elect men who possess them. Yet we refuse to give them the serious and admiring attention they deserve. I would like to remedy this, giving each virtue its due regard.

Compromise of principle

OF COURSE THERE ARE OCCASIONS when a politician must compromise, and therefore does. So do we all. There are even more occasions for necessary compromise in politics than in most pursuits (except marriage). Every man does what he must. The real test of a politician comes when he does not have to compromise, yet finds a way to do so. Each time a politician indulges his or anyone else's single opinion or principle, he loses an opportunity to ingratiate himself with those who hold different views or standards—a criminal waste. Even when a politician does not have to defer to any opinion but his own, he *can* do so, and sheer economy demands that he seek out unnecessary compromises.

Consider. By the accumulation of compromises, concentric circles of people are, with varying intensity, obliged to the politician. Maximum inclusiveness is built into the dynamics of election. In this way the politician got disparate elements within his constituency to support him in the first place. By the same arts, he got the attention and allayed the fears of his fellow elected officials. By careful attention to each opportunity for compromise as it arises, he makes sure that any enemy he *must* make on Point A is already partly a friend on Points B, C, D, et cetera. When he cannot offer or feign agreement on any of these points, he must at least maintain a benevolent neutrality as long as possible. He becomes an accountant of little courtesies rendered and due, slight debts, accumulating favors. By such constant increments of advantage or leverage, power is attained and entrenched, and the politician is able to act, to

Garry Wills, a journalist, is adjunct professor of humanities at Johns Hopkins University.

Garry Wills

HURRAH FOR POLITICIANS

fulfill his mandate. This is the moral foundation of political compromise. It makes the compromising of principle a politician's only principle.

Looked at in this way, compromise is just another name for the discipline all vote-getters must profess. It is representation. Without compromise, a politician would not represent anything or anyone but himself. This matter is most often misstated by our moralists. We all grant that a man can suspend his private judgment when he is speaking for others—in the politician's case, for his constituency. But which part or parts of his constituency? It is a complex little world he appeals to—a delicate coalition he must forge between competing interests, even among his own supporters (to say nothing of his opposition, which must also be placated). Some voters want A and some want Non-A, and some want A with this qualification while others want a different set of qualifications, and some do not care about A at all. The politician must get elected by suggesting that he would support all these people in one way or another. Then, once he gets elected and takes his seat with other representatives, a range of issues comes into view that was never considered in his dialogue with constituents. Some of them will be interested in this new issue, while others will not. Which of these constituents' views should he solicit and which ignore? On what points should he take care to inform them, while rejoicing in their ignorance of others?

Or suppose a topic comes up about which his constituents as a whole have no direct interest or discernible opinion. It is, for them, a neutral issue. Is he allowed, here at least, to indulge his private views? By no means. Insofar as he combines with men whose constituents *do* care about this topic, he will acquire the likelihood of their future cooperation on matters of vital concern to his own constituents. He thus represents their interest even on matters where they do not know they *have* an interest.

It will readily be seen that consistency is a fault in politicians. Imagine a resolution that a Congressman opposes or must oppose, before his constituents, to be reelected. But the resolution has no chance of passage at this time. By encouraging his fellow representatives' view that he really supports the resolution, he can induce one or more of them to vote for Point X, vital to him and his at that moment and whose passage is a close thing. No politician would hesitate a moment in so clear a matter. And later, when the earlier resolution gains ground, becomes a matter of concern to many, and is in danger of passage, it would be wrong for the politician to stay consistent with his earlier qualified approval of the resolution. Nor would colleagues blame him for this kind of reversal. There are many gradations of intensity in the commitments, agreements, and disputes b tween such men. Weighing each one, its bin ing force, its probable effect, is at the very ce ter of the politician's art. After all, by reversi himself on the one resolution, our imagine hero gives hostages for future ingratiation the men who supported him on Point X.

ALL THIS IS CLEAR, in theory and pra tice. It presents no moral cause for t slightest hesitation on a politicia part. But greater and less obvious demands f low from our clear example. No man kno today what might be politically important morrow. A subject not yet in debate may so be up for negotiation one way or the other. is best to have one's options open when th topics emerge into debate by making no pr record on such matters at all. A reckless ind gence in private judgment, an indiscrimin "viewiness," thus deprives a politician of b gaining opportunities. Besides, when a man l indulged private standards on one point, two, where is he to draw the line? Many wou be politicians have been tempted down this p of gradualism toward the politician's hell principle. And his fellows know this. They v not trust a man who squanders his views all once, and has nothing more to spend in r resentative "deliberation." Senators Morse a Gruening did not lose their seats, after oppos the Tonkin Gulf resolution, because their c stituents loved the war. But it was clear that t men so at odds with all other Senators wo have no success in future negotiations. T were too consistent to be useful, so they l to go. Mark Twain understood this, and offe politicians the model that all their speec should approximate:

> *I am in favor of everything everybody i in favor of. What you should do is satisf the whole nation, not half of it, for then yo would only be half a President. There coul not be a broader platform than mine. I an in favor of anything and everything—of tem perance and intemperance, morality an qualified immorality, gold standard and fre silver.*

All politicians say as little as they can. (the very greatest can get away with say nothing. Abraham Lincoln in his 1860 c paign did not make a single speech, and fused to answer any questions about his vi He simply said that he would stand on his ord, though his backers had sold him to Chicago convention on the ground that—c pared to Seward, Chase, or Bates—he hac embarrassing record of achievement one wa the other.

Ironically, politicians must dress up their

of compromise in the ragged disguise of nciple, the great political vice. They must form to a convention that pictures them as licted to severest rectitude, as bent on sui- al moralism. But all the formulae for this e been established, and need little study. netimes people go beyond the conventions, pretend to a standard above their fellows. these claims to political vice are, fortunate- almost always empty. One Congresswoman, rley Chisholm, produced a book titled *Un- ght and Unbossed*. That offends the conven- n. Other elected officials would modestly nod that description of themselves, if it came n others; but they would, just afterward, k nervously over their shoulders. As to being ought: when Jack Newfield wrote an exposé lead poisoning in black slums where land- lords let paint flake away, and then went to Washington seeking sponsors for a bill to rem- edy this, Mrs. Chisholm refused to join in the effort—her 1968 campaign manager was a Bedford-Stuyvesant landlord. As for being un- bossed: her black colleagues could not concert strategy around the strongest black Presidential candidate in the 1972 campaign because she insisted, without consulting other people's in- terests, on launching her own feckless try at the White House.

Another member of Congress who claims to be independent, Barbara Jordan, is beholden to the Texas state machine. At the Kansas City Midterm Conference of 1974, she had no time for meetings of the black caucus, but labored in promoting the candidacy of that machine's man, Lloyd Bentsen. She also did service for

"Even when a politician does not have to defer to any opinion but his own, he *can* do so, and sheer economy de- mands that he seek out un- necessary com- promises."



eorg Rauch

Garry Wills

HURRAH FOR POLITICIANS

John Connally as a character witness before his predominantly black jury in the 1975 milk-fund trial. So even when politicians go out of their way to make special claims on the political vice of principle, we do not have to believe them unless overwhelming evidence proves them guilty. We can assume that if they had really indulged in principle, they would not be where they are, or could not be doing anything worthwhile in their office.

We must not understate the constancy of the imperative for political compromise. One common way of defending the politician's morality is to say that he must compromise on a thousand little things to gain breathing room for his own conscience on some Big Thing he cares deeply about. But no. Unless his Big Thing has a chance of instant passage, premature commitment to it can take away his chance for doing all the small good things within his reach. Indeed, if the one Big Thing has a chance to win, it will be as a compromise built on compromises, and the politician's role is best played by refusing to give up all his bargaining power on the preliminary compromises necessary to the final one. It may even help him to have voted against the Big Thing beforehand.

The politician is not a prophet crying out against power, but a technician learning to wield it. Sen. Everett Dirksen of Illinois spent most of his career working against civil-rights bills of the kind he helped to pass, after suit able dilutions, in 1964. He was not ultimatel responsible for the bill—prophets such as Mar tin Luther King were. But he was its principa servicer when passage became politically desi able. He was in the right place exercising th right skills. Others thundered a claim into th heavens so that he, later, could tinker it int law. A minor achievement, but necessary.

The useful politician is never a man in ac vance of his time.

A taste for chicken sala

IT IS NOT ACCIDENTAL that most of our po ticians were educated as lawyers. Of the fou teen Presidents in this century, only fo have not been lawyers—Harding, Hoover, Tr man, and Eisenhower. Congress is dominate by lawyers, as are most statehouses. We ha just the kind of regime the Russian emper derided in the nineteenth century, a *gouvern ment des avocats*. Many have criticized the p tiness of legal training, its effect on t politicians who share this kind of trainin Jimmy Breslin grumbled at it yesterday, a Macaulay over a hundred years ago. It is ea to understand their objections. The lawye skills are negotiatory, technical, mediating, ne tral. He acts as an expert adviser or as an age



Hans-Georg Rauch

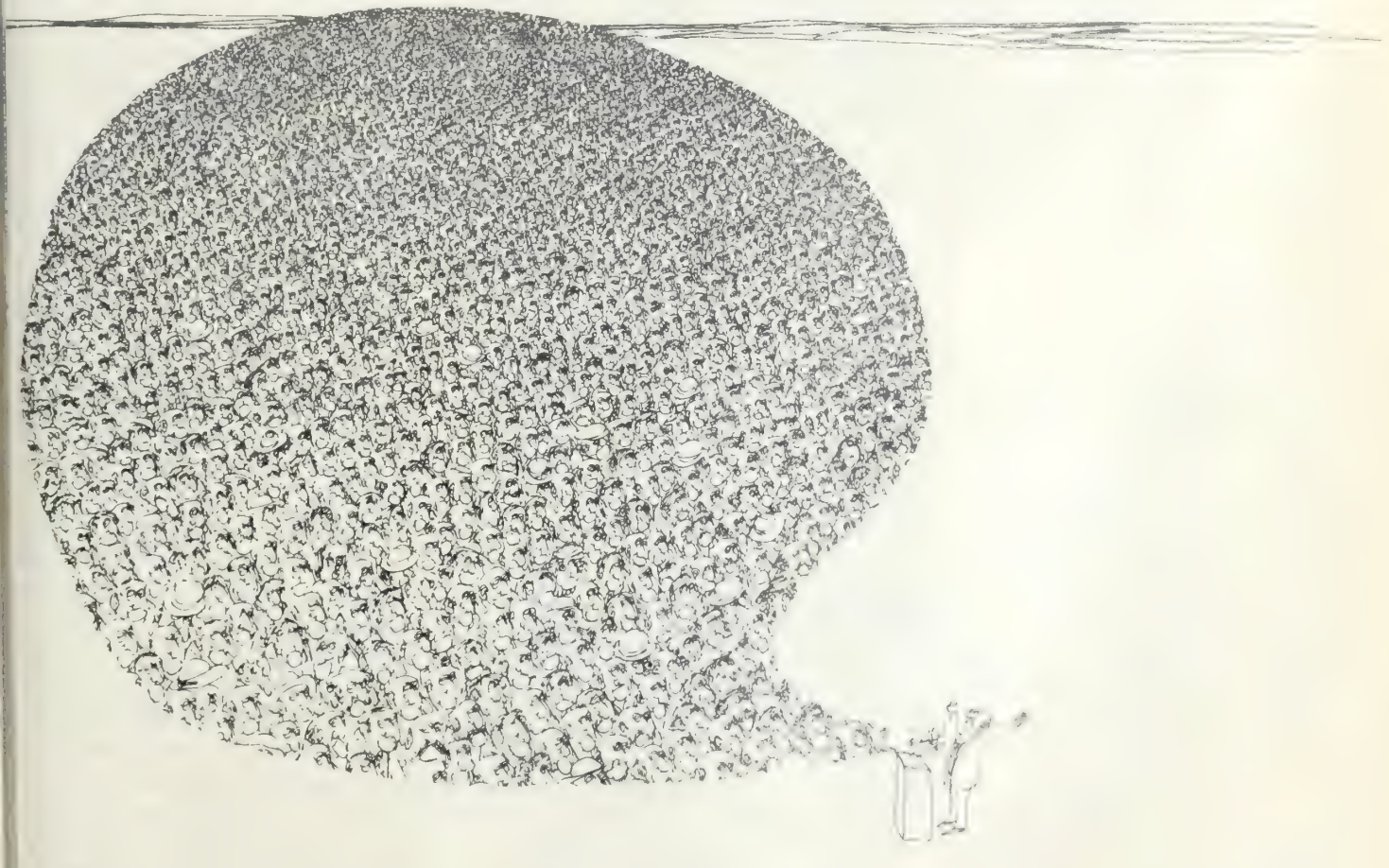
or a client, not as a creative thinker or spokesman for his own views. It is his job to make the maximum claim on his client's behalf—whether to a jury, an insurance company, the IRS, a sued or suing opponent, or a partner in divorce proceedings. He speaks for one client today, another tomorrow; one side now, a different one later. The neutral agent is not a friend of one side, and therefore no enemy to the other side. Legal adversaries can exchange their lawyers and the only difference (if any) will be in their technical skills. Having made the maximum claim for his own client, and expected a similar maximum claim from the other side, the lawyer must forge the terms of settlement and advise his client on them. If our own lawyer made less than the maximum legal claim for us—out of ignorance, or reticence, or some private quirk and preference—we would feel cheated. His services were not fully at our disposal; part was kept to indulge himself.

So the critics of the lawyer background shared by so many of our politicians are dead wrong. No better training could be found for them. They, too, must struggle with each other yet be friends the next day; make maximum claims as bargaining points but aim at a compromise settlement; satisfy most people somewhat, rather than a few people fully; represent diversity by muting difference; be always more neutral than hostile; deal in increments and margins only, but deal constantly; always adjusting, hedging, giving in a little, gaining a little; creeping toward one's goals, not heroically striding there. Always leaving oneself an out, a loophole, a proviso—what Willmoore Kendall used to call "a verbal parachute"—so that no alliance is irrevocable, no opposition adamant.

Eugene McCarthy indulged his personal dislike of the Kennedys in 1968, thus crippling the effort of his followers to unite with Kennedy people in a strong antiwar stand at the convention. He saw the people he liked to see (Robert Lowell) rather than those he had to see (dull clumps of delegates). He was not up to the demands of politics. Lyndon Johnson, by contrast, was a superb politician all the time he was in the Senate. In 1953 he told a journalist friend that Vice-President Nixon was "just chicken shit." The next week, Nixon returned from South America a mistreated national hero, and the first to hug him at the airport was Senator Johnson. The journalist asked him about his earlier opinion of Nixon. "Son," Johnson replied, "in politics you've got to learn that overnight chicken shit can turn to chicken salad." The politician's views insofar as they are distinguishable must be endlessly reversible.

The art of always giving a foe some chance to save face, some opening for future cooperation, was understood by Mark Twain, who presented it with his customary exaggeration. In

"If politicians really indulged in principle, they would not be where they are, or could not be doing anything worthwhile."



Garry Wills

HURRAH FOR POLITICIANS

A Connecticut Yankee, Sir Boss has interfered in one of Morgan le Fay's killing sprees:

> *The poor queen was so scared and humbled that she was even afraid to hang the composer [whose ditty had displeased her earlier] without first consulting me. I was very sorry for her—indeed, any one would have been, for she was really suffering; so I was willing to do anything that was reasonable, and had no desire to carry things to wanton extremities. I therefore considered the matter thoughtfully, and ended by having the musicians ordered into our presence to play that Sweet Bye and Bye again, which they did. Then I saw that she was right, and gave her permission to hang the whole band. This little relaxation of sternness had a good effect upon the queen. A statesman gains little by the arbitrary exercise of iron-clad authority upon all occasions that offer, for this wounds the just pride of his subordinates, and thus tends to undermine his strength. A little concession, now and then, where it can do no harm, is the wiser policy.*

It is amazing that an artist can put the essence of politics in so short a paragraph. The Yank has gained his first point, but raised the possibility of future trouble (the queen was "scared and humbled"). He leaves the new question open ("considered the matter thoughtfully," hanging back, maneuvering). Then he suggested a compromise (play the song again). Then he bestowed a generous concession to countervail earlier points he had won so that his very victory would not "undermine his strength." He has achieved his own principal goal, neutralized his enemy's ill will, prepared the ground for future gains—and no harm done. The musicians *were* substandard.

Egotism

IT IS WIDELY BELIEVED that men become politicians to enrich themselves or to wield power. They are not above such considerations, because none of us is. But neither are they signally vulnerable to them. Most politicians have the gifts—ambition, education, industry, obsequiousness—to make money in any pursuit, and most could in fact make more money outside of politics. Lyndon Johnson became rich in politics, but he moved in those Texas circles where the very air is sticky with money—when you come indoors, you must scrape it off with a strigil. Eisenhower died rich, but mainly because he was a famous general—the foundations of his wealth were laid before he went into politics. He would have been as rich, or richer, if he never ran for office. Nixon is more typical—through most of his career, he lost money by being a politician; and when he finally decided to steal, he was no very good at it.

Admittedly, politicians service the forces o wealth, both to get help in their own campaign and to govern this plutocratic society. But thei return is often in the form of "contacts," favors flattering solicitude, and campaign suppor rather than personal wealth. Indeed, it ofte shocks men, when a financial scandal break that our politicians can be bought for so littl —airplane rides for Tom Dodd and paper bag of money for Spiro Agnew. Perhaps these ar merely down payments—politicians often *retir* to money, cashing in on favors done while the were in office. But few retire before the vote force them to. By that time, the money is a co solation. It was rarely the first motive for see ing office.

Much of what looks like corruption grows u naturally from the way a politician goes abo his business. There are lots of people trying do him favors, often quite innocently. It is ha to separate these from less innocent benefacto without alienating the well-disposed. I was wi Sen. Lowell Weicker and two of his aides, onc in the Hartford airport. When Weicker check in for the Washington flight, the airline age invited him to have a free drink in the loung Mr. Weicker, who endeavors to be preppy-clea declined; but the rest of us wanted a drink, ar tried to buy one. The waiter had been order not to take money from us. He was caught (ther way—between his orders and the Senato arguments, briefly raised. Nothing short of major scene could have prevented the fav Airlines should not do such things, but th often do—and politicians begin, however r luctantly, at first to accept, and then to expe these many little favors. Senators, that is, ra and bellow when commercial planes are n held for them, or when other passengers a not bumped from first class. When a comm cial liner tried to charge Senator Goldwa for two first-class seats, on the frivolous grou that he was actually going to use two first-cl seats—his arm was in a cast and had to be tended—the stunned legislator called his frie at Northrop Corporation, who sent an emp plane all the way from Los Angeles to fly Senator out of Washington, free of char This is not a pleasant side of the politicia character; but it is not the same thing as dogged pursuit of wealth.

Besides, think of the men already weal who go into politics. What are they after? T normal answer is power. But that answer m be severely qualified to make any sense. R unchecked power is wielded more by exe tives, corporate lawyers, or establishment visers than by politicians of any but the high level. And men do not reach those high le without undergoing long service lower do

"My tastes are very simple. I only want the very best of everything."

An eminent British prime minister was quoted as having made that statement.

Well, we guess just about everybody would like to have the very best of everything.

But for most of us, that just isn't possible. We can't afford a Rolls-Royce (with chauffeur), servants, summer and winter homes, etc.

But it is interesting to note that even those who can afford all those things still cannot buy or serve a better whisky than Maker's Mark.

And, as for the rest of us, no matter what our means, we can at least enjoy the very best of some things. One of those things is love, another is companionship. And speaking more materially, another is whisky.

Moderation is key.

If you drink in moderation, then the extra cost of Maker's Mark is amortized over quite a period. We'd be the first to admit that immoderate drinkers probably can't afford Maker's Mark. But then they really can't afford any whisky, can they?

Maker's Mark was intended to be enjoyed in moderation. It is not, and never will be, mass produced. It is made, little at a time, slowly, thoughtfully, and is meant to be consumed in the same manner.

Not for everyman.

So, Maker's Mark will never compete for the mass market.



Made from an original old style sour mash recipe by Bill Samuels, fourth generation Kentucky Distiller.

It was never Bill Samuels' desire to do so. Bill, founder of Maker's Mark Distillery, is a fourth-generation Kentucky distiller who knew exactly what he wanted when he started making his own whisky back in 1953.

All he hoped for was to find the pride of self-achievement in making a whisky of singular character for those few who understood whisky well enough to enjoy a truly outstanding distillation.

For you?

Though it's not for everyman, it could very well be for you.

Free booklet.

When you're in our neck of the woods, we cordially invite you to visit our little distillery on Star Hill Farm near Loretto. Meanwhile, if you have an interest in the history of whisky-making in the Bluegrass state, write for a free copy of our little booklet, "The Wonderful World of Kentucky Whisky."

Maker's Mark Distillery, Loretto, Ky.,
Ninety Proof–Fully Matured.

Garry Wills

HURRAH FOR POLITICIANS

Even the most unfettered politicians must defer to voters, bosses, backers in a way that would disgust the executive with his squad of flunkies.

Nelson Rockefeller hardly acquired more power, when he became Governor of New York, than was his before—and he had to kowtow to many party regulars and plain voters in order to get there. It is not power, as such, that men of his sort seek, but recognition. They like to be known, photographed, flattered. They enjoy doing things like making speeches, a futile exercise if wielding power is what they want. They nurse the same itch that performers have to be at center stage, in the limelight, soaking up applause.

Pride

I HAVE ALREADY DISTINGUISHED this egotism from pride. Pride, stiff and prickly, rarely comforts its possessor. The proud man will not stoop to woo strangers, peddle his own praise up wide streets and down back alleys, risk heckling and insult at factory gates and subway outlets. The proud man is Coriolanus, too dignified to buy favor with his wounds, however honorable—in fact, *because* the wounds are honorable in themselves, and he would not cheapen them. But egotism lives on handshakes, praise, and autographs given. It is fed with small things—but it must be fed constantly. It screens hostile recognition through a private converter that makes the recognition matter more than the hostility.

The politician's ego is a very specialized instrument. It is insatiable, yet yielding—to get what it wants it will do many tasks not only difficult but demeaning. Politicians must meet with people they do not want to see, praise and flatter those they despise, show interest in silly constituents and courtesy toward impolite ones. They must show up at dull affairs not only for their own campaigns but for those of other men in the party. They must submit to showy contributors who like to prove their access to the candidate or officeholder, suggesting that the contributor is not only a patron but an owner of his client. Even a performing ego like that of Frank Sinatra would not submit to things most politicians undergo as a matter of routine. They must smile when insulted by a stranger. When, once, George McGovern refused to smile —when he told a heckler at an airport fence, "Kiss my ass"—this struck men as refreshingly different. But even he allowed himself this uncustomary freedom when his campaign was almost over and had obviously failed.

People who do not have that particular kind of ego do not get into politics, or are soon forced out. A partial exception establishes the rule. Thomas d'Alesandro III came of a political family in Baltimore, and was groome from childhood to become mayor, as his fathe (Tommy Junior) had been. But Tommy th Third did not like the drudgery or insults h underwent, and he announced he would not ru for reelection. So rare is it for a politician t withdraw from a sure seat, except to seek higher one, that city hall reporters thoug there might be a damaging scandal ready t break. (His family were not strangers to suc things.) But he called them in to explain hir self—and explained much about politics als "I know what you guys are thinking; but I give you my real reason for withdrawing. Eve day I get up, there's a nice limousine waiti for me, the chauffeur opens the door and say 'Good morning, Mr. Mayor.' I get here, cor in, everybody is greeting me, respectful. I cor into this nice office with the big desk. The se retary comes in—'Good morning, Mr. Mayo —and holds out a big silver tray full of sh 'Would you please eat this, Mr. Mayor?' We it takes all day; but I finally eat it and go hon And the next morning when I come in she h a fresh platter of shit for me to eat." The r trick of being a politician is to persuade yo self that it is ice cream. Tommy could not m the test—he kept remembering what he had eat.

Politics demands a great capacity for s deception, which rescues the politician from l pocrisy. He can normally manage to belie what he is saying for the time it takes him say it. This gives him a certain sincerity ev when he is saying opposite things to oppos people. Since he loves to be pleased by gratification of his ego, he tries to please p ple back. He genuinely dislikes disagreem with anyone. It interrupts the reciprocal lav of egos; it puts grit in the butter bath. wants to agree with everyone, and finds w to accomplish this. In the McCarthy era, wh some were organizing to have the Senate fuse to seat the man from Wisconsin, Sen. M thew Neely of West Virginia said he would l to help in that effort, but he had just been signed the office across from McCarthy's, he could not stand the unpleasantness of bu ing into McCarthy's aides all day if he k they didn't really like him.

This capacity to induce the appropriate lief at will shows up in almost every campa Onlookers have noticed that no politician thi he is going to lose an election. No matter bad his chances, he clings to the desperate h that some miracle will save him in the end, is usually the last man around him to k that he has lost. This self-induced blindnes an act of charity to the candidate's follow Every day he must watch them struggling him, giving up time and money and effo often, indeed, losing health or mental bal

family in his cause. He cannot realistically them that they are wasting their time, that all for naught. On the other hand, it would ıard to lie to them day after day and know he was lying, at such cost to his devoted ɔwers. It saves psychic wear and tear on all ɔlved if the candidate can just manage to *eve* that he will win, no matter what the s are. By the end of the campaign, much he hoopla around the campaign plane or is meant to keep up this confidence in the ıdidate, so he can dispense it to the tiring y of workers. Sometimes withdrawal from campaign plane toward reality becomes too l. The candidate needs his daily "fix" of vds, even though it is draining all his en-. A true master of politics, such as Franklin sevelt, will in time persuade himself not that he cannot be voted out of office but he will never die. The politician is even e suggestible than the actor who disappears a role, since the politician's performance er ends. The curtain rises in the morning falls at night even as his eyelids open and e. So it is unfair to call politicians liars. st of them cannot tell, any longer, what the h is—and therefore they cannot lie. They e sacrificed their capacity to distinguish s from what their egos want the facts to be. y deserve credit, and not scorn, for this of self-immolation to the nation's politics.

Mediocrity

■ HE OLD SAYING WAS THAT anybody could grow up to be President in America. That was a lie for most of the populace—ıen, blacks, Indians, Jews, Catholics, the lucated, the poor. It is also an insult—most ricans are too bright, or quirky, or inter-g to be politicians. On the other hand, not y politician was born mediocre. Some have ıed to be. It is not easy.

ilaire Belloc, after spending a term in the se of Commons, wrote: "The standard of lect in politics is so low that men of mod- capacity have to stoop in order to reach He meant this as a criticism; but it is good some men are willing to stoop. How else d our politics get done? Eugene McCarthy t a good deal of his time trying to prove as too good for politics. But of what use at? Most of us are too good for politics; we do not make a career of demonstrat-t.

e fair man must recognize the positive uses ediocrity. There is no mystery in the mat-We have admitted that a politician must presentative—and that means he must be ctable. He must be chosen because his al circle of thought is known and agreed to. He is not likely to depart too markedly from that agreed-on area of thinking. If he were startlingly novel in his approach, liable to strike off on his own, capable of bold invention and unafraid of its consequences, only an idiot would ask him to represent the mass of common men.

We have also said that a politician must compromise. This militates against rigidity of opinion. On the other hand, a politician is expected to speak often and on all kinds of subjects; to show his wares, as it were, so people can decide whether he represents them, or can bargain with them, or will yield enough to them. He must have a wide, if shallow, stock of knowledge and oratory. He must convince people just enough without committing himself too much. A shallow mind is necessary for this, even if it has to be developed by men with the gifts to be profound. Listening to parliamentary debate, where men say one thing now and another thing later, where they are plausible for a moment without being bound for the morrow, Macaulay concluded:

> *The talent for debate is developed in such men to a degree which, to the multitude, seems as marvellous as the performances of an Italian* improvvisatore. *But they are fortunate indeed if they retain unimpaired the faculties which are required for close reasoning, or for enlarged speculation. Indeed, we should sooner expect a great original work on political science—such a work, for example, as* The Wealth of Nations*—from an apothecary in a country town, or from a minister in the Hebrides, than from a statesman, who, ever since he was one-and-twenty, had been a distinguished debater in the House of Commons.*

Even in the comparative leisure and privilege of the eighteenth century, it was noticed that Burke was ineffective as a practical politician to the extent that he was bold and deep in his theory of politics. Even when he was right, Charles James Fox said of Burke, he was right "too soon." He could not do anything about being right; so, *politically*, what good was his brilliance? (It served, of course, outside politics, for those able to read and be enlightened by him.)

A very original man must shape his own life, make a schedule that allows him to reflect, and study, and create. But politicians live with a crowded schedule largely out of their control; they must turn their minds quickly from one thing to another, with the kind of instant improvisation that interrupts any longer course of reflection. It is fortunate that, where having fixed or individual opinions would be a disadvantage, the very nature of politics makes it hard to have such opinions. Bagehot's formulation of the case is definitive:

"It is unfair to call politicians liars. Most of them cannot tell, any longer, what the truth is—and therefore they cannot lie."

Garry Wills

HURRAH FOR POLITICIANS

It requires a great deal of time to have opinions. Belief is a slow process. . . . Our [political] system, indeed, seems expressly provided to make it unlikely. The most benumbing thing to the intellect is routine; the most bewildering is distraction: our system is a distracting routine. . . . It is wonderful that our public men have any minds left, rather than that a certain unfixity of opinion seems growing upon them. We may go further on this subject. A great administrator is not a man likely to desire to have fixed opinions. His natural bent and tendency is to immediate action. The existing pressing circumstances of the case fill up his mind. The letters to be answered, the documents to be filed, the memoranda to be made, engross his attention. He is angry if you distract him. A bold person who suggests a matter of principle, or a difficulty of thought, . . . in the case 'before the board,' will be set down as a speculator, a theorist, a troubler of practical life. To expect to hear from such men profound views of future policy, digested plans of distant action, is to mistake their genius entirely. It is like asking the broker of the Stock Exchange what will be the price of the funds this day six months? His whole soul is absorbed in thinking what that price will be in ten minutes. A momentary change of an eighth is more important to him than a distant change of a hundred eighths. So the brain of a great administrator is naturally occupied with the details of the day, the passing dust, the granules of that day's life; and his unforeseeing temperament turns away uninterested from reaching speculations, from vague thought, and from extensive and far-off plans.

We must remember that Bagehot is considering the peculiar genius of a master politician, such as Sir Robert Peel. The useful intellectual limits he describes would be even more apparent in a less talented, educated, dedicated man. It is the very best political mind he is describing, not that of political hacks. Bagehot, moreover, was writing at a time when politicians composed their own speeches, when the pace of life was less jagged, when the demands of quick travel and communication had not been added to the life of a politician. Stress on appearances, on quick yet careful adaptability, has multiplied many times since then. The modern politician is watched all the time, one way and another. He is onstage to a wider and less discriminating audience than Robert Peel had to suffer. No wonder he has no time to write his own speeches, or the books he lends his name to. Even when he retires from office, the effect of such scattered intellectual attentiveness remains. He cannot collect his wide experiences into writing that makes reflective use of them. We no longer even expect it—nor should we.

We have said that the politician must indulge a constructive egotism. This drives him to seek flattering company, which means ligh company, even when he is not obliged to by pc litical duties. The only distraction from show ing off is to show off in company even mor certain to be obsequious than a rally of one' own party would be. The only distraction fro politics is talking about politics to one's cronie The garrulous politician off duty is often more amusing performer than the polished ma on the stump—witness the private Lyndo Johnson. But politicians are bound to colle a penumbra of toadying listeners, an uncri ical audience that soon becomes necessary t them. There is nothing more conducive to m diocrity than such a crew. That is why there very little to choose between Red Fay and Bel Rebozo. Here is the former, engaged in h regular duties for the Prince (as remembered Ben Bradlee's *Conversations With Kennedy*

There was a bunch of toasts, including Red Fay's vaudeville act in which he sings, if that's the word, "Hooray for Hollywood." This act panics the Kennedys, and they've heard it a hundred times. No one else quite understands why.

Rebozo, it will be remembered, amused h President by putting a female mannequin in guest's bed on his houseboat. We must jud politicians' minds by the natural level th seek, the company they keep, and the compa that puts up with them. Men who acquire gre power are allowed, by those seeking thin from them, to blossom into previously unsu pected charm. Cambridge academicians w could not wait to get out of Henry Kissinge company when he taught there tried to wheed their way into his presence when he went Washington. But once that spurious glamour removed, and one has heard the politicia stock of stories once or twice (they recur di nally), few would seek out his company. M many want to spend much time with politici even when they are in power. That takes a p tive thirst for mediocrity like Theodore Whit

I have defended politicians here by deny charges against them that are largely fals that they are extraordinarily venal, or pow mad, or liars. I have argued that some thi thought to be charges against them—their c promising nature, and egotism, and mediocr —are actually recommendations. This n modify their pretensions; but it puts them more solid ground. I speak with no irony w I say they have *constructive* faults. The old ment is familiar: *Quantula sapientia mundus gitur*. How ignorantly are we ruled. That mis the point. There is no other way we could ruled representatively. Virtue and brilliance uncommon, volatile, distrusted. We need r we can trust.

nneth Bernard

THREE STORIES



Martim Avillez

EEK PULLING

IGGING LEEKS is like digging in your mind: you never know quite what you will pull up.

When anyone new visits me on my farm, of the first things I do is take him leek pull- It is a test of some sort, I suppose, and our aphysical relationship is determined by it. best time to go is spring because only then, April and May, do the leeks have their fresh ble green leaves also. Like rhubarb, marsh igold, and sweet flag, they are one of the ear- tangible signs of the *fact* of spring. How-, other seasons are good, too, particularly summer and fall into first snow. The leaves gone, and so it would seem the leeks are, too, underneath slender stalks tipped with ber- that turn purplish they are waiting fat and nt. It was in late fall that I took Sarah.

How beautiful," she said, as overgrown dow dipped into woodland. The mayapples dropped and shriveled near their mandrake s. Goldenrod was plentiful but dry. Juncoes flying in on slate skies. The sod sucked at

I like it," she added as a statement of posi- "because it is near the end."

hich was natural, considering her circum- ces, the main detail of which was a recently rted husband. "The end here," I countered ntiously, "is only prelude to a beginning." At which she, quite rightly, laughed in my face. I congratulated myself on not having quoted Emily Dickinson also and plunged ahead through thistle and fruitless blackberry. We found an old tractor path that eased us into the woods, and then it began to drizzle a cold drizzle. "Shall we go back?" I asked.

"No," she answered. "We've come this far. Are they near?"

She was in fact standing in the midst of them, some, like icebergs, protruding their tips a fraction above ground before their stems began.

"Are they really leeks?" she asked. "So many?" Their profusion pleased her.

I dug my shovel and, as is my practice, loosened the soil only enough so that the leeks could be pulled easily, and those I missed settled back cozily.

"My God," she said, "it's *swarming* with them!"

For twenty minutes, oblivious of the cold, society, anything, we shared a mostly silent partnership. I dug and loosened. She pulled, and shook the sod from the roots. Occasionally we remarked on the fatness, length, shape, or beauty of one, but otherwise we had nothing to say to each other. She was a good leek puller, reaching low to where the bulb met the stem and pulling straight or shaking back and forth

Kenneth Bernard is the author of Nightclub and Other Plays.

gently to loosen better. When necessary, she dug her fingers into the dirt and reached under the leeks, popping them up with their tendrils dangling. The drizzle turned into wet, stinging snow, much like rock salt, but we kept at our work. The leeks piled up.

"Have you ever eaten one?" I asked.

"Just like this?" she answered, meaning dirt and all.

I peeled the outer skin of one and gave it to her gleaming and white. She hesitated, then bit into it halfway and chewed, then spit it out, spewed it really.

"God, but it's strong!" she hissed.

It occurred to me at that moment that for a conventionally pretty woman she was unattractive, unappealing, almost blank. We were quite wet by then, from both sweat and snow. I smiled at her and she gave me back one of the most luminous smiles I have ever received. For nearly three minutes we were in love with each other. Then she slowly finished the leek until her eyes teared a little. We put our leeks into a plastic bag, I shouldered my shovel, we walked out over a glazed and still landscape. She said only a few things. One was that in two years she would be forty. Another, not particularly to me, was "*Fuck* him!" Another, I think, had to do with bus schedules. *I* said nothing. I thought of the fat leeks under the snow.

That night it was all rain. We ate leek-and-potato soup, Sarah, my wife, two others, and I. Sarah did not eat much, but she seemed to enjoy what she did eat. She did not smile. Everyone went to bed early. We haven't seen her much since, but I would say our metaphysical relationship is a good one and a firm one. At least I like to think it is. □

REPRIEVE

I ONCE TOOK IN A GIRL who was close to insanity. I was annoyed that she had chosen me for a refuge, and I tried to get out of it. I explained to her that although I liked her as a person I did not find her attractive sexually. It was no barrier. She was desperate, and moved in at once. Within three nights we had slept together, and continued to do so. I maintained the fiction that she did not attract me, that she was merely a useful body for the purpose of exorcising my lusts. It was a conceit that pleased me; it also left me free. I had the best of playthings, and I owed it nothing. On the other hand, she was greatly in my debt. Not only had I put a roof over her head, but I was, by my presence alone, a barrier to the chaos within her. I did not question her about that chaos. It would have complicated our arrangement, reduced my freedom, given her false hopes. But I could not but perceive something of its nature. The insanity she was holding off was not that kind wherein one has a strong sense of self, albeit perverse. That insanity is often productive and even challenges the conventional categories of sane and insane. No. Her insanity was of the kind that has within it everything, but with no order, no focus, and therefore nothing. The self is obliterated by a whirlwind of people, things, and events. Life is an expanding scream. Nothing but unconsciousness can make it stop, or being plucked out of it bodily and told to do this and to do that. This latter is not a solution; it is a reprieve. It is, of course, possibl from within this shelter to build pathways ou But it is a slow, tedious business and require love or money. Unfortunately, she had n money, and I had no love. But I was willin enough to continue the shelter, for it simplifie my life. It all seemed to me a suitable qui pro quo. I pursued my work unfettered. Sh cleaned, cooked, did odd chores, and slept wit me. Occasionally we went out together, to movie or visiting. She remained totally with my orbit, slept easily, and even sang sometime Once or twice I caught a look of absolute terr on her face, as if she realized that nothing b a door stood between her and disintegratio But she always covered up quickly, not wanti to burden me further or disturb me. She had realistic understanding of her situation. I su pose our friends had such an understanding als for they never said anything. When we visite it was obvious that I kept her as an obje apart. I took her with me as one might wa someone else's dog, and I counted it a chari Which is why, I suppose, I became so furio with her. On one occasion, quite out of t blue, she began to speak of me as if we had relationship. She went so far, even, as to spe jokingly about me as a sex partner. I contain myself sufficiently to manage some diversiona chitchat and an inconspicuous departure. the street I was silent. There could be no wo for my absolute rage and indignation. Back

rooms I took out my largest suitcase and ked all her things in it. She watched in nce and in tears. I gave her money and led out the door. She did not resist. When I nmed the door, I told myself it was the end. it was not. My rage continued unabated. ould do no work. I felt a great need to de- y. In the end I cried from the frustration it all. And then I slept, quite well. I never saw her again. In fact, no one ever saw her again. She took a room in a hotel and slit her throat, so I was told. I have since received my suitcase back, but have not opened it. My friends appear to pity me. I laugh at them, for I am working better than ever. I have turned my rage into work. I have decided never again to take in a woman. They are too demanding, and in the end always complicate one's life. □

"As poverty and shortage spread, the good news for conservationists becomes almost inexhaustible."

ORN BREAD

HE WAS CALLING ME her little corn bread six weeks before I took note of it. It pleased me very much, and it certainly seemed to please . Precisely what degree of Old World love affection it indicated I don't know. (What, example, could one say about *dumpling*?) ere was something maternal in it, but since invariably used it after we had made love new that could not be all of it. Actually I k the term would have been more service- for me to use, and I was sorry I had not ght of it first. When I hugged and nuzzled I often got the same feeling I get just be- eating corn bread fresh from the oven with er melting on it. Once I tried *cupcake*, but ll terribly flat. I think she was aware of my ation, and I blushed. But she let it pass. was very wise in that way. She permitted a great deal of folly, but never in an un- sant way. That is, I did pretty much what nted, but I always knew that she was *letting* lo it out of some reservoir of love or woman- s (possibly it was even cultural), even gh a few things were not exactly to her . I only gradually came to sense this per- iveness in her, for she responded to me with ual pleasure; I sensed no decision on her Whatever decision there was (and that is arsh a term for it) existed so deep in her was so broad that I had no awareness of s for a long time. And even when I became e they must exist, I could not imagine what ght do to breach them. So we existed in corn-bread love for many happy months, nly reservation being my inability to ver- adequately my pleasure and happiness. ld not utter "I love you" or "darling" or one" or "sweetheart" or a dozen more. were all trite, perhaps too American. They never approach the rightness of "my little bread." She certainly had me there. All I do was groan and mutter incoherently, fantasize sometimes that I knew French or Hungarian. I have to admit that I occasionally felt her a little smug or patronizing when she used her endearment, almost as if she sensed my frustration. At these times I felt less pleasure than usual because I thought about all kinds of things. For example, I thought why should she have limits, even though they seemed to allow all that I was capable of? Why could I not violate her limits and still have her accept me? Was I not in a sense *dependent*, since she only *permitted* me my forms of love? These thoughts got rather involved, even confusing. At times I invoked Darwin, Freud, ethology, and subjects too silly to mention. I am ashamed of my thoughts and, in view of what happened, regret them deeply. And I must insist, *I could not have been happier*. What happened was simple. We had had a lovely quiet evening and gone to sleep. In the middle of the night we awoke, by some marvelous intuition, simultaneously and made love. It was not very energetic or passionate, but it was complete and satisfying for both of us. At just the appropriate moment, a split second before she spoke, I uttered the words "My little corn bread." She stiffened so imperceptibly I almost did not notice. I became frightened, and very soon pretended to fall asleep. Perhaps if I had spoken, everything would still be all right. But I did not. Somehow it seemed no words could improve the situation. When we made love again, I did not use the term. I deliberately left it for her. But she did not use it. When I was sure she was asleep, I cried. And in the morning I was cold to her. Of course, one thing led to another, and soon we did not make love anymore. We stopped seeing each other. I have only one consolation, a very small one. If I am lucky enough to fall in love with such a woman again, I shall be the first to use "my little corn bread." I am not likely to make the same mistake twice. □

James Boyd

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF RECESSION

Health, safety, and happiness are just around the corner

DID YOU KNOW THAT the price of two-by-four pine framing studs has dropped 22 percent, or that suddenly the piece of machinery your plant couldn't get is available, and for immediate delivery? Have you noticed the budding courtesy among salespersons, and small signs of hustle at the shop, and the new sobriety among students, even deans? Have you received letters from previously aloof banks offering to loan you money—and at the lowest rates in years? Has it occurred to you that many a utopian conservationist goal—the cutback of highway paving and power-plant construction, for instance, or the reduction in the number and size of new cars—has been suddenly oversubscribed? Have you been keeping track of the creative explosion in new processes and products touched off by higher prices? Of all the cuts that are suddenly being made in state and city budgets thought for decades to be uncuttable?

So it turns out that our three-headed economic debacle—recession, inflation, raw materials shakedown—is not an unalloyed minus. Amid the murk of dashed hopes, deferred dreams, family hardships, and corporate bath scores of bright facets—nay, hundreds of them—twinkle iridescently. One hesitates—for fear of being dubbed insensitive, cruel, or, worst of all, frivolous—to chronicle the bright side of

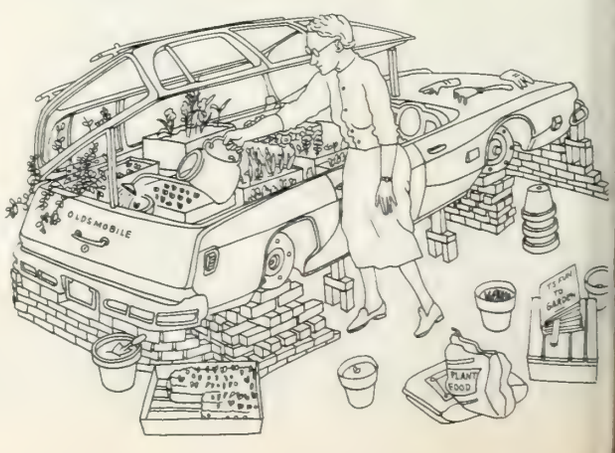
James Boyd is a writer from South Portland, Maine, who now lives in Etlan, Virginia.

GOOD OLD-FASHIONED AMERICAN KNOW-HOW

by Arthur Hoppe
with drawings by Steven M. Johnson

Concerned Americans have been hard put in recent months to keep abreast of the government's monetary and energy policies. To curb the recession, the government, through tax cuts and rebates, has encouraged every American to purchase a new car and thus get the economy rolling again. To reduce the nation's dependence on foreign oil and the whims of OPEC, the government has encouraged the purchaser of every new car not to drive it. A coast-to-coast survey explores how citizens in all walks of life are meeting these twin challenges with Yankee ingenuity and good old-fashioned American know-how.

Orange Gardens, Calif.—Mrs. Bertram (Cora) Lederer, recording secretary of the Orange Gardens Garden Club, converted her 1975 Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme Cruiser into a compact greenhouse. Bob's Body Shop in nearby Ventura charged her only $148.90 for labor and $9.98 for the two chromium-plated hinges. Mrs. Lederer said her late husband had purchased a new Oldsmobile every other year since 1931, and she was "proud to carry on" this long tradition. "I only wish Bert could be here," she said, "to see how well my cinerarias are doing."



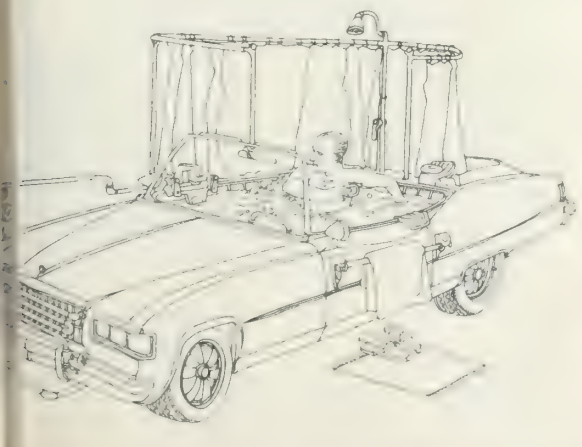
catastrophe. But there it is—an accumula-
n of clearly recognizable facts.
First, however, a word about ground rules.
ly beneficial results of stagflation, at least
patably so, shall be discussed here.
Admittedly, not all the graphs that rise dur-
depressions reflect healthy trends. We find
le cheer in the booming business of bill col-
ions and bankruptcy lawyers. Movie patron-
—up 15 percent—and Disneyland attend-
ee—up 50 percent in Florida and 19 percent
California—reflect little more than a com-
ation of enforced idleness and the indul-
ce of various forms of escapism. The up-
ng in Caribbean cruises, ski trips, and the
, though useful reminders that large blocs
society are not hurting at all, also reflect a
nterproductive tomorrow-we-die syndrome
t places them outside our purview. Similar-
rising racetrack handles and lottery-ticket
s stem no doubt from the desperate hopes
the impecunious for a quick killing, while
h phenomena as the zooming sales of one-
r consignments of dehydrated foods may be
tten off as the tendency toward apocalyptic
htmares that adversity encourages in the
ily stimulated. We leave to psychologists the
ks that some of the poor get from seeing
ne of the rich suffer, or that survivors of the
at Depression get at seeing a faint replica
of their ordeals visited upon a fatuous genera-
tion bred in decades of plenty, or the pleasur-
ably perverse excitement that a significant mi-
nority vibrates to at the onset of any cataclysm.
We record them here, but only in the interest
of thoroughness, for our concern shall be the
therapeutic aspects of the present discomfort.

Better health through recession

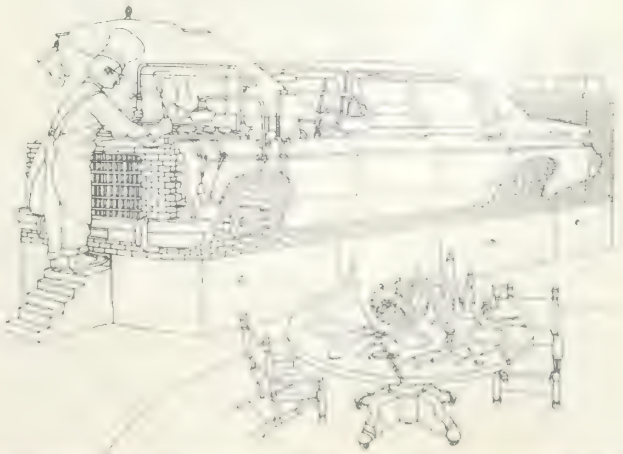
BECAUSE THE SEVENTY-MILE-AN-HOUR speed-
er has become legally and socially outré,
highway deaths fell by 11,000 in 197
a 20 percent drop. The precipitous rise in wine
drinking has been arrested and falling ship-
ments by breweries indicate that, if recovery
does not intervene, beer consumption may go
down in 1975, confounding a millennial trend.
Economizing truck drivers have skimped on
their contributions to the Teamsters Union's
political-action fund, which is now broke,
prompting a "very disappointed" Frank Fitz-
simmons to lament that Congressional favors to
the union cannot be "reciprocated." May it not
then be said that this briefly recessed land is
already safer, soberer, saner, and less corrupt?

A year or two of the economic blues has ad-
vanced key conservationist goals more than dec-

kwood Estates, Ohio—Talk of the
hborhood here is a Pontiac Grand Ville
ugham convertible now permanently
alled in the breezeway of Corwin Brock's
h-style home. Brock, a plumbing
ractor with what he terms "a natural
for Transcendental Meditation," said he
iders his adaptation of this "most
rious" model in Pontiac's line "a
nph of mind over materialism." Instead
ashing his car every Sunday, as had
his hobby for the past twenty-three
s, he said with a tranquil smile, "the
is on the other foot."



Golden Grove, Fla.—Extensive brickwork
was required to transform a new Buick
Le Sabre four-door sedan into a cleverly
designed barbecue pit that is the envy of this
retirement community. Owner Fred
Hopwell, a former manufacturers'
representative, laid the bricks himself. His
son-in-law, Donald Petrie, of Hagerstown,
Maryland, an aeronautical engineer,
ingeniously adapted the V-8 engine to run on
charcoal during a week's visit here in April.
"She not only gives me just the right heat
for everything from hamburgers to shish
kebab," said Hopwell proudly, "but she's a
real conversation piece."



James Boyd

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF RECESSION

ades of education and agitation ever did. An item in the *New York Times* of January 12, 1975, is illustrative: "Reacting to the sharply higher costs of heating oil and electricity, homeowners, landlords and business in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut are reported to have cut back significantly in their use of these energy sources in the last year. The result has been an 'energy conservation movement' in the area forced far more by economic necessity than by abstract appeals on behalf of national energy interests or the need to clean up the environment."

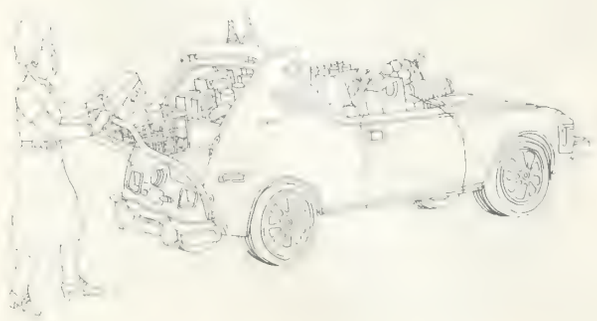
The same process is at work on many fronts: the Invincible Highway Construction Juggernaut, if not broken, has at least been lamed by swelling federal deficits and sagging state revenues. Recent federal attempts to revive it caution us that, as Wellington said of Napoleon after the first exile, "the snake is scotched, not killed"; yet, farmsteads and ethnic neighborhoods may breathe a little easier—King Concrete will never again be what he was.

That utterly quixotic goal of the environmentalists, the 6 million-car year, is miraculously at hand. In 1974 only 8.8 million cars were produced, in contrast to 11.4 million the year before. The 1975 projection is 6.5 million. Chrysler is now projecting the 6 million-car year as the norm of the future. Moreover, for its most significant design project since Wor War II, the auto industry is pouring $5 billio into a crash program for smaller, lighter cars b 1980. (General Motors, for example, will tri two feet and 1,000 pounds from its 197 models.) A 40 percent improvement in mileag by 1980 or sooner is now a certainty.

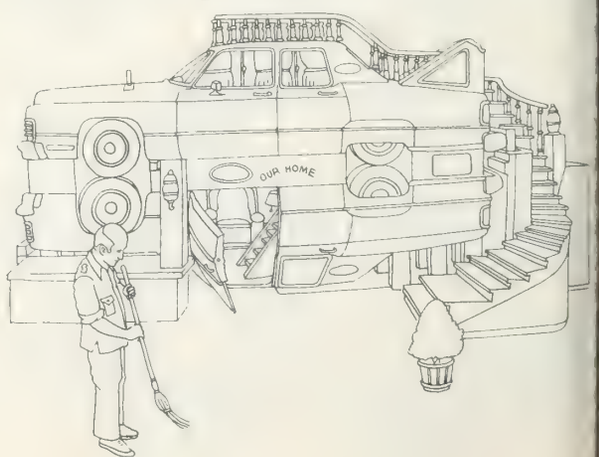
The rape of the land, which during the la prosperity was blighting whole regions in Bu yonesque strides, is now stayed. As *U.S. Ne & World Report* recently put it with finalit "The *land boom* [their emphasis] is a maj victim of hard times. It's *finished*—for no Developers and speculators are scrambling *unload* tracts they bought for housing, busine locations, factories, recreation areas. Only *far land* is holding up in value."

As poverty and shortage spread, the go news for conservationists becomes almost exhaustible. The birthrate is down, and i only here—vasectomy booths are multiplyi throughout India. Exhaust totals from slun ing commercial transit of all kinds are dow air and stream pollutants from idle factories down; room temperatures, industrial expansi forecasts, office-building construction — down. Conversely, the development of approv alternative energy sources—from windmills the refining of chicken droppings and harnessing of the tides—has received an i

Bismarck, N.Dak.—Mrs. James L. (Elizabeth) Pentwell, mother of six, now shops only once a month at her local Super-Save Market, thanks to American Motors dealer Bob Branzini, who removed the top of her new Gremlin and installed a chromium handle above the rear bumper free of charge. "It makes a great shopping cart," said Mrs. Pentwell. "The only trouble is it takes $63.12 just to fill up the driver's seat."



Lake Chittipalquin, N.Y.—No one has more done his part to meet the twin crises than Herbert N. Collander, president of Collander Electronics, Peabody, Massachusetts. Collander purchased not one, but two Lincoln Continental four-door sedans with six-way power bench seats for conversion into a compact but palatial retreat on the shores of this scenic lake. The structure, he said, will be used for "business seminars." Collander declined to discuss the total cost of the investment. "It all goes to the damned government anyway," he said.



us from OPEC that a hundred Club of Rome ecasts could not have provided.

Return of the imagination

WITHIN THE BREASTS of the fittest, hard times summon up a Spencerian drive to survive, adapt, and prevail, a re- rcefulness that is resented by the sluggish ong us. Consider the case of an October 4 advertisement that appeared in the *Los eles Free Press:* "Sexy hostesses needed for bling junkets. Entails foreign travel. Ex- ses paid." Responses poured in from 150 ng women, some of them economically hed housewives and schoolteachers. For the assignment, fifty applicants were referred Christmas party at the Sheraton Hotel. hewing dilettantism, forty-five of the fifty nptly contracted to perform diverse sex for due remuneration, whereupon they arrested by members of the local vice d. Across the continent, in Queens, a slump- tropical-fish store in need of a competitive boosted its quarterly business volume 40 ent after replacing a dowdy staff with a of topless salesgirls, led by a Miss Trea- Chest, at 50-26-36. At this writing, the has not yet been shut down and is moving rd numbers of angelfish.

hard-times resistance to frills that should ue lasting dividends pops up on all sides. of convenience foods are down 25 percent 0 percent. The housing industry, which d itself out of the average man's market proliferation of nonessential features, is rgoing a "return to basics." So says Charles nberg, head of the nation's largest builder ouses, U.S. Home Corporation. "Today's tial home-buyers are more realistic than y time since the end of World War II." path to recovery lies in going back to ndly constructed but simpler homes with frills," Rutenberg recently told a gath- of financial analysts.

flated chemical prices have overnight ned a new industry—silvichemicals—which erts timber wastes into solvents, deodor- detergents, perfumes, paint removers, ing inks, 190-proof alcohol, and on and he half of a tree that was only recently n away is now the valuable half, and in paper may become a mere by-product of e-based chemical industry.

fertilizer prices rose sky-high around the in 1974 while millions of tons of cow piled up on the freeholds of disconsolate ican dairy farmers, it was inevitable that one would invent a way to transport the on to where the problem was. The inven- nd new millionaire: Richard J. Briggs, who developed a chemical that makes dung shippable by defusing the explosive buildup of methane gas, allowing manure to be liquefied and shipped safely and cheaply. Briggs has contracted a potential $1.2 *billion* deal under which he ships 50,000 metric tons a month for three years to the Persian Gulf sheikdoms of Dubai and Bahrain, where it is applied to the arid soil. Participating American dairymen get 5 cents a gallon for their manure—up to $4,000 a month in many cases.

The Civil Aeronautics Board, shaken by lengthening vistas of empty seats on jumbo jets, has opened a perhaps fatal chink in its high-fares policy by allowing brown-baggers who reserve in advance and pay 25 cents for their coffee to fly New York to Miami for less than half the first-class fare—$61 versus $132.

State boards of education and university administrators—for whom the patience of legislators and parents has at length expired—are throwing overboard the more exotic doctoral programs and slowing down the assembly line of unemployable Masters of Arts.

Trimming the fat

BUT THE ANTIFRILL MOVEMENT cuts deeper. The strapped American has begun to have second thoughts about his quintessential symbols—his gadget-encrusted car and his well-marbled steak. The classic antifrill illustration is the sudden lopping off of several hundred dollars from the price of small cars by making once-mandatory accessories optional; it is now possible, in other words, to buy just a car. And the process whereby millions of half-grown cows are transported from their grassland habitats to city feedlots to be fattened on costly corn and chemicals is under attack. The U.S. Department of Agriculture is recommending rule changes that lessen its discrimination against grass-fed cattle. Grass-fed beef is cheaper and less fatty, you see, and beef-tasters cautiously assure that its flavor is almost indistinguishable from corn-fed. Trimming the fat-fringe on a roast from three-quarters of an inch to one-quarter inch will not only save expense, it will lower the incidence of heart attacks.

Lean days have caused a public intolerance of the usual business flimflams and rip-offs that a fatter society had long put up with. Fixed commissions for stockbrokers are lately outlawed and the traditional collusions resulting in uniform legal fees are coming under withering fire. Doctors' incomes are now being published in the newspapers, and that alone is leading first to revulsion, soon to revolution. Recent price-gougings in oil, sugar, rice, coal, and electricity have been promptly pursued by no-nonsense federal investigations. A rash of

"The reaction against prodigality has put a crimp in exploitations by both the prehensile rich and the undeserving poor."

James Boyd

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF RECESSION

antitrust suits is being pressed by a revived Justice Department against such onetime untouchables as IBM and ATT. There is a budding disposition within Congress, the Executive, and even the Courts to put white-collar criminals in jail. The new mood is expressed by Frank Zarb, head of the Federal Energy Administration, in asking for a doubled investigations force. "Wherever there are criminal violations, I want them prosecuted to the fullest." It is just possible that a few pinched years will create a legacy of institutional bias *against* price- and fee-rigging, in place of the longtime bias in favor.

An instinctive hard-times reaction against prodigality has put a crimp in exploitations of the public good nature by both the prehensile rich and the undeserving poor. It is seen in this year's closing of the oil-depletion tax loophole; in the ominous new practice of including in the federal budget a calculation of the cost of each tax loophole—and all of them together—$91.8 billion for fiscal 1976; in the government's turndown of bailout pleas from Pan Am and TWA; in the spread to several states of drives to purge ineligibles from welfare rolls.

During debacles, when the latest notions of world-savers come to naught, there comes a regenerative impulse to dust off and reclaim the old values, or as the Presbyterian leader William Thompson puts it, to "go back to types of permanence."

Such an impulse is at work today. The air has gone out of such balloons as the with-it theologians' "celebration of the secular world," the vanguard pedagogues' variations on the theme of "the child knows best," and the politicians' nostrums about prosperity through insolvency. We are witnessing a spontaneous restoration of almost Sullan proportions.

Within organized religion, the God-is-dead movement has expired. Church attendance is up. The Gallup poll says that since 1970 those who believe that religion is gaining ground in America have multiplied from 14 percent to 31 percent, with the greatest gain among young adults.

The recession, with its revised perspective on the hazards of incompetence, may save a generation from near-illiteracy. Parental uprisings in hundreds of school districts have forced a renewed emphasis on the ancient standbys—reading, writing, arithmetic, discipline.

The lost job, the overdrawn account, bring chill awareness that modern man dangles precariously from a life-support system of indifferent strangers and impersonal processes; millions seek a more direct link to the sources of life through mastering the crafts of survival. Do-it-yourself books, journals, and schools are booming. Home baking of bread is back; after twenty consecutive years of decline, per capita consumption of family flour is up 10 percent, and dry yeast sales are up 32 percent. Hous building by laymen is springing up across th country. Typical is the Shelter Institute of Bat Maine. In that small backwater where comme cial building is virtually shut down, graduat of Shelter's fifteen-week $200 course in bas construction (applicants are standing in lin have twenty houses under way, all substanti dwellings, costing only $8,000 to $12,000, pl their own labor.

Last year was the biggest ever in the h tory of vegetable gardening—up 300 percent and this year's seed sales are doubling a tripling last year's. Many are infuriated into by such supermarket atrocities as the $1 he of cauliflower and the 39-cent can of beets th has 2 cents' worth of beets in it, but those w turn to home agriculture as a protest disco lasting dividends.

Thrift is back. Month by month, as perso income has fallen, savings deposits in ban have risen. Home Savings and Loan Assoc tion of Los Angeles had deposits of $57.4 m lion in January 1975, compared to $19.3 m lion in January 1974, and the upswing c tinues nationally. Despite Senators' exho tions to spend, consumer frugality persists a can be credited with such gains against inflat as have been made. President Ford's Janu projection of an 11.3 percent rise in consu prices this year is "overly pessimistic," business executives. "Demand is not str enough to accept price increases of that m nitude."

The current that is running toward a rev of old values can be seen in the migratio city dwellers to small towns and rural area reversing the trend of many decades. In 1960s Wisconsin, Minnesota, South Dak Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma lost a tota 309,000 people, but in the three years f 1970 to 1973 they gained 113,000, and the cession is accelerating that gain. "The tren to small towns of less than 10,000 people to rural living, and it's continuing," says vin Beale, head of population studies for U.S. Department of Agriculture. The rev migrants, an AP survey says, are seeking with "less violence, less pressure, less pollu . . . harmony with a natural environment."

The workers hu

THE RECESSION, by increasing effici in myriad ways, is turning around decline of recent years in productivi output per man-hour—that saw U.S. pe mance drop to twelfth among the thirtee dustrial nations of the West. One factor in rise is worker hustle. In the constructio dustry, where unemployment exceeds 15

. builders report savings from improved ker performance that have helped them to the business-killing cost rise from 17 per- in 1974 to 3.5 percent now. Floyd Wood, Denver's Wood Brothers Homes, Inc., notes urge of effort along the production line. 're getting a good return for what we pay, I think it's because of the unemployment tion," he says. "The workers are aware of nd they want to hold on to their jobs."

New York, the Democratic leadership of State Assembly has formed a special com- e to eliminate from its own payroll all those by tradition, do no or little work, respec- y called "no shows" and "seldom shows." e this will probably turn out to be mere uring for a meanspirited public, it was ched by a statement from Assembly Major- eader Albert Blumenthal that, in the con- of political jobs, was Draconian: "Every n being hired will have a specific job to f they don't show up for work, they won't aid."

Congressional survey of local and state rnments shows that nearly half of them are g their payrolls this year by an aggregate 40,000 jobholders. They are also cutting ruction outlays by $1 billion and costs for es by $3.3 billion—feats which, year after at thousands of budget hearings, have solemnly sworn to be impossible.

rousing boom is under way in the used-tool try; machinery five to ten years old, some World War II stuff that yesterday would gone for scrap, is now being snapped up habilitation and installment on the pro- n line.

ose disturbing scenes of executives in the ployment line have their positive impli- s, too. A vigorous weed-out is on at the gement level. The recession, says Ward ll Associates, an executive-search firm, "is oting companies to replace underachievers stronger people." A Heidrick and Strug- ice-president says that the boom-time em- on merely finding enough managerial s to keep up with company growth is over; ress is now on "quality performance."

ession eliminates the waste and disloca- aused by long waiting periods for delivery ded machinery. The Georgia Pacific Cor- on's orders for large dump trucks no lon- ke a year to fill, but five months. Fair- Camera and Instrument Corporation gets ally immediate delivery" on parts and cals that used to take two or three months. all together and you have the beginnings harp increase in productivity—the first rs.

orced frugality has boosted repair shops kinds. Professors, airline pilots, space cians, and other aristocrats of yesteryear cool their heels at unemployment offices these days, as the demand has shifted to cobblers, car mechanics, and appliance repairmen.

Not only the unsung, but the justly scorned, come into their own during dips. The ROTC recruiter is suddenly a campus lion as chastened students vie for the extra income from part-time soldiering. The recession, in fact, has saved the volunteer Army concept and prevented a resumption of the draft.

The leveling process operates in higher education, too. As society takes a sober turn, the student with unique sensitivities and important views about the human condition has become an expendable luxury. While distress flags wave from liberal-arts colleges and avant-garde experiments, vocational schools, once education's ugly cousin, have become the meal ticket of the knowledge industry. For instance, the cow college, traditionally ridiculed, is now "in." Enrollment in our 500 aggie schools and departments is growing by 13 percent each year.

Junkmen, the ultimate traffickers in hand-me-downs, are, as you would now expect, on the up-escalator. No longer called "junkies" but "scrap dealers," they have thrived for the past year and a half. Economically, most are operating at capacity, receiving prices 80 percent higher than at the onset of the recession; socially, they are the bemused but gracious darlings of ecology, taking in stride such accolades as "the leading recycler in the age of obsolescence." So, too, minus the social lionization, is the case of odd-lot men, those scavengers of merchandising who, scorned by respectable businessmen in good times, are in demand today to buy up at distress prices the mistakes and leftovers of American industry. Most odd-lot men are enjoying their best season in fifteen years. It is as was written—the last shall be first.

The sunshine of returning good times will cast a blight over many a happy scene. Like the innumerable varieties of the fecund mushroom, the fruitful processes catalogued here were nurtured in the dark and damp.

But take heart all you children of the shadow, you boycotters, wildcatters, industrial auctioneers, time-and-motion men, layers of pipe across the tundra:

You grinds and bookworms, ragpickers and odd-lotters, shoe menders and grease monkeys, recruiters for Dow Chemical, sellers-short;

You windmill fanciers, highway obstructors, exhaust measurers, wood-pulp boilers, experimenters with cornhusks, tiers of tubes;

You manure buffs, backyard tillers, kneaders of dough, savers, selective shoppers, wholesalers of spaghetti;

You topless ones:

Prosperity is still around the long corner of politicians.

Make hay while it's raining. □

"Trimming the fat-fringe on a roast will not only save expenses, it will lower the incidence of heart attacks."

A story by Frederick Busch

THE OLD MAN IS SNORING

Nov. 2

NEW MAILMAN TODAY. Tom Lavaca said to say hello. Talked about Tom's retirement, postal wages, etc. New man also named Tom, last name Pimento. Query: do Italians dominate certain postal zones? Flyer from cut-rate store, letter from Tri-State Electric re leak in their meter (they say I'm wrong, their bills right), bill from pharmacy. Also alumni bulletin. Query: are more members of the division who survived the war dying of old age or of accidents? Response: it *feels* like age, probably is; end of a generation. Out for cigarettes and paper. Library: Ngaio Marsh, new Michael Gilbert. Wonder if Gilbert wears moustache. Lunch: half can tuna, glass Calif. wine w/water, lettuce. (Lettuce up from last week.) Made appointment with Dr. Katz. Query: when I retired we had 6 M.D.s in town; now we have one. Does town decline *because* people leave it or *as* they do? Dinner: drumstick, wine w/water, salad, tea. TV. Cold night, high winds, no snow. Early bed.

Nov. 3

Woke early but stayed under covers. Query: origin of "undercover"? Response: doubtful. Didn't want breakfast but had some: tea, toast, marmalade. Long walk (Ribbon Hill Rd. farm). Foot still bad. Met Tom Pimento. Funny eyes. Troubled man? Reminded me of Negro outfit near Ljubljana, their major (white man) after white machine gunners in support unit fired on blacks, killed 20 (more?). Major kept saying accident, sure ("show"—Southern). Eyes kept saying otherwise. Tom Pimento, sad man. Long nap, slept through lunchtime, wakened by phone. Billy Webb wanted to borrow soldering iron, said sure. Answered letter from Tri-State, paid pharmacy bill, read *Popular Science* (came today). Larraine Belding over to say hello. Says can't get used to living alone. Told her time heals, was embarrassed, didn't know what else to say. Unseasonal snowstorm: told her to stay for tea, made fire in fireplace. Pleasant. Dinn broiled frozen trout, water, lettuce, etc. Spe lated about freezing individual salads in br or gel (keep leaves stiff) which would melt upon defrosting. Would need plastic dish w drain holes for broth to drip into. Ugly. Sog Finished Michael Gilbert, fell asleep in ch Wakened by plows going past, their cha Bed.

Nov. 4

Letter addressed to Margaret. Sat with Wondered whether it should be opened. Que should postal service include automatic tran of dead people's mail to their survivors' at neys? Response: too expensive. And survi might want the mail *sometimes*. Letters to d people—like their ghosts. Her freshman- roommate sends announcement of her band's death. Thought it quite funny. W Tom Pimento gave me the letter his eyes loo bad again. Might be too young to be a man. Galoshes, sweaters, jacket, the old cam flage coat (but white side in, so plow dri can see the khaki), grand walk into cente town. Paper, cigarettes, lunch at the hotel. (of wine with old Royce Hudson. Looked bad, says loses balance all the time. Made (*mental* balance, etc.) but sad occasion. joyed walk home, though foot a nuis Wrote part of membership letter for al bulletin. Mentioned those *alpini* who gav their mountain hats at end of war. Quite ing. Dinner: chicken slices, tea, salad, Watched President's news conference. Wou let him pack my parachute. Bed.

Nov. 5

Letter from new principal: would I giv formal talk in June to graduating stud Called up, said delighted, etc. Query: wh I think of pomade when I hear his voice sponse: my jealousy? Maybe. He is slick

Frederick Busch, who teaches English at Colgate, is the author of the novel Manual Labor *(New Directions).*

ight boy. Be all right. Snow melting off. ouldn't be here to begin with. Call from Lar- ne Belding: could we spend Thanksgiving gether, doesn't want to be alone on family liday, etc. Told her Teddy and Una usually something and want me with them. We'll see, ., won't forget her, etc. Sounds God-awful ely. Must drop by. Walked for cigarettes and per. Bus with newspapers late (again!). Tea hotel. Georgie Dubermann there, says he es retirement. Query: government job corps retired people? Response: something like it sts, but they take businessmen and let them d to blind people. Georgie needs *work*. Ev- one, probably. Papers came at 11. Read *gister* at hotel. Wonder if we do need so ny submarines. Query: why not smuggle H- bs into foreign capitals, assemble them, and e them in fuse casings (detonate if tam- ed with), then announce this to world? In- Russia, etc. to do same here. Balance of or. Then use submarine and bomber money hospitals, etc.? Tuna fish, wine w/water for h. Long nap. Woke at 3, made fire, worked membership letter. Thought of time I had 2 detailed to me and we guarded wine ware- se until colonel's truck arrived. So drunk wet our pants! Lamb chop, salad, small wine for dinner. *Bad Day at Black Rock* TV. Tracy my idea of a man, one arm or not. Rain during night. Out of bed to watch it freeze on streets.

Nov. 6

THE ANNIVERSARY. Brought Sunday *Times* with me. Decided on Methodist church (Bill Ternan's). Enjoyed the singing. Said to myself during sermon, Well, Margaret, here I am in the fourth year without you. Left. Read magazine section in hotel, peculiar boy who plays chess, emerging nations. Two cups of tea. Book-review section: angry feminist attacking male homosexual novel for "plagiarizing" female characteristics. Didn't think she showed much compassion. Splendid-sounding crime novels—new Peter Dickinson. Read news-review section about President's obvious scandal involvement. Tom Lavaca joined me (wife at RC services). Said President guilty, but what to do, etc. Pointed out Dr. Katz: quiet little man, funny small moustache, bow tie. Tom said Katz's son arrested for smuggling drugs from Bizerte to Italy to Switzerland. Caught in Bern. Sad. Had short leave in Bern once, visiting cousin Willie in hospital. Horrible city, good beer I think. Saw Katz's wife: stout woman with moustache like husband's. Carried old miniature schnauzer under arm. Tom agreed re Tom Pimento. Maybe too young for responsibilities, but nice boy. Wife and kids. Tom (Lavaca)



Frederick Busch

THE OLD MAN IS SNORING

thinking of moving to Florida—warmer, etc. Miss him if he goes. Treat for lunch: grilled-cheese sandwich (cholesterol!) and glass of beer. Very exciting football games, watched for 2 or 3 hours. Built fire. Called Larraine Belding. Still sad. Started Ngaio Marsh: so-so. Dinner: fish sticks, tiny bit of rice, no wine, large salad. Read the Marsh—Roderick Alleyn OK, wife too sensitive. Radio says snow, feels like it. Much too early in year. Early bed.

Nov. 7

Dreamed of Margaret. Not surprising. Query: could psychiatrists prepattern patients' dreams as part of therapy? Also dreamed of snow, all around the house, heaping over it. Frightening. Can't remember the one about Margaret. Just as well. Letter from Teddy: they're going to Una's parents in N.J. Good idea, she hasn't seen them for months. Called Larraine Belding, no answer. Cigarettes and paper, stopped at pharmacy to chat with Bob Fisher. Home with flu (saw his wife). Limping now on the damned foot. Some kind of callous on heel? Blister? Funny cartoon on editorial page, clipped it. Wonder who writes jokes. Once heard it was teletype operators with nothing to do at night, talking to each other. Idea for a book: people who work at night. A different world. Library: ordered new Peter Dickinson, new Alistair MacLean, took out early Ross Macdonald (usually better than newer stuff) and Robert Heinlein's *Sixth Column*. Walked to Grand Union after leaving off books. Too noisy, bright. Woman still stares at me when I pack groceries into knapsack. Each to his own, madam. Bottle of wine from Walter's: like the way he's always cheerful. Lunch: half can of tuna, salad (lettuce up again!), wine w/water. Nap in chair. Woke up sweating. Bad dreams? Can't remember. Just as well. Called Larraine Belding, no answer. Called Teddy and Una as surprise. No answer. Worked on membership letter. Looking forward to alumni dinner. Finished tuna, little rice, no wine for dinner. Monday night football game on TV: O. J. Simpson! Bed, high winds at windows.

Nov. 8

COULDN'T SLEEP. Did what I did when I ran the business: reviewed problems so time wouldn't be wasted. Couldn't think of problems to review. Got itchy, angry. Too cold to get out of bed. Read the Heinlein. U.S. taken over by Asians. Heroes go underground. Led by reserve officer, advertising man. Long time since adman was a hero in this country! President filled gov't. with them. Not a good idea. Lawyers corrupt also. Billy Graham and that Jesuit ditto. Next President should hire men with small businesses. Harry Truman. Could use him now. Ike. Fell asleep late. Dreamed about snow again. All over the house, brea ing the windows. Woke early. Big breakfa long walk in snow for cigarettes and pap Mailed off handwritten draft of alumni me bership letter. Met Tom Pimento on way. Sa no mail for me. Touched my shoulder, sa sorry. Funny eyes. I said it wasn't *that* bad, w it? Joke. Tom didn't understand. Wonder he's all right. Postal rates up again. Servi certainly slower. Sign of the times. Query: u retired people for special delivery? They co work for less money, would enjoy the trav meeting people, etc. Maybe same-day delive service. Response: let just one die in the m dle of a delivery—would give the service black eye. Hope the membership drive wor Lunch: poached egg, toast, margarine, t Sneaked some fig bars for dessert. Foot h put it up, read *Register*. Terrible airpl crash in Japan. Hope Ted and Una don't to N.J. Take train. Query: are trains declin because people don't use them, or do pe stay away from them because trains are clining? Oil embargo, clever weapon. Won why they hate the Jews so much. Georgie bermann an old Jew, German—thoroughly cent man. Going to die soon. Called Larra Belding, told her we could have Thanksgiv together. She's flying to Boston for TG v old friends. Do her good. Dr. Katz at 4: Very strange. Reception room like hun lodge: animal heads, knives, matchlock r etc. Woman with dark blue hair asked me q tions. Made me feel like I was in bishop's a room. First question: religion. Very stra Like hospital. In case you need last rites. M questions, didn't like it. Didn't like self—too tiful w/answers. Then Dr. Katz: smaller th thought. Little arms in short-sleeved shirt. office. One desk light, couldn't see well. Reac form. Looked at me: little eyes, big eyegla Stripped. Heart, lungs, blood pressure. A how much I smoked. Stoop, bend over, lie d —didn't like it. Then lying face down on t Turns out foot had plantar wart in heel. whistling all the time (between teeth). Hel kle, grabbed scalpel from table—definitely sterilized. No anesthetic. Dug into heel. Hel ble. Resolved not to whimper. Didn't. Did to ask for rest. Katz went ahead screwing sc into heel. Whistled. Put my head down Katz stopped. Said it was deep. Changed re treatment. Put Band-Aid on, no antise Told me how to soak foot. Thought abou son in jail in Switzerland. Sitting in office a dressed, Katz looking over low desk lam me. Said he had plantar wart in service. A where he had served—Yugoslavia too! Tu out he served with field hospital attached t Takes divisional alumni letter, etc. Whistle smile: stared at me. Wouldn't talk old t didn't ask any questions re war. Gave

ader's Digest reprint, how to stop smoking h yoga. Sat down again, looked at me. Said s softly: "Have you ever thought very seri- ly about committing suicide?" Funny reac- n: made me want to cry. Shook my head no, ed how much. Charged me 12. Took 2 off en I paid cash. Limped home. Foot very bad. eal and milk for dinner. Finished Heinlein. od guys won. Power of advertising. Snow. ly bed.

v. 9

ALLED TED AT 8 A.M. to catch him before he left for work. Forgot they're an hour earlier. Everyone there sleepy, confused. ed him not to fly to N.J., take train. Sug- ed plans for Xmas. Strange conversation. breakfast—tea. Very tired. Plows clanking streets all night. Dressed for high winds, v. Waited on porch for Tom Pimento. Said hought I should stay inside in foul weather. ny boy. Fuel bill. Note from Bill Ternan: me in church on Sunday, was I thinking of lar attendance, did I want to chat some- , etc. Walked for cigarettes and paper. dered if Ross Winkler would like member- letter. Good man, Ross. My favorite cap- Used to promise us he'd keep us alive. ved him every time. No *Register*. Bus dn't get through. Foot very sore. Hotel for No one else there. Home, more tea, Ross donald (*Zebra-Striped Hearse*). Pea soup unch, watched news, soap operas on TV. e fire, slept on sofa. Woke up frightened. d Dr. Katz, not in. Woman (blue hair) dn't say where he was. Asked her if he was ght. She laughed, hung up. Remembered s Wed., M.D.s always off on Wed. P.M.s. y: why do they all take the same day off? ldn't one of them stay on duty for emer- es? Then take Thurs. off? Wonder if is really M.D. Stories about imposters serv- communities as M.D.s for years. Hope re better with feet than Katz. Tom Pimento or with *Register*, bus finally got through. ghtful boy. Asked him in for tea, coffee, Kept coat on, sat near fire, talked, drank f beer, left. Eyes very nervous. Watched lade me think of Katz. Asked if house was enough. Very young. Ross Macdonald. oup, scrambled eggs, salad, wine w/water. ovie: Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur. More predicted. Bed.

10

eamed I had letter from Margaret. More No mail, Tom Pimento waved. Walked garettes and paper. Papers not in. Tea at Tomato soup for lunch. Library: Rex Gavin Lyall. Long nap. Read *Three Men* Liver, onions, wine w/water. No salad. ed.

Nov. 11

Very cold. Frozen snow, crusts. Foot OK, still sore. Oatmeal. Card from Library: Peter Dickinson. Walked in street—sidewalks slippery. Cigarettes and paper. Picked up Dickinson. Tea at hotel. Tom Lavaca—definitely going to Florida. Miss him. Napped through lunch. Ate salad of lettuce and tomato, onion rings. Tea. Read *Register*—Vice-President (former) analyzed: petty corruption. Finished *Three Men Out*. Watched TV. Dinner: turkey breast, peas, tea. No salad. Started *Lizard in the Cup*. Sad. Snow. Bed.

Nov. 12

Blizzard. No chance of papers. Tried to remember dreams. Tom Pimento late. Ad from Montgomery Ward. Query: why most junk mail on Saturdays? Wrote letter to Teddy and Una. Apologized for strange behavior. Lunch: minestrone, roll, wine w/water. Tom Pimento at door: pack of cigarettes. Worried about me walking in storm. Asked him in, wouldn't come. Strange boy. Long nap. College football games on TV: California—sunshine, girls in small skirts. Storm worse. Read Dickinson, mournful old detective. Depressing. Dinner: turkey hash, salad, tea. TV: John Wayne—hundreds of people beaten, shot. Started Lyall, *Venus with Pistol*. High winds. Bed.

Nov. 13

Called Dr. Katz. Recording said he was in church. Plows all morning. Woke me last night. Dreams. Oatmeal. Out of cigarettes. Bundled for storm. Walked for cigarettes and paper. Walked to Baptist church, then Methodist. Didn't see Katz. Lutheran church too far, foot not good. RC? Home. *Times*. Soup, cheese sandwich, wine. No salad. Finished *Venus*. Fell asleep in chair. Nightmares. Plows. Bed.

Nov. 14

Dreamed of war. Glad to wake up. Breakfast: fried egg, tea. Foot fine. Met Tom Pimento on porch. Clapped him on shoulder. Stared at me. *National Geographic*. Went for cigarettes and paper. Called on Larraine Belding. Tea. Cheerful. Returned library books, checked out Thomas B. Dewey (*Don't Cry for Long*), Rex Stout (*League of Frightened Men*). Home. Ham slice, salad, wine w/water. Called Dr. Katz. Woman w/blue hair put me through. Didn't know what to say to him. Said yes. He didn't know what I meant. Sounded angry. Waited. Asked if he? Quiet both ends. Hung up. Wine. Nero Wolfe and Archie. Dinner: open grilled-cheese sandwich, salad, wine. Wondered about marrying Larraine Belding. Won't marry anyone. TV: Monday night football game—Giants dreadful, announcers scornful. No snow. Streets quiet. Bed. □

BOOKS

DELICATE INTENTIONS by Paul Zweig

I Would Have Saved Them If I Could, by Leonard Michaels. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $7.95.

LEONARD MICHAELS's second collection of stories begins hot and doesn't cool down. In story after story, he wields his prose like a weapon: part bludgeon, part scalpel, it flickers, dense and resilient. With insane precision, he drops stink bombs. With a poet's twist of language, he decomposes civility into its not-so-secret elements of sex, perverse daydreams, inventive resentment. Every normal act is pitted with an abyss from which comes laughter, ridicule, murder. The brute is not the guest in the basement any more, he is not the secret (Freudian) of our "delicate intentions." The brute is in the streets, and "delicate intentions" are dead. That could be the subtitle of Michaels's book: The Death of Delicate Intentions.

In Michaels's urban madhouse, love is a hand job in the subway; community a surreal orgy on Sutton Place. Culture becomes a pornographer's view of the Holocaust: Nietzsche, Hegel, and Borges facing the world from the position of an exquisite mouth in a blue movie, kneeling before a row of male organs, the universal face to face with the particular. All of this is embodied in excruciatingly precise, almost sculptural, prose. The brute may be a maze of sexual kinks, but he never abdicates his gift of statement. Flaubert is in hell, but he is Flaubert nonetheless.

Here are the opening lines of a fine long story, "The Captain," which climaxes the book:

> *He smiled at her. She smiled at him and ate dessert, her pinky so nicely hooked it tore my heart. Dessert was pear under chocolate and flaming brandy. It slipped from spoon to blubbery dissolution. When I tried to taste, I swallowed. Then came a flickering city of liqueurs. Then marijuana, a language of green and gold popping around the table from mouth to mouth. Nothing went by me unlipped, nothing tasted. From course to course I'd swallowed textures, not tastes, like a cat gobbling kill. I'd eaten; I wanted to eat. Other guests flashed marvels achieved, readiness to die. . . I'd never been to such a dinner party, but I could tell it was first-rate. Teeth stabbed out of my ass to eat the chair.*

The sentences stab and accumulate. Feelings solidify into images; they become part of the furniture; they crowd each other. Michaels shifts from parable to hallucination, from black humor to orchestrated perceptions. His story builds and, against all probability, doesn't clutter to a halt, but keeps on building, like Chinese boxes piling out of each other in quick succession. The party becomes an Orphic mystery overlooking the East River: the triumph of corrosive humor, giggles, penises, plush; a stand-up comic's complete fantasy.

I Would Have Saved Them If I Could is a medley of stories, some no more than a few lines long. In many of the short pieces, the narrative deflects into parable and illumination, resembling prose poems more than stories. There is a theatrical quality in many of these pieces, as of people talking to themselves. In Michaels's view, the mind in its natural state is not a surrealist but a gossip and a playwright mixed together. This piece is called "Like Irony."

> *He pried me open and disappeared inside, made me urinate, defecate, and screech, then slapped my dossier shut, stuck it in his cabinet, slammed drawer, swallowed key. "Well," he said, "how have you been?" I said, "Actually, that's what I'm here to find out." He said, "People have feelings. They do their best. Some of us say things to people —such as you—in a way that is like irony, but it isn't irony. It's good breeding, manners, tact— we have delicate intentions." I apologized. "So," he said, "tell me your plans." I said, "Now that I know?" "That's right," he said, "I'm delighted that you aren't very stupid."*

Michaels's themes are not n nor, in a way, is his tone. His h is the schlemiel of Jewish fiction. madcap sex is how sons, after P noy, indulge the memory of Je mothers. The mother herself is p ent in a series of shrapnel-like f ments:

> *"Everything is fine," I sai My mother said, "I hope so." " is, it is." My mother said, "I ho so." I said, "Everything is wo derful. Couldn't be better. Ho do you feel?" My mother sai "Like a knife is pulling out my liver."*

The Freudian paradigm of sex t rescue and biology as salvation exactly original material these nor is the anticultural mania w has supplied the animus of so recent literature. But Mic doesn't care about new ideas—c ones, for that matter. Ideas, th and tones are digested by his ex dinary stylistic gift and emerge formed, hardened into an ext Liebowitz—his schlemiel—isn' inept and defeated; he is pred He is a schlemiel with teeth, Charlie Chaplin toe of the shoe rear. He cancels the genre.

Michaels's characters drif tween "small personal miseri fantastic sex," but the fanta bunks the sex, and also debun debunking, leaving orgasm t form by itself as an orgy of th ticular, a weird flower of lan The unidentified hand in the s is "a soft inquisitive spider pi the tongue of his zipper, drag toward the iron floor that boo the bones of his rooted feet. Hassidic rabbi and his wife:

> *Twirling and individual, stepped away snapping fin going high and light on his A short bearded man,*

Paul Zweig's most recent books are The Dark Side of the Earth *(Harper and Row), a book of poems, and* The Adventurer *(Basic Books), a study of the fate of adventure in the Western world.*

afling, cock shuddering like a springboard. . . . She, on the other hand, was somewhat reserved. A shift in one lush hip was total rumba.

At the thematic heart of the book a sequence of essaylike fragments t form the strangest exercise in rary criticism I have ever read. It ght be called literature read by Holocaust. Borges, in love with adox, according to Michaels, tes a story about a suspected Jew o experiences ecstasy while in jail iting his execution: the Gestapo, organization of death, is respone for the "secret miracle" of reption through ecstasy. It turns that Borges got this story not n any experience of "photographe reality" but from another story. ture, for Michaels, is a daisy in of such stories which recline n in the redemptive air, while, at istance, visible if you look, "a pected Jew of average height, bad teeth, gray hair, nervous gh, tinted spectacles, delicate fin-, gentle musical voice—physiy and exactly disintegrates . . . veen a hard stone wall and the act of specific bullets."

orges's ennobling ecstasy is a par- for onlookers. But the Holot, the trapped, crazed lives that le Michaels's stories, condemn "onlookers" who prefer to lift exence into the perenity of cultural ment. For Michaels, perenity is enity. His characters, however ulous or defeated, live a dance ictory because, as one of them , "I am not interested in being rior to my sensations."

s philosophies of culture go, this be too simple. Yet, as a fictional e, its very oversimplification bes a strength, and a plea that rerates in every story.

though one senses the hovering ecent literary kin—Burroughs, nelme, perhaps Roth—these es are more nearly poems, with htly reasoned quality that calls nd more distant, stranger ances- Baudelaire's *Little Poems in* , or Aloysius Bertrand's *Gas- of the Night,* with an ingredient nny Bruce diverting them into laughter.

Would Have Saved Them If I d must be read to be believed. surely one of the outstanding s of fiction of the year. □



ANYONE IN JACK DANIEL'S HOLLOW could tell you this photo was snapped around 2:30 in the afternoon.

That's Harry Norman carrying his tasting tray to the mellowing room to sample some just-distilled whiskey. (He normally makes this trip at 2:30.) Frank Bobo has his mash tubs bubbling and, we'll bet, is hunting up his afternoon's Coca-Cola. Up beneath the silos, that's our miller tidying up from the two o'clock delivery of grain. You see, most things don't change too much in Jack Daniel's Hollow. And happily, Jack Daniel's Whiskey doesn't change at all.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

Geoffrey Bocca

LESSONS IN ENG. LIT. FROM SIR WINSTON CHURCHIL

"More Kinglake"

MAX AITKEN, Baron Beaverbrook, who died in 1964, aged eighty-five, loved what he considered good writing and disliked his own company, and so it amused him to surround himself with whiz kids. Being a whiz kid for Beaverbrook meant being highly paid, but the work frequently induced the feeling of being a novice lost on the Cresta run. The Beaverbrook kiss of approval sometimes seemed to approximate that bestowed by President Nixon on the likes of Haldeman and Ehrlichman. The Beaver's walking wounded ex-whiz kids abound in Fleet Street, in English letters, and in the House of Commons. Some are now old men. Some just look it. The first piece of advice Harold Macmillan gave to all freshmen MPs, both Tory and Labor, was "Avoid Lord Beaverbrook's dinner invitations."

The advantages of being one of the Canadian newspaper proprietor's whiz kids included much luxury travel to exotic places, and the opportunity to meet, around his table, the most celebrated figures of several generations: Picasso, Cocteau, Onassis, Freddie Lonsdale, Joe Kennedy, the Windsors, Diana Duff Cooper, Sir Oswald Mosley, Norman Mailer —when married to Beaverbrook's granddaughter—and, of course, Sir Winston Churchill.

Over the course of two sessions, I received from Churchill a lesson in English literature under circumstances which, I think, contribute a minuscule but fascinating foo to both history and literature.

Lesson number one was toward the end of an inordinately luncheon in 1957 at Aitken H Lord Beaverbrook's villa in th hamas. Churchill's bags were p for his return to London. The B flight from Nassau to Heathrow been delayed. Every half hour, ic-stricken BOAC officials hurri the house, like courtiers to Elizabeth I, to apologize to Sir ton and give him progress re Churchill did not mind in the s est. The luncheon party sat i shade outside, the Dom Per champagne giving way to Del cognac and Havana cigars. chill's consumption of alcohol prodigious as legend has it, b tolerance for it was amazing.

The Lord fussed a great dea his most distinguished budd often used to call Beaverbrook Lord," among other things; dolph Churchill once mused w the Lord, on his daily constitu walk through Hyde Park, ever on the waters of the Serpenti with royalty, one never ad Sir Winston. You waited for address you. However, the stances were unusual, and the butler, never left the empty for long. All at once I myself with a chance not to be and the courage to take it. I first. "Sir Winston, I am a and I want to be a better w know how much you were infl by Gibbon and *The Decline a of the Roman Empire.* I ha this, too, with great profit. H



Keystone

Geoffrey Bocca is the author of Nadine, Elizabeth and Philip, The Secret Army, *and, most recently,* Giselle *(Putnam).*



A LITTLE JOURNAL BREAKS WATER THAT

we think would be of interest to
ple who *know* they're interested in
built-environment but have found
st literature on the subject opaque,
bred, semi-literate or, well, pretty
dumb.

s a quarterly magazine of
rdisciplinary thinking about
hitecture and human activity in the
rth American landscape.

s not written down. We'd like to
re, not pander. No scotch ads, no
r (yet) and it's pretty thin. *However*,
lovingly edited and produced *and*,
ou might suspect, is well
strated. Also, it's been around
ing) for 38 years.

oes not have things like "25
ects *you* can do for under $50."
s not presume that building a yurt
solve your problems.

osts $9 for the year. If you're
ously interested we'll send you a
ple copy. Write to JAE-3
5 New York Ave NW,
shington, DC 20006.

another writer you especially recommend?"

Churchill removed his cigar. His voice was only slightly slurred. He said one word, and then turned to address himself to another houseguest, who happened to be the Archbishop of York. The word he said was *Kinglake*.

READER, HAD IT BEEN YOU whom Churchill was addressing, you would have replied immediately, "Ah yes, Alexander Kinglake, 1809 to 1891, British squire, Member of Parliament, author of *Eothen*, and marathon history of the Crimean War."

What I said—to myself—was Kinglake? Kinglake? I could hardly tap Churchill on the shoulder and, like Harold Ross, ask, "Who he?" I was too fearful to invite Beaverbrook's scorn by asking *him*, and I was too shy to lean over and ask Walter Lippmann, who was busy anyway, talking to Lord Citrine. I had to wait until I returned to London to look him up. This is what one of the encyclopedias says:

KINGLAKE, ALEXANDER WILLIAM *(1809-1891), English historian and traveller, was born at Taunton. . . . His father, a successful solicitor, intended his son for a legal career. Kinglake went to Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he matriculated in 1828, being a friend of Tennyson and Thackeray. . . . He joined Lincoln's Inn and was called to the bar in 1837. While still a student he travelled in 1835 throughout the East, and the impression made on him was so powerful that he was seized with a desire to record it.* Eothen, *a sensitive and witty record of impressions keenly felt and remembered, was published in 1844, and enjoyed considerable reputation. In 1854, he went to the Crimea and was present as a spectator at the Battle of the Alma. He made the acquaintance of Lord Raglan, the British commander, whose widow subsequently placed all the commander's papers at the writer's disposal. For the rest of his life, Kinglake was engaged in the task of completing this monumental and largely ignored history. Thirty-two years elapsed between its commencement and publication of the last volume, and nine vol-*

L.L.Bean, Inc.



FREE Fall Catalog

128 fully illustrated pages featuring hunting, winter sports and camping equipment. Outdoors apparel and footwear for men and women. Many items of our own manufacture. Our 63rd year of providing dependable, high-grade sporting specialties. All guaranteed to be 100 percent satisfactory or your money back.

☐ Send Free Catalog

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

L. L. Bean, Inc.
918 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032

use your zip code

SAVE on Christmas Treats!



Send for Swiss Colony's FREE 92-page catalog . . . and SAVE $18.00!

Beautifully packaged holiday treats . . . delectable cheeses . . . great gift ideas for friends and relatives. You'll find all that within the Swiss Colony Gift Food Catalog. Send for yours today and you'll also receive $18 in Discount Coupons. Now that's value!

(Clip out and Mail Today)

The Swiss Colony
OUR 50TH YEAR
Dept. WF, 1112 7th Ave., Monroe, WI 53566

Please send FREE Gift Food Catalog and $18 in Discount Coupons to: WF

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

Send for your Golden Anniversary Gift Food catalog plus $18 in Discount Coupons Today!

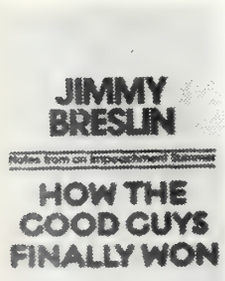
BOOKSERVICE

THE GLORY AND THE DREAM
Subtitled "A Narrative History of America 1932-1972," this volume is William Manchester's most ambitious project to date. Thoroughly researched and with a fine sense of drama, *The Glory and the Dream* is a massive popular history that chronicles the events, moods, and personalities of the last four decades.



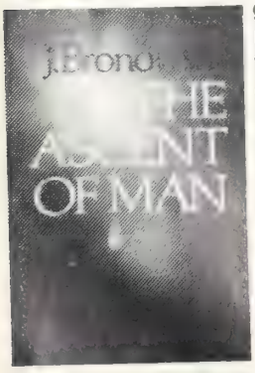
Pub. Price $20.00
Member's $15.00
Code 111

HOW THE GOOD GUYS FINALLY WON
Jimmy Breslin returns to reportage after a long absence with this recounting of the "impeachment summer." His on- and behind-the-scenes anecdotes, profiles, and perspective make this book one of the most readable, enjoyable, and informative in the cornucopia of Watergate literature.



Pub. Price $6.95
Member's $5.22
Code 112

THE ASCENT OF MAN
Jacob Bronowski's critically acclaimed television series is also an important best-selling book. *The Ascent of Man,* beautifully illustrated, outlines the development of science as a reflection of man's genius. This informal history ranges from the first days of flint tools to the present era of atomic energy, is written with authority.



Pub. Price $17.50
Member's $13.13
Code 110

THE ILIAD
In preparation for ten years, this new translation of the *Iliad* will immediately take its place with Robert Fitzgerald's previous award-winning translation of *The Odyssey.* Himself a major poet, Fitzgerald has presented a version that is both lyrical and easily understood. This book is a fine addition to every serious reader's library.



Pub. Price $15.00
Member's $11.25
Code 114

RAGTIME
E. L. Doctorow's fourth novel is set in America at the beginning of this century. The plot follows three families from the Northeast whose lives become entwined with the likes of J. P. Morgan, Henry Ford, Harry Houdini, Sigmund Freud, and a host of historical celebrities.
Ragtime is so original, full of imagination, fantasy, and fact, and such reading pleasure that it's destined to remain on the bestseller lists for a long time to come.



Pub. Price $8.95
Member's 6.72
Code 103

PICASSO IN RETROSPECT
Edited by Roland Penrose and John Golding, this is a superb final assessment of the twentieth century's greatest master. Composed of contributions from his friends and from art historians, each contribution examines a critical feature of his art from the blue and rose periods through cubism and surrealism. Illustrated with more than 400 photographs and 30 color plates.



Pub. Price $37.50
Member's $16.98
Code 105

MICHELANGELO THE PAINTER
Published in coordination with the Ital National Committee to Honor Michel gelo, this magnificent book brillia presents all of Michelangelo's artistry more than 120 il trations inclu 100 full-color pla Beautifully bo this volume will hance the librar every art lover.



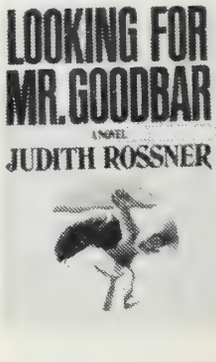
Pub. Price $7
Member's $2
Code 108

MIRO
Margit Rowell's richly illustrated vol reproduces Miro's painting, colla sculptures, and ceramics, spanning a riod of more than 60 years. From early realism, through the exciting ods of cubism and surrealism, to the temporary work pure fantasy imagination, a Miro is here in illustrations, 7 full color. L format.



Pub. Price $
Member's $
Code 102

LOOKING FOR MR. GOODBAR
Judith Rossner emerges as a majo thor in current American fiction wit sure-fire bestseller.
This is the life-and-death odyss Terry Dunn—her life as an attr young schoolteacher from a "respe family" to her by a stranger up at a New singles' bar. *Goodbar* is a binding tale of ing intensity.



Pub. Price
Member's
Code 104

Service of Harper's Magazine Company. ooks shown here may be purchased at ublishers' prices or at discount prices following the instructions under How To rder. Bookservice offerings will appear on frequent basis in future issues of Harper's agazine.

HOW ME!

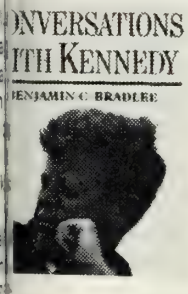
ow Me! is an explicit, thoughtful, frank, d affectionate photographic essay de- gned to satisfy children's curiosity about sex and sexuality. More than 65 double-page photographs with text and commentary in large format.



Pub. Price $12.95
Member's $9.72
Code 109

NVERSATIONS WITH KENNEDY

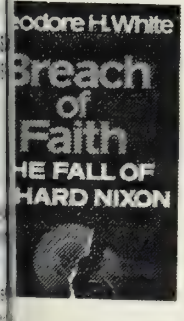
n Bradlee, confidant and intimate friend of John F. Kennedy, has written a captivating, poignant, behind - the - scenes bestselling remembrance of the New Frontier.



Pub. Price $7.95
Member's $5.97
Code 106

EACH OF FAITH: THE FALL RICHARD NIXON

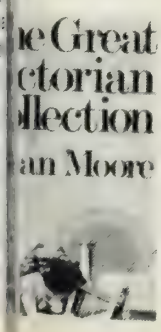
odore H. White is the master chronicler of American electoral politics, and this insightful book brilliantly reports the decline and fall of the Nixon Administration.



Pub. Price $10.95
Member's $8.22
Code 107

GREAT VICTORIAN COLLECTION

protagonist, Anthony Maloney, wakes a dream to find a menagerie of Vicn artifacts outside his door—silver, clothing, paintings, furniture—and secret rooms of erotic books. From a normal life to media object, Maloney's voyage into the surreal is entertainment of the highest order.



Pub. Price $7.95
Member's 5.97
Code 101

How To Order Books

You may order any of the books featured above at publishers' prices, or you may order any of the same books at Members' prices if you check the appropriate box and enclose your check for $5.00, plus an amount to cover the purchase of the books you selected.

Member's Benefits

Bookservice Members receive 24 issues a year of BOOKLETTER, the bookperson's biweekly guide to bestsellers, oldsellers, nonsellers, and why.

Bookservice Members have no obligation to buy any books ever. (Bookservice is definitely not a book club.)

Members may order any book in print, whether it is featured in BOOKLETTER or not, and save up to 70% on special bargains, 25% on general titles, including the *New York Times* bestseller list, and even 15% on reference and university press titles.

You may become a Charter Member of Bookservice and receive full book-buying privileges at Members' prices and 24 issues of BOOKLETTER at the special rate of just $5.00 for six months (and $5.00 six months from now)—instead of the regular $15.00 a year.

Code	ADDITIONAL BESTSELLERS	Publisher's Price	Member's Price
115	Far Tortuga by Peter Matthiessen	10.95	8.22
116	The Memoirs of a Survivor by Doris Lessing	6.95	5.22
117	The Gentle Tasaday by John Vance	15.00	11.25
118	Minamata by W. Eugene Smith and Aileen Smith	20.00	15.00
119	The Moneychangers	10.00	7.50
120	Journey by Robert and Suzanne Massie	8.95	6.72
121	The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum by Heinrich Böll	7.95	5.97
122	Reading Myself and Others by Philip Roth	8.95	6.72
123	The Mediterranean (two volumes) by Fernand Braudel	35.00	26.25

☐ Yes, enter my Charter Membership in Bookservice at the special rate of just $5.00 for the next six months (and $5.00 six months later) instead of the regular $15.00 a year. This entitles me to the full discount book-buying privileges and a year of BOOKLETTER (issued every other Monday, 24 times a year).

☐ I enclose $5.00, plus $_____ for books I want at Members' Prices.

☐ I do not wish to join Bookservice but enclose $_____ for books at publishers' prices.

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please send all orders for books and Bookservice to:
Book Order Department
HARPER'S MAGAZINE
Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016
Postage and handling included in price

Code	Title	Quantity	Publisher's Price	Member's Price
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
		Total _____	$_____	$_____

(N.Y.S. residents add appropriate tax on book orders) $_____

GRAND TOTAL OF BOOKS ORDERED _____ $_____

Harper's Magazine Company Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

D976

umes appeared in all, at intervals. Kinglake lived principally in London, and sat in Parliament for Bridgwater from 1857 until the disfranchisement of the borough in 1868. He died on January 2nd, 1891. Kinglake's life work, The Invasion of the Crimea: Its Origin and an Account of its Progress Down to the Death of Lord Raglan, *is, in scheme and execution, too minute and conscientious to be altogether in proportion, and it is not without errors of partisanship, but it is a wonderful example of painstaking and talented industry.*

Churchill's guideline was clear; *Eothen*, familiar to me by name, was the book to read. It is listed today as being in print in the United States, both in hardcover and paperback, but it was out of print in Britain at the time I looked it up. I headed toward the Charing Cross Road, where the secondhand book dealers stand side by side, and quickly found a charming illustrated edition, published in 1906 by Methuen. I bought it, took it home, and settled down to read.

Eothen is a journey into a world of sheer enchantment. Alexander Kinglake, the solitary traveler through what is now the Middle East, then considered the Orient, was the personification of Victorian wit, sophistication, tolerance, and observation. He could stand amused, while all around him the natives fled from the plague. He could describe a camelback journey over the desert, day and night, so vividly that the reader is blinded by the sun, and stifled by the heat. Kinglake himself was never ruffled. He possessed the English aristocratic disdain for heat, discomfort, plague, flies, or the importunings of Oriental beggars—afflictions which would have broken the back and the will of a lumberjack.

I read *Eothen* with joy, and put it down saying, "Good old Winnie." A couple of years later, I found myself alone with Churchill one night after dinner at La Capponcina, Beaverbrook's Riviera home at Cap d'Ail. I reminded him of our earlier conversation, told him how much I felt enriched by *Eothen*, and asked him to recommend other reading. Churchill's first lesson had been concluded in a single word. This time he was twice as expansive. What he said was "More Kinglake."

I said, "B-b-but, Sir Winston, the only other thing Kinglake ever wrote was his nine-volume history of the war in the Crimea. It is completely unread."

Churchill's eyes twinkled, the way they so often do in the wartime propaganda photographs. He pushed a thumb into my dress shirt. "Read it, my boy," he said. "As you say, nobody reads it. So nobody can accuse you of plagiarism, can they?"

This time his attention was drawn by the much-mourned Marie-Edmée Escarra Champetier de Rîbes, who acted as hostess to Beaverbrook, a widower.

BACK THEN I TRUNDLED, to the Charing Cross Road. Tremulously I entered the dustiest secondhand bookshop I could find. The proprietor was sitting alone, reading *A Rebours*. He looked up and raised his glasses to his forehead.

"Would you by any chance have a set of Alexander Kinglake's nine-volume history of the invasion of the Crimea?"

He said, "What?"

I repeated the question in full.

He frowned as if he did not know what I was talking about, and said, "I beg your pardon?"

Gathering the remains of my breath, I said, "Would you have a set of Alexander Kinglake's nine-volume history of the invasion of the Crimea?"

"You don't have to raise your voice," the bookseller said, hurt. "I heard you the first time."

"Then why do I waste my . . ."

He held up his hand. "Be patient, my dear sir. Be understanding. It was simply that I liked to hear you say it. Nobody has asked me for that set in fifteen—no, sixteen years. The first time you said it I could not believe my ears. The second time the words sounded so mellifluous and beautiful I was all but unmanned. As you said it a third time, sir, it seemed that the whole rich mosaic of my life as a secondhand bookdealer was spreading out in front of me in all its multitudinous hues to the very limits of the far horizon. You are talking to a man you have made very happy. Is that not reward enow?"

"Indeed, I am very pleased, l
let me put it another way. Do y
have it?"

He shook his head. "No," he sa
softly. I made for the door, feeli
an element of panic. Great men ha
a genius for asking a subordina
no matter how well-briefed, just th
one question he cannot answer.
might never meet Churchill aga
But I might. And two prognost
were certain. If I *did* read the C
mea book, he would be silent and r
remember we had ever met. If I d
not read it, he would say, "A
young man, how did you find Ki
lake's interpretation of the com
in the Careenage Ravine during
Battle of Inkerman?" The thou
made one go cold.

The bookdealer cried, "Wait, s
I don't have it. But somewhere al
the Charing Cross Road—or
Boul' Mich', as I prefer to call i
some dealer will have it, perhaps
a cellar warehouse in Bognor Re
perhaps in poor condition. Wh
ever they ask, offer half. If you d
buy it, they will never sell it. N
leave me, please, because this
been a very moving experience
may even close my doors for
day."

He was right. After only two
three disappointments, I unearth
a set. The nine volumes, publis
by William Blackwood in 1
were in remarkable condition. T
were bound in red leather that
faded to rust, gold-leafed, with
gant endpapers, and bore the
of a private library. The type
excellent and easy to read. Only
Victorian engraved maps were
to follow. I could not heed
friend's advice and haggle. Th
was marked at £3 15s, or rather
than $10 at the time. Torn bet
triumph and apprehension at
lay ahead, I bore my treasure h
poured a stiff vodka and tonic
settled in for what promised t
many a hard day's night. Some
weeks later, bleary-eyed, I cl
with regret, the last volume. It
been one of the most thrillin
erary experiences of a lifetim
history it is largely trash. King
loathing for the French, and
cially for the emperor, Louis
poleon, amounted almost to foa
at the mouth. Everything the
was wrong, from transporting t
in fighting ships of the line i

troopships to volunteering for the oughest position at the siege of ebastopol.

But for mastery of the English nguage it is peerless. By about age 3 of the first volume, one is ooked. After that, one is in thrall. ne has to stop periodically, put the ook down, and let the words one as just read catch up and wash over ne. Overexposure is gluttony. And, has to be stated, some of the more lling phrases and the more lofty ssages seem to echo, not so many nerations later, in Churchill's orks.

THE NAME-DROPPING in this essay so far has been outrageous, but it is followed now by perps the most delightful piece of me-dropping since the clerihew. me months later, I was trotting af- the Beaver again, this time in his ite on the thirty-sixth floor of the aldorf Towers in New York. Beabrook stood looking over the skye in his usual costume of loose ie suit and casually knotted red , dictating instructions to his exatives into a recording machine. e usual group of correspondents s standing around, courtier fash-, like Patton's staff officers. The me of Churchill was introduced o the conversation, by, I think, late René McColl, Beaverbrook's ef foreign correspondent.

Marie-Edmée Escarra said, "By way, Geoffrey"—which she alys pronounced "Zhoffray"—"a months ago I saw Sir Winston ing to you at length . . ."

Beaverbrook shut off his recorder a snap at the sound of the name. bushy eyebrows flared. He was lays almost maternally protective suspicious whenever Churchill involved. "What's that?"

told Beaverbrook the story of Kinglake incident. Beaverbrook's derful monkeylike face softened he manner which went far to exn his lifelong success with wom-The cliché "wreathed in smiles" d have been invented for him. is harsh Scots-Canadian accent, elled, "Ah, that Winston!" and ped his thigh. "The old son of a ! He thinks *he* discovered King-. *I* know who told *him* about glake, because I was there. It was yard Kipling." Beat that.

What Is a Brain?

As in the past, the WRAPAROUND section of Harper's needs your help. We are interested in finding out all we can about the brain. We want to know who the leading brain surgeons are, and where we can reach them. Ditto neurophysiologists, biophysicists, and brain specialists of any discipline. We are also looking for books, scientific papers, experiment results, mystical tracts, and anything else that might help us illuminate the dark secrets locked inside our crania. Anyone with any knowledge in these matters (admittedly a gray area) is hereby urged to share information with us by writing to Brain Department, WRAPAROUND, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Help! I Want to Remodel My Home

The New Woman's Guide to Home Improvement



ANN SUTHERLAND AUGUSTIN

Women! Now you can beat the high cost of major or minor home remodeling. This book, some imagination, a few ideas, and a little sweat are all you need to redo any room. Simple instructions assure foolproof results and the satisfaction of getting better for less. $8.95

AT YOUR BOOKSELLER

nh Nelson-Hall Publishers
325 W. Jackson, Chicago 60606

Autographed Copies!

TOM WOLFE

Through a special arrangement on behalf of Harper's subscribers, we have obtained a limited number of autographed copies of "The Painted Word," by Tom Wolfe—a funny, informative, irreverent view of the modern art world which originally appeared as the cover feature in the April issue of Harper's.
You may order your autographed copies at $5.95 each by returning the coupon below with your check, payable to Harper's Magazine.



$5.95 now at your bookstore
FARRAR, STRAUS & GIROUX

Autographed Books, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

I enclose $_____ for _____ copies of "The Painted Word," signed by the author, Tom Wolfe, at $5.95 each.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

Please allow at least three weeks for delivery.

IN THE YEARS SINCE, I have noticed that in all books on the Crimean War, although the authors always scrupulously list Kinglake in the appendices, he never really gets the credit he deserves. I could name at least two incidents, said to be taken from fresh, unpublished material, that were in Kinglake. It is almost as though the authors hope that Churchill's Law will prevail—that, because nobody reads Kinglake, nobody will be around to comment on their reliance on him.

After the first onrush through the nine volumes, Kinglake remains for a lifetime of dipping. I pick up Kinglake between commercials. I take him to the john. I declare it is literally impossible to open any volume at any page, at random, and not strike what Perry Mason—or at least Paul Drake—calls "pay dirt."

Here, for example, is a quite astounding coincidence. In 1973, during one of the prickings of the Watergate blister, I was discussing Kinglake with Richard Condon, author most recently of *Money Is Love*, and a passionate lover and master of the English language. I showed him my set with a wave of the hand. "Take any volume, open at any page. I'll give you a tenner if you don't find some phrase, sentence, or sequence that thrills you."

Condon picked out a book. I quailed for my money because he selected volume nine, the last, which is not about the war at all. It is devoted to Kinglake's sources, how he compiled the book, how he received Lord Raglan's papers from his widow. I almost drew Condon's attention to the fact, to ask him to choose another volume, but decided that such a course would be chicken. Condon started to read, and then stopped, because what he was reading was so extraordinary, so apposite to the American scene, that the page could have been picked for him by the patron saint of Sen. Sam Ervin. For researchers, the paragraph in question is on page xxiii, William Blackwood edition, January 1, 1883. It reads:

> *And now I have to state that which will not surprise my own countrymen, but which will, in the eyes of the foreigner, seem passing strange. For some years, our statesmen, our admirals, and our generals, have known that the whole correspondence of the English Headquarters was in my hands; and very many of them have, from time to time, conversed and corresponded with me on the business of the war. Yet I declare I do not remember that any one of these public men has ever said to me that there was anything which, for the honour of our arms, or for the credit of the nation, it would be well to keep concealed. Every man has taken it for granted that what is best for the repute of England is, the truth.*

THAT, OF COURSE, is the logical ending to this historical-literary bagatelle. But there is still a postscript which, while having nothing to do with Alexander Kinglake, is sequential to the Churchill story, and to the last time I set eyes on the great man.

The time is late fall, 1961, just after Ulbricht built the Berlin Wall. President Kennedy had sent Vice-President Johnson to reassure Berliners of American support. It will be remembered that Johnson roamed the western part of the city arming citizens to the teeth with ballpoints inscribed, "Lyndon Baines Johnson."

Beaverbrook was seated on his terrace at La Capponcina. Although a sloppy hat protected him from the sun, his ugly-beautiful face was tanned nut-brown. He was discussing an article he wanted me to write—as I remember, he wanted to knock Prince Rainier about something or other. Then Raymond, his valet, appeared to say that Sir Winston was on his way. Beaverbrook was, for once, disconcerted, and almost uneasy. He sat up and said, "Geoffrey, wait in my office. I don't know how strong or how feeble Winston is, and he may or may not remember you."

It was a graceful way of suggesting possible senility. The office of La Capponcina opens directly onto the terrace, so eavesdropping was inevitable—as Beaverbrook well knew; he loved overhearing his subordinates' frank opinions, the more scabrous the better. I saw Churchill being carried, sedan-chair fashion, by two men. The difference in his appearance since the last time I had seen him was shocking. He seemed to have shrunk to half his former size. His face was white and cadaverous. Charles, the assistant butler, weaved past me with a tray that carried a bottle of Dimple Haig and a solitary glass.

A tempered bedlam of noise poured into the office from the terrace. Churchill was very deaf, and Beaverbrook quite deaf. Churchill was eighty-six, Beaverbrook eighty-two. Although I could not see them, each seemed to have his personal shouter at his side, like a medieval food taster. I heard Lord Beaverbrook say, "What do you think of Lyndon Johnson's visit to Berlin, Winston?"

A disembodied voice shouted loudly, "Sir Winston, Lord Beaverbrook wants to know what you think about Lyndon Johnson's visit to Berlin?"

There followed a protracted, indecipherable Churchillian mumble. The disembodied voice became even louder and more clearly enunciated. "Lyndon Johnson, Sir Winston. Lyndon Johnson." A further mumble. "Lyndon Johnson is the Vice-President of the United States of America, Sir Winston."

The mumble seemed to take on an aura of its own, of discernible baffllement, slowly melding into the solution of the problem. The voice took over again, still loud, but more muted, to tune in with Beaverbrook's better hearing. "My Lord, Sir Winston wants to know what *you* think of Lyndon Johnson's visit to Berlin."

Beaverbrook said, "Barnum and Bailey circus, Winston. Barnum and Bailey circus."

The voice seemed to gather courage for the ordeal ahead and bellowed, "Sir Winston . . . Lord Beaverbrook thinks it's a Barnum and Bailey circus. . . . *Barnum, Sir Winston.* . . . BAILEY, SIR WINSTON . . . !"

Lord Beaverbrook came stalking into the office, vigorous, lively, shaking his head, half laughing, half exasperated. "Geoffrey, come back for dinner this evening. I think I am going to be busy here for some time. Bring a résumé of what you intend to write about Rainier and Monte Carlo. Thirty pages or so will do for a start. . . . Charles! . . . Take another bottle to Sir Winston."

Beaverbrook was born in 1879, four years, six months, and five days later than Winston Churchill. Beaverbrook died on June 9, 1964. Churchill outlived him by seven months and fifteen days.

Panama. The New World.

Where you can take eight vacations in one.

In Panama, the New World, discover over 800 islands. *There's Taboga, Contadora, San Blas or hundreds of other secluded isles. You can fly 20 minutes and go back 20 centuries from Panama City to the San Blas Islands. Trade with a Cuna Indian for a handmade mola and enjoy a tribal culture intact after 1,000 years.*



In Panama, the New World, the fishing is fabulous. *30 world's records are held! The Black Marlin capital is Panama. In addition, Panama offers great water sports all year round.*





In Panama, the New World, the casinos go all night. *So try your luck in Panamanian or U.S. currency. Furthermore, we have exciting horse racing and boat racing in the New World.*

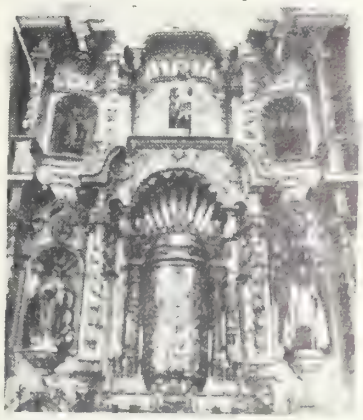


In Panama, the New World, dine on the world's finest foods. *Because almost every delicious kind of food the sophisticated world has to offer is perfectly prepared in Panama. And imagine drinking the world's purest water! From your modern hotel you can even see the sun rise in the Pacific or set in the Atlantic. And the oceans are only minutes apart.*

In Panama, the New World, the shopping is sensational. *Cameras, clothes, linens, perfumes, jewelry. Shop Panama and you shop the world, for Panama is the Hong Kong of the western world. And the friendly people will help you shop or have a great time.*



In Panama, the New World, the sights are breathtaking. *You can wander about Portobelo, the port Christopher Columbus named in 1502, or see Old Panama, the ruins of the city the pirate Henry Morgan destroyed in 1671. Spend days in country villages, visit colonial churches. See the ancient and the modern side by side.*





In Panama, the New World, the wonders are amazing. *Visit the Panama Canal . . . the eighth wonder of the world and see giant ships move from one half of the world to the other.*



In Panama, the New World, be entertained forever. *Because there's every kind of entertainment. Because there are miles and miles of magnificent beaches on the Atlantic and the Pacific. Because there are modern highways and tropical jungles. Because you'll do things you've never done before. Because Panama is the New World. And be sure you discover it soon.*

HM0975

Panama Government Tourist Bureau

630 Fifth Avenue, Suite 518,
New York, N.Y. 10020

McAllister Hotel Arcade,
10 Biscayne Blvd., Miami, FL. 33132

3900 W. 3rd Street, Suite 1,
Los Angeles, CA. 90020

Please tell me more about your Eight Vacations in Panama.

Name

Address

City State Zip

Panama

...and you thought it was only a canal

THE NASHVILLE SOUND



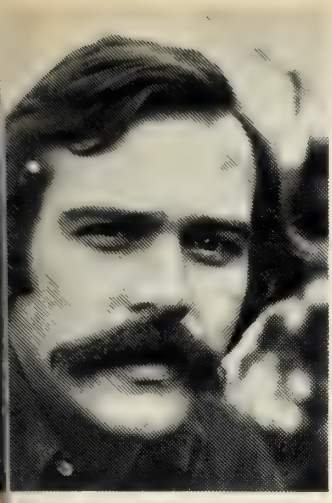
WELL BEFORE Paramount released Robert Altman's *Nashville* to *two* adjacent movie theatres on New York City's East Side (an all but unprecedented action that proclaimed the studio's faith in the commercial aspects of Altman's vision), the ladies and gentlemen of the press had begun to tout the film with the routine extravagance that comes so easily to the pens of movie critics and political speech writers. When the movie opened in June the hierarchs of the Eastern Press welcomed it with predictably inflated praise, as if intent on proving that there is a profession other than weather forecasting in which one can talk fluff 90 percent of the time and still keep a job. "'Nashville,'" said *Newsweek*, is "everything a work of social art ought to be but seldom is—immensely moving yet terribly funny, chastening yet ultimately exhilarating. It is also that rarest thing in contemporary movies—a work of art that promises to be hugely popular." Hollis Alpert, writing in *Saturday Review*, thought it "important, and maybe great; he [Altman] has created an experience, a cultural artifact of sorts; and he has certainly moved the American film onto a new high plane." This is strong stuff, even from a movie reviewer.

Nashville can be described with the same eloquently simple gesture that Flaubert used to describe the plummeting arc of moral aspiration in *Sentimental Education:* the hands together in a spread prayer-clasp, the fingers extended abysmally downward. The images of America captured in *Nashville* are in themselves sufficiently deflating: the twirling, whitewashed muskets of absurdly spangled schoolgirls; the erector-set skyline of the booming provincial American cosmopolis; the flat, stupid walls of modern apartments; the crumbling, greased legs of poor fried chickens; the white plastic belt and white shoes of a sweating, meat-faced lawyer. But it is the people amidst these dreary phenomena that Altman's cameras, with their gleeful eyes, lust to portray. They delight in recording the scabby cross section of the American citizenry indulging itself in nearly every kind of social, cultural, political, and personal malpractice known and feared by right-thinking progressive man: apathy, complacency, slobbish consumerism, the exploitation of women, hypocrisy, the application of greed, leechlike, to the slender swan neck of Art. Each and every one of these atrocities is displayed with a refulgent vulgarity that denies to their perpetrators even the healthiness that unconscious spontaneity lends to the antics of the morally and culturally innocent: enough, you might think, to discourage any modern, enlightened proponent of the inherent goodness of "the peepul" and of their progress toward utopia.

And yet, there sat Pauline Kael, a voice of a major American organ of liberal civility, "smiling at the screen in complete happiness," enjoying "the funniest epic vision of America ever to reach the screen." Tom Wicker, the earnestly naive columnist for the *New York Times*, wrote ecstatically of "a two-and-a-half hour cascade of minutely detailed vulgarity, greed, deceit, cruelty, barely contained hysteria, and the frantic lack of root and grace into which American life has been driven by its own heedless vitality."

POLITICAL BIAS applied to aesthetic criticism is deplorable; political bias hypocritically applied is repellent. For there was in such commentary coming from such people something far more obscene than any hypocrisy portrayed in the film itself. Here were the first-string critics for the organs of Northeastern liberal humanism positively delighting in the spectacle of all the grotesque evils that they and their followers have always claimed to perceive in American life: evils which they had insisted caused them much personal anguish but which, they were now as good as admitting, actually can afford them much sophisticated mirth. One would have expected them to agree with the indictment of American society that Altman makes in *Nashville;* what one would not have expected was that they would revel in it. But revel they did, and with all the happy enthusiasm of people who are far more delighted by the prospect of seeing vindicated their diagnosis of the conditions that supposedly give them pain than they would have been by seeing those co

Chilton Williamson, Jr., is a free-lance writer and contributor to National Review.



Three years ago, you helped me on WRAPAROUND. Now I need you for HARPER'S WEEKLY.

y name is Tony Jones. In 1972 *Harper's Magazine* asked me
rt an unusual new editorial feature called WRAPAROUND.
is to be an experiment in person-to-person communication
national scale. A chance for you, as a reader, to interrupt
magazine with *your own* contributions—with your point of
about what's important in advancing the human condition.
became (and continues to be) a rip-roaring success. So much
at it helped inspire a brand-new publication: HARPER'S
KLY. And *Harper's* tapped me to be its editor.
e WRAPAROUND, HARPER'S WEEKLY is dedicated to
n growth and survival, to knowing where we've been and
we're going—and how we can best hang together on the

wever, HARPER'S WEEKLY is different in that it is, in-
issued weekly. Which also permits it to be more diverse,
ranging, timely, and keyed to current events and controver-
But most important is the fact that . . .

PER'S WEEKLY is written almost entirely by its readers.

t means you. And if you come through for me—for all of
e way you did on WRAPAROUND, we'll be making some
of history together.
—a publication written by its readers? A bold approach, cer-
. However, nothing else would be compatible with HAR-
S WEEKLY's aims. Which are, in a moderate-size nutshell,
e issue with the monolithic establishment, the impersonal
tion, the anonymous committee. To provide a village-green
ng platform where the *people* take charge. To help reckon
dual roles and responsibility in our increasingly faceless
y.
focus on *personal* accountability for our actions. In busi-
In politics. In our private, day-to-day lives.
RPER'S WEEKLY doesn't, for example, report the latest
-be-damned corporate decision. But we did examine how
dual shareholders can band together to redirect policy and
HARPER'S WEEKLY hasn't lamely joined the national
singing the recession blues. Instead, we have been run-
penetrating, grass-roots symposium on how people around
untry are coping.
RPER'S WEEKLY doesn't simply bemoan the flow of
into the hands of bureaucrats, technocrats, and autocrats.
y to do something about it—by celebrating the truly dem-
exercises of power wherever we find them.
HARPER'S WEEKLY will not recap the oft-told and
etizing sociological reasons for increasing urban crime. But
d very well print a piece *you* have written, describing the
dilemma you may have faced in deserting the city to find
for your family.
RPER'S WEEKLY is, then, a return to the source. People.
Your views and observations. Your personal confrontations,
and dilemmas. Your firsthand experiences that have left
more effective, more independent, more powerful individ-
information that should be passed along to others, en-
them to more easily cope and perform.

**specifically, is the role I'd like you to play in HARPER'S
LY.**

te for us, especially about things in your immediate expe-
that deserve sharing. In particular, brief essays and case
about all sorts of contemporary moral dilemmas, heroes, compromises, excuses, victories, defeats, outrages, conflicts of interest, honest and dishonest lifestyles, object lessons about when the end does or doesn't justify the means. Published contributions will carry your name and earn you an honorarium of $25.

2. *Do research for us.* As an active reader, you no doubt scan many publications routinely—your local newspaper, newsletters, professional journals, small-circulation political or literary journals. We need any material you spot that coincides with the WEEKLY's purpose.

3. *Subscribe to HARPER'S WEEKLY.* Try to get all your friends to do the same.

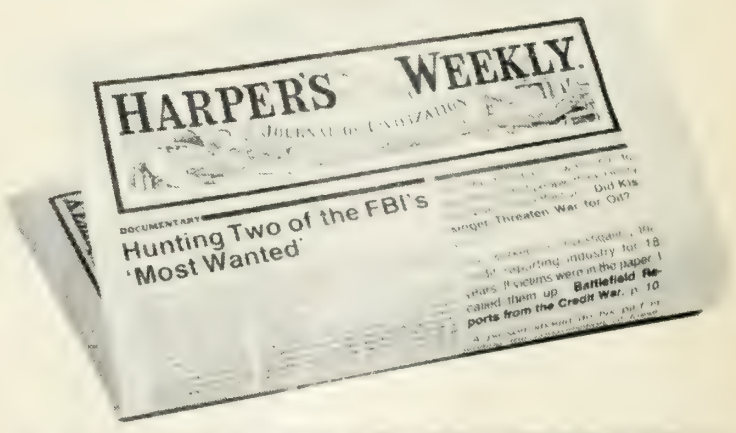
Call it a town meeting. A public forum. National dialogue. Whatever. The point is: HARPER'S WEEKLY gives *you* a chance to air *your* views . . . to learn what your fellow citizens are really thinking . . . and to hear them instead of the constant parade of experts, analysts, pollsters, and commentators.

Take a free look. Then save 50%

The coupon below invites your subscription to the next 24 issues for just $6.00. (HARPER'S WEEKLY is available at selected newsstands at 50 cents a copy—so you save half by subscribing.

What's more, you'll receive your first issue on a no-risk basis. Then if you decide it isn't for you, you may cancel your subscription and keep that issue *free.*

Send no money now. Just mail off the coupon today. I'm counting on your support. Again.



HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

☐ **I'LL TAKE A FREE LOOK**

Rush me my complimentary copy of the current issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY. If I like it, I'll send $6.00 and get the rest of my subscription (24 issues in all). If I'm not satisfied, I'll write "cancel" on my bill and keep my first issue free.
SEND NO MONEY NOW!
JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TO:
Harper's Weekly, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

D2062

ditions ameliorated. Of a sudden, whole crowds of critics of the American way of life tacitly exhibited themselves as people who condemned life in these United States less in the spirit of *mea culpa*—though they have in the past thoroughly enjoyed the self-congratulatory pleasures of that stance—than in the smug spirit of a closet superiority to which they would never forthrightly admit. *Nashville*—a movie filled with the most hackneyed criticisms of American life—gave such people the chance to say, "I told you so" ("'Nashville,'" said a *Newsweek* writer, "demonstrates the real lesson of Watergate—the cost of putting ends before means"); it also tempted them to reveal their sense of themselves in relation to their world. When Judith Crist warned portentously in *New York* of "a people now inured to those outbreaks of violence, saturated with the audio-visuals of our time, a drifting, uninvolved nation of benumbed voyeurs," you may be sure that she was not including herself in this broadly calibered indictment.

Some people, I am happy to say, did not take very well at all to this sort of thing. Robert Mazzocco, writing in *The New York Review of Books* from what one presumes to be an advanced enough angle, complained of Altman's "decadent realism," "inverted cliches," and lack of "inner vision": he took Altman to task for "glamorizing" the "crack-up of Middle America" and for treating it as "a kind of insider's joke." Altman's, he thought, was "an absurdist geniality . . . certainly very tempting to those who've soured on the Movement or can't really connect with politics or changes any more, but who nevertheless don't want to lose their cool." Mazzocco's reaction was, in short, that of a fellow who honestly believes in the goodness of men, even of that puny majority of them known as "Middle Americans" ("Life, such as it is, matters") and dislikes seeing them treated with fundamental loathing or disrespect. Where in the movie, he wondered, were the hobos and lonesome men in diners whom country-and-western circles have been wont to celebrate?

But the most violent counterreaction to *Nashville* came from people who, as conservatives, resented both the movie and its critical reception by the liberal media. M. J. Sobran, Jr., a writer and editor with *National Review*, found the film to be "mean-spirited" in what he considered to be its delighted wallowing in the ills of America, and resented its implicit elitism. And George F. Will, the conservative Washington columnist, devoted a coruscating column to the movie and its boomers, in which he argued that *Nashville* "is to America what country music is to music—not a close approximation," and mordantly concluded his critique by quoting Altman himself: "I'm gonna make all the money in the world."

For his assault outright upon the reading that *Nashville* has been given and for the voluptuously hypocritical pleasure that the critical brethren have taken in that reading, Will deserves a full measure of applause. Still, his attitude toward the film itself—and that of other conservatively minded people I have talked with—seems to me to be somewhat defensive. It used to be that critics of manners, mores, and the national culture came frequently from the conservative corral: one thinks of Henry Adams, of H. L. Mencken, of T. S. Eliot, of the elder John Dos Passos. But beginning in the 1930s and continuing into the 1960s and '70s, the drift of cultural criticism moved almost exclusively in the direction of the Left. The reason for this is probably simple enough: left-wing ideologies tend to be all-embracing, so that their many indictments of society ultimately converge as one. Back in the 1920s, you could denounce American civilization as vulgar and stupid without feeling compelled to call for the demolition of Congress. But this is no longer so, and hence many conservative writers hesitate either to jump on the vulgar agglomeration of midcult Americanos or to countenance attacks on it by others; they sense that to denounce the way Americans comport themselves is to denounce the economic and political systems under which they live, and thus to invite the maraudings of the armies of the Left. Such fears are understandable and even plausible, but they also cause conservative authors to vacate a position that is, partially at least, rightfully theirs. If conservatives v not address themselves to the d gers of mass culture and mass livi then who—sensibly—will? I sho hope that conservative critics wo be able to condemn the more re sive aspects of American cult without feeling that they are betr ing their fundamental stance by sh ing certain articles of condemnat with people on the Left.

AND SO TO THE MOVIE its Altman told Wicker t *Nashville* is "my view— distorted view—of the culture. B don't have any philosophies. I d have anything to say. I don't beli in propaganda." I believe him don't think Altman has it in America, especially. Politics America, he is saying, is a marg force: culture is the major propel of our lives, and people—ordin undirected people—create that ture for themselves. "You may that I ain't free, but it don't w me," sings Barbara Harris, as a funct country-and-western star is ried offstage after the assassina which concludes the movie: sh joined enthusiastically in song by crowd. Well, sure: the truth al people is that they don't really v to be free, and democracy gives t only the freedom to forge their chains. As Mencken said, "Dem racy is the theory that the plain ple know what they want and serve to get it good and ha That's what Altman apparently lieves; and it makes good sens me.

But not, apparently, to many posedly cold-hearted American servatives; and not really, I su —though I may be giving them they would consider the benefit o doubt—to such people as M and Mmes. Wicker, Rich, Crist, et al. Altman's very lit movie is in spirit a cultural t back to the gaudy days of Mer and Sinclair Lewis, but the when many American intellectu no matter what philosophical pe sion can be cynical about any without feeling at the same morally committed to somethin are plainly gone. It's too bad, seems to be a fact.

fore You Make Reservations

ying may be cheaper than you think. Most people think choice of fares is limited to first class or coach. More enced travelers know that night flights (after 10:00 P.M. on airlines) and off-season trips offer lower prices in each sec- And if you've been listening to airline commercials lately, ve probably heard of "no-frills" flights along the Eastern oard and "Bicentennial" excursions across the mainland. But are just a few of the many fares available. Unfortunately, ke advantage of the discount fares, you have to know what k for—the industry simply does not go out of its way to you money.

y no attention to airline advertisements which imply that carrier will fly you somewhere less expensively than the oth- All domestic fares are set by the Civil Aeronautics Board, ll airlines must charge the same amount for comparable s. And don't hope for standby discounts; they were elimi- last year. Because the fares are all the same, one may as pay attention to the frills. A friend of ours, for instance, d for LaGuardia from O'Hare, switched airlines at the last te when he found out that one carrier was serving cheese- rs for dinner, while another was offering Cornish game hens osé wine.

demonstrate the range of prices, we have compiled a list und-trip fares for New York-Los Angeles flights.* All will effect through the middle of January 1976.

4—First class, day
4—Coach, day
4—First class, night
2—Coach, night
1—Affinity group**
1—Coach excursion, peak season (June 15-September 15; sometimes called the Bicentennial fare; tickets must be purchased at least seven days in advance for a seven- to thirty-day trip)
4—Military personnel
3—Coach excursion, off-season (September 16-June 14†)
2—Demand scheduling, weekend, peak season (sometimes called the "Look Ahead Plan"; reservations must be made sixty days in advance with a $20 nonrefundable deposit, and tickets must be paid for in full fifteen days prior to departure; "weekend" usually means Friday noon through Saturday noon, and Sunday noon through Monday noon, but it varies from airline to airline. Passenger stipulates day of departure; airline picks flight schedule)
5—Individual exclusive tour (flight ticket is part of package including land arrangements)
5—Coach excursion, night
4—Demand scheduling, weekend, off-season
3—Children (age two to twelve) coach, day
4—Demand scheduling, weekday, peak season
5—Demand scheduling, weekday, off-season
7—Charter flights (in effect, an entire plane leased by a single group; occasionally a "split-charter" can be obtained by combining two or more groups on the same flight; charters are usually handled by travel agencies and tour clubs)

$182—Children's coach excursion, off-season
$ 0—Children under two (must be accompanied by someone over twelve and share seat)

*Flights between other cities may not offer the same range of fares. Press your travel agent to explain all the options.

**Affinity groups are comprised of ten, fifteen, twenty-five or more persons (the number depends on the airline and distance flown), all of whom belong to the same club or organization, and all of whom will be flying on the same plane. Members' families qualify for the discount fare.

†Off-season rates do not apply during Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays.

Note: some local carriers offer discounts for people over sixty-five and for members of the clergy.

Know Your Rights

Airlines have the right to delay or cancel any flight at a moment's notice. If your flight is cancelled, the airline is obliged by CAB regulations to put you on the next available flight, even if it means giving you a first-class seat. If the delay is, or is expected to be, four hours or more, the carrier is required to provide you with certain amenities. Generally, these include a three-minute telephone call or fifteen-word telegram to anyplace within the continental U.S.; a meal if one was scheduled for that flight; and a hotel room if the delay occurs between 10:00 P.M. and 6:00 A.M., unless the airport is in the same city in which you reside. The airline must also pay for the cost of transportation between the airport and your home or hotel. Because the amenities vary slightly from airline to airline, and because the airline might not tell you about these services unless you ask, you should always inquire at the airline desk before making plans.

If the carrier oversold tickets for your flight and you get "bumped," the airline is required to put you on another flight scheduled to arrive at your destination no later than two hours after your original flight was due. Failing that, the airline must immediately pay you a penalty of up to $200, the amount depending on the price of your ticket. This is called "denied boarding compensation," and the check is supposed to be cashed within thirty days. However, if the damages resulting from having missed the flight amount to more than the penalty, do not cash the check until you have consulted an attorney. Cashing the check may void your right to sue. If you think you might take the matter to court, take down the names of all the clerks you dealt with, and those of any other passengers who were bumped from the same flight. You might need them as witnesses. This happened to Ralph Nader, and he and a consumer group were later awarded $50,000 in "punitive damages" from Allegheny Airlines.

Much of this information was supplied by the Aviation Consumer Action Project, a Nader offshoot organization. Its address is P.O. Box 19029, Washington, D.C. 20036. If you have a complaint of any kind, you may wish to file it directly with the CAB. Write to the Office of Consumer Affairs, Civil Aeronautics Board, Washington, D.C. 20428.

AROUND CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

Flying and Your Body

Air travelers today have relatively little to worry about in relation to health. According to *Better Homes and Gardens Family Medical Guide,* "If a person is able to walk 100 yards and climb 12 steps without manifesting symptoms, flight in pressurized aircraft is permissible." Still, you can have medical problems as a result of flying.

One is airsickness. Motion sickness occurs when there is repetitive linear or angular acceleration of the head, disturbing the fluid in the canals of the inner ear, where the sense of balance is located. If you are susceptible to prolonged air turbulence or circling, choose a seat between the wings, avoid reading, don't drink alcohol, and don't watch the horizon.

When there is rapid change in air pressure, a common sensation is clogged ears. Especially during takeoff and landing, the passageway between the nose and the middle ear—the Eustachian tubes—must be kept open so pressure inside the ear can equalize with pressure outside. When awake we swallow twice a minute and this action keeps the tubes open. When asleep we swallow less frequently, so it's best to stay conscious while ascending and descending. If the Eustachian tubes block, the difference between atmospheric and inside pressure might buckle the eardrums, resulting in severe pain and temporary loss of hearing. Further complications set in if the middle ear fills with fluid and/or becomes infected. So, during ear-popping moments, give the baby a bottle, suck or chew on something, open your mouth wide, or (on descent only) hold your nose and blow.

When flying with a cold, which tends to swell the tissues around the Eustachian tubes in the back of the nose and thus narrows the passageway, it's wise to employ a decongesting nasal spray one half-hour before departure and arrival.

Call it circadian dysrhythmia or jet lag, if you've got it you can experience marked fatigue, appetite loss, insomnia, impairment of judgment, and short-term memory loss. Many bodily functions, among them temperature fluctuation and some hormonal secretions, are regulated by stimuli from the day-night cycle of the environment. The twenty-four-hour cycle on which you usually function—your circadian rhythm—is thrown off when you fly across time zones at high speeds.

For the average passenger jet lag is not overly serious as far as his own body is concerned, but, while flying, he places himself in the hands of a pilot who may himself be suffering from it, and this could be dangerous.

Discussing jet lag on *60 Minutes,* an airline pilot with thirty-five years' experience told Mike Wallace, "It's not the flying that's so difficult. . . . We d cipline ourselves so much could fly in a fatigued sitt tion. . . . It's the mental de sions. It's the possibility wanting to get into an airp so badly that you allow yo self to make a decision t you really shouldn't make."

Many passengers try to al

Airline Comparisons

AIRLINE*	Founded	Headquarters City	Size of Fleet (Jumbo Jets)	No. of Top 50 U.S. Markets Served	1974 Passenger Miles (billions)	1974 Gross Revenue (millions)	1974 Net prof in millio (loss)
UNITED	1926	Chicago	376 (45)	36	29.3	$2,219	$86.4
TWA	1934	New York	262 (43)	27	21.2	$1,781	($23.6 loss
AMERICAN	1934	New York	231 (38)	30	20.5	$1,641	$20.4
EASTERN	1938	New York	246 (27)	29	18.0	$1,530	$10.4
PAN AM	1927	New York	129 (32)	10	20.2	$1,528	($81.8 loss
DELTA	1929	Atlanta	178 (20)	22	15.6	$1,227	$90.6
NORTHWEST ORIENT	1926	Minneapolis	105 (37)	21	9.2	$759	$64.
BRANIFF	1930	Dallas	81 (1)	14	4.7	$552	$26.
WESTERN	1925	Los Angeles	72 (5)	10	6.7	$488	$24.
CONTINENTAL	1934	Los Angeles	55 (15)	16	5.7	$457	$8.
NATIONAL	1937	Miami	54 (16)	14	4.1	$429	$47

*Listings include only trunk-line carriers, as defined by CAB.

**Based on monthly percentages in *Aviation Week & Space Technology.*

†Source: Aviation Consumer Action Project, Washington, D.C. An "accident" is any occurrence in which at least one person suffers serious injury due to operation of the aircraft. "Fatalities" refer on passengers and crew. Complet data not available, but at time two fatal accidents h curred: TWA, one death; E

AROUNDWRAPAROUT

travel pressures by light-up a cigarette and calling a drink. But according to *space Medicine* magazine, oholic beverages and smok-luring flight could be harm- . . because carbon mon- (a product of incomplete oustion of a cigarette) and action of alcohol on the mechanisms of internal respiration may accentuate the slight hypoxia [oxygen deficiency] of the pressurized cabin of commercial planes."

Carbon monoxide produced by smoking can deactivate a large amount of the blood's hemoglobin as an oxygen carrier. The typical chronic smoker is physiologically at a higher altitude in an aircraft cabin altitude of 6,000 to 8,000 feet than a nonsmoker. The drinker's tissue cells also cannot use oxygen properly. If taken at 10,000 to 12,000 feet, two cocktails have the effect of four on the ground. After a flight of several hours, the smokers and drinkers are apt to feel more tired than the abstemious.

But don't let the fact that fleshly pleasures aren't truly compatible with air travel depress you. After all, like everything else, flying has its ups and downs. **—Susan Witty**

Susan Witty is on the staff of Harper's.

Advertising Slogan	On-Time Performance (6/74-3/75)**	Safety, 1970-74† Accidents	Fatal Accidents	Fatalities	Comments††
the Friendly Skies	74.7%	17 —	1 —	43	The GM of the industry—big and dependable; flies more scheduled flights than any other; generally a pleasure to fly; service gets high ratings, though some find food bland and cabin decor tacky; Edward Carlson, chief executive, a hotel man by training—his airline shows it.
Vill Not Be Undersold	69.7%	19 —	3 —	180	Slipping in image and slipping in revenue, although some say losses have prodded improvements in service; high ratings for food, especially "international cuisine" promoted by Peter Sellers on TV; low ratings for baggage service; recent management shake-up suggests internal difficulties; like Pan Am, plagued by being an international carrier, formerly a badge of prestige.
ng What We Do Best	76.1%	14 —	0 —	0	The most highly regarded of all U.S. airlines, for no apparent objective reasons; everything done with a bit more dignity, or so it seems; high customer loyalty; decent food. Paradox—young travelers think it upbeat, old think it conservative; perhaps it's the name.
he Wings of Man	76.1%	18 —	2 —	170	The least highly regarded of the airlines; frequently criticized for delays, overselling, poor food, and diffident service; much of this less factual than a matter of image problems inherited from period when airline lost money and had notoriously top-heavy management. Still, image or fact, nobody has favorable things to say; to its credit—introduced concept of shuttle flights on the Eastern seaboard.
World's Most xperienced Airline	(international)	15 —	3 —	287	U.S. flagship carrier, in deep financial trouble but popular for sentimental reasons; hurt by fuel price rise, foreign and charter-flight competition; lackluster service loses out to "exotic" allure of foreign carriers; Caribbean flights singled out for criticism; employees took voluntary pay cut in '74—a sign of loyalty; appeal for government subsidy failed; merger with TWA rumored for years; may well be bailed out by Iranian oil money, a sad irony.
ady When You Are	72.2%	26 —	1 —	88	The nuts-and-bolts airline; will get you to here from there without pain or pleasure; consistently the most profitable airline, due to favorable route structure, lean management, and antiunion tradition; absorbed old Northeast Airlines in '71 but still suffers image problems in Northeast; in the South, it's Mr. Big.
Give You the World	75.9%	9 —	0 —	0	Generally thought of as good, solid, Midwestern in tone, though route structure centers more on Pacific Northwest; service frequently described as earnest, cheerful, and innocuous; Donald Nyrop, chief executive, said to run a very tight organization, with occasional labor difficulties surfacing; basically a regional airline with flights to Japan, and very profitable; only criticism—food.
You There Flying Colors	76.0%	5 —	0 —	0	A regional airline serving mainly Texas and the Southwest, with international flights to Mexico and South America; receives generally high praise for efficiency and graciousness; most distinguishing characteristic—its brightly colored planes, one painted by Alexander Calder for $100,000; a definitive Texan flavor to the service and the food.
Only Way to Fly	85.0%	2 —	0 —	0	A West Coast airline, heavy on promotions to resorts, ski areas, Las Vegas; less popular in California than the intrastate commuter line, Pacific Southwest Airways; excellent service to Mexico. The oldest continually operating airline in the U.S. and a "gem of an operation," according to admirers.
Really Move ur Tails or You	81.4%	4 —	0 —	0	Among regional airlines, the one with greatest customer loyalty; has a reputation for being very friendly; travel agents less enchanted with it; specializes in Los Angeles-Denver-Chicago traffic; cited in *Playboy* as favorite airline of air-traffic controllers, who admire the speed with which its pilots obey directions from the control tower. Chief executive, Robert Six, a colorful character, last of the commercial aviation pioneers.
———, *Fly Me*	67.1%	9 —	1 —	1	Initiator of recent "no-frills" discount fare; competes primarily with Eastern for Northeast-to-Florida traffic, secondarily with Delta; generally not thought to be any better than either competitor, though comments range from "extremely good" to "extremely bad"; ground services most frequently criticized. Fuzzy public image laid to disorienting ad campaign: fly who?

eaths, a record for domestic disasters.

on interviews with aviation s, travel agents, and frequent rs, conducted by Jerry Leichtling, a free-lance writer who compiled most of the information above.

TOOLS FOR LIVING

A BOOK FOR THE NOSTALGIC

Remember elementary school—pigtails in ink, tacks on chairs, spitballs? Better yet, remember paper planes? The editors of *Scientific American* do, and have put together *The Great International Paper Airplane Book* (Simon and Schuster, $2.95). Beginning with a brief excursion through aerial esoterica, the book presents the seven winners of the magazine's "First International Paper Airplane Competition," covering the categories of duration aloft, distance flown, aerobatics, and origami. The designs for each of the winning planes—plus thirteen others—are reprinted, along with instructions and patterns meant to be cut out and put aloft.

Unhappily for would-be contestants, the editors have grounded the competition and there will be no future meets. But if it is enough for you just to enjoy the sport by yourself, then order a copy of this delightful 125-page book, grab some scissors, and fly. (F-1)

GAUGING DISTANCES

Whether you're flying or driving, bicycling or walking, it always adds fun to the trip to know how far you'll be going. This map measurer with a built-in compass helps you plan your route, and indicates the distance very precisely. All you need to know is the mileage scale of the map. To use the gauge, set the pointer to zero by turning the small wheel, then roll the wheel along the map route you want to measure. If the scale is one inch to one mile, the needle will indicate the distance without further computation. For most maps, however, you must multiply the figure on the dial by the scale of the map. The measurer/compass is available through us for $4.50, postage and handling included. (F-2)



THE TWO-NIGHTER

People who travel often will appreciate the Trip-Kwik, a lightweight, handsome clothes carrier manufactured by Lark. The main compartment of this nylon-and-leather bag holds two suits or three dresses; two side compartments are adequate for a weekend's worth of shirts, socks, and underwear. And there's no need to pack a separate toilet or shaving case, because this bag comes with its own kit that detaches for handy use. Upon reaching one's destination, the Trip-Kwik can be unfolded and hung upright, thus serving as a portable closet. When unfolded, the bag measures two by twenty-three by thirty-four inches; folded, it is four by twenty-three by seventeen inches, small enough to be carried on board train, bus, or plane. Air passengers concerned about wrinkling their garments may unfold the bag and hang it up during travel. The Trip-Kwik comes in black nylon with tricolor stripes, or blue nylon with a red stripe, and is available at luggage shops or through us for $52.50, postage and handling included. (F-3)

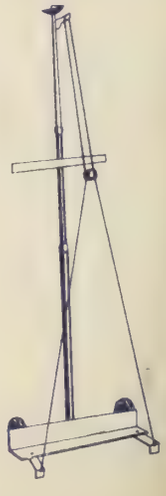


FLIGHT DIRECTORY

It's the travel agent's bi
Or, if not his bible, his dicti
ary. To you it's the *Offi*
Airline Guide, which, like
much else in aviation, comm
ly gets reduced to its acron
the *OAG*. It lists every sch
uled flight between all po
on the North American co
nent. It's more fun to
than a telephone direct
largely because of the in
mation it conveys about
flight. Revised every two we
the *OAG* can be had onc
month for $50 a year, or t
a month for $70. No one n
it at home, but it's valuable
office use, especially if
business pays for the subs
tion. A greatly scaled-d
version, the *Pocket F*
Guide, published monthly
$24 a year, is more suite
personal use, but still s
like something for a busi
man who travels frequently
could thus charge it to his
ness. You can order a subs
tion through us, or write di
ly to OAG, 2000 Clearw
Drive, Oak Brook, Ill
60521. And whether y
thinking of ordering or jus
rious to see what we're ta
about, stop in at a travel a
cy and ask to see the O
(It helps to say it as if
know what you're ta
about.) If travel agents a
friendly as they're suppose
be, they ought to let you p
this collection of data.

BEAT THE BAGMAN

Did you ever get the feeling that just when you pull up to an airport or railroad terminal all the porters go on a coffee break? Avoid paranoia and a backache with a Kart-a-Bag. This lightweight (three-pound) cart allows you to tug up to sixty-five pounds of luggage with ease, and still leave one hand free to carry a pocketbook or briefcase. The Kart-a-Bag consists of a two-wheeled, durable plastic base, and a telescopic rod that screws into the base and serves as the handle. To use it, put one or two suitcases on the base and draw the elastic cord up over the luggage, securing the cord to a hook on the handle. Pull the cinch down to snug up the cord. When not in use, the handle unscrews from the base, and the whole unit folds up into an eighteen-inch tote bag. In addition to carrying luggage, this cart can be used for carrying bulky packages, groceries, or even a stack of books. It is available at luggage shops and some department stores, or through us for $26 postpaid. (F-4)



CONNECTION

he next time you fly a long nce, you might consider ping along the way for er with a friend. For ex- le, say you're flying from on to Denver, and there's iend in Cleveland or Chi- you haven't seen for some . Just tell your travel agent want to make a connecting in your friend's city, and arrange it so that you'll le to disembark there, stay ong as four hours, then d a second plane for your destination. These flights ly cost $5 to $10 extra, hey leave just enough time ou and your friend to get quainted.

IALL STEP R MAN, i STEP R BOY

hat goes sizzle, whoosh, and lets itself down gent- model rocket, that's what. l rocketry is an exciting or hobby (depending on one approaches it) that a firsthand knowledge of ts and bolts of what is in n ancient Chinese science. of course, there's the plea- of watching one's own miniature craft soar upward of several thousand feet. To introduce people to this safe sport, Centuri offers an inexpensive model called Eagle Power that comes with its own launch system. This single-stage rocket can fly up to 2,400 feet, powered by cheap, disposable engines. At apogee, a parachute pops out and floats the rocket back to earth. Included with the rocket are a remote-control electrical ignition system, launch pad and "tilter," and a supply of engines —all that one needs except for a six-volt battery. Instructions explain how to assemble and operate the rocket, and how to order additional engines. The Eagle Power kit can be purchased at some sport and hobby shops, or from us for $9.95 plus 50 cents for postage and handling. (F-6)



T-FROSTING WRINKLES

almost impossible to trav- still arrive at your desti- looking fresh and neat. t Frost, who would go lecture tours with only lothes he was wearing, traditional method: upon ng his hotel, he would e his trousers, hang them shower rod, turn on the ter full blast, and let the take out the wrinkles. ed for the traveler, the Steam Wand works on me principle, but does etter and is a lot handi- s a small, lightweight machine that uses ordi- p water. Just fill it up, in, and squeeze the pressurized steam es the wrinkles away. lasts about ten minutes. a Teflon-coated face for ironing, in case you press your garments ionally. Actually, we found that the steam spray alone works quite well, and that the device can be held in any position and used on any fabric. The Oster Steam Wand can be purchased at department and appliance stores, or through us for $20, which includes shipping. (F-7)



INTRODUCTORY FLYING LESSON

If you enjoy flying, or if you think you'd like to fly, and if commercial jetliners don't give you a feeling of being up in the air, try getting into the cockpit of a single-engine two-seater and exploring your environs from 1,000 feet up. Go cumulus cloud-hunting with a camera. Try roller-coasting in the air. Dip your wings at a friend's house. Flying a small plane is all of that and much more, and for $5 anyone over sixteen years old can try it. Both the Cessna and Piper aircraft companies offer an introductory flying lesson that consists of a brief ground lesson and a short flight with an instructor. You even get to handle some of the controls. Look in the phone book for the Cessna or Piper representative nearest you, or call a private airport and ask if it offers an introductory flying program.

STAR TREK

Just when I had my children weaned away from the *Flintstones*, they got hooked on reruns of *Star Trek*. Now no homework gets done until another breathless episode of phantasmagoria ends with a proper blend of Spock's reason and Kirk's humanity. *Star Trek* fans will no doubt be pleased to know that Ballantine Books has assembled a set of twelve blueprints of the Starship *Enterprise*. In blue on white, the prints detail the locations, functions, and furnishings of every area on board. From Spock's laboratories to the bridge and crew quarters, everything is authentically rendered (including the bathrooms, which aren't even shown on TV). Each print is nine by thirty inches, and folds up into a plastic case. Our kids hang them in their bedroom. Available at bookstores or through us, the price for the set of twelve is $5.50, which includes shipping. (F-8) **—Margot Moes-Hunt**

Margot Moes-Hunt is Tools for Living consultant to WRAPAROUND.

HOW TO ORDER

Harper's will get you any item (including any book) for which we mention a price. If you would like to order through us, specify the item(s) you want, how many, and what color (if that's relevant). Include the order number that appears at the end of each Tool description. BankAmericard or Master Charge may be used on orders over $15.

Send to: Tools for Living, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Order Number	Item	Quantity	Price

Total (N.Y. State residents, add appropriate tax) $_____

☐ Check enclosed (Make payable to Harper's Magazine)
Charge to ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard

Card number _____ Expiration date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

GAME WRAPAROUND

POSTCARD PERSONALITIES

by Zeke Zonker, Joliet, Illinois

Have you ever wondered what keeps letter carriers amused during their long and often dull rounds? Reading postcards, that's what. Contest entries, notes from vacationing friends, Dear John letters—all provide the carrier with an unexpected chuckle or twinge of sympathy. What would amuse or touch the carrier the most? Consider the following messages:

> Dear Mom and Dad: I sure am having a good time in Washington. Today Betty and I visited Congress and watched a parade. This is really a swell place. Love, Jerry.
>
> Dear Ann Landers: I can't tell you how good I felt when I told my husband what you told me to tell him. Now, can you tell me what to tell him before he tells the judge what I told him? Confused.

This month, readers are invited to assume the persona of a famous or easily recognizable character in writing a brief postcard note to a relative, friend, or enemy. Send your entry on a postcard to "Postcard Personalities," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be postmarked by September 7, and become the property of *Harper's*. Winning entries will be published in the November issue. Decision of the editors is final.

First Prize: A Jenaer Glas teapot.

Runners-up: A deluxe Bookworm.

Winners of "Chauvinist's Chagrin," the July game that invited readers to supply original male-chauvinist witticisms, are:

First Prize

The Magic Image: The Genius of Photography from 1839 to the Present Day, by Cecil Beaton and Gail Buckland (Little, Brown):

I once met a girl who was so ugly even the tide wouldn't take her out. —W. Thomas Desmond
Wallingford, Conn.

Runners-up

Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance, by Robert Pirsig (Morrow):

She looks like Helen Brown—and even worse in green.
—Michael P. Hickey
Richmond, Va.

She has more degrees than I have—but so does my thermometer, and it doesn't work either. —Teresa Gerbers
Glenmont, N.Y.

My wife's cooking is so bad the flies chipped in to fix the screen.
—Richard Russell
Irvington, N.J.

Just when my romance with the baker's daughter was on the rise, her father slammed the door. —Nick Pukalo
Seattle, Wash.

She's a photogenic girl—overexposed and overdeveloped.
—Jay Risling
San Francisco, Calif.

I could tell she was a plumber's daughter—whenever I kissed her, her cheeks flushed.
—Joyce Trujillo
Davis, Calif.

They called her Orange Juice—she could be made in a minute.
—Dick Woodruff
Lansing, Mich.

The blind date I had last night was a pirate's dream—she had a sunken chest. —Lala Bareba
Royal Oak, Mich.

Last night I had a date with a nun—she'd have none o' this, none o' that, and none o' anything else. —J. Renault
Socorro, N. Mex.

"Did you wake up grumpy this morning?" "No, I let her sleep."
—Emily Bradley
Brooklyn, N.Y.

FUTURE GAMES: Readers are invited to submit their own suggestions for games. Those who invent games eventually published in the magazine will receive $50.

Getting Launched

For readers interested in flying, we have prepared a list of things to try, organizations to write to, and books to read. Take your pick.

Private Flying

Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association, P.O. Box 5800, Washington, D.C. 20014. Anyone who has made at least one solo flight is eligible to join this group, the largest of its kind. It publishes a monthly magazine (*The Pilot*), an annual airport directory and pilot's handbook, a monthly newsletter, and several other publications. Dues are $23 a year.

Sport Flying

National Aeronautic Association, 806 Fifteenth Street, N. W., Suite 610, Washington, D.C. 20005. The U.S. branch of the Federation Aeronautic International, this group is the major umbrella for all sport flying activity, including airplanes, balloons, soaring, and hang-gliding.

Experimental Aircraft Association, P.O. Box 229, Hales Corners, Wisconsin 53130. This is the hub of the fast-growing network of sport and experimental fliers. There are over 500 chapters in this country and abroad, and anyone can join. Dues, which are $20 a year, include a subscription to the association's monthly magazine. For people interested in building their own airplanes, the EAA offers more than 200 different plans for craft, ranging from puddle jumpers to mid-range, multipassenger models.

Gliding (Soaring)

Soaring Society of America, P.O. Box 66071, Los Angeles, California 90066. This 13,000-member group publishes *Soaring* magazine (subscription included in dues: $20, regular; $12, student associate) and distributes booklets, addresses of local gliding schools and clubs, and general information about this ethereal sport.

"Considering the range of difficulties that have long plagued the airlines, it is remarkable that any airline makes money."
—*Fortune,* January 1974

The highest cloud formati occur at about 60,000 fee

Hang-Gliding

United States Hang-Gli Association, Inc., P.O. 66306, Los Angeles, Califo 90066. Dues are $10 a y Members receive a copy of association's monthly magaz *Groundskimmer.*

Self-Soar Association, Box 1860, Santa Monica, ifornia 90406. For $1, group will send you a lis hang-gliding clubs and a di tory of manufacturers. Add letter to Infopack. The also publishes *Low &* newsletter.

Fly: The Complete Boo Sky Sailing, by Rick Ca (McGraw-Hill, $7.95). As ough as its title suggests, well-written book illust and discusses every hang-gl It also contains a list of c manufacturers, and publica relating to the sport. The can be ordered through T for Living.

Parachuting

United States Parachutin sociation, P.O. Box 109, terey, California 93940.

Balloons and Dirigibles

Balloon Club of Am P.O. Box 114, Swarthr Pennsylvania 19081.

Balloon Federation of A ica, 200 Snell Building, Dodge, Iowa 50501. (See National Aeronautic As tion listing.)

Kite Flying

American Kitefliers As tion, 315 North Bayar P. O. Box 1511, Silver New Mexico 88061. This publishes a quarterly mag *Kite Tales.*

Skysurfer Publications, Box 375, Santa Monica, fornia 90406. This ente sells skysurfing supplies kite plans, and publishes *surfing Magazine.*

Kite Craft: The Histor Processes of Kiten Throughout the World, Scott Newman and Jay ley Newman (Crown, A great source book fo enthusiasts, it covers a namics, construction, d tion, and uses of kites, generously illustrated. It's able through Tools for

CLASSIFIED WRAPAR

CLASSIFIED RATES

: $1 per word. (10-word min-. Deduct 10¢ a word if ad is to ix times; deduct 20¢ a word if to run twelve times.)

ds must be prepaid at the time end your insertion. (If you are ing more than one insertion, send full amount to qualify for mt.) Telephone numbers count o words, as do box numbers. Codes count as one word.

must be received by the 8th of cond month prior to the issue

Harper's Magazine
sified Advertising Department
Two Park Avenue
ew York, New York 10016

TRAVEL

Scotia wilderness canoe trips. nation, write Maritime Canoe ters, R.R.1, Shelburne, Nova BOT 1WO. (902) 875-3055.

i! Comprehensive summary of nation about Hawaii today and day. Brochures, $1. Fobel, 598 a Place, Kailua, Hawaii 96734.

wide freighter guide, $2.10. schedules, 700 passenger-car-freighters. TravLtips, 40-21 XC Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

lia. Authentic information is available *without charge* from ustralian Embassy in Washing-D.C. (202) 797-3000, and the lian Consulate General in New (212) 245-4000, San Francisco 362-6160, Los Angeles (213) 0, and Chicago (312) 329-

RESORTS

to our private island in the Enjoy that rare commodity— llity. Relax in your own cot-wim on our private beach— andlelight dinners with wine. a book, forget your tie, un-Great game fishing, superb ing and scuba diving (instruc-vailable). Write: Marina Cay, H, British Virgin Islands. Or rtola 4-2174.

REAL ESTATE

ment lands . . . from $7.50/ Vacationing, farming, invest-Exclusive "Government Land Guide" . . . plus "Land Op-y Review," listing lands out U.S. Send $2. Surplus Box 6588-HW, Washington, 009.

Ontario—Choice 640-acre en's paradises still available— s $6.50 taxes yearly. Maps, , $2 (refundable). Information Norval 64, Ontario, Canada.

itury Spanish homes. $5,000 tholt Realty, 48 Fort Mead-dson, Mass. 01749.

VACATIONS

inium exchanges—worldwide. es and professionals only. Vacation Exchange Club, Box itters, Pa. 17319.

kly for two—at "Strawberry Jamaica's tropical beach . Double-bed tents/cottages; equipment; reggae music. In-n: Strawberry, 54 West 56 .C. 10019. (212) 247-4505. Or Airlines/travel agents.

Martorell, family inn by mous Luquillo Beach, Puerto 673.

GOURMETS

Join Les Amis du Vin, the largest, most prestigious wine society. Enjoy frequent tastings, gourmet dinners with world experts; discounted wines, books, vineyard excursions; *Wine*, a superb magazine. Free brochure, or $15 today for first year to: Les Amis, 2302 Perkins, Silver Spring, Md. 20910; $6 for magazine only.

How to bake delicious bread. Even novices succeed on the first try with *The Complete Bread Cookbook*. 300 kitchen-tested recipes for breads, rolls, muffins, biscuits, etc. Hard-covered, 254 pages, great value at only $2.48 postpaid. Sumner House, Box 41DH, Union, Maine 04862.

Oriental groceries, spices— all Eastern cuisines. Send for our free brochure. We ship anywhere. Pacific Trader, Chatham, N.Y. 12037.

20 quiche recipes, $1. Streeter, 468 Washington Ave., West Haven, Conn. 06516.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Kits! Build dulcimers, balalaikas, guitars, kalimbas, banjos, mandolins, harps. From $2.95. Finished dulcimers from $23.95. Free catalogue, 8665 West 13th Avenue-HM, Denver, Colo. 80215.

Learn to play the recorder— free catalogue. Recorders, recorder music —beginners' birchwood recorder, instruction book, $12.95. Amster Recorder Company, 1624 Lavaca, Austin, Texas 78701.

STAMPS

500 different stamps, $1.50. Smith, 508-E Brooks, College Station, Texas 77840.

GAMES

Noncompetitive games for children and adults. Play together not against each other. Free catalogue. Family Pastimes, RR4, Perth, Ontario, Canada.

Association. Improves card play while enjoying fascinating game. Elephant memory system. $3 ppd. William Taylor, Box 397 (H), Newhall, Calif. 91322.

MOTION PICTURES

Super 8mm, 16mm, 8mm silent and sound film classics. Free catalogue. Niles, 1141-HP Mishawaka, South Bend, Ind. 46615.

ART

"Collectors Series"—airplanes, automobiles, railroad prints ready for framing. Send $1 for catalogue of these beautiful lithographs, "Collectors Series," HM, 161 W. Harrison, Chicago, Ill. 60605.

UNUSUAL GIFTS

Kaleidoscopes—finest available, delicious visions guaranteed. $3.65 postpaid. Mr. Gyro, 3500 Davis Lane, Cincinnati, Ohio 45237.

Lucky 7 horseshoe—mounted on 7x9 cedar plaque, $7.77 Postpaid. Lucky, Box 206, Hope, Idaho 83836.

TAPES

Cassette recording tapes. Discount price list, 25¢. Tower, #33098, Washington, D.C. 20028.

SCHOOLS

Nine-month course in ideas and techniques of Gurdjieff as taught by J. G. Bennett. Sept. 15—May 15. For prospectus write: The Registrar, Claymont Society, Box 112, Charles Town, W.Va. 25414.

Alternative futures studies of global/local, social/environmental issues toward B.A. or B.S. degree. Individualized programs at RI study center or elsewhere "at a distance." FUTURES LAB, Box 120 (H), Annex Station, Providence, R.I. 02901.

Florida Keys jr.-sr. high-school family. Excellent accredited prep curriculum; Marine Scubology; Biofeedback; Writing; Drama; six crackerjack teachers for 25 individuals. Abbott School, Living, Learning Center, Box 285, Key Largo, Fla. 33037. Brochure. (305) 245-4610.

Private-school placement service. Student's individual requirements primary consideration. 163 High Street, Middletown, Conn. 06457. Telephone: (203) 346-5111.

Study programs in France. Language, fine arts, performing arts. For information: Paris American Academy, 9 Rue des Ursulines, Paris 5.

Radiesthesia, Radionics, dowsing. ESP courses and equipment catalogue, $1 (refundable). Established 25 years. Dept. PH, Bruce Copen, Highfield, Danehill, Sussex, England RH17 7EX.

Parapsychology. Complete study course, certificate. Free information. American Parapsychological Research Foundation, Box 5395-M, Sherman Oaks, Calif. 91413.

Earn a British degree in Philosophy, Arts and Sciences. Catalogue $1 airmailed (refundable). Dept. H, Secretary, Sussex College of Technology, Highfield, Dane Hill, Sussex Rh17 7EX England.

Unique college in Mexico. Instituto Allende offers full undergraduate, graduate, and serious non-credit programs in English, specializing in arts, crafts, writing, Spanish, and social studies. U.S. Office of Education and V.A. approval. Perpetual sunshine, inexpensive living. Mexico's most beautiful colonial town. Free illustrated prospectus. Instituto Allende, Box H, San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

College degree at home. Your choice of subjects. Easy tuition plan. Free information. Elysion College, B.C. Box 909, San Ysidro, Calif. 92173.

CATALOGUES

Free! Occult-witchcraft catalogue. Books, curios, unusual jewelry, bizarre miscellany. Importers, Box 2010, Toluca Lake, Calif. 91602.

Discounters of stained-glass supplies. $1 for catalogue. Nervo Distributors, 650 University Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94710.

BOOKS

Publishers' overstocks catalogue. Free. Bookseller, 30-6 Chambers, Danbury, Conn. 06810.

Publish your book! Join our successful authors: publicity, advertising, promotion, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for free manuscript report and detailed booklet. Carlton Press (Dept. HZS), 84 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10011.

Fiction, mysteries, war, science. Free catalogue. Sunmount Books, Box 145-H, Willowdale, Ont., Canada.

Free illustrated list 100's unique low-cost books. Rena's Treasures, 1252 E. Denwall, Carson, Calif. 90746.

Free fiction catalogue. Old favorites, 250 Adelaide West, Toronto, Canada M5H 1x8.

Rare books. VanTreuren. 1950 Post #108HA, San Francisco, Calif. 94115. Send Wants.

Complete list of books by Rudolf Steiner. Anthroposophic Press, Inc., 258 Hungry Hollow, Spring Valley, N.Y. 10977.

Learn to read French, German, Italian, or Spanish *without memorizing anything*. Revolutionary new Rundle System. Send $19.95, specify language, or write for free descriptive London *Daily Telegraph* feature article. Templegate, Dept. EH, Box 963, Springfield, Ill. 62705.

30% discount on new books. Bookquick, B-3, Roseland, N.J. 07068.

Book readers! Save! Send title(s) wanted: S&S Books, H-1, 80 North Wilder, St. Paul, Minn. 55104.

Humanist, rationalist, atheist literature, etc. Outstanding selections. Information 25¢ handling. Independent Publications, Box 162, Paterson, N.J. 07513.

Rockefeller banking conspiracy revealed. Free details. FFF-HM, Box 11306, Palo Alto, Calif. 94306.

The future: Catalogue of Resources lists books, tapes, games dealing with possible future developments in technology and society. 25¢. World Future Society, Dept. O, 4916 St. Elmo Avenue, Washington, D.C. 20014.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

Name the book—we'll get it! Free search service. CHICAGO BOOK MART, Box 636-H, Chicago Heights, Ill. 60411. Est. 1948.

Books located. Send wants. No obligation. Bazaar Books, Box 496, Chico, Calif. 95926.

LITERARY INTERESTS

Slim volumes of verse privately published. Handsome books of your poetry or the poetry of a friend published in limited editions. Hardbound books with elegant gold-stamped leatherette covers featuring marbleized endpapers and fine typography carefully printed on the best paper. Truly collector's books. Not vanity press but in the tradition of Poe, Whitman, T. S. Eliot, and Virginia Woolf. 50 copies of your book from $595. Send $2 for full information and specimen book. Dewar's Limited Editions, 3043 Grand Avenue, Coconut Grove, Fla. 33133.

Publish your poems. Our guide tells how/where. $2.50. LYF-Hp, Box 1872, Milwaukee, Wis. 53201.

Poetry now being accepted for new anthology. Carousel, Dept. H, Box 11917, Philadelphia, Pa. 11945. SASE.

Thomas Wolfe 75th anniversary celebration in Asheville: exhibits, speakers, theater, October 2-5, 1975. Write Literature Department, UNC-Asheville, N.C. 28804.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

Scholarly treatises, writing, editing, typing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team. *Research Unlimited*, Box 300-H, Dayton, Wash. 99328.

Manuscripts, reports, academic writing, editing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team at work. *Research Unlimited*. Box 300-H. Dayton, Wash. 99328.

RAPAROUNDWRAPAR

Professional editing, revising, typing manuscripts. Marye Myers, P.O. Box 2435-D, Pasadena, Calif. 91105.

Educational research from our catalogue now as low as 90¢ per page. Send 40¢ to: Writer's Unlimited, Box #4391, Washington, D.C. 20012. (202) 723-1715.

FOREIGN NEWSPAPERS

Worldwide English newspapers. 65 countries! Samplers: Five countries —$2.98; ten countries—$4.98. Free Brochure. Multinewspapers, Box DE-7. Dana Point, Calif. 92629.

PUBLICATIONS

Ribald jokes. Contemporary. $2. Pussycat Press, Box 1884, Fresno, Calif. 93718.

High Times—only magazine dedicated solely to getting high. Dope articles, entertainment, information. Dope price index. A glossy quarterly. $3 for two recent issues. Subscriptions: $10/8 issues; $14/12 issues. High Times, Dept. HP, Box 386, Cooper Sta., N.Y.C. 10003.

Investors Advisory Service (IAS) monthly, 10 low-risk, high-profit stocks and warrants researched independently. Proven record. Yearly subscription, $150. Introductory issue, $5. Box 37A, Roseland, Va. 22967.

Cuba: for those who left. The Cuban exile community is no longer the monolithic, right-wing political force it once claimed to be. *Areito,* the magazine of progressive Cubans outside the island, offers an alternative viewpoint into the issues surrounding the Cuban Revolution and the rapidly growing progressive forces within the Cuban exiles. Published in Spanish every three months. P.O. Box 1124, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, N.Y. 10009.

Poetry's powerful new voice of moral vision: Saft, *I Will Mean,* 82 pages, $2.95 postpaid. Meanings Press, Camden, Maine. 04843.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Earn immediately stuffing envelopes. $25/100. Send stamped envelope. United 3838½R, Van Dyke, San Diego, Calif. 92105.

Import-export opportunity, profitable worldwide, mail-order business from home, without capital or travel abroad. We ship plan for no risk examination. Experience unnecessary. Free report. Mellinger, Dept. A-1027, Woodland Hills, Calif. 91364.

Make more money writing fiction and articles. Advanced home coaching sessions take guesswork out of getting paid for your creativity! I tell how to give your writing professional finish, what, how, where to submit, what they pay. In-depth coaching, not generalities. Free facts by mail. Barrett's Seminars, Dept. C-518-F, 6216 No. Clark, Chicago, Ill. 60660.

$500 monthly stuffing envelopes, clipping newspapers. Rush self-addressed stamped envelope. Galli, 1147 Pinrun Drive, Manchester, Mo. 63011.

$250 weekly possible stuffing envelopes. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope. Edray Mails, P.O. Box 188, Dept. RH, Albany, Mo. 64402.

Change your lifestyle: Southern California Mountain Gift Store for sale. Four years, profitable, easy living. "Miles From Nowhere," P.O. Box 327, Blue Jay, Calif. 92317. (714) 337-4914.

Free—486 money-making opportunities, spare-time, full-time. Send for five free issues. Specialty Salesman Magazine, Dept. HM-95, 307 N. Michigan, Chicago, Ill. 60601.

How to make money writing short paragraphs! I tell you what to write, where and how to sell, and supply lists of editors buying from beginners. Small checks can add up to worthwhile extra income. Write to sell right way. Send for free facts, Barrett, Dept. C-77-D, 6216 No. Clark, Chicago, Ill. 60660.

Make money clipping newspaper items. $2-$10 each. Free details. Clippings, Box 10344-H3B, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303.

Turn $10 into $1,000! Guaranteed! Free details, Money Hotline, Box 3155-Q, Springfield, Mo. 65804.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Sales career with sales management opportunities . . . throughout the country. This is your chance to help others—while you further your own career. If you are a thinker, a responsible nonconformist besides being friendly and energetic; if you are managing now or can be trained to manage people, IDS wants to hear from you. Our managers' incomes average more than $20,000 per year. Unlimited commissions and all the fringe benefits. We offer complete training programs. Write Investors Diversified Services, Unit 60-33 IDS Tower, Minneapolis, Minn. 55402.

ASSOCIATIONS

Humanism questions old assumptions and probes new possibilities while developing an alternative to traditional philosophy, religion, and current mysticism. Free information: American Humanist Association, Box H, 602 Third Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94107.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT

Overseas opportunities—now available! Free transportation! Complete information . . . plus directory of 200 companies hiring thousands worldwide . . . all occupations. Send $2. International Opportunities, Box 29232-HW, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

Worldwide opportunities . . . Australia, Europe, Asia, South America! All occupations! $700-$4,000 monthly! Employment International, Box 29217-HW, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

Australia, New Zealand want you! 50,000 jobs! Paid transportation! Latest information and forms, $1. Austco, Box 3623-H, Long Beach, Calif. 90803.

Work overseas. Australia, Africa, South America, Europe, etc. Construction, sales, engineers, clerical, etc. $8,000 to $50,000+. Expenses paid. For employment information write Overseas Employment, Box 1011H, Boston, Mass. 02103.

MERCHANDISE FOR SALE

Headgear, Pipe gift sets from $3.25. Posters, jewelry, etc. Free catalogue. S-T Mailorder. Box 1885. Ann Arbor, Mich. 48106.

Unique Discovery! Nu-Sew Liquid Fabric Mender. Mends fabrics quick, easy way without needle or thread. 1,001 uses! Saves time, money. Only $1.69. Money-back guarantee. Majon, Box 41, Station O, Toronto, Canada.

Handknit Portuguese fishermen's sweaters. Brochure. Nomad Market, Box 4246, Tucson, Ariz. 85717.

Magic clip hemmers: The perfect way to hem. Without pins. Will measure from ¼" to 3" of material. Set of six. $1. Schenk Enterprises, Dept. 109, 2506 Everglades Drive, Miramar, Fla. 33023.

Stone Home flour mills. Seven models, $75-$230. 201 L.A. Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94707.

SPORTS EQUIPMENT

Backpacking, ski touring equipment, canoes, kayaks. Free catalogue. Moor & Mountain, Dept. 53, 63 Park St., Andover, Mass. 01810.

PERSONALS

Penfriends. For free information, write: Papyrus, 927-H 15th St., Washington, D.C. 20005.

Interesting penfriends! 35¢ handles. HR Club, Box 5546, Ocean Park, Calif.

Intensive and group therapy—Austin Institute, Inc., 5000 North Lamar Blvd., Austin, Texas 78751. Staff did their therapy at Janov's Primal Institute. $2,000 for three-week intensive; subsequent groups are $10 each.

Moving to Cleveland? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, integrated neighborhoods. Contact Shaker Communities, 3380 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio. (216) 751-2155.

Instant memory—New way to remember. No memorization. Release "photographic" memory. Stop forgetting! Liberates extraordinary knowledge, talents, ESP. Free information. Institute of Advanced Thinking. Box 606-H, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272.

Biorhythms—Fact or Fiction? See for yourself! Chart physical, intellectual, and sensitivity cycles for yourself, family, friends. Packet includes complete instructions. Bio-Curve, 24 graphs. $4.95. PSI Rhythms, Inc., 2382H South Dixie, Dayton, Ohio 45409.

Make friends worldwide through international correspondence. Illustrated brochure free. Hermes, Box 110660/H, Berlin 11, Germany.

Authentic photographs of you shaking hands with celebrities and world leaders. Expertly faked. Send $1, refundable with order, for brochure and sample photograph. Grand Illusions, Dept. 114-H9, 605 West 47th St., Kansas City, Mo. 64112.

Control people's actions from beyond the grave. Legal Will Form with instructions. Protect your family! $2. Sierra, Box 365, Pendleton, S.C. 29670.

Good-natured young man available as traveling companion. Speaks five languages. Ed Lehmann, P.O. Box 11248, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

Computerized biorhythmic charts $3 per yearly printout. Send Birthdate, Remittance to: DATACOMP, P.O. Box 247, Shawnee MSN, Kans. 66201.

Quarter millionaire—help me become one. Send any amount to L.H. Beebe, 16 So. Blk. H. Pike, Bellmawr, N.J. 08030.

Seeking skilled, selling writer to c laborate on novel. Send identify interests,background, phone numb Edwards, 1406 Hether Street, Aus Texas 78704.

Learn professional astrology at ho Write World Astrological Servi Inc., Box 471-TP, Murray, 42071.

Dental, doctor bills confront o needy lady. Donations grateful. Lee, 1426 Larch, Everett, W 98201.

Help with MDs. Send your contr tions to MDs, R.D. 1, Box Hollidaysburg, Pa. 16648.

Marriage dissolution. Fastest a able. Worldwide recognition. I mation kit, $2. Consent Decree vice 760 Market, #315-B, San F cisco, Calif. 94102.

Business Student needs finan support to continue education. P send $2, receive engraved namep as remuneration. Ray, 3603 Ce Toledo, Ohio 43608.

Condoms for men—by mail! T top brands—Trojan, Nuform, J and many more. Three samples: Twelve assorted samples: $3. illustrated catalogue with every der. Plain package assures priv Fast and reliable service. Satisfac guaranteed, or your money refu in full. Poplan, Box 2556, D CHA-38, Chapel Hill, N.C. 2751

Lonely 28-year-old incarcerated m has no one, wishes to develop ing relationship through corre dence. Melvin Jones, 133 292, Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 4564

Eight personality traits, inclu original thinking, ascendancy, s bility. $5. Id Testing Service, S art, Nev. 89437.

Communal living magazine and pian newspaper. Samples, $1. S front Classroom, P.O. Box 1174, Francisco, Calif. 94101.

Relax and laugh by dialing 10 onomatological combinations the 60 unusual real names on Ps Psilly Pseudonym Psorter. $2.30 paid. Hustvedt Studios, Carda Dr., Edgewater, Md. 21037.

Penfriends! Lonely and sincere, Enterprises, 1626 Walton, Ocean Calif.

Handwriting analysis in depth and sample to Elisabeth King, 29 St., N.Y.C. 10016.

Astrological readings by R. Bal M.A. Character, destiny, advic specific questions if desired; Send birth data including place time to 209 W. 21st St., N.Y.C. 1

Reprints available

"The Surgeon's Dilemm (May 1975)
25 cents each, $20 per 1

"Playing War With Numb (May 1975)
35 cents each, $30 per 1

Reprint Department
Harper's Magazine
Two Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 1001

OMMENTARY

THE CHARACTER OF POLITICIANS

nstitutional statesman is in general a man of
on opinions and uncommon abilities. The rea-
obvious. When we speak of a free government,
an a government in which the sovereign power
ded, in which a single decision is not absolute,
argument has an office.... Public opinion...
and public opinion is the opinion of the average
. He is a cool, common person, with a consider-
with figures in his mind, with his own business
nd to, with a set of ordinary opinions arising
nd suited to ordinary life.... You may see his
y the reading of which he approves. Is there a
plendid monument of talent and industry than
imes? No wonder that the average man—that
e—believes in it. As Carlyle observes: "Let the
intellect able to write epics try to write such a
for the morning newspapers, it cannot do it; the
intellect will fail." But did you ever see any-
here you had never seen before? Out of the
articles that everybody has read, can any one
trace a single marked idea to a single article?
are the deep theories, and the wise axioms,
everlasting sentiments which the writers of
st influential publication in the world have
e first to communicate to an ignorant species?
riters are far too shrewd. The two million, or
er number of copies it may be, they publish,
purchased because the buyers wish to know
th. The purchaser desires an article which he
preciate at sight; which he can lay down and
n excellent article, very excellent; exactly my
timents."... And just in the same way, precise-
most popular political paper is not that which
actedly the best or most instructive, but that
most exactly takes up the minds of men where
them, catches the floating sentiment of society,
n such a form as society can fancy would con-
nother society which did not believe—so the
fluential of constitutional statesmen is the one
st felicitously expresses the creed of the mo-
ho administers it, who embodies it in laws and
ons, who gives it the highest life it is capable
induces the average man to think, "I could
done it any better if I had had time myself."

wer truth there may be in these splenetic ob-
is might be expected to show itself more par-
in the world of politics. People dread to be
unsafe in proportion as they get their living
thought to be safe. "Literary men," it has been said, "are outcasts"; and they are eminent in a certain way notwithstanding. "They can say strong things of their age; for no one expects they will go out and act on them." They are a kind of ticket-of-leave lunatics, from whom no harm is for the moment expected; who seem quiet, but on whose vagaries a practical public must have its eye. For statesmen it is different—they must be thought men of judgment. ... Politicians, as has been said, live in the repute of the commonalty. They may appeal to posterity; but of what use is posterity? Years before that tribunal comes into life, your life will be extinct. It is like a moth going into Chancery. Those who desire a public career must look to the views of the living public.

If we wanted to choose an illustration of these remarks out of all the world, it would be Sir Robert Peel. No man has come so near our definition of a constitutional statesman—the powers of a first-rate man and the creed of a second-rate man. From a certain peculiarity of intellect and fortune, he was never in advance of his time. Of almost all the great measures with which his name is associated, he attained great eminence as an opponent before he attained even greater eminence as their advocate. On the corn-laws, on the currency, on the amelioration of the criminal code, on Catholic emancipation ... he was not one of the earliest laborers or quickest converts.... As long as these questions remained the property of first-class intellects, as long as they were confined to philanthropists or speculators, as long as they were only advocated by austere, intangible Whigs, Sir Robert Peel was against them. So soon as these same measures, by the progress of time, the striving of understanding, the conversion of receptive minds, became the property of second-class intellects, Sir Robert Peel became possessed of them also. He was converted at the conversion of the average man. His creed was, as it had ever been, ordinary; but his extraordinary abilities never showed themselves so much. He forthwith wrote his name on each of those questions, so that it will be remembered as long as they are remembered.... The stealthy accumulating words of Peel seem quiet leavings of an outward tendency which brought these, but might as well have brought others. There is no peculiar stamp either in the ideas. They might have been any one's ideas. They belong to the general diffused stock of observations which are to be found in the civilized world. They are not native to the particular mind, nor "to the manner born." Like a science, they are credible or incredible by all men equally. This *secondary* order, as we may call it, of intellect, is evidently most useful to a statesmen of the constitutional class, such as we have described him. He insensibly and inevitably takes in and imbibes, by means of it, the ideas of those around him. If he were left in a vacuum, he would have no ideas. —Walter Bagehot

"The Character of Sir Robert Peel," 1856



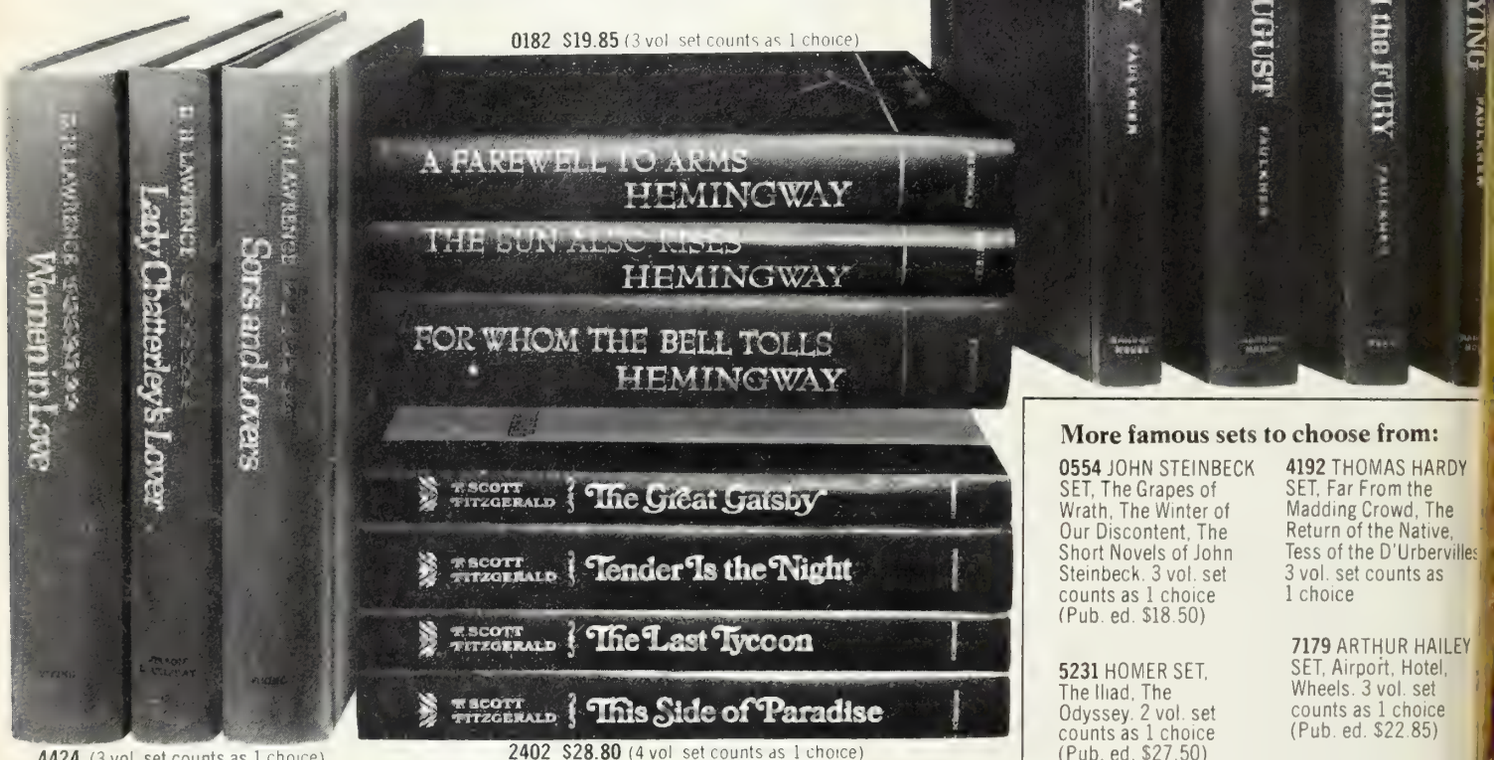
*e to time Commentary will publish the obser-
f prior witnesses whose remarks pertain to the
s.* Harper's *continues to welcome brief contri-
from any of its readers who find themselves
passionate statement.*

*agehot (1826-1877), the English economist and
the editor of the* Economist *and the author of*
nd Politics, Literary Studies, *and* The English
ion.

Great reading. Great authors. Great buys.

Any 3 sets for $1 each

when you join The Literary Guild.



2691 $20.80 (4 vol. set counts as 1 choice)

0182 $19.85 (3 vol. set counts as 1 choice)

4424 (3 vol. set counts as 1 choice)

2402 $28.80 (4 vol. set counts as 1 choice)

More famous sets to choose from:

0554 JOHN STEINBECK SET, The Grapes of Wrath, The Winter of Our Discontent, The Short Novels of John Steinbeck. 3 vol. set counts as 1 choice (Pub. ed. $18.50)

4192 THOMAS HARDY SET, Far From the Madding Crowd, The Return of the Native, Tess of the D'Urbervilles. 3 vol. set counts as 1 choice

5231 HOMER SET, The Iliad, The Odyssey. 2 vol. set counts as 1 choice (Pub. ed. $27.50)

7179 ARTHUR HAILEY SET, Airport, Hotel, Wheels. 3 vol. set counts as 1 choice (Pub. ed. $22.85)

8540 KURT VONNEGUT SET II, Breakfast of Champions, Slaughter-house Five, Sirens of Titan. 3 vol. set counts as 1 choice (Pub. ed. $23.85)

5371 THE SWASHBUCKLERS. The Three Musketeers by Alexandre Dumas, The Scarlet Pimpernel by Baroness Orczy, Scaramouche by Rafael Sabatini. 3 vol. set counts as 1 choice

Choose superb classics in handsome, matched sets as your introduction to membership in The Literary Guild. As a Guild member, you can enjoy great reading as you save up to 40% on today's most talked-about books—current runaway best sellers, lavish art books, compelling biographies and matched sets. With every Selection or Alternate you buy, you get Bonus Coupons good for discounts of up to 80% on a variety of popular books. Start today to enrich your leisure and your library with The Literary Guild.

The Literary Guild

Dept. HR 223, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Please accept my application for membership in The Literary Guild. I have printed the order numbers of the 3 sets I want in the boxes above, and agree to the membership plan described in the ad. Bill me only $1 each, plus shipping and handling. I understand that I need buy only 4 more books, at regular low club prices, whenever I want them.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss_____

Address_____ Apt._____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Canadian members will be serviced from Toronto. Offer slightly different in Canada. 35-G237

Here's how The Literary Guild works:

After your membership is accepted and you get your 3 sets for $1 each, you only have to buy four more books during your membership. Then you can cancel anytime you want.

So, choose 3 sets now and send in the coupon. Pay $1 each—plus a charge for shipping and handling. If, after 10 days, you decide you don't want the books, send them back and we'll cancel your membership.

About every four weeks (14 times a year) you'll get the Literary Guild magazine. Free. Each issue will offer dozens of books of a wide range of subjects, all at up to 40% off publishers' prices.

If you want the main selection featured in the magazine, do nothing and it will be shipped to you automatically. If you would like an alternate, or no book at all, tell us so on the convenient form always provided and return it to us by the date specified.

This date is designed to allow you at least 10 days for making your decision. If you do not receive the form in time to respond in 10 days and receive an unwanted selection, you may return it at our expense. There will be a small shipping and handling charge on all books ordered.

The Guild offers its own complete, hardbound editions, sometimes altered in size to fit special presses and save members even more.

NOTE: First number listed beside each book is the order number. All prices quoted are for publishers' editions.

IS COLLEGE WORTH IT?

October 1975 $1.00

Harper's Magazine

Follies of the Human Potential Movement:
THE NEW NARCISSISM
by Peter Marin



[AN EARNEST SEMINAR ON THE STUDY OF THE NAVEL]

Brazilian
of Torture:
vivor's
unt

hort,
oy Life of
aux
ingway

r Branch:
Bradlee,
dent's Man

e Dillard:
er Creek
ited

rd Selzer:
Art
rgery

DEWAR'S® PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • ©SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N. Y., N. Y.

JOE AND JOHNNY GONZALES

HOME: Los Angeles, California

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: They created an art studio and gallery which gives training and exposure to hundreds of Chicano artists from the East Los Angeles barrio. The gallery's shows have been seen worldwide.

QUOTE: "Today's Chicano is awakening to the realization that he is a person with a strong cultural heritage. Slowly he is communicating this to others and strengthening his sense of values . . . Our challenge is to attain for Chicano people a brighter tomorrow which is the realization of our dreams."

PROFILE: Their ambition is to transform their community, a job they've started with the gallery and numerous murals around the barrio. Their enthusiasm has made them a real force in East Los Angeles in just a few years.

SCOTCH: Dewars "White Label."®



Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards established in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop go only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

Dewar's never varies.

"How I lost 650 mg. of 'tar' the first week... without losing out on taste."



"I did it on what I call my 'Doral Diet.' And I'm really pleased. I'm losing 'tar' but I'm not losing out on the pleasure of smoking.

"Doral really tastes good, so this is one diet that's easy to stick to. And compared to my old brand, each Doral is 5 mg. lower in 'tar.' That's 100 milligrams less 'tar' a pack and since I smoke almost a pack a day, my Doral Diet sure adds up."



©1975 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

Menthol or Regular.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MENTHOL: 13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine,
FILTER: 15 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '75.

Harper's

OCTOBER 1975 FOUNDED IN 1850/VOL. 251, NO. 1505

WRAPAROUND	3	COLLEGE: Sis-Boom-Bah-Humbug			
	93	Spin-off	98	Game	
	96	Tools for Living	98	Classified	
Lewis H. Lapham	18	THE EASY CHAIR The general fondness for theological disputes			
Annie Dillard	22	ON A HILL FAR AWAY A conversation across a fence in the Virginia countryside			
Liston Pope, Jr.	25	LAND OF THE GREAT PX Vietnamese refugees come to Pennsylvania			
Richard Selzer	28	THE ART OF SURGERY A surgeon argues that the poet is the only true doctor			
Taylor Branch	36	THE BEN BRADLEE TAPES Continuation of the Watergate investigation—the journalist as sycophant			
Peter Marin	45	THE NEW NARCISSISM The trouble with the human potential movement			
Fred B. Morris	57	IN THE PRESENCE OF MINE ENEMIES A survivor's account of the Gulag Archipelago of Brazil			
Alan Coren	72	THE SHORT, HAPPY LIFE OF MARGAUX HEMINGWAY The very beautiful are different from you and me			
William Braden	76	PYTHON A short story			
Charles Newman	82	BOOKS: LIVES OF THE ARTISTS			
Karen Hess	85	RECIPE FOR A COOKBOOK: SCISSORS AND PASTE Wolves in chefs' clothing			
		VERSE		**COMMENTARY**	**LETTERS**
Gigi Lord	91	Cracking Open a Riot of Ripe	101	ON MAGIC: William Bolitho	12 On logorrhea, outer space, Samuel Johnson, Emma Goldman, ar the rejection of intimacy
A. R. Ammons	91	Arete	102	ON FOLLY: Desiderius Erasmus	

Cover by Robert Ehlers; adapted from a drawing by Olaf Gulbransson

EDITOR: Lewis H. Lapham
ART DIRECTOR: Sheila Berger
SENIOR EDITOR: Nelson W. Aldrich, Jr.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR: John Fischer
WASHINGTON EDITOR: Taylor Branch
WRAPAROUND EDITOR: Michael Aron
COPY EDITOR: Rhoda Koenig
STAFF EDITORS: Valerie Brooks, Lawrence S. Burns, Melanie Pulik
EDITORIAL ADMINISTRATOR: Angela Santoro
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Gwyneth Cravens, George Crile III, Timothy Dickinson, Annie Dillard, Barry Farrell (West Coast), Jim Hougan, Russell Lynes, George Plimpton, Marion K. Sanders, Earl Shorris
CONTRIBUTING ARTIST: Martim Avillez

Published by Harper's Magazine Company, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

PRESIDENT & PUBLISHER: Russell Barnard
EDITOR IN CHIEF: Robert Shnayerson

BOARD OF EDITORS: Lawrence Freundlich, Tony Jones, Lewis H. Lapham, Suzanne Mantell

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: Griff Ellison; **ASSISTANT PUBLISHER:** Ernest M. Walker, Jr.; **CONTROLLER:** Louis A. Isidora; **CIRCULATION MANAGER:** Elizabeth Jacobsen; **PRODUCTION MANAGER:** Louis Seeger; **REPRINTS/PERMISSIONS:** Lucy Mattimore

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine Company, a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. John Cowles, Jr., Chairman; Otto A. Silha, President; Norton Armour, Secretary; William R. Beat[t]. Subscriptions: $8.97 one year; $17.94 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan Amer[ican] $1.50 per year additional.

For advertising information write: Harper's Bazaar Sales, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10[017]. Other offices in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, and San Francisco.

Copyright © 1975 the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Company under license, and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row, Publishers, Incorporated.

Printed in the U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

POSTMASTER: Please send Form 3579 to Harper's Magazine, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302.

WRAPAROUND

:OLLEGE: Sis-Boom-Bah-Humbug



UPI

ıyone raised on fairy tales
l television situation come-
s eventually learns there is a
t difference between reality
l its distorted images. Unfor-
ately, that knowledge does
le to allay the disappoint-
nt that develops each time
are catapulted closer to the
al" world.

At eighteen I trudged off to
ool with so many conflicting
ions of what college was
ng to be that there was no
y I could have been satisfied.
bbie Gillis, Ozzie-and-Har-
versions of easy-going col-
e and fraternity life had
lted together with more re-
t scenes of fist-clenching stu-
its mobbing around admin-
ation buildings. Visions of
ed scholars studying for the
e of pure knowledge com-
ed with glossy posters which
mised high income and sat-
ing employment if I only
nmitted myself to the four years necessary for certification.

If the disparate images of higher education caused confusion so did its conflicting purposes. College was supposed to accommodate those who had to "find themselves" as well as those who already had a blueprint for their lives. It attempted to offer education to the masses but still preserved the principles used through centuries of educating the elite. It tooted intellectual "unworldly" enrichment while offering itself as the shortest path to worldly success.

We started work on this WRAPAROUND with the vague notion that college wasn't what it used to be, but, leafing through biographies and novels, found our own disappointments to be equaled, if not exceeded, by those of previous generations. Our suspicion is that students in each institution, country, and century have reported experiences vastly inferior to their expectations. S.S. McClure, founder of *McClure's Magazine* in the late nineteenth century, expected to be taller when he graduated; Margaret Mead, to "become a person." For centuries, education has been seen as a preparation for utopian solutions, yet no one can agree on how it is supposed to work.

Still the high-school students keep coming, torturing themselves each year with SATs, ACTs, interviews, application essays, and ego-shattering rejections. Whatever its failings, college is still an accepted path to adulthood, and the college degree, though depreciating in value, retains a significance apart from the education it is supposed to symbolize. Perhaps it is because all the diverse people processed into college—the ambitious, the intellectual, the drugged, the bewildered—are processed out of it in such identical fashion that college has become a kind of sausage factory. Whatever metaphor is used, education seems to have less to do with learning than routine. I have finished my junior year, thirty-six courses down, nine to go. I have written seventeen term papers and at least thirty short papers, and taken twenty-three finals and twenty-seven midterms. I have reams of lecture notes, read once over for the final exam and then stashed in a home cupboard. The whole process takes on a surrealistic quality—mad cramming to learn things that may well be forgotten by the end of the exam the next day, books read in marathon sessions, courses studied because they fit into a time slot or a distribution requirement.

None of this is new; students have been complaining of depersonalization for decades, of being subjected to poor or indifferent teaching for centuries. Now, however, the institutions themselves (which used to seem somehow impenetrable) are in trouble. A sense of crisis prevails. College presidents realize that the quality of the education they provide depends to a large extent on the money they have, that no money means no students, and vice versa. College faculty worry about their job security and the dropping academic standards of each incoming class.

Meanwhile, the student of the Seventies is feeling an anger different from that of his Sixties counterpart. As his tuition rises, he sees budget cuts eating into his studies and activities. He sees himself as the victim of a bureaucracy and feels cheated because he keeps funneling more money into an institution which seems to be giving less back.

Of course not all institutions are in financial trouble, and not all students are disappointed. Even those who are, those who bemoan the superficiality or dreariness of institutionalized learning, would concede that college offers infinite opportunities for growth outside the classroom. This WRAPAROUND makes no generalizations about the "college experience" except that romantic notions prepare students for an imaginary world. As a romantic vision, higher education has special problems because it has to live up to not one ideal, but thousands, has to satisfy not one type of person, but millions. And, as hardened to advertising hype and illusions as we've become, it still shocks and confounds us each time our experiences fail to correspond to our preconceived images. **—Katherine Barrett**

This issue of WRAPAROUND was guest-edited by Katherine Barrett, a senior at Northwestern and editor of Byline, *the campus journalism magazine. Her associate editor was Diane Sherlock, a sophomore at Radcliffe.*

"When any scholar is able to read Tully or such like classical Latin author ex tempore, and make and speake true Latin in verse and prose suo (ut aiunt) marte [without any assistance whatever], and decline perfectly the paradigms of nouns and verbes in ye Greeke tongue, then may hee bee admitted into ye college, nor shall any claime admission before such qualification."

—Seventeenth-century Harvard admission requirement
Quoted in *Scaling the Ivy Wall*
by Howard Greene and Robert Minton, 1975

WRAPAROUNDWRAPA



Harold Lloyd in The Freshman, *1925.*

"Some studied merely to acquire knowledge, which is curiosity; others to acquire fame, which is vanity; others still for the sake of gain. . . . Very few studied for their own edification, or that of others." —Fourteenth-century French cleric

AN EDUCATED MAN

THINGS I LEARNED FRESHMAN YEAR

1. Charlemagne either died or was born or did something with the Holy Roman Empire in 800.
2. By placing one paper bag inside another paper bag you can carry home a milk shake in it.
3. There is a double l in the middle of "parallel."
4. Powder rubbed on the chin will take the place of a shave if the room isn't very light.
5. French nouns ending in "aison" are feminine.
6. Almost everything you need to know about a subject is in the encyclopedia.
7. A tasty sandwich can be made by spreading peanut butter on raisin bread.
8. A floating body displaces its own weight in the liquid in which it floats.
9. A sock with a hole in the toe can be worn inside out with comparative comfort.
10. The chances are against filling an inside straight.
11. There is a law in economics called *The Law of Diminishing Returns,* which means that after a certain margin is reached returns begin to diminish. This may not be correctly stated, but there *is* a law by that name.
12. You begin tuning a mandolin with A and tune the other strings from that.

—Robert Benchley
"What College Did to Me," 1921

Both A.B. and B.A. are correct abbreviations for the Bachelor of Arts degree. The variation in the order of the letters arose because the degree was originally written in Latin, a language in which word order is not as important as in English. Artium Baccalaureus and Baccalaureus Artium are both correct.

Acrophobia in the Ivory Tower

My father, who has not set foot in a college classroom in almost fifty years, occasionally wakes up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat, shouting loud and unintelligible phrases into the darkness. At breakfast he tells us that he was somewhere on his college campus, racing blindly up a walk, two hours late for an exam and stark naked. Someone has taken all the knobs off his bureau drawers, and he has spent two frantic hours looking for his clothes. Stomach churning, he pounds on the door of the exam building. His advisor has told him that the outcome of this exam is crucial to his professional career. The door remains locked, however; the jeers of the passersby resound in his ears, and his professor peers out of an upstairs window, face convulsed in laughter. Fifty years have done nothing to quell the horror of this dream.

In 1973 *Harvard Magazine,* a bulletin for Harvard alumni, published a short article on preexam nightmares and received a staggering number of congratulatory letters. Harvard men of all ages wrote in that their subconscious minds still regularly treated them to these dreams. Graying businessmen found themselves seated for an art-history exam without ever having taken the course. Feeble doctors habitually galloped across the campus searching for a Bio. 1 exam no one seemed to have heard of. Lawyers by the score showed up for freshman English and found the exam written in Chinese. To a man they seemed to be saying that to live through these dreams was a thousand times more grueling than anything they had experienced since leaving college.

The ivory tower, as college students—and psychiatrists—across the country will testify, is not nearly so pleasant an abode as it appears from the outside. It shelters its inhabitants from some of life's pedestrian difficulties, but at the same time creates new traumas and problems, which take on, in such closed quarters, an importance of which the real world cannot conceive. The legendary tower of learning is not a stable structure: it is bu feted by the high winds exam periods, by the gales preprofessional competition; shakes with the constant u derground rumblings of ad lescent crises. What shall I b What shall I do? Will I su ceed? At times it sways forebodingly that the unfort nate standing on top sees h future in a heap of brok bones and ivory rubble.

Every student has his ov mechanism for coping with t panic which invades even t most sedate college existenc It is a kind of panic diffic to describe except by examp a panic of which there is real equivalent in the nonac demic world. It comes aft forty-eight hours of sleepl labor, with the realization th the paper must be complete reorganized; or on the day b fore the exam, with the re ization that a human being ca not read 5,000 pages in o day; or on the Friday befo the Monday, with the realiz tion that an academically r spectable job on the given top is the work of a lifetime, a not a weekend. It is the luc student who can internalize h worries and convert them in an occasional nightmare. Ot ers resort to desperate means

When the federal law givi students the right to see the own records went into effe last fall, colleges across t country began to sort pain takingly through student fil for confidential letters of re ommendation, which must returned to the writer for a si nature before being released the student. At Harvard, se eral professors received lett of recommendation they h never written, urging that student named Steven Rose feld be considered for adm sion to various medical schoo for Phi Beta Kappa, for a hig ly desirable scholarship. A mitting to the forgeries, Rose feld was requested to leave t school.

His saddened coworkers the lab announced they we forced to question the vali ity of experimental work had done; his friends were b fled. He had been an enc mously talented, straight-A st dent, had celebrated promisi lab results over champag with Dr. James D. Watso could probably have gotten ir

UNDOWRAPAROUNDOW

y medical school in the coun-
. The recommendations he
d written for himself, it was
iispered across Harvard, were
uched in far less glowing
ms than the recommenda-
ns other professors had writ-
for him. Rosenfeld, ac-
unting for his "highly re-
ettable acts," explained that
had lost all perspective on
life and his work. "Almost
nstant pressure . . . , spending
cessive time in the labora-
y, and a demanding course
d," he admitted, "caused me
see events in desperate
ms."
Rosenfeld's desperation is only
ironic exaggeration of the
peration that pervades col-
e campuses in other forms.
is at the root of the notori-
pre-med gangsterism, of
flourishing term-paper com-
ies, of the waiting lists in
lege psychiatric facilities, of
occasional sad college sui-
e that never makes the front
e. Some students survive
r college traumas with
ugh equanimity to mold it
under the benign influence

RADES
R SALE

lear the end of the fall
rter at the University of
ver, Michael Rock walked
the course he was teach-
on microeconomic theory
announced that he would
ion off grades in the class
r money.
lthough a few students pro-
d, Mr. Rock took in almost
00, getting an average of
for an A, $55 for a B, and
for a C. One student, no-
g that several others were
nt, bought up all the extra
and D's and tried to sell
for inflated prices. Mr.
. . . took promissory notes
most of the students, but
gave him $80 in cash. A
students said they destroyed
papers and stopped study-
for final exams after the
on.
vo days later, Mr. Rock an-
ced to the class that it was
hoax. "The most depress-
hing was to see how easy
s to manipulate them," he

-The Chronicle of Higher Education
January 27, 1975

of time, into part of the best years of their lives. The others wince as they remember, and dream unsettling dreams.

—Abigail Zuger

Abigail Zuger, a senior at Radcliffe, is managing editor of the Harvard Independent.

A Teacher's Lament

These days the English departments of most American colleges and universities limp along on the strength of freshman English and the sophomore humanities requirement, which most students elect to satisfy with English simply because they are unfamiliar with other disciplines, and a known evil is always preferable. As a result, the average English professor can count on finding most of his courses filled with resentful youths who spend the time before each class entertaining wild hopes that on his way there he will have been run over by a truck.

And there is little one can properly do to alter those feelings. The new teacher quickly discovers he needs that antagonism, that the worst mistake he can make is to try to be his students' buddy. To do so puts the whole issue of grading on a personal basis, and that road leads to disaster.

The average student in a required humanities course tends to regard his grade as an evaluation not of his grasp of the material or of the quality of his prose, but of him as a person. If you like him he gets a good grade, and if you don't he doesn't; it's as simple as that. What the hell, the argument goes, all this stuff about analyzing poetry and writing coherent English is just so much arbitrary bullshit anyway; it isn't like, say, a physics course, in which an answer is unambiguously right or wrong. If he gets a bad grade it simply means that he hasn't spent enough time up in your office greasing your ego.

The teacher who encourages such an attitude deserves the accusation in his students' eyes when he passes back a set of exams: we trusted you, and look what you've done to us. Besides, fear is a teacher's greatest weapon. The student who is afraid, who doesn't believe he has some emotional inside track, might just put out enough disciplined effort to survive. Except in courses that have some obvious bearing on his future employment, the average college student is psychologically still in high school. What professionalism he does have does not extend to English 1. He probably needs all the help you can give him—as has become painfully obvious, the current entering crop are inarticulate to the point of stupefaction—but he doesn't know that. He thinks he's fine and that all this English he is being asked to plod through is simply a cruel joke, a kind of parting slap at him before he finally escapes into Investment Analysis 525 and Elastic Wave Propagation.

Probably everyone in the teaching profession keeps somewhere in the back of his consciousness an image of himself as Mr. Chips. That is what we all really want in the end, to be loved or at least honored by those we teach and to have the chance to love them. The sadistic schoolmaster, who lives for the humiliations he can inflict, is rarer than anyone imagines. We always hope that someday our students will come to see that we tried to give them something worth having, and that our motives were not wholly contemptible. Perhaps someday they will, but for the moment we might do better to recognize that they tend to regard us as their natural enemies, and that that relationship can have its uses, too.

—Nicholas Guild

Nicholas Guild, a professor of English at Ohio State, is the author of a suspense novel, The Lost and Found Man *(Harper's Magazine Press).*

There are 2,665 institutions of higher education in the U.S., as defined by the Census Bureau. In 1960 there were 2,008, and in 1940 1,708. Wyoming is the only state without a private college. California has the most public institutions: 112. New York has the most private ones: 145.

Reunion at Wellesley

And the nonsense. My God, the nonsense. At reunion most of the students are gone and classes are over for the year. All that remains is a huge pile of tradition. . . . On Sunday morning the reunion classes parade down to the alumnae meeting. My class is holding plastic umbrellas trimmed with huge bouquets of plastic violets and purple ribbons. . . . Nineteen thirty-two is wearing what look like strawberry shortcakes but turn out to be huge red crowns; 1937 is in chef's hats and aprons with signs reading, "37 is alive and cooking!" I am standing on the side, defiant in my non-umbrellaness, as the class of 1952 comes down the path with red backpacks strapped on; in the midst of them I see a woman I know, a book editor, who is marching with her class but is not wearing a backpack. I start to laugh, because it seems clear to me that we both think we are somehow set apart from all this. . . . We are both wrong, of course.

I can pretend that I have come back to Wellesley only because I want to write about it, but I am really here because I still care, I still care enough about this Mickey Mouse institution; I am foolish enough to think that someday it will do something important for women. That I care at all, that I am here at all, makes me one of Them. I am not exactly like them—I may be a better class of dumb—but we are all dumb. This college is about as meaningful to the educational process in America as a perfume factory is to the national economy. And all of us care, which makes us all idiots for wasting a minute thinking about the place.

—Nora Ephron
Crazy Salad, 1975

"If I were founding a university I would found first a smoking room; then when I had a little more money in hand I would found a dormitory; then after that, or more probably with it, a decent reading room and a library. After that, if I still had more money that I couldn't use, I would hire a professor and get some textbooks." —Stephen Leacock (1869-1944)

APARROUNDUPAPARO



Vassar class of 1903 gathers on Class Day.

A Segregated Experience

If anyone had suggested, while I was in high school, that I apply to a women's college, I would have sneered at the very mention of such an idea. So it is with some degree of disbelief that I find myself, four years later, about to graduate from the largest women's school in the country. When I entered the school, having transferred there from a small co-ed college in the Midwest, I immediately lost all memory of what it was that had originally inspired me to go there. I tended then to think of my decision as a result of temporary insanity. I still find that explanation one of the most plausible.

The women's movement has been very favorable to the women's colleges. Applications to the few remaining single-sex schools have risen in the last few years, while many women's schools which have gone co-ed have recently experienced admissions problems. What initially attracted me to the all-women's colleges was an article several years ago in the *New York Times* discussing why the few remaining women's schools had decided not to admit men despite the trend at the time. These stalwarts, it was alleged, were the breeders of strong, capable, successful, independent women, Gloria Steinem and Betty Friedan being only the more obvious examples.

I was impressed by the article and genuinely believed that these isolated enclaves of the rich had suddenly become havens for women deeply and actively concerned with the women's movement. But, for the most part, I was wrong. The good press on these colleges was more a reflection of active public relations than of the mood on campus or the actual convictions of the students. Although others, like me, entered the school with hopes for student activism, I now know that the prevailing feeling at the college was boredom with the whole movement. One of the reasons the women used most often to explain their being there was the possibility of increased opportunities for friendship with each other. Nevertheless, I found that the college remained a "suitcase" school, and that it was difficult to have a commitment to it and to fellow students if you were there only half the week. There was also a social isolation imposed by the sororitylike living conditions and the few campus-wide activities.

It is really not the students who maintain the somewhat mid-Victorian standards of these colleges, but the institutions themselves, which are bound by their own traditions. It is the nature of the single-sex schools to resist change rather than encourage it, and to shield their students not only from the outside world but also from each other. **—Janis Ruden**

Janis Ruden is a senior at Smith, where she is arts editor of The Sophian.

Nine U.S. Presidents—Washington, Jackson, Van Buren, Taylo Fillmore, Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Cleveland, and Truman- did not attend college. Six others—Jefferson, Monroe, Tyler, Ha rison, McKinley, and Harding—attended but did not gradua Harvard has graduated five Presidents, followed by Princeto which has graduated two. Although ten Presidents attended l school, only four—Hayes, Taft, Nixon, and Ford—graduated.

What's Going On

Alongside the academic pursuits of college one finds Campus Life, an elusive presence created by a variety of factors that are unique to each particular campus, each student, each faculty member.

Instead of probing that inexhaustible topic we asked one individual at each of five well-known campuses what the current preoccupations are at that school.

☐ At the University of California, Berkeley, the student union was "used as a bathroom by the street people," says Sharlene Marrese, reservations coordinator for the union.

"It was a shabby, dark, dreary building, and Berkeley students didn't want to be in it. The street people slept in the lounges and took baths in the sinks," she says.

"But we're cleaning up our act. We're remodeling from top to bottom and putting in new furniture that, I'll tell you, will be *impossible* for anyone to sleep in. This place has been the pits, but now we're doing something to get the students back in."

☐ At Washington University, in St. Louis, "there's a very gr interest in the music and cra from the Ozarks," says Mar Sitkoff, publications coordi tor and admissions counselor

"Ozark mountain craftsm come in and show their wo and they have influenced a of students to try their hand it. Woodworking and ceram are particularly big," she sa

"We like our students brig and they're very serious ab their studies. Almost every goes on to graduate or pro sional school.

"Our relaxation is very h class, very highbrow—conce lectures, good films. We're a rah-rah football school."

☐ "Let's not kid ourselves," s Melford Espey, director of University of Alabama Stud Center. "The big thing her football. Our seven home f ball weekends are the big events of the year."

But somehow the game it seems almost lost in a blu related activities.

"Friday night there dances everywhere, all the fi all the dorms. Saturday morn we all have a late breakf and then there are tailgate ties at the stadium or brun at the Greek houses," he s

"Then the game.

"After that, Saturday ning, we have a large di and then, win, lose, or d there's a party atmospher the whole campus until s

Approximately half of all college applications are received by 10 percent of the nation's colleges.

All my life I'd told myself studying and reading and wr and working like mad was what I wanted to do, and it acti seemed to be true. I did everything well enough and got all and by the time I made it to college nobody could stop me.

I was college correspondent for the town *Gazette* and edito the literary magazine and secretary of Honor Board, which d with academic and social offenses and punishments—a pos office—and I had a well-known woman poet championing me graduate school at the biggest universities in the East, and p ises of full scholarships all the way, and now I was appren to the best editor on an intellectual fashion magazine, and did I do but balk and balk like a dull cart horse? . . .

For the first time in my life . . . I felt dreadfully inadequate. trouble was, I had been inadequate all along, I simply h thought about it.

The one thing I was good at was winning scholarships prizes, and that era was coming to an end. **—Sylvia**

The Bell Jar,

IOWRAPAROUNDOWRA

The most common school lors are blue and white.

ıe Sunday morning.
'Of course," he adds, "we ven't lost in something like een years."
'The prom is back at Yale llege," says Elizabeth Eisier, a Yale administrator.
'It's all this nostalgia stuff," says. "It was one of the gest things of the year, and hly successful. It was for rity, and that probably ped."
Otherwise, as a campus-wide ersion, Yale students are inved in "dramats," small ater companies that operate each of the twelve residen- colleges, as well as a larger for the college as a whole. The productions are often elaborate," Miss Eismeier s. "It's odd, at such a very nse place, academically, and drama so time-consuming, nearly all the students get olved."
You literally have to blow ke in a policeman's face to busted in Ann Arbor," says Meachum, night editor for *Michigan Daily* at the Uniity of Michigan.
And then the penalty is a fine. But as far as taking xicants goes, there's not much. Alcohol is back, esally beer.
We don't have many big concerts here anymore," says. "The halls were get- wrecked, and they stank beer and wine and dope. he university sponsors block ies—big raucous parties in street that keep going for ve-hour stretches.
And with it all, there's no tion this place is a lot ter than it was five years While politics used to be big thing, now it's studying nd parties."

—Ellen Edwards

Edwards, a senior at Northrn, is coeditor of Midweek, *the y arts and feature supplement* ıe Daily Northwestern.

l, YES

white star of Sigma Nu,
bright star of Sigma Nu.
ns of brothers wear you,
ns of others share you.
n college days are through,
still will cling to you,
l and true to you,
Sigma Nu. (oo-oo-ooo)
-Sigma Nu fraternity song

Today's Students

I was sitting in a booth in an off-campus hangout, having a beer with some University of Connecticut students. I had just finished a show; they had been in the audience, and everyone was feeling mellow.

Tall, skinny student (after second beer): "Boy, things have changed around here since you did your last show."

He sounded wistful and a touch nostalgic.

Me: "How come? What do you mean, changed?"

Short, fat student: "Art's just bugged because they don't do no streaking anymore."

Me: "No kidding. Were you an actual streaker, Art?"

Art hung his head modestly and sipped at his beer.

Short, fat student: "Was he a streaker! He was the best U Conn ever turned out. They used to come from campuses for miles around when they heard he was putting on a show."

Me: "Come to think of it, I haven't heard of streaking for a long time now. Seems like a million years ago already that Walter Cronkite was talking about streaking, and they had those news pictures of guys running through hedges."

Art (sadly): "Yeah. It was punks like that that gave streaking a bad name. With me, it was an art form. Every streak was an occasion. But it's all over now, and I sure miss it. Things are dead these days."

Me: "Both you guys are seniors. Do either of you remember the good old riots and demonstrations and student uprisings and all that stuff they used to have on the campus? The SDS and all that?"

Both (in unison): "How old do you think we *are*?"

Short, fat student: "My uncle was in the SDS. He tells me stories about it. They sure did some funny things in the old days. He's got a wife and two kids, and lives in Bridgeport."

I sipped my beer silently, deep in thoughts of my own. Yes, it is true. To today's students the riots, the uprisings, the library bombings are as remote and hard to believe as, say, the Boer War or the Whiskey Rebellion. No longer do they seem to feel, as students did back in the Sixties, that anyone under thirty was gifted with superior morality, incredible intelligence, and extraordinary sensitivity. The days of the mythical "greatest generation ever" are over. Today's students have, in fact, discovered mortality. More than a few have gone home on spring vacation and found the old man out of work. Buddies have graduated with exotic degrees and wound up pushing hacks on the night shift, if they were lucky.

In the process of rejoining the human race, the students have also learned a rare thing —how to laugh at themselves. The us-vs.-them humor of the Sixties is as dead as Joe Penner's duck and *Allen's Alley*. Today's student is very aware of his *own* frailty. It is significant to me that the biggest laugh I got during a show I did recently at Princeton was a takeoff on a Princeton graduate, twice divorced and out of work, returning to give the graduation address to the class of '75. Nervous, haunted, shaken by disaster, he implores them to stay in school. If necessary, hide under the desks, but, for God's sake, *don't graduate*! It's really mean out there!

The kids roared. Maybe because they know it's true.

—Jean Shepherd

Jean Shepherd is currently adapting his novel, In God We Trust, All Others Pay Cash, *for the screen. He is also the star of* Jean Shepherd's America, *seen on PBS.*

Between 1967 and 1974, the number of high-school juniors and seniors scoring above 700 on the verbal SAT test fell by half—from approximately 32,000 to 16,000. The number of students scoring above 600 fell by a third.

A LESSON IN LIMITS

This place, this unique context, this system is designed only as a beginning. It is designed to open minds a little, not to produce a final product, educated men and women. That takes the rest of their lives. It is designed to create intelligent skepticism, not to turn out cynics or doctrinaire dogmatists. Its function is to create a respect for complexities, not to render complexities simple. It is supposed to point up the worthiness of the pursuit of truth, not to serve up, neatly wrapped, the truth itself. **—K. Ross Toole**

The Time Has Come, 1971

Law school applications decreased last year for the first time in decades—101,016 applications, down from 103,423 in 1973. Medical school applications numbered approximately 43,000, up from 42,500 in 1973-74.



"A Medical Student,"
from Les Animaux, *by Grandville.*

Gallaudet College in Washington, D.C., the nation's only liberal-arts college for the deaf, was able to place 97 percent of its 1974 June graduation class in either jobs or graduate schools.

AROUNDWRAPAROUN



Glaring profs bid farewell to the class of 1915, Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, New Jersey. From A College Album, *by Oliver Jensen and the editors of American Heritage, 1974.*

Hiring of people with bachelor's degrees dropped 18 percent in the past year, while hiring of those with master's and doctoral degrees dropped 17 and 20 percent, respectively.

"Professors' remarks are the rewards for the long hours of arduous effort that each and every one of us put into each and every one of our papers." —The Yale Daily News Magazine

Selected remarks of Yale professors on student papers:

You're a fascist. —Robert Wyman, Biology

Bullsh:t, crap, this is ridiculous. —Edward Mendelson, English

Grade: F. If you had given me only 15 pages of bullshit I could have given you a C. But for 55 pages I have to give you an F.
—Anonymous, Philosophy

Where did you get these ideas? From Sesame Street? An illiterate high-school teacher? —Edward Mendelson, English

You will realize that I am but a minor divinity and am under the force of fate as mentioned by Zeus-Kagan which has ordered that ten points be subtracted from your grade for lateness.
—TA for Donald Kagan, Classics

This is very badly written—incorrect, inexpressive, lumbering, repetitious, with no sense of proportion, no regard for the assignment. Do not do this to me again. —William Wimsatt, English

Perhaps the only thing worse than the style of this piece is your proofreading job. Then there was your style—wooden, choppy, insolicitous use of language, all manner of dangling and split flora and fauna. Generally it sounded like you had glued this prose together. (And then left the paper out in the rain.)
—Christine Heyrman, English

You write better when you don't think. —Tom Leitch, English

This paper is a joke. Score:
Playboy 7
Esquire 3
Science 0 —Robert Cook, Biology

Crock of shit. —Anonymous
—*The Yale Daily News Magazine*, March 5, 1975

Diminished Faculties

In the late 1950s academics at the Sorbonne kept hearing from their pupils of a certain Monsieur X whose lectures were attracting a great deal of attention. Not for some months was it learned that M. X, a Parisian intellectual convinced that he had at least as much to say as any of the faculty, was taking possession of any classroom that might fall vacant and holding forth to increasing audiences in the high manner of the wandering scholars of the Middle Ages.

Alas, this agreeable informality has been virtually eliminated from modern universities by considerations of financing and credit and by the opinions of administratively minded trustees and bureaucrats. Perhaps the one set of problems that unites medieval and modern academic administrations is that most bedeviling one of keeping the peace. Brown, which recruited most of t talent for its first graduati class in 1769 from undergra uates expelled by Harvard ringleaders of the rebellion 1768, must have had an esp cially hard time of it. Whatev Brown's response, one doul it matches the implacability Oxford, which, down to 18 required all candidates for t M.A. to swear an oath of mity against a certain gen man who had led a mob agai the university in 1240.

Today the physical safety the faculty rarely exercises a ministrators (in the West, least). Not too long ago the was all too much reason f professors to fear the wrath both government above a students below. Aulard, t great historian of the Fren Revolution, was fired on at l lectern by a dissenting stude for exalting Danton at the e pense of Robespierre. Sain Beuve, lecturing superbly on l erary criticism in the days Napoleon III, could only addr his students from behind a li of gendarmes. The illustrio Moritz Schlick, perhaps t greatest member of the Vien Circle of philosophers in t 1930s, was shot down on t steps of his university by a s dent whose thesis he had rej ed. Government and acade orthodoxy with their greater sources were yet more dang ous. Pierre Cop, the sixteen century theologian, had to f for his life on the strength a mere inaugural lecture. T career of Joseph Bingham, o of the few historians of 2 years ago whose work is s indispensable to a study of times, was destroyed by o remark which convinced

"All Souls College, Oxfor planned better than it kne when it limited the number its undergraduates to four; fo is exactly the right number f any college which is intent getting results."
—Albert Jay No
Memoirs of a Superfluous M
19

GOOD OLD DAYS

The step that signaled the birth of the universities was the grouping of students and masters into guilds. As craftsmen had done before them, they banded together for mutual interest and protection, and called themselves a universitas, the medieval name for any corporate group. In Italy, where the majority of students were mature men pursuing advanced study in law and medicine, their guilds came to exercise great power. Students hired and paid teachers, determined the courses to be given, and fined any lecturer who skipped a chapter in expounding his subject. (Teachers at Bologna were even penalized for saving a difficult paragraph for the end of the lecture "if this is likely to prevent a prompt exit at the sound of the bell.") Each master had to deposit a sum of money in the city bank, from which his fines were deducted.
—*The Age of Faith*
Time-Life Books, 1965

"Professors are a sour lot, in general, but professors of journ ism are especially rancid in their outlook because they have wake up every morning and be reminded once again of a wo they'll never know."
—Hunter S. Thomp
Rolling Stone, July 4, 19

TRAPAROUNDWRAPA

rchful of learned half-wits he was a Unitarian.

dministrations have been ewhat less efficient in po- g the performance of teach- duties. The professors of ern history and modern uages at Oxford and Cam- ge, ignoring the statutes h set up their chairs, failed eliver a single lecture in the hundred years of their ex- ce; the enormously learned Thomas Gray, who held Cambridge chair from 1768 771, probably shortened his worrying that he really ld say something to the g gentlemen. Notions of emic attainment have been lly loose. An actor who d the doctor in *Macbeth* ved an M.D. in tribute Saint Andrews. The chair natomy at Edinburgh was litary in the Monro family 1720 to 1844, and so, it d out, were the first Pro- r Monro's original lecture . Not that such practices ntirely extinct: John Roche tly discovered that some ty members at a certain ican college were, instead ving classes, "letting the nts educate themselves." uggestion that the students d logically divide among the relevant academic sal- was not well received.

e question of faculty con- has always been a vexing Cambridge ostracized the r of Saint Catherine's for years over what it felt sharp practice at his elec- Having agreed with his that each should vote for ther, the master, it was d, changed his mind and his own ticket—a bad ss that gave rise to one rtrand Russell's best short s, "The Guardians of Par- ."

t the saintly genius Dr. ———, who still teaches nbridge and shrinks from most human contact, should conduct his tutorials from under his hearthrug, giving his pupils the most inspiring supervision of their lives without their ever encountering more than a lump of carpet with a thick Scots accent, is one thing. Quite another was the conduct of his elder contemporary at Oxford, R. H. D——, who in fifty-two years' association with another college published one, admittedly important, article on the Battle of Marathon, and devoted most of the rest of his energies to the seduction of boys—over 3,000 undergraduates, by his own perhaps inflated figures, and several hundred more at his summer home. "I really am surprised by what I have got away with," he observed, looking over the no doubt intimately familiar faces at his fiftieth-anniversary dinner. So was everyone else. When he died, there was much speculation as to how the magisterially authoritative obituary columns of the London *Times* would handle this side of his career. "He infinitely preferred," they wrote, "men to books." **—Timothy Dickinson**

Timothy Dickinson is a contributing editor of Harper's.

"Ye can lade a man up to th' university, but ye can't make him think."

—Finley Peter Dunne (1867-1936)

Plus ça change...

What most distinguished the generation who have approached maturity since the debacle of idealism at the end of the war is not their rebellion . . . but their disillusionment with their own rebellion.

—Walter Lippmann

A Preface to Morals, 1929

RE THAN MEETS THE EYE

denly you see Oxford, a gray blur in the valley. . . . She is than a city, more than a railroad station, more than a road n, more even than a university. She epitomizes a remark- ingdom, here in the belly of England; she is a shrine to the where many a fine soul has worshipped; she is a paradigm human conflict between the right and the wrong, the spir- nd the material, the ugly and the beautiful; and most of is an aspiration, a sad reminder of what the world might

—James Morris

Horizon, January 1963



The University of Paris in the late Middle Ages.

LOOKING FORWARD

HIGHEST ACADEMIC DEGREE PLANNED:	1974	1970	1966
Assoc.	8.5	7.6	5.5
B.A. B.S.	36.8	38.3	38.7
M.A.	27.1	31.2	31.7
Ph.D.	8.5	9.7	9.8
M.D.	7.5	4.6	4.9
Law	4.4	3.5	1.5
PROBABLE CAREER:			
Businessman	13.2	11.4	11.6
Educator	4.2	11.3	14.1
Engineer	4.7	7.5	8.9
Health (other than M.D.)	8.9	4.5	4.7
Artist	5.7	6.2	6.6
Farmer	3.8	1.8	1.8
Undecided	12.4	11.6	4.3
IMPORTANT OBJECTIVES:			
Be authority in field	62.2	66.8	66.0
Help others in difficulty	61.3	64.9	68.5
Develop philosophy	61.1	75.6	—*
Raise a family	55.0	67.5	—
Influence political structure	12.5	18.3	—
Influence social values	27.2	34.0	—
Be very well off	45.8	39.1	43.8
Keep up with politics	36.6	52.8	57.8
Be successful in own business	37.9	43.9	53.0

Source: American Council on Education. *Questions not asked in 1966

WRAPAROUND

My Room-Mate Problem

"We wish to assure you that we spend almost two months working on rooming assignments. You are therefore urged to be serious and thoughtful in filling out this form."

For $5,350 a year they damn well better spend two months, I thought, as I perused the freshman rooming application Harvard had sent me. But the advice was sound. In my first year at Exeter I had learned that a bad rooming situation could ruin an otherwise enjoyable school year.

"Please give a description of yourself. Include living habits relevant to the choice of a roommate."

I chewed my pencil. I decided that "I sleep with a teddy bear" would most likely land me in a three-room quintuple over the subway station. Harvard's bureaucracy had no sense of humor. "Neat, fairly straight, middle-class," I began, and added a few obscure hobbies and musical preferences.

"What characteristics and interests do you seek in a roommate?"

Foresaking originality, I wrote, "Neat, warm, considerate, and easygoing." Then, figuring that even at Harvard few people would be requesting "messy, cold, inconsiderate, and tense room-mates," I launched into more specific traits. "No Right-to-Lifers, no Sixties-type radicals, no nerds," and so on. I filled the allotted space and continued up the right-hand margin all the way to "Do Not Write in This Space." I read it over and mailed it in, fully te days before the deadline.

My new roommate called about three months later. Before this phone call I had never acknowledged the existence of a Harvard stereotype. Yet no other kind of person could own the voice I was listening to. Its deep resonance implied wealth, intelligence, and good looks, just as the *Insiders' Guide to Colleges* had generalized: "People go to Harvard because they know they've already made it."

His name was Lance. We exchanged pleasantries. My leg got tangled in the cord, dragging the phone to the floor. I suddenly felt very inferior. Was this the school for me? Would *everybody* be like Lance?

Lance "sincerely" wanted to get together for dinner before school started that weekend. "I know a little place on Seventy-ninth Street. Tomorrow night okay?" he asked.

I agreed, though it meant meeting him on his home territory.

I wanted to find out what to wear. "Ah, is it fancy?" I asked. The question was academic, really. I owned only one sport jacket.

"No, casual." That meant I shouldn't button it.

"But the food's really good?"

"Nothing special. But I always eat there. You'll like it."

I said okay and hung up. Thanks to that phone conversation, I was going to spend the following night traveling way uptown to a lousy restaurant to meet somebody I already didn't like. I still wanted this rooming arrangement to work out. After all, Harvard had spent so much time putting it together.

On my way uptown I calculated that the average pair of room-mates would, in a year, be spending about 2,400 hours, or three solid months, in the same room. That was why Harvard had sounded so serious about it, and that was why I had definitely been too choosy in requesting "no superstraights or freaks," and "no preppies, Southern rednecks, football jocks, studs, or gays." But a class of 1,600 should have contained at least three people who, besides fitting all those qualifications, were also "neat, warm, considerate, and easygoing."

I had been waiting outside the restaurant for about half an hour before a deeply tanned figure in Gucci loafers approached from the west. We exchanged pleasantries again and walked inside. He greeted about half the people we passed, all of whom looked like him.

We sat down and ordered. "If you want to know my honest opinion," he told me, "when I first found out you were from New York, I was surprised I hadn't heard of you. Then I figured you must have been away at school."

The conversation drifted. I asked him about his hobbies, favorite musical groups, even the kind of women he liked, trying to find some common ground, some justification for Harvard's decision to room us together. Yet I found myself opposed to virtually every position he took. Here was a Republican segregationist who preferred *The Wall Street Journal* to the *Times*, and he wasn't even a baseball fan. He had "grown accustomed to keeping a bar in his room," and would that be okay at school? Sure thing, Lance.

By dessert I realized that our only common interest, the one force in our diverse lives which had thrown us together, squash. Also, he had reque an "all-around preppie ty which I suppose I qualified He confided in me later tha really meant, "I spend my ters in Palm Beach and w prefer a room-mate who the same," but he had tho that wouldn't look good. I *k* that somewhere I had listed stipulation "no New York even if I had sandwiched it tween "no Einstein types" "no card sharks."

Maybe I was too fastidi Undoubtedly I would hav give a little. The impor thing was to last eight-an half months starting that S day without any insurmount conflicts.

Well, we *did* conflict. despite ample provocatio never floored him. Instead say, "I'd prefer it if you'd your friends at 11:00 P.M stead of 3:00 A.M.," and "P tap your cigarette ashes int ashtray instead of onto the r

I wasn't getting throug him that way. His parties kept me up all night. He doodled on my English es And when my parents were iting he smoked marijuana. ter he broke my stereo, my icy of détente gave way to frontation. I pointed out e thing which he did that ann me and told him I just cou room with him any longer stead of countering my ac tions, he said, "Yes, I gu am pretty hard to get with."

I called the dean's offic I wanted to switch, I'd ha take my chances, without f out a Freshman Rooming to guide me.

The next day I was assi to a student who want leave an overcrowded dor didn't know anything about except that his name "Poor," which had to be a in the right direction.

—Al L

Al Lewis, a sophomore at Ha is now happy with his roomin uation.

Contrary to popular belief, student suicides do not seem to increase during exam periods. Of twenty-three suicides during a ten-year period at Berkeley, for example, only one occurred during an exam week, while sixteen occurred during the first five weeks of a semester.

FROM WOODY ALLEN'S COURSE CATALOGUE

Writing for the Stage: All drama is conflict. Character development is also very important. Also what they say. Students learn that long, dull speeches are not so effective, while short, "funny" ones seem to go over well. Simplified audience psychology is explored: Why is a play about a lovable old character named Gramps often not as interesting in the theatre as staring at the back of someone's head and trying to make him turn around? Interesting aspects of stage history are also examined. For example, before the invention of italics, stage directions were often mistaken for dialogue, and great actors frequently found themselves saying, "John rises, crosses left." This naturally led to embarrassment and, on some occasions, dreadful notices. The phenomenon is analyzed in detail, and students are guided in avoiding mistakes. Required text: A. F. Shulte's *Shakespeare: Was He Four Women?*

—Woody Allen
"Spring Bulletin"
Getting Even, 1972

"I find that the three m administrative problems c campus are sex for the stud athletics for the alumni, parking for the faculty."

—Clark Kerr, preside the University of Calif quoted in November 17,

WRAPAROUND CONTINUES ON PAG

IBM Reports

Managing our energy resources

Today, there is a strong sense of concern in this country about the way we use and manage our resources. Nowhere is this concern more acute, or more needed, than in the area of energy.

While it is clear that long-range solutions to the problem will require additional energy sources, it is equally clear that never again—even when new sources have been tapped—will we be able to afford to consume energy in the lavish and wasteful ways of the past. In the short term, learning to control our use of energy is a matter of urgent priority.

Fortunately, some progress has already been made. It has come about largely through common sense actions in managing energy usage, such as reducing lighting and heating levels.

Computers can also contribute significantly to efficient energy management.

Computers are helping utilities reduce power interruptions and increase fuel efficiency. They are helping airlines cut jet fuel consumption. They are helping truck fleets reduce total mileage while increasing actual deliveries.

At the same time, computers are being used to cut energy consumption in commercial, industrial and public buildings.

For example, an Atlanta department store chain reduced its average monthly use of electricity from 7.5 million to 6 million kilowatt hours due to computer control, saving nearly $25,000 per month in the process. And computer control at a major IBM facility in Florida is reducing electricity consumption by 15%.

While helping to conserve energy, the computer is also playing a role in producing energy and converting it to man's use.

The growing usefulness of computers in these and other areas is closely tied to the remarkable reductions that have been made in the cost of doing things by computer.

Today, a specific set of computations can be performed on an IBM computer for less than one hundredth the cost of the early 1950's. This means major savings in overall computing costs.

And as technology continues to advance, the cost-per-computation continues to decline. This will make the computer even more useful in managing our energy resources to help meet the needs of the future.

IBM

LETTERS

A catalogue of bores

Alan Harrington's "Polluters of Time" [August] was truly in the Charles Lamb tradition with a touch of G. K. Chesterton.

A former teaching colleague of mine had a unique list of bores, one of which was the tonal bore, who could murder an interesting subject with his whining upper-register voice. And there was the chuckling bore, who constantly garbled his story with staccato chuckles. And the topper, who could hardly wait for his guest to relate some accomplishment before he topped it with a greater one. You dove eighty feet into three feet of water? He once dove ninety feet into two feet of water.

Perhaps the worst of our contemporary bores is the environmental bore, who does not look kindly at his neighbor's burning a pile of leaves. He doesn't appreciate the magnificent pungent odor of light smoke from oak and hickory on a crisp October afternoon and how this can energize the flagging spirits of a forty-year-old housewife. The odor takes her back to football weekends at Colgate before she was euchred into marrying a very large bore who manufactures cotter pins and snores in front of the TV. Perhaps the best definition of a bore was one given me by Rocco Romaniello, who drives a street sweeper for the Stamford Public Works Department: "This guy drones on for five minutes and instead of tooling a Southern Pacific locomotive over the Ural Mountains I'm back driving a sweeper."

EDWARD A. CONNELL
Stamford, Conn.

I compliment you on the inclusion of Mr. Harrington's definitive work on bores in the August issue. He seems to speak from a position of uncompromised expertise. I have never been so bored in my life. As a surefire cure for insomnia, "Polluters of Time" has replaced my once-cherished transcript of Gerald Ford's State of the Union Address.

In his compendium of bores, the author omitted the rampant verbalist but provides us with a definition by example. I hope for the sake of his friends and loved ones that this was just an attempt at a cute literary device. My senses are perforated.

RICHARD A. HEINZ
Towson, Md.

Détente in space

Harper's has brought us "The Garden of Feasibility" [by Gwyneth Cravens, August] in the nick of time. NASA is looking for ways to spend large amounts of money; Kissinger is anxious to dramatize the virtues of détente; and the Pentagon has been given several times as much money as it really has any use for. Since it is estimated that Model I can be put in orbit for about $33 billion, we should immediately propose that the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. each take $16.5 billion from their military budgets—while guaranteeing that those budgets will not be increased to compensate—and launch a really cooperative space program.

Since the reduction in military spending would be exactly the same, the program would not mean the slightest decrease in the security of either nation. Since the money would be dissipated—as it is in military spending—without producing anything that would compete with the products of the corporations which dominate our economy, there could be juicy contracts for the military-industrial complex. Since no new money would be spent, the project would cost us nothing. And the government of the U.S.A.—like the government of the U.S.S.R.—could, at long last, point to one occasion on which it had done something abo disarmament besides praising it public and knifing it in secret.

WM. PALMER TAYL
Hamilton, Oh

One doesn't want to quibble at good writer doing a fine piece abo a great idea, but I wish to direct t low-velocity tuts at Gwyneth Crave

Tut 1: ". . . asteroids, many which happen to be composed very fine steel . . ." This is a char ing idea, and perhaps within t realm of possibility, but it is at pr ent unsupported by any convinci body of data. In its innocence a charm, it reminds me of the noti that the reason that the Russian M lander went silent an instant af touching down was that it was eat

Tut 2: "Apollo cost twice as mu as anyone thought it would." In a vance of Apollo, NASA administ tor James E. Webb predicted that t cost of a manned lunar landing wo fall between $20 billion and $40 b lion. In fact, Apollo cost about $ billion. FRANK ROWSOME,
Washington, D

GWYNETH CRAVENS AND GERARD O'NEILL REPLY:

1. The evidence is quite str that the asteroids contain in part terial which is mainly iron with admixture of nickel in quanti sufficient to make good-quality st

2. Aerospace dollars have infla at a rate far greater than other lars. What was the sum of $23 lion in the 1960s became about billion in the 1970s.

Reversible max

I think we have to forgive J Richardson the misquote in his view of John Wain's *Samuel John* ["A Rational Man," July] on accounts: the review itself was masterful, and the statement, w Richardson has as "Nobody b

blockhead ever wrote for money" but s actually the contrary ("No man ut a blockhead ever wrote *except* or money"), can be regarded as one f those reversible literary raincoats hat can be worn equally well on ither side, depending on the wheth- r of one's life—whether one is in he flush of youth or seduced later n life by the masquerade of achieve- ient.

MITCHELL GORDON
Palos Verdes Estates, Calif.

Rebel in print

Henry M. Pachter has consigned ie written Emma Goldman to obliv- on ["The Private Lives of Rebels," ugust]. But the situation isn't that im.

The last time I looked, *Living My ife: The Autobiography of Emma oldman* was in print in paperback Dover, 2 vols.). Richard Drinnon's iography, *Rebel In Paradise*, is in- eed out of print. However, it has een rescued, and we will be reissu- g it in paperback toward the end of e year.

CYNTHIA MERMAN
Harper & Row
New York, N.Y.

Student protest

Dr. Hendin is essentially right in the conclusions he draws in "The Revolt Against Love" [August]. I have seen firsthand what Dr. Hendin describes: the rejection of intimacy and the defenses of numbness, detachment, and fragmentation. Those who retain a belief in a solid emotional commitment, who reject the concept of casual sex, and who maintain that emotional integrity is paramount are in a very small minority indeed. There are more Eskimos in Boston than Don Quixotes of emotional integrity in all the colleges on the Eastern seaboard.

MIKE CONNELLY
Chicago, Ill.

In reading "The Revolt Against Love," it became apparent to me that Dr. Hendin should do six more years of research. There seems to be among most college-age students (which I myself am one) a desire for a more important intimacy, being intimate with themselves. We did not spend the Sixties in blind consciousness, we were searching for a truer sense of love. And in the search most found they didn't know what it was, so they searched within themselves. What appears to be a lack of intimacy with the opposite sex is simply an honesty of refusing to play male-female games. Most young people want an honest relationship that involves two *human beings*, not a male and a female. The need for a "mate" is too inherently strong in the species for any of us to believe that we will be having a string of love affairs for the rest of our lives. And it would be a true evolutionary step if a male felt he didn't have to play father to his female companion, or if a young woman had enough confidence and support psychologically to try a career and not be frightened with propaganda into believing she will end up being forty and childless, not to mention being without a close male companion.

It is people like Hendin that will keep the species at a standstill, keep them at the level where they identify more with some old, worn-out country song singing of unfaithfulness rather than identifying with honesty in themselves as people and honesty with each other.

SUNNY CRONKEY
Spokane, Wash.

NAROPA INSTITUTE

Where intellect & intuition meet.

ropa Institute provides a context for interaction of people and traditions, st and West. A place for intuition d intellect to meet. The Institute views ucation as a personal journey, founded on and inspired by the Buddhist losophical tradition.

ginning January, 1976, Winter and ring degree and certificate programs will er an intimate environment for the dent/faculty community.

er 3,500 students have come to Boulder, orado to participate in the Institute's sessions, workshops and special events An outstanding resident and visiting faculty from all over the world combine to provide a rich and diversified resource for learning Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Bateson, William Burroughs, Stella Resnick, Anne Waldman and Chogyam Trungpa Rinpoche comprise only a portion of the working faculty that over the last two years has made Naropa Institute a vital, exciting place to be.

For a catalog providing course information, schedules, fees and degree/certificate programs, please call the Institute's toll-free number or return the enclosed coupon

Naropa Institute, a division of Nalanda Foundation, is a non-discriminatory non-profit educational institute

NAROPA INSTITUTE Dept A
1441 Broadway; Boulder, CO. 80302
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Toll-free number: 800/525-0948



556 Pub price $10 | 219 Pub price $10.95 | 462 Pub price $7.95 | 109 Pub price $12.50 | 376 Pub price $6.95 | 252 Pub price $

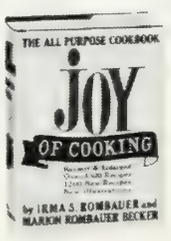
Catch up on the books you have promised yourself to read

TAKE ADVANTAGE of this convenient, reliable and thrifty way of acquiring the best books published today and you'll be keeping that promise in the most pleasurable way possible. And because you can count on being offered only those superior books which survive the world's most thorough screening system, you won't be wasting your valuable time. You can begin a trial membership with any four of these outstanding new books for only $1. And if you continue your membership, the benefits of the Book-Dividend® plan will enable you to build a home library you'll be proud of—and at the same time save 70% or more. So why not start catching up today—with the books you really don't want to miss.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®
invites you in a short membership to

Choose any 4 for only $1

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree to buy four Club choices within a year at substantial savings on most books you choose.



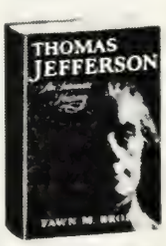
161 Pub price $10



396 Pub price $8.95



533 Pub price $10



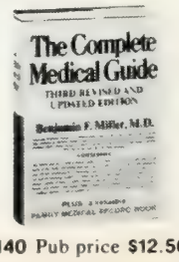


554 Pub price $12.50 | 420 Pub price $4.95

A TRAVIS McGEE SE
These three volumes count as one book



262 DARKER THAN AMBER, THE GIRL IN THE PLAIN BROWN WRAPPER, A DEADLY SHADE OF GOLD *by* JOHN D. MAC DONALD (Pub prices total $19.40)





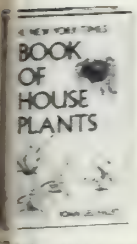
140 Pub price $12.50 | 225 Pub price $7.95

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC., Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012

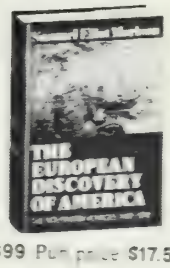


4 Pub price $12.50 | 467 Pub price $8.95 | 232 Pub price $7.95 | 445 Pub price $6.95 | 416 Pub price $12.50 | 141 Pub price $8.95

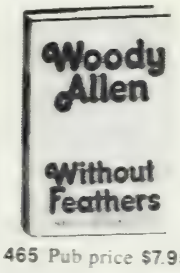
Prices shown are publishers' U.S. prices. Outside the U.S., prices are generally somewhat higher



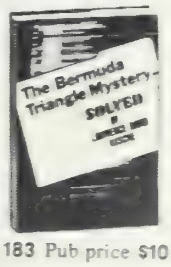
Pub price $9.95



399 Pub price $17.50



465 Pub price $7.95



183 Pub price $10



156 Pub price $12.95



375 Pub price $12.50



307 Pub price $8.95



Pub price $10



173 Pub price $15



127 Pub price $12.95



184 Pub price $12.95



167 Pub price $5.95



310 Pub price $12.50



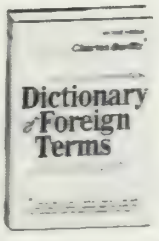
229 Pub price $6.95



price $8.95



114 Pub price $15



174 Pub price $9.95



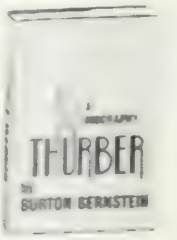
551 Pub price $6.95



475 Pub price $7.95



336 Pub price $7.95



598 Pub price $15



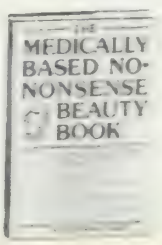
price $12.50



207 Pub price $12



412 Pub price $14



450 Pub price $10



584 Pub price $10

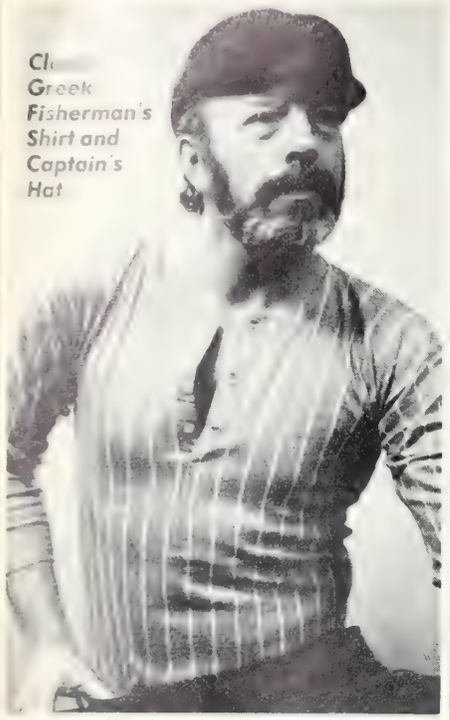


424 Pub price $10



536 Pub price $7.95

philia fashions ltd.



Cl
Greek
Fisherman's
Shirt and
Captain's
Hat

From the golf links to a fishing venture, at sea or in the city. Solidweight soft cotton knit in washed blue or tan brown exploded with white pin-stripes. Chest sizes XS(34-36) S(36-38) M(38-40) L(42-44) XL(44-46). **$20** ppd. Hat, black only, the original classic with uniquely embroidered visor and band. From 6-7/8 to 7-5/8. **$12.** Send check, no COD's. Returnable. Chargecard order desk, call (212) 752-3973 Write to: **PHILIA, 349 E. 61 ST., N.Y. 10021**



I am me.
I am separate.
I am an individual.
I use...

the Osmiroid Italic pen
because in a world gone mad with mass production, this marches to a different drummer. Made in England. Made in left-handed models, too. $3.75 for the Osmiroid . . . and a free instruction booklet.

Available at all good art supply, stationery and college bookstores.

Osmiroid Italic Pen

Hunt Manufacturing Company
1405D Locust St., Phila., Pa. 19102

THE EASY CHAIR



Michael Sean

Oracles in residence

by Lewis H. Lapham

IT HAS BEEN SO LONG since I have seen anybody win an argument that I have come to think that the thing cannot be done. Perhaps this is because I live in New York and associate with people who believe themselves infallible. Possibly it has something to do with the fierce moralisms (political, economic, intellectual) that wither the spirit of the age. I'm not referring to the public debates that allow for a comparison of applause or a counting of votes; neither do I have in mind the arguments in which one of the principals holds so clear an advantage over the other (usually by virtue of formal jurisdiction as employer, psychoanalyst, creditor, or publisher) that the discussion slides off into a monologue of alienation. I refer instead to the talk that prevails among people who don't know each other well enough to know that any attempt at a frank exchange of opinions must result in lifelong hatred. The more abstract the subject of dispute, and the less that either person knows about it, the more passionate their convictions.

Such conversations have become commonplace in New York, particularly at dinner parties given by an ambitious hostess who hopes to provide the *mise-en-scène* for moments of national significance. The other night at a dinner of this kind I encountered two would-be custodians of the American conscience whom I shall refer to as Freeman and Brock way. To say that both gentlemen prided themselves on their knowledge of great affairs would be to do an injustice to the magnificence of their pretensions, and I resolved to quit the premises before anybody could introduce the questions of th

Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's

In this issue *Harper's* welcomes the first two of several authors who will write for the magazine at predictable intervals. Annie Dillard ("On a Hill Far Away," page 22) and Alan Coren ("The Short, Happy Life of Margaux Hemingway," page 72) will contribute short topical essays on diverse subjects at least four times a year.

"In performance at Wolf Trap"

Coming this fall on the Public Broadcasting Service (PBS)—7 productions from Wolf Trap Farm Park, the country's only National Park for the Performing Arts. Here, near Washington, the Wolf Trap Foundation presents more than 50 productions each year.

Beverly Sills
in Donzetti's Roberto Devereux October 6

Bonnie Raitt and Mose Allison October 20

New England Conservatory Ragtime Ensemble, with the Katherine Dunham Dancers November 3

Galina and Valery Panov November 17

Dionne Warwicke December 1

Verdi's Requiem The National Symphony and University of Maryland Chorus December 15

Preservation Hall Jazz Band December 29

Produced by WETA-TV PBS, Washington.

Brought to you through a grant from Atlantic Richfield Company.

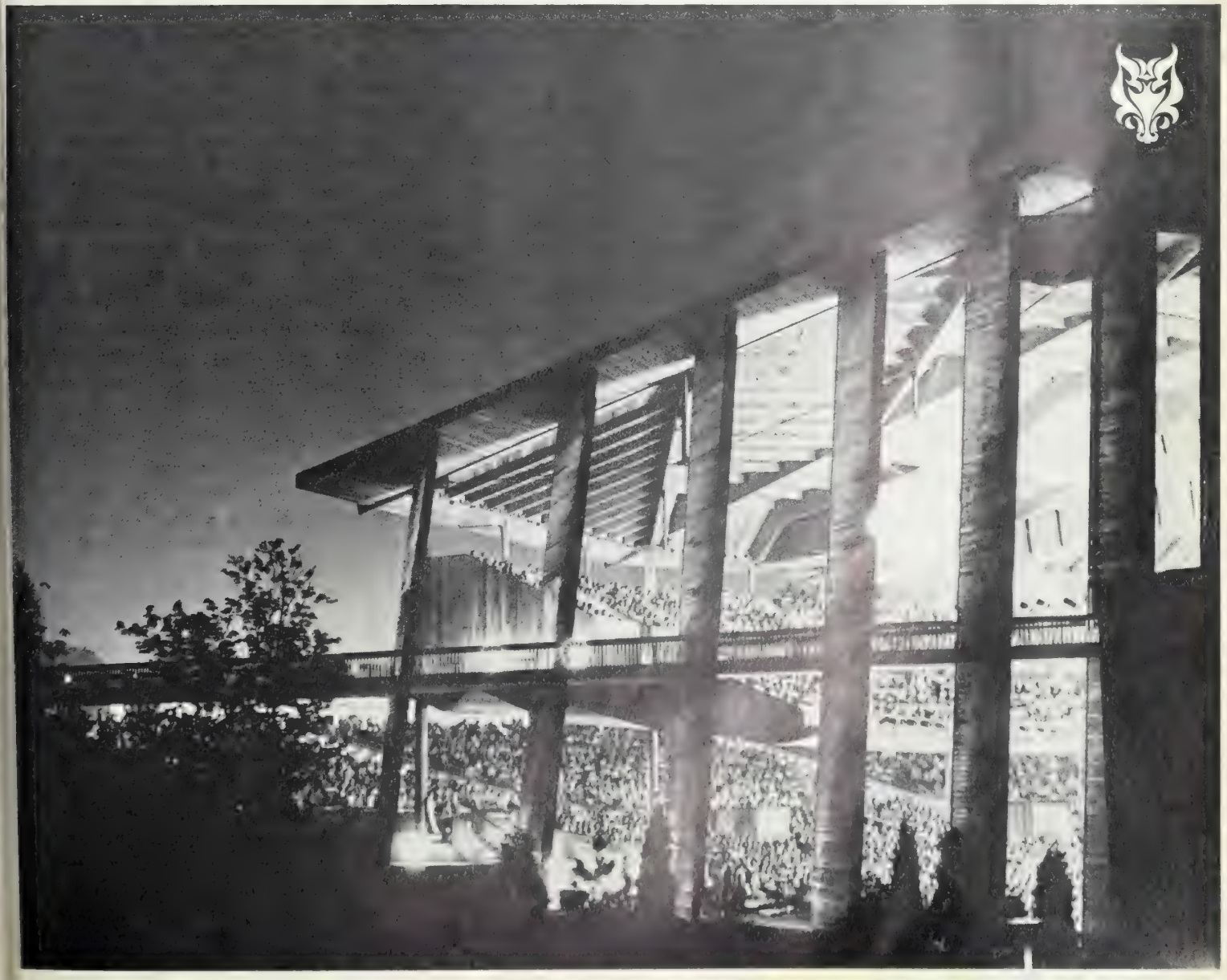


Co-hosts for this season's "In performance at Wolf Trap" are Beverly Sills and David Prowitt.

Dates subject to change. Check your local listings

ARCO

Petroleum Products of
AtlanticRichfieldCompany



Presidency, the Democratic party, or the press.

Freeman was a journalist of some reputation, an awkward and overbearing man in his early forties who believed that the press possessed the mandate of heaven. Given the slightest opportunity (a chance remark about television news, for instance, or the mention of money in the hands of somebody who had neglected to read the works of Jefferson and Freeman) he could be relied upon to deliver an impromptu address on "the moral crisis in American society, its origins and probable consequences." Brockway had been employed by both the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations as an adviser whose word, so it was said, carried the weight of stone. He had a judicious and slightly ironic manner that concealed the extent of his gift for flattery. Since leaving Washington he had become the president of a small foundation committed to the support of the arts. The two men had never met each other, but they had read the reviews of each other's books, and from these they had formed (possibly because the reviews in both instances had been flattering) a distrust of the other's motives. It was a dinner party for fourteen people, and Freeman and Brockway had each hoped to preside as the oracle temporarily in residence. Throughout the early part of the evening they remained more or less silent, smiling in the enigmatic way of men who know more than they choose to tell and waiting to seize control of the conversation at what White House sources occasionally describe as "the highest levels of debate."

I MISJUDGED the earnestness of my hostess's intentions and so failed to make good my departure before she turned to Brockway and asked him what he thought of the *New York Times*. In the respectful silence that followed, Brockway elaborately trimmed the end of his cigar. He admitted the size and complexity of the question ("Of course, it is hard to make generalizations, but, generally speaking . . .") and began with his definition of the public interest. Freeman tried not to listen to any of it, and for perhaps twenty minutes he kept up the appearance of a conversation with the woman on his left about the decadent sensibility characteristic of the New York publishing business. Like Brockway, Freeman believed himself authoritatively informed on cultural as well as political affairs. Although he had made a great deal of money from the sale of political melodrama, he thought the publishers corrupt because they couldn't tell the difference between commercial gibberish and the renaissance of journalism as literature. But he made his points half-heartedly, barely listening to the woman's responses. With the more attentive part of his mind he followed the line of Brockway's discourse, watching for a suitable moment at which to cast the pharisee from the temple. The moment arrived when, almost in passing, Brockway remarked that the newspapers had done a great disservice to the country in the matter of the Watergate investigations. Freeman began to laugh. Not in a pleasant or humorous way, but in the loud and raucous manner of a man who means to be noticed. Brockway hesitated, and the other people at the table turned to look at Freeman, who said, "I'm sorry, but I couldn't help overhearing what you said about the newspapers."

"Yes?" Brockway said.

"If it wasn't for the press," Freeman said, "this country would have been lost to fascism."

At that point, the argument collapsed in futility even before it had begun. It was clear that neither man would grant the other's premises, that no matter how long they talked or how many references they cited ("Yes, but were you in Saigon in 1964?" or "That is not what the memorandum said, that is what the newspapers said it said," et cetera, et cetera) neither would accept the possibility of an explanation different from his own. The only questions that remained open to debate were the extent to which Brockway and Freeman would insult each other and whether those insults would have any effect on third or innocent persons not then present. Because both principals were literary gentlemen, they would continue their disagreement in print, probably by arranging to review each other's next books (a memoir and an assault on the so-called interests) in journals of fair and high-minded opinion

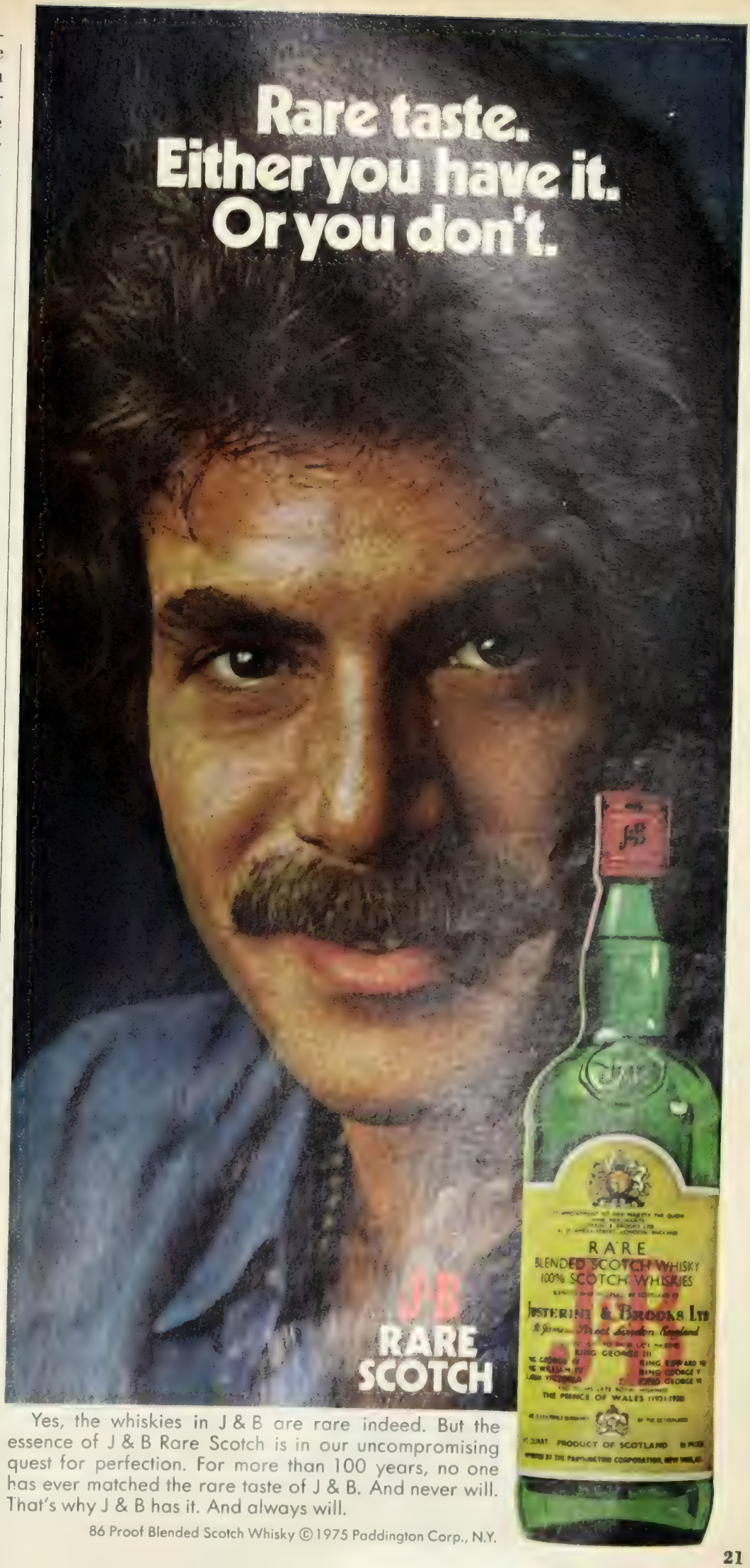
I MENTION THE INCIDENT because it strikes me as the rule rather than the exception in a society which people insist on describing as enlightened. Whenever I come across the reference in a newspaper or foundation report ("the American tradition of free and open debate . . ." "In the community of common interests . . ." et cetera) I wonder what the author means by the phrase. Perhaps he has been traveling in a different country, or, if he is talking about the United States, then why is it that I meet so few people who can bear the insult of contradiction? The question troubles me when I meet journalists in New York or Washington, or when I attend the occasional conference on the weakening of the First Amendment. Instead of diversity, I find an insistence upon conformity.

The conditions of conformity change from place to place and from profession to profession, but within the small circles defined by the membership requirements the levels of intolerance remain exceedingly high. Anybody who suggests to a New York banker the hope of some undiscovered good within the morass of the Washington bureaucracy finds himself scorned as a dangerous fool. precisely the same denunciation falls upon the head of the man who suggests to a retired admiral that a memory of honor still illuminates the darkness of CBS. A majority of the young lawyers who work for government agencies persist in thinking of oil-company presidents as caricatures drawn by Thomas Nast, as if they could fix prices, buy government, and declare foreign wars. An equally unfortunate number of businessmen cherish equivalent fantasies about the terrible and irresponsible power of the federal government. They envision zealous bureaucrats dictating changes in the law from within the strongholds of the SEC, the IRS, and the Department of Justice.

Examples of the prevalent superstitions could be multiplied through a long and unhappy sequence, but in most instances I think that they can be understood as a function of distance. As they become successful within the narrow spaces of the separate hierarchies a great many people appear to lose sight of people unlike themselves. Their ignorance makes them fearful, and

r fearfulness they rely on the eotyped generalities of the media er than on the testimony of their experience. The idea of the mon interest breaks down under mbardment of images. Instead ne community, which might be ribed as democratic, there ap- separate and distinct communi- that must be described as total- an. They cannot afford to be any- else because the people who bit them imagine themselves un- siege from the agents of other nunities who remain unknown nseen except as flickering shad- (probably ominous) across the n of the news. To lose even a e point in argument is to lose , not only the comfort of being e side of righteousness but may- lso the house in Connecticut he reputation for being the sage has seen through the veil of on. Both Brockway and Free- had reason to know that the ns of the marketplace ("the e's right to know," "the impe- Presidency") do not offer an ate portrait of anything but an nary world, and yet they were g to defend their prepared po- s even at the cost of denying they knew to be a fact. When them, Freeman was saying, don't deserve to make judg- about the Pulitzer Prize."

such things can happen in a room in New York, over a pe- f two or three hours at a dis- of less than five feet, then how ybody expect to identify (much n or lose) the larger arguments cted in ninety-second intervals ances of hundreds or thousands es. I don't know if the question s of an answer, but it is one ccurs to me whenever I meet who insist upon engaging me ological disputes. Even if we by talking about a presumably topic (money, for instance, movement of troops) I soon er that my newfound redeemer en listening to voices in the With depressing regularity he forth a set of burnished scales ch to weigh the moral value of er subject comes before the l of his conscience. The pre- on of vengeful judgment casts ow over the conversation and it difficult to find the argu- □



Yes, the whiskies in J & B are rare indeed. But the essence of J & B Rare Scotch is in our uncompromising quest for perfection. For more than 100 years, no one has ever matched the rare taste of J & B. And never will. That's why J & B has it. And always will.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1975 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

ON A HILL FAR AWAY



Of horses and the Holy Spirit
by Annie Dillard

THIS AFTERNOON while the lamb cooked I took a short walk. The idea was to exercise physically and rest spiritually, but these things rarely work out as I plan.

At sunset I crossed Tinker Creek on the top plank of the steer fence, and then, instead of ducking under the barbed-wire fence by the horse run, I followed the wire through the steers' pasture and up a big grassy hill. I'd never been there before, on that side of the fence. It was cold, there were some good dried solitary trees, and the creek below looked still and loaded with sky. Just across the barbed-wire fence were three outbuildings: a fenced horse barn, around which a dun mare and a new foal were nervously clattering; a cyclone-fenced dog pen with a barking shepherd and a barking bird dog; and a frame tool shed under whose weedy eaves a little boy was pretending to write with a stone.

The little boy didn't see me. He looked to be about eight, thin, wearing a brown corduroy jacket with darker brown pile on the collar and a matching beaked corduroy cap with big earflaps. He alternated between pretending to write big letters on the tool-shed wall and fooling with the dogs from outside their pen. The dogs were going crazy at their fence because of me, and I wondered why the boy didn't turn around; he must be too little yet to know much about dogs, I thought. When he did see me, by accident, his eyebrows shot up. I smiled and hollered and he came over to the fence.

"How old's the foal?" I asked him. The golden foal looked like a test model in a patent office, jerky, its eyes not in quite right, a marvel. It ran to keep from falling.

"That one is just one. You'd have to say he was *one* . . ."

Boy, I thought. I sure don't know anything about horses.

". . . he was just *born* six d
ago."

I watched the foal. Every time
looked at me, the mare ran betw
us and edged the foal away.

The boy and I talked over
fence. The dog's names were Bar
and Duke. "Luke?" I said. The
looked shocked. "Duke," he s
He was formal and articulate;
spoke in whole sentences, choos
his words. "I haven't settled o
name for the colt yet, although fa
said he is mine." When he sp
this way, he gazed up at me thro
meeting eyebrows. His dark
made a projecting circle. He loo
like a nineteenth-century cartoo
an Earnest Child. This kid i
fraud, I thought. Who calls his
ther "father"? But at other times
face would loosen; I could see
that the accustomed gesture of
lips resembled that of a child tr
not to cry. Or he'd smile, or
away shyly, like now: "Actu
I've been considering the name M
ky Sparky."

"Marky Sparky," I repeated,
as much warmth as I could mu
The sun was down. What was I
ing chatting with a little kid? W
there something I should be read

Then he paused in the conve
tion. He looked at his shoe tops,
I looked at his brown corduroy
Suddenly it lifted and the little
said, "Do you know the Lor
your personal savior?"

"Not only that," I said, "I k
your mother."

It all came together. She'd a
me the same question.

Until then I hadn't connected
land, these horses, and this little
with the woman in the big hou
the top of the hill, the house I'
proached from the other direc
to ask permission to walk the
There had been a very long
way from the highway on the
side of the hill. The driveway
a circle in front of the house, a
the circle was an eight-foot a
num cross with a sign underne
reading "CHRIST THE LORD IS
SALVATION." Spotlights in the
honeysuckle were trained up a
cross and the sign.

The woman was very ner
She was dark, pretty, hard, wit
same trembling lashes as the
She wore a black dress and
brush roller in the front of her







In Ethiopia, we speak many languages. But our smiles are universal.

From Massawa on the Red Sea to cosmopolitan Addis Ababa, from the Arabian Nights marketplace of Harrar to the lakes of the Rift Valley, you hear the music of many tongues. Amharic, Tigrinya, Gallinya, Italian, French, English. More than 70 languages and nearly 200 dialects are spoken in Ethiopia.

But our universal language is the smile. It is the warmth of all Ethiopia.

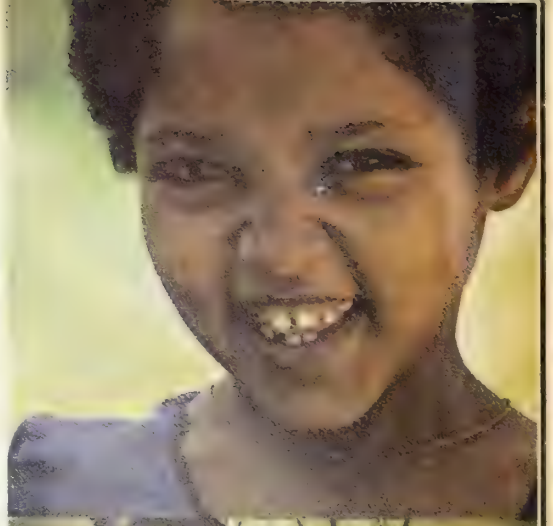
We are proud of our country. Of its green valleys and cool plateaus. Of its crisp air and comfortable climate. We are secure in our heritage. In our 30 centuries of recorded history and in the comfort of our customs and traditions.

And we are confident of our present. Confident that today's Ethiopia rewards its visitors with natural beauty and man-made marvels. From the churches of Lalibela, hand-hewn out of living rock in the 12th century, to the medieval castles of Gondar. From the monolith steles thrusting to the skies of Axum, to the majestic plunge of the Blue Nile over Tisisat Falls. Our Ethiopia is adventure and discovery and modern amenities.

Pride, security, confidence. These are the reasons we smile. We like you. We feel that you will like us and our Ethiopia.

Come. Visit us. Talk with your Travel Agent. Fill out our coupon and we will send you more information about Ethiopia. Our airline is an integral part of modern Ethiopia. We fly Boeing jets from London, Paris, Frankfurt, Rome, and Athens to Ethiopia and other African places. We also fly to India and China. Our service is impeccable, and has been for more than a quarter of a century. And our smiles are Ethiopian, too.

Ethiopian Airlines. Our world is Europe, Africa, Asia.





Ethiopian Airlines
200 East 42nd Street
New York 10017
Telephone: (212) 867-0095

H1

STATE ZIP



ETHIOPIAN
AIRLINES



Cherry Kijafa, made with cherry wine and natural flavors. Imported by Peel Street Wine Merchants, San Francisco.

My explanation of myself confu
her. Yes, I could walk their prope
(She didn't add, as others h
"But I don't want no kids in
roughhousing.") But she was
ried about something else.
worked her hands:

"Do you know the Lord as
personal savior?"

My heart went out to her. No
der she'd been so nervous. She
have to ask this of everyone, a
lutely everyone, she meets; t
Christian witness. It makes se
given its premises. I wanted to
her as happy as possible, reward
courage, and run.

She was stunned that I knew
Lord, and clearly uncertain whe
we were referring to the same
party. But she'd done it, bun
over the hump, and now she c
let loose. She told about her ch
her face brightening. While I w
on the front step she fetched pa
lets, each a different color. I tha
her kindly; I read them later.
one on the Holy Spirit was gooc

SO THIS WAS HER SON. S
done a good job. He w
nice little kid. He was
his speech was over, t
was talking, telling a
meeting his mother. That I'd me
seemed to authenticate me to
and dissolve some wariness.
wind that follows sunset was blo
from the western ridge, across
hill and down, but he moved c
to me at the fence, jamming his
in his pockets. Whenever I smil
laughed he looked at me, disb
ing, and lifted his eyes from be
his cap's bill again and again t
face.

He never played at the cree
said. Because he might be
there, and father might come
not knowing he was there, and
the horses out, and the horses
trample him. I'd noticed that
quailed whenever the mare i
pen jerked his way.

Also there were snakes down
Water moccasins. He seemed
old even, weary with longings
emn. Caution is wisdom around
and this kid knew all the pi
There are no water moccasins
far north, except out by the
but there are some copperhea
let it go. "They won't hurt yo

"I play at the creek," I said.
s." How old are you? Eight?
? How could you not play at
reek? Or: Why am I trying to
this child to play at the creek,
e? What do I do there alone
he'd want to do? What do I do
at all?
ne distant creek looked like ice
the hill, lightless and unmov-
The bare branches of sycamores
s banks met soundlessly. When
spring coming? The sky was
ling. Why would anyone in his
mind play at the creek?
ou're cold," I said to the boy.
ips were blue. He tried to keep
orduroy shoulders against his
neck. He pretended not to hear.
ve to go," I said.
o you know how to catch a fish
you haven't got a rod, or a
or a hook?" He was smiling,
ing up for a little dialect, being
in a book. He must read a lot.
, you get you a *stick* . . ." He
ned what sort of stick. "Then
ull you a thread of honeysuckle
nd if you need you a *hook* . . ."
talked about fishing. "I've got
t in the oven," I said. "I've got
" He had to go, too; father
be home, and he had to set
ole for dinner. His mother was
g; boy, did she have a time
ng them eat! I said so long, so
nd he said, "One more thing!"
ed; he hesitated a second and
"Did you ever step on a big
ake?"
right, then. I thanked God for
ters and friends I'd had when
ittle; I haven't been lonely yet,
could come at any time. I
my jacket collar up as high
uld.
described stepping on the
rolling his eyes, trying to stir
felt it just . . . *move* . . . under
t. It was so . . . *slimy*. . . ." I
ny time. His teeth were chat-
"We were walking through
ld beneath the cemetery. I
Wait, father, wait!' I couldn't
foot." I wondered what they
read. He spoke in prose, like
geois gentilhomme.
," I kept saying, "you must
en scared."
l, I was *about* knee-deep in
ckle . . ."
He knew how to tell a story.
have been plenty scared my-
ee-deep in honeysuckle, but there was no way now to respond to his story all over again, identically but sincerely. It was dark. The mare had nosed the foal into the barn. The creek below held a frail color still, the memory of a light that hadn't yet been snuffed.

We parted sadly, over the fence. The boy lowered his enormous eyes, lifted his shoulders, and went into a classic trudge. He had tried again to keep me there. But I simply had to go. It was dark, it was cold, and I had a roast in the oven, lamb, and I don't like it too well done. □

Annie Dillard won a Pulitzer Prize this year for Pilgrim at Tinker Creek *(Harper's Magazine Press).*

LAND OF THE GREAT PX



Among the Vietnamese refugees
by Liston Pope, Jr.

IN GUAM IT WAS like ice melting, as a young Vietnamese woman said. They lay on their cots day after day, the tension of long struggle, the final desperate rush of evacuation dissolving. After years of fear, an emptiness large as their country left them hopeless, staring up at the tent canvas.

Imagine them in Alaska, stepping from the plane as it refueled during the eighteen-hour flight to another world. Surely this frozen, miserably cold land was not the heaven on earth they had dreamed, not the Land of the Great PX. Rather, a frightening port of call, with its severity of climate and immense stretches of grayish territory. The old world was really over. But it must have been relief profounder than peace after war, to know this was not the place.

Then, the long ride over, refugees began staggering through the processing procedure. In Fort Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania, where military barracks would receive nearly 15,000, established protocol involved never touching a Vietnamese man, woman, or child on the head; never saying "dog" in their presence; and never beckoning with the index finger for them to come, since this was how they called their dogs. These guidelines were adhered to strictly

Liston Pope, Jr., a novelist, was employed as a caseworker for the Red Cross at Fort Indiantown Gap.

Every Kid Can Win

Terry Orlick and Cal Botterill



"Anybody who has a kid in Little League ought to read this book."—*West Coast Review of Books* . . . "It is a great book that could bring much benefit to children, parents, and teachers."—*Journal of Individual Psychology* . . . "This is a consciousness raiser for well-meaning but destructive rah-rah parents and coaches." — *Chicago Tribune.* $6.95

AT YOUR BOOKSELLER

nh Nelson-Hall Publishers
325 W. Jackson, Chicago, Ill. 60606

"Charming and diverting ...enjoy it!"—*New York Times*

THE OXFORD BOOK OF LITERARY ANECDOTES

Edited by James Sutherland

With nearly 500 delightful tales, $15.00



#4 (London) Times bestseller list.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
200 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

ANSWERS YOU THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER FIND!

Would it surprise you to learn that all the answers you thought you'd never find are already within your consciousness?

Paramahansa Yogananda, author of Autobiography of a Yogi, said, "You should transfer your attention from failure to success, from worry to calmness, from mental wanderings to concentration, from restlessness to peace, and from peace to the divine bliss within. When you attain this state of Self-realization, the purpose of your life will have been gloriously fulfilled."

Self-Realization Fellowship teaches you how to apply meditation to find your answers and the wisdom necessary for successful living in today's complicated world.

FREE BOOKLET

Self-Realization Fellowship
3880 San Rafael Ave., Dept. 5AG
Los Angeles, Calif. 90065

Please send me a free copy of your booklet "Undreamed-of Possibilities."

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

as the hundreds of strangers from an estranged land started participating in the bureaucracy, filling out forms, getting their numbers, taking their places like grains of sand in an eternal pyramid. They slept in their seats, or fell to the floor and stretched their limbs, unimpressed by the urgency of names and ID numbers called out in the large auditorium where they waited. Afterward they walked back to their assigned barracks and settled in for a long sleep, thinking the journey over, perhaps, though not knowing or caring how long they would have to remain in this relaxed American version of a concentration camp.

A young Vietnamese woman said, "You know, the air is nice in Pennsylvania." Imagine the first morning of peace in—how many years? or lifetimes? The air is clear, a little too cold for them; across the road from the barracks a blue haze lifts from the mountain ridge beyond the airstrip. The smell of American breakfast suffuses the camp, and teams of volunteer workers are already on hand giving out balloons and balls to the children. The balls go up in the air hesitantly, like first spurts of a fountain, first Vietnamese attempts at the American way of happiness.

BUT THE LONG, arduous bureaucratic journey was just beginning on this first morning of peace, and by eight o'clock the Red Cross office filled up with people seeking assistance. The magic word, the same in English and Vietnamese, was *sponsor*. Find a sponsor and be saved; get free access to the Great PX. In-laws, military acquaintances, past employers in American firms in Saigon: these must be reached through the military locators, or through inspired detective work by a caseworker willing to defy Red Cross policy on limiting phone calls to emergencies. The procedures grow more and more uniform as the volume of cases increases. The surprise and warmth of putting someone through after years of separation, the small voice of hope at the other end speaking their language: these must be diminished by bureaucratic rush and routine. The caseworker tried his best to explain, through an interpreter, about calling person-to-person collect or dir dialing.

Former colonels, majors, inte gence officers of the Vietnam army came in, courteous, intellig gentlemen one and all, seeking mer military advisers, high-rank U.S. officers, good long-term frie whose first names they never seen to remember. Vietnamese wom had the names of their Ameri "husbands," sometimes the addr es; sometimes "SFC So-and-So f Idaho" was all they knew. The jority told the same story: they been separated from family meml during the wild flight from the coming VC; they hoped their wi husbands, parents were at the o centers. A delicate-featured won belonging to the extensive Vietn ese royal family, niece of the iled emperor in France, requeste telegram be sent to her uncle Camp Pendleton. A former N captain stumbled in one aftern telling of his luxurious receptio top U.S. brass here, just a year vious; now he was stunned by sudden judgment on his lost wo delivered into the hands of the h nots. And later that day the for postmaster general of Saigon was ferred to Benjamin Bailar in W ington for possible employment his publicity value.

A sixty-eight-year-old woman v to pieces when the phone numbe her daughter in Houston, with w she had not communicated twenty-three years, was found t disconnected. The most miracu feats were demanded of modern t nology by the same illiterate p ants who had ignored helicopters ing above their fields. The belief that Americans could do anythin the daily mail witnessed: "Mos spectfully, Mr. Postal Service o great United States of Americ look for my sweetheart here named Nguyen Thi Anh . . . PLEA A Danang man addressed his e ope thus, to be mailed by the Cross.

A ninety-three-year-old fisher in Fort Indiantown Gap with entire clan—forty-three peop showed little worry about spo ship. He was mainly concerned a Cuong, his neighbor's fifteen- old daughter, who had been kind to him in the past and w he wished to sponsor himself.



George C. Scott and William Devane in

Fear On Trial

Xerox is proud to present a major television special starring George C. Scott and William Devane. "Fear On Trial" is the gripping dramatization of the true story of John Henry Faulk, a CBS broadcaster who was unable to find work because a group of self-appointed arbiters questioned his beliefs and his patriotism.

In the 1950's and early 1960's, the hysteria of Communist witch-hunts, defamation and blacklisting drove teachers from their jobs, forced ministers from their churches and put performers and writers out of work.

"Fear On Trial" is the story of one man who chose to fight back.

Thurs., October 2, CBS-TV Network, 9:00 pm ET. Check your local listing.

XEROX

his two hands, as if holding a volleyball, he showed the amount of rice he ate daily with an eager appetite.

IN THE DAYS following their arrival the former high officers, men of standing, would latch on to capitalistic ties with ferocity, bombarding the young caseworkers with yessirs and thank-you-very-much-sirs. Telegrams avowing sponsorship arrived, and these men and their families were the first to leave, spared the long loneliness of the camp and headed for comfortable lives, similar to the ones they had left. Or else they had money somewhere, not the piasters of their homeland but good green money, the kind that makes trees grow.

For the middle group—soldiers or functionaries in the fallen government, small businessmen, teachers, clerks—some American families might come through, especially the in-laws. Otherwise their hopes rest with the voluntary agencies, or "volags," in charge of matching people up and formalizing the procedure. There will be success in finding sponsors as long as the American conscience needs to relieve its heavy burden of guilt over these refugees' homeland—until the enthusiasm wanes, until apathy sets in as always, until the curtain of bureaucracy slowly falls marking the end of another passion play.

A Vietnamese woman, a U.S. citizen, on being informed that her brother was at Fort Indiantown Gap, persuaded her ex-Marine husband to drive her there from California in just under fifty hours. Then, upon hearing the bureaucratic procedures she would have to negotiate for Hai's release, a matter of several days, she erupted in a litany of curses reflecting the thoroughness of her Americanization. She threatened to forget her brother ever existed and let the stupid government "pay for everything." Later she decided to call her Congressman.

But, for the poor, the majority—laborers, foot soldiers, peasants, and fishermen—harried by fear of the Vietcong to flee their homeland, for these the new buoyancy may be brief. Warm afternoons strolling across the grass between barracks, chatting, playing games of volleyball and soccer, lining up before the PX: the new pleasures may pall when fear of abandonment and resistance to confinement set in. Among them all, but especially the poor, political naiveté reigns. Is anyone asking himself if he has chosen the right course? Is it not possible that peace can be something communistic, as we hear it is in the expanse of China? The subconscious may in fact ask that question; one who is Western never hears it surface.

THE SUN SETS leisurely these June evenings, so a lot of time remains for talking, playing Ping-Pong, attending movies or English lessons. Groups of men or girls, married couples and their children stroll along the roads through the camp, or sit on their haunches, just as they did in Vietnam. They seem so inpassive, nodding as you glimp them. A soldier is throwing pop-u for the kids, and the splendid arc the ball soars high in the air. T children look healthier each da with every meal, and at times see amazed at their own childishne The adults can relax from their lo days of duress. This is the hone moon. The more adept know th have spent their day profitably g ting in on the ground floor of t new opportunity. They lie back the cots and feel hope. The mass are waiting this evening, as oth evenings, for a destiny to do son thing for, or to, them: they w flown to Guam, then Alaska, n here. Time will fly them somewh else.

THE ART OF SURGERY



A variation on the art of writing

by Richard Selzer

SOMEONE ASKED ME why a surgeon would write. Why, when the shelves are already too full? They sag under the deadweight of books. To add a single adverb is to risk exceeding the strength of the boards. A surgeon should abstain. A surgeon, whose fingers are more at home in the steamy gulleys of the body than they are tapping the dry keys of a typewriter. A surgeon, who feels the slow slide of intestines against the back of his hand and is no more alarmed than were a family of snakes taking their comfort from such an indolent rubbing. A surgeon, who palms human heart as though it were s captured bird.

Why should he write? Is it va that urges him? There is g enough in the knife. Is it for mon One can make too much money. It is to search for some meanin the ritual of surgery, which is at murderous, painful, healing, and of love. It is a devilish hard thin transmit—to find, even. Perhap one were to cut out a heart, a of the liver, a single convolutio the brain, and paste it to a pag would speak with more eloqu than all the words of Balzac. Su piece would need no literary s no mass of erudition or history.

Richard Selzer, a surgeon, essayist, and short-story writer, is a winner of the 1975 National Magazine Award.

ts very shape and feel would tell the frailty and strength, the de- ir and nobility of man. What? olish a heart? A little piece of e? Preposterous. Still I fear that hat it may require to reveal the h that lies hidden in the body. all the undressings of Rabelais, khov, or even William Carlos Wil- is have wrested it free, although knows each one of those doc- made a heroic assault upon it. have come to believe that it is flesh alone that counts. The rest iat with which we distract our- es when we are not hungry or , in pain or ecstasy. In the re- es of the body I search for the osophers' stone. I know it is e, hidden in the deepest, damp- ul-de-sac. It awaits discovery. To it would be like the harnessing re. It would illuminate the world. a quest is not without pain. can gaze on so much misery feel no hurt? Emerson has writ- hat the poet is the only true doc- I believe him, for the poet, lack- the impediment of speech with h the rest of us are afflicted, s, records, diagnoses, and proph- .

INVITED A YOUNG diabetic woman to the operating room to amputate her leg. She could not see the great shaggy black ulcer upon her foot and ankle threatened to encroach upon the of her body, for she was blind ell. There upon her foot was a issippi Delta brimming with cor- on, sending its raw tributaries between her toes. Gone were ie little web spaces that when and whole are such a delight ving men. She could not see her d, but she could feel it. There pain like that of the bloodless turned rotten and festering. e is neither unguent nor an- e to kill such a pain yet leave the body.

r over a year I trimmed away utrid flesh, cleansed, anointed, ressed the foot, staving off, de- g. Three times each week, in arkness, she sat upon my table, ng back and forth, holding her ded leg by the thigh, gripping though it were a rocket that be steadied lest it explode and r her toes about the room. And



A SLIGHT DISTURBANCE of the earth created the Jack Daniel's cave spring some 400 million years ago.

The disturbance, so say geologists, caused a crack in the surface of the earth and allowed a stream of pure, iron-free water to spring up from underground. Luckily, Jack Daniel discovered the stream in 1866 and we've been using it to make our whiskey ever since. Today a second movement of earth could seal off our water entirely. Which, to a Jack Daniel's drinker, would be no slight disturbance.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

COMMEMORATIONS by HANS HERLIN



A best-seller in Germany, COMMEMORATIONS has been hailed as the most powerful and moving novel to come out of Europe since *Doctor Zhivago*.

Arthur Miller says: "COMMEMORATIONS reads like a thriller and relentlessly illuminates the whole tragedy of Germany wrestling with a history it can neither forget nor remember."

Irving Stone says: "COMMEMORATIONS is an extraordinary first novel. It is subtle in its story development, which becomes increasingly engrossing, and ends with an unforgettable climax."

Library Journal says: "The novel operates on various levels at all times. . . . It is at the same time a mystery, a family chronicle, the portrait of a successful construction firm, and the evocation of one man's struggle to come to terms with his own past. A powerful novel, flawlessly translated."

Publishers Weekly says: "There is a very romantic quality to this best-selling German novel, a touch of *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis* . . . vivid and interesting, the love story at the heart of the novel is touching.

Kirkus Reviews says: "Here is a resonant and variegated first novel of substance. Its themes are many and absorbing . . . a fine and moving piece of work."

George P. Elliott says: "I did enjoy COMMEMORATIONS. A good, convincing thriller and portrait."

A Literary Guild Alternate

$8.95 at all bookstores

St. Martin's Press

I would cut away a bit here, a bit there, of the swollen blue leather that was her tissue.

At last we gave up, she and I. We could no longer run ahead of the gangrene. We had not the legs for it. There must be an amputation in order that she might live—and I as well. It was to heal us both that I must take up knife and saw, and cut it off. And when I could feel it drop from her body to the table, see the blessed *space* appear between her and that leg, I too would be well.

Now it is the day of the operation. I stand by while the anesthetist administers the drugs, watch as the tense familiar body relaxes into narcosis. I turn then to uncover the leg. There, upon her kneecap, she has drawn, blindly, upside down for me to see, a face; just a circle with two ears, two eyes, a nose, and a smiling upturned mouth. Under it she has printed SMILE, DOCTOR. Minutes later I listen to the sound of the saw, until a little crack at the end tells me it is done.

SO. I HAVE LEARNED that man is not ugly, but that he is Beauty itself. There is no other his equal. Are we not all dying, none faster or more slowly than any other? I have become receptive to the possibilities of love (for it is love, this thing that happens in the operating room), and each day I wait, trembling in the busy air. Perhaps today it will come. Perhaps today I will find it, take part in it, this love that blooms in the stoniest desert.

All through literature the doctor is portrayed as a figure of fun. Shaw was splenetic about him; Molière delighted in pricking his pompous medicine men, and well they deserved it. The doctor is ripe for caricature. But I believe that the truly great writing about doctors has not yet been done. I think it must be done *by* a doctor, one who is through with the love affair with his technique, who recognizes that he has played Narcissus, raining kisses on a mirror, and who now, out of the impacted masses of his guilt, has expanded into self-doubt, and finally into the high state of wonderment. Perhaps he will be a nonbeliever who, after a lifetime of grand gestures and mighty deeds, comes upon the knowledge that he has done no more than meddle in the lives of his fellows, and that he has done at least as much harm as good. Yet he may continue to pretend, at least, that there is nothing to fear, that death will not come, so long as people ask it of him. Later, after his patients have left, he may closet himself in his darkened office, sweating and afraid.

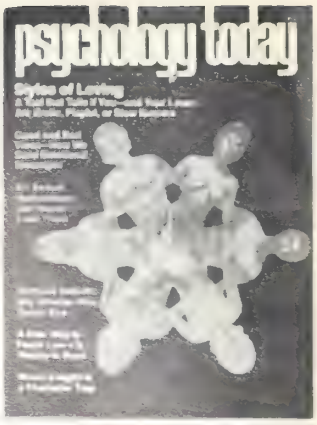
A writing doctor would treat men and women with equal reverence. For what is the "liberation" of either sex to him who knows the diagrams, the inner geographies of each? I love the solid heft of men as much as I adore the heated capaciousness of women—women in whose penetralia is found the repository of existence. I would have them glory in that. Women are physics and chemistry. They are matter. It is their bodies that inform of the frailty of men. We have not the cellular, enzymatic wisdom. Man is albuminoid, proteinaceous, lake; pearl; woman is yolky, ovoid, rich. Both are exuberant bloody growth. I would use the defects and defects mities of each for my sacred purpose of writing, for I know that it is the marred and scarred and faulty that are subject to grace. I would seek the soul in the facts of anim economy and profligacy. Yes, it is the exact location of the soul that I ask after. The smell of it is in my nostrils. I have caught glimpses of it the body diseased. If only I could t it. Is there no mathematical equati that can guide me? So much pa and pus equals so much truth? It elusive as the whippoorwill that o hears calling incessantly from the night window, but which, ing as it does low in the brush, one sees. No one but the poet, he sees what no one else can. He born with the eye for it.

ONCE I THOUGHT I had Ten o'clock, one night; end room off a long co dor in a college infirma my last patient of the d degree of exhaustion suitable for appearance of a vision, some ma festation. The patient is a yo man recently returned from Gu mala, from the excavation of Ma ruins. His left upper arm wear gauze dressing which, when remo

15 examples of how you can

Benefit from Psychology Today for only 50¢ a month

That's HALF-PRICE!



FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

SHOULD PARENTS BE LICENSED?

Parenthood is one of the most important and difficult of jobs. Yet people without the experience, temperament, education or necessary skills are allowed to tackle it. Do they need to be licensed?



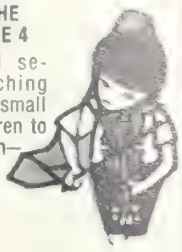
THE IMPORTANCE OF SAVING FACE

When, why, and how do we need to engage in face-saving? Lessons learned in behavioral lab studies can help mediators settle conflicts in negotiations.



LEARNING THE VIOLIN AT AGE 4

Psychological secrets of teaching thousands of small Japanese children to play the violin—so beautifully, it moved Pablo Casals to tears



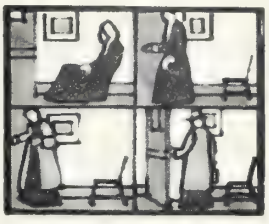


HOW TO QUIT SMOKING

A report on the varying effectiveness of different techniques, including having smoke blown back into your face, doubling your smoking and then stopping, electric shock, and role playing.

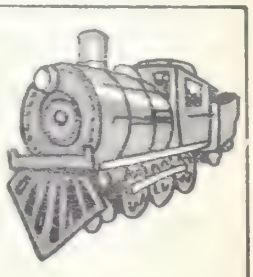
WE'RE ALL NON-CONSCIOUS SEXISTS

Proof that nonconscious assumptions about a woman's "natural" talents (or lack of them) are as widespread among women as among men. Identical writings received significantly lower ratings when attributed to female authors.



BRAIN DRIVES TRAIN

Biofeedback can move toy trains with wave power—but, among other areas, it can push people to altered states of consciousness, change heart beats and help people tune in on each other.



OUTSTANDING CHILDREN'S ART

An educator who has collected and studied more than a million pieces of children's art over the past 20 years has made some startling discoveries. They contain some powerful and still hidden messages.



WHY MANY BRIGHT WOMEN FEAR SUCCESS

Experiments showed that women are about seven times as likely as men to be afraid of success. "Consciously or unconsciously, the girl equates intellectual achievement with loss of femininity."





HOW TEACHERS TURN PLAY INTO WORK

Candy isn't always dandy—and if children like doing something anyway, giving them gold stars and loud praise can turn pleasure into self-conscious drudgery.

GUILT-EDGED GIVING

Tests in behavioral labs support recent theories that charitable behavior is motivated by guilt and shame. Empathy plays an important part too.



IS THE CROWD REALLY "MADDING"?

To find out, a researcher studied volunteers in crowded living conditions. The results were not what you might expect.



EMOTIONS IN YOUR FINGERTIPS

The language of emotions leaps all cultural barriers. In every society tested, each person expressed the same emotions with the same movement of finger muscles.



GIRLS WITHOUT FATHERS

A father absence shows up in a girl's behavior at adolescence. If she has lost a father through divorce, she may be clumsily erotic with men. If it was death, men may scare her.





SPARE THE ROD, USE BEHAVIOR MOD

Instead of seeking the cause of troublesome behavior in children, argue behavior modification therapists, why not just change the behavior? Some startling proof is there.

CLAPTRAP ABOUT AGING

Contrary to popular belief, old persons are not necessarily lonely or desolate, few ever show overt signs of senility. For those who do, psychological and psychiatric treatment is by no means futile



Wouldn't it be worth 50¢ a month to you to get helpful insights into human behavior like the above?

That's all it costs to get *Psychology Today* every month for a whole year under this special half-price offer to new subcribers.

You save a whopping $6 on a year's subscription. It's like getting your first six monthly issues free!

Psychology Today is the monthly magazine that is bridging the gap between the laboratory and the living room, the pioneering professional and the thoughtful lay person.

You don't have to be a psychologist, counselor, or social worker (although many of our readers are) to get dozens of ideas that will help you in your work and your relationships. Shown above are examples from past issues.

Find out for yourself. Just mail the attached card or coupon for a trial subscription at 50% off. No need to enclose payment now—we'll be glad to bill you later. Money-back guarantee of satisfaction: cancel any time you're not delighted and receive a full refund of the unused portion of your subscription.

Send no money
Just mail this coupon for
a chance to subscribe at half price

psychology today
P.O. Box 2990
Boulder, Colorado 80302

Please send me PSYCHOLOGY TODAY for one full year (12 issues) at your half-price introductory rate of only $6.00.

NAME _____ (Please Print) 8E03

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

Check one: ☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Bill me later

Add'l postage per yr.; $1 Canada,
$2 all other countries.

For new subscribers only.

reveals a clean punched-out hole the size of a dime. The tissues about the opening are swollen and tense. A thin brownish fluid lips the edge, and now and then a lazy drop of the overflow spills down the arm. An abscess, inadequately drained. I will enlarge the opening to allow better egress of the pus. Nurse, will you get me a scalpel and some. . .

What happens next is enough to lay Francis Drake avomit in his cabin. No explorer ever stared in wilder surmise than I into that crater from which there now emerges a narrow gray head whose sole distinguishing feature is a pair of black pincers. The head sits atop a longish flexible neck arching now this way, now that, testing the air. Alternately it folds back upon itself, then advances in new boldness. And all the while, with dreadful rhythmicity, the unspeakable pincers open and close. Abscess? Pus? Never. Here is the lair of a beast at whose malignant purpose I could but guess. A Mayan devil, I think, that would soon burst free to fly about the room, with horrid blanket-wings and iridescent scales, raking, pinching, injecting God knows what acid juice. And even now the irony does not escape me, the irony of my patient as excavator excavated.

With all the ritual deliberation of a high priest I advance a surgical clamp toward the hole. The surgeon's heart is become a bat hanging upside down from his rib cage. The rim achieved—now thrust—and the ratchets of the clamp close upon the empty air. The devil has retracted. Evil mocking laughter bangs back and forth in the brain. More stealth. Lying in wait. One must skulk. Minutes pass, perhaps an hour. . . . A faint disturbance in the lake, and once again the thing upraises, further and further, hovering. Acrouch, strung, the surgeon is one with his instrument; there is no longer any boundary between its metal and his flesh. They are joined in a single perfect tool of extirpation. It is just for this that he was born. Now—thrust—and clamp—and *yes*. Got him!

Transmitted to the fingers comes the wild thrashing of the creature Pinned and wriggling, he is mine. hear the dry brittle scream of th dragon, and a hatred seizes me, bu such a detestation as would make o Iago a drooling sucktit. It is the de mented hatred of the victor for th vanquished, the warden for his pris oner. It is the hatred of fear. Withi the jaws of my hemostat is the whol of the evil of the world, the dark cor centrate itself, and I shall kill it. Fo mankind. And, in so doing, will ope the way into a thousand years c perfect peace. Here is Surgeon a Savior indeed.

Tight grip now . . . steady, relen less pull. How it scrabbles to kee its tentacle-hold. With an abru moist plop the extraction is cor plete. There, writhing in the teet of the clamp, is a dirty gray bod the size and shape of an Englis walnut. He is hung everywhere wi tiny black hooklets. Quickly . . . in the specimen jar of saline . . . the l screwed tight. Crazily he swims rou and round, wiping his slimy hea against the glass, then slowly sin to the bottom, the mass of hooks frantic agonal wave.

"You are going to be all right," say to my patient. "We are *all* goi to be all right from now on."

The next day I take the jar to t medical school. "That's the larva the warble fly," says a pathologi "The fly usually bites a cow, a deposits its eggs beneath the ski There, the egg develops into the l val form which, when ready, burro its way to the outside through t hide, and falls to the ground. In ti it matures into a full-grown warl fly. This one happened to bite a ma It was about to come out on its ow and, of course, it would have diec

The words *imposter, sorehead, s vant of Satan* spring to my lips. E now he has been joined by other s entists. They nod in agreement. gaze from one gray eminence to other, and know the mallet-blow glory pulverized. I tried to save world, but it didn't work out.

No, it is not the surgeon who God's darling. He is the victim vanity. It is the poet who heals w his words, stanches the flow of blo stills the rattling breath, appl poultice to the scalded flesh.

Did you ask me why a surge writes? I think it is because I w to be a doctor.

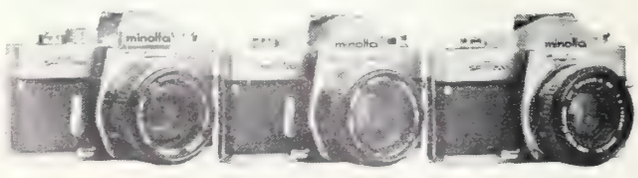
You can throw caution to the wind with Minolta.



When people relate to each other, a responsive camera can help you relate to them.

You're comfortable with a Minolta SR-T from the moment you pick it up. This is the 35mm reflex camera that lets you concentrate on the picture, because the viewfinder shows all the information for correct exposure and focusing. You never have to look away from your subject, so you're ready to catch that once-in-a-lifetime photo.

And when subjects call for a different perspective, Minolta SR-T cameras accept a system of interchangeable lenses, from "fisheye" wide angle to super-telephoto. Let a Minolta SR-T help capture the pictures in your mind's eye. For more information, see your dealer or write Minolta Corp., 101 Williams Dr., Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.



Minolta SR-T
More camera for your money.

We're 119 years old . . . and still in touch with the very young. Our teaching and learning materials have been changing with the times since our Education division was founded. THE YOUNG AMERICA BASIC READING PROGRAM is an up-to-the-minute example. YOUNG AMERICA produces readers who *want* to read and who can discriminate between ideas as well as letters. It's just one of our programs for teaching language skills; we publish up-to-the-minute phonics and spelling programs, too. **RAND McNALLY**

and you thought we just made maps



THE BEN BRADLEE TAPES



The Bradlees and the Kennedys in the White House, May 21, 1963.

The journalist as flatterer
by Taylor Branch

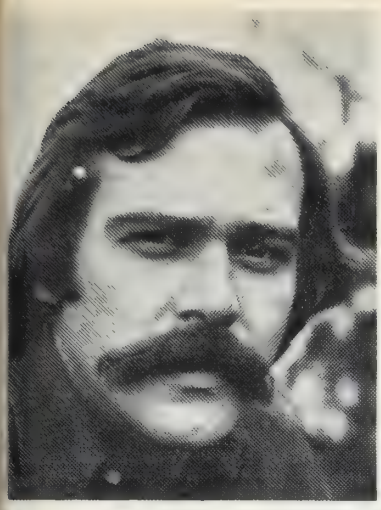
BEN BRADLEE, executive editor of the *Washington Post*, recently delivered himself of one of the most pathetic memoirs yet written by an American journalist about his President. It is also one of the most perplexing. *Conversations With Kennedy* is manifestly intended to humanize the legend of John F. Kennedy and thereby make it more durable. Yet Bradlee seems resolutely oblivious to the possibility that, to eyes less bedazzled than his own, his portrait might be a betrayal—a betrayal above all of the limited capacity of charm to redeem character. Kennedy is seen as graceful and witty, but he is shown as petty and vindictive. Kennedy is seen as gay and sophisticated, but shown to be grim and resentful.

Bradlee has sought to demonstrate that: (1) Kennedy is personally lovable; (2) Kennedy loves Bradlee; (3) Bradlee loves Kennedy. But his account gives the lie to these propositions, except, possibly, to the third, and the author seems quite blind to the doubt he casts on that one. Bradlee piles up searing bits of evidence contrary to his rhapsodic themes. It is as if he were stricken by some sort of emotional dyslexia, in which he tells stories of dirt and discomfort but sees only grace and wit. His book is either a failed tribute or an unwitting catharsis of Bradlee's illusions, and these twisted meanings come hard upon painful journeys to the drawing rooms and living quarters of the New Frontier. The book is, of course, a best-seller.

Bradlee was a reporter and bureau chief for *Newsweek* during the Kennedy Administration. Like Kennedy, he was a product of Boston and Harvard, and he lived on the same Georgetown street as Senator Kennedy before the 1960 election. "It happens to very few of us," he writes, "that some neighbor, some family friend, someone whose children play with your children (however reluctantly), becomes President of the United States." Bradlee and Kennedy sailed and played golf together. Their wives, Tony and Jacqueline, were friends. The two families dined at the White House, sometimes alone, and spent weekends together. For Bradlee, the newsweekly journalist, these experiences conferred rewards other than a higher social status. They gave him access to Kennedy, and access is the sweetest advantage that one reporter can have over another. When Hugh Sidey, the *Time* man, stood waiting in an airport press herd for the arrival of Kennedy's private plane, he suffered grievously to see his rival Bradlee emerge with Kennedy from the plane, along with all the color, the details, the inside story. Bradlee enjoyed the downcast expression on Sidey's face. Later President Kennedy once called Bradlee at a political convention; he wanted an on-the-spot report and told Bradlee to call him back, collect. Bradlee is so proud of this secret channel that he lists the names of all the surrounding reporters, who didn't know he was making collect calls to the President of the United States.

THE FRIENDSHIP BEGAT a harmony that in other professions would be called collusion. Kennedy called Bradlee for advance notice about *Newsweek* stories; Bradlee called the President to find out what would be on the cover of next week's *Time*. (The President was never wrong.) Bradlee would say, for instance, that Ken Crawford of *Newsweek* was about to write a hostile column on Arthur Krock of the *Times*, and Kennedy would respond with a suggestion: "Tell Ken to beat it off on old Arthur. He can't take it, and when you go after him he folds." (Later, writes Bradlee, "He asked me to tell Ken Crawford that he was disappointed Ken had changed 'pompous' to 'imperious' in his column on Arthur Krock.") Bradlee and Kennedy swapped gossip and information, even while watching television upstairs in the White House. "This was *access*. "I used it without embarrassment," writes Bradlee, "to give *Newsweek* the intimate details of the life and thinking of this remarkable man who lit the skies of this and

Taylor Branch is Washington editor of Harper's.



Three years ago, you helped me on WRAPAROUND. Now I need you for HARPER'S WEEKLY.

My name is Tony Jones. In 1972 *Harper's Magazine* asked me to start an unusual new editorial feature called WRAPAROUND. It was to be an experiment in person-to-person communication on a national scale. A chance for you, as a reader, to interrupt this magazine with *your own* contributions—with your point of view about what's important in advancing the human condition.

It became (and continues to be) a rip-roaring success. So much so that it helped inspire a brand-new publication: HARPER'S WEEKLY. And *Harper's* tapped me to be its editor.

Like WRAPAROUND, HARPER'S WEEKLY is dedicated to human growth and survival, to knowing where we've been and where we're going—and how we can best hang together on the way.

However, HARPER'S WEEKLY is different in that it is, indeed, issued weekly. Which also permits it to be more diverse, wide-ranging, timely, and keyed to current events and controversies. But most important is the fact that . . .

HARPER'S WEEKLY is written almost entirely by its readers.

That means you. And if you come through for me—for all of us—the way you did on WRAPAROUND, we'll be making some kind of history together.

But—a publication written by its readers? A bold approach, certainly. However, nothing else would be compatible with HARPER'S WEEKLY's aims. Which are, in a moderate-size nutshell, to take issue with the monolithic establishment, the impersonal institution, the anonymous committee. To provide a village-green debating platform where the *people* take charge. To help reckon *individual* roles and responsibility in our increasingly faceless society.

To focus on *personal* accountability for our actions. In business. In politics. In our private, day-to-day lives.

HARPER'S WEEKLY doesn't, for example, report the latest public-be-damned corporate decision. But we did examine how individual shareholders can band together to redirect policy and goals. HARPER'S WEEKLY hasn't lamely joined the national chorus singing the recession blues. Instead, we have been running a penetrating, grass-roots symposium on how people around the country are coping.

HARPER'S WEEKLY doesn't simply bemoan the flow of power into the hands of bureaucrats, technocrats, and autocrats. We try to do something about it—by celebrating the truly democratic exercises of power wherever we find them.

And HARPER'S WEEKLY will not recap the oft-told and anesthetizing sociological reasons for increasing urban crime. But it could very well print a piece *you* have written, describing the moral dilemma you may have faced in deserting the city to find safety for your family.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is, then, a return to the source. People. *You.* Your views and observations. Your personal confrontations, crises, and dilemmas. Your firsthand experiences that have left you a more effective, more independent, more powerful individual . . . information that should be passed along to others, enabling them to more easily cope and perform.

Here, specifically, is the role I'd like you to play in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

1. *Write for us,* especially about things in your immediate experience that deserve sharing. In particular, brief essays and case studies about all sorts of contemporary moral dilemmas, heroes, compromises, excuses, victories, defeats, outrages, conflicts of interest, honest and dishonest lifestyles, object lessons about when the end does or doesn't justify the means. Published contributions will carry your name and earn you an honorarium of $25.

2. *Do research for us.* As an active reader, you no doubt scan many publications routinely—your local newspaper, newsletters, professional journals, small-circulation political or literary journals. We need any material you spot that coincides with the WEEKLY's purpose.

3. *Subscribe to HARPER'S WEEKLY.* Try to get all your friends to do the same.

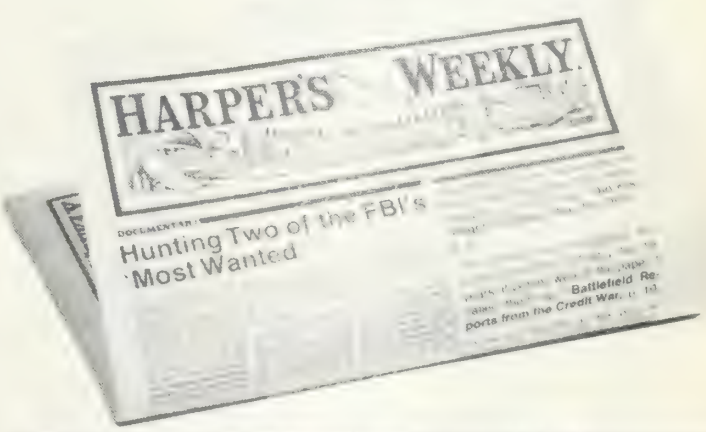
Call it a town meeting. A public forum. National dialogue. Whatever. The point is: HARPER'S WEEKLY gives *you* a chance to air *your* views . . . to learn what your fellow citizens are really thinking . . . and to hear them instead of the constant parade of experts, analysts, pollsters, and commentators.

Take a free look. Then save 50%

The coupon below invites your subscription to the next 12 issues for just $3.00 HARPER'S WEEKLY is available at selected newsstands at 50 cents a copy—so you save half by subscribing.

What's more, you'll receive your first issue on a no-risk basis. Then if you decide it isn't for you, you may cancel your subscription and keep that issue *free.*

Send no money now. Just mail off the coupon today. I'm counting on your support. Again.



HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

☐ **I'LL TAKE A FREE LOOK**

Rush me my complimentary copy of the current issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY. If I like it, I'll send $3.00 and get the rest of my subscription (12 issues in all). If I'm not satisfied, I'll write "cancel" on my bill and keep my first issue free.
SEND NO MONEY NOW!
JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TO:
Harper's Weekly, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

D2079

A BICENTENNIAL AWARDS* PROGRAM

TOWARD OUR THIRD CENTURY

Sponsored by Wells Fargo Bank
in cooperation with the Smithsonian Institution

*$100,000 IN AWARDS

1. Your view of America's future: in words, on film, or on tape. On the occasion of the Bicentennial, Wells Fargo Bank is asking all Americans to consider the critical issues facing our nation in its third century, and to express thoughtfully and creatively their ideas and recommendations for shaping an even better future. The Smithsonian Institution will cooperate in judging the entries, which should deal with America's third century in terms of one of the following themes:

1. Individual Freedoms in our Society
2. American Arts and Culture
3. Science, Technology, Energy and the Environment
4. Family Life, Work and Leisure
5. The United States and the World

2. Categories of Entries by Individuals or Groups. (1) Essays by those under 18; (2) Essays by persons 18 or older; (3) Films or tapes by persons of any age.

3. All entries must relate to America's future and contain ideas concerning it. Any resident of the United States or its territories may enter. Written essays must be no more than 3,500 words with a maximum of three photos or illustrations, if any. Film (8mm or 16mm only) and tapes, 15 minutes maximum. Include name, age, and address. Group projects should be submitted under one name. Entries must be postmarked no later than January 31, 1976. Mail all entries or inquiries to:

"Toward our Third Century"
P. O. Box 44076
San Francisco, California 94144

Entries must be the original work of the entrant, and entrants under 18 must include the signature of a parent or guardian. Entries become the property of the sponsor, all rights reserved. For return of materials, include a stamped, self-addressed return envelope. The sponsor reserves the right to rule on all matters related to the competition. Employees of Wells Fargo Bank, the Smithsonian Institution, and agencies connected with this program, and their families, are not eligible to enter.

4. $100,000 in Cash Awards. Category (1): First award $10,000; Second—$5,000; Third—$3,000; plus 17 Fourth awards of $1,000 each. Category (2): First $10,000; Second—$5,000; Third—$3,000; and 22 Fourth awards of $1,000 each. Category (3): First $10,000; Second—$5,000; Third—$3,000; plus 7 Fourth awards of $1,000 each.

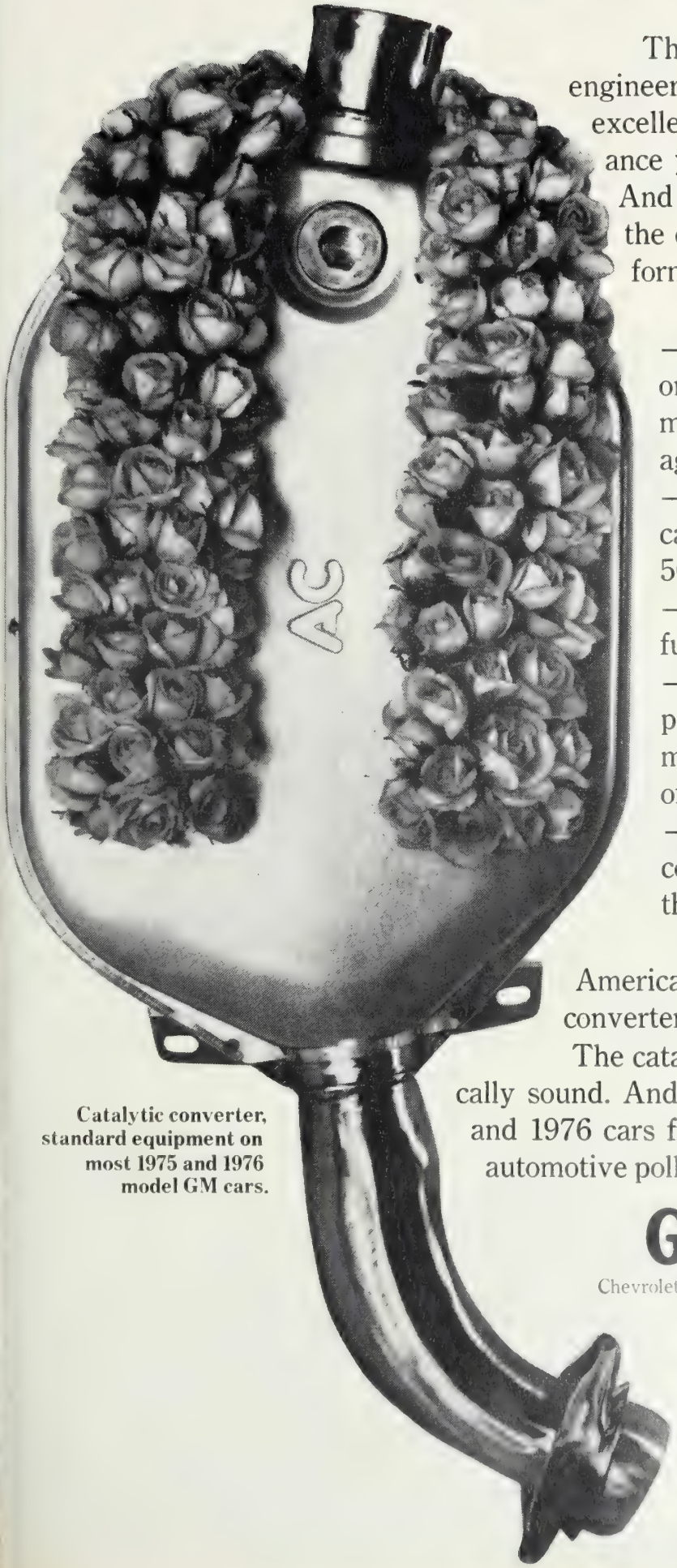
5. Final judging will be by a panel of nine distinguished Americans selected by the Smithsonian Institution. Judging of entries at all stages will be based primarily upon imaginativeness, creativity and effectiveness of expression. The judges will allow the widest latitude for freedom of thought and expression. Winners of the Awards will be announced nationally on July 4, 1976.

bright with hope and promise as n other political man has done in thi century."

Then, suddenly, Kennedy ostra cized Bradlee and refused to speal to him. The banishment came abou as a result of a *Look* magazine art cle on the President's displeasur with the press in which Bradlee wa quoted as having said that the Ker nedys were not satisfied even wit favorable stories. Bradlee protestec to no avail, that the quote was off th record. He was "in the doghouse and in pain. "I wanted to be frienc again," he writes. "I missed the a cess, of course, but I missed tl laughter and the warmth just much. What I couldn't and wouldr do was send a message over t stone wall, saying I had learned n lesson." Instead, a bone was toss over the wall to him. The Whi House had become troubled about incipient scandal based on a rum that the President had had an und closed marriage. Kennedy offered give Bradlee a look at FBI files pr ing his innocence (and apparen filled with derogatory information the perpetrators of the rumor), p vided that Bradlee would never veal that he had seen the files a provided that the President had right to approve Bradlee's co More jilted lover than journa now, Bradlee accepted the arran ment and proceeded to Newp Rhode Island, to accomplish his p ance. President Kennedy was plea with the outcome—the *Newsw* story would nip the scandal— Bradlee soon learned to his disn that even such service did not rest him to grace. As he and Kennedy the Newport office with the appro copy, they ran into David Orm Gore, the British Ambassador, asked if Bradlee would be joi the Presidential party at the An ca's Cup yacht races. Bradlee rec the President's stinging nega adding rather melodramatic "And he meant it."

Bradlee was spurned for ne three months—no dinners, no r no inside stories—until his wife came the instrument of recon tion. During his banishment he dered—as, with naive incredulit still wonders—how "a friendship ours" could have been derail so trivial an incident as a rath nocuous remark in *Look* maga

It makes every GM car a real performer.



Catalytic converter, standard equipment on most 1975 and 1976 model GM cars.

The catalytic converter has enabled GM engineers to retune engines to the standard of excellence in acceleration and overall performance you've always expected from GM cars. And in more than a billion miles on the road, the converter has proved to be quite a performer itself. Even better than we expected.

These are its accomplishments:

—enabled engineers to improve fuel economy in city driving by 28% over 1974 model GM cars on a sales-weighted average, according to EPA calculations,

—reduces exhaust emissions of hydrocarbons and carbon monoxide by about 50% from already lowered 1974 levels,

—lasts the lifetime of the car with unleaded fuel and proper engine maintenance,

—in normal operation its outside skin temperature is about the same as an ordinary muffler and far lower than the temperature of an exhaust manifold,

—has low sulfate emissions, caused by incompletely refined fuel, no higher than those of a diesel engine of similar size.

Auto-makers in Europe, Asia and North America have contracted to buy the GM catalytic converter for their cars. It is a world standard.

The catalytic converter: fuel-saving and ecologically sound. And it's standard equipment on most 1975 and 1976 cars from General Motors, a world leader in automotive pollution control technology.

General Motors

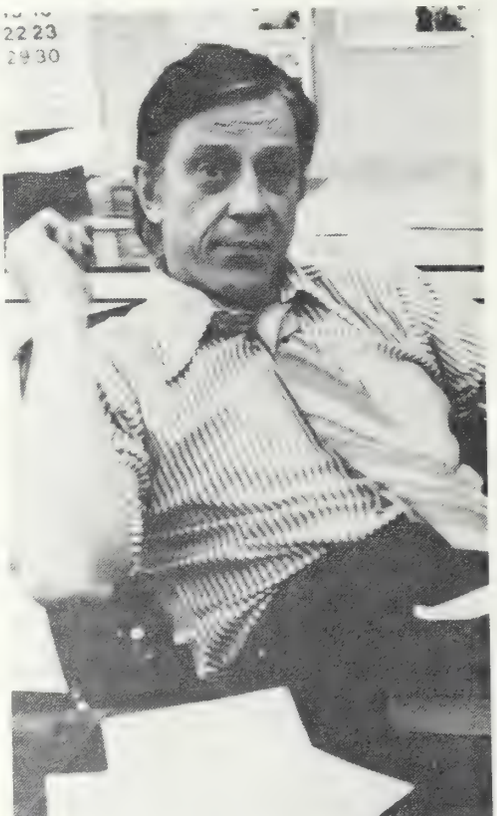
Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac, GMC Truck

By way of explanation, he offers "that wonderful law of the Boston Irish political jungle: 'Don't get mad; get even.'" In Bradlee's account, this was clearly a maxim by which Kennedy lived. In an informal chat during the famous steel crisis, Kennedy gives Bradlee a practical version of the law as it applied to the steel industry: "And they kicked us right in the balls. And we kicked back. The question really is: are we supposed to sit there and take a cold, deliberate fucking. . . . They fucked us, and we've got to try to fuck them." Later, over dinner in the White House, the President laughed with Bradlee about how Bobby Kennedy had harassed steel executives with wiretaps and tax audits. (It is impossible to tell from the story how serious the harassment was.)

The law of retribution applied sporadically to enemies of the moment, such as the steelmen, and to political opponents in general. It also applied to deviants within the Administration's own ranks. The President told Bradlee "with relish" a story about Bobby Kennedy's first encounter with Chester Bowles after hearing that Bowles differed with the Administration on some aspect of policy. The Attorney General, he said, accosted Bowles, grabbed him by the collar, and administered a menacing loyalty oath: "You're with us in this all the way, right?"

SOME PEOPLE, neither enemies nor defectors, felt the weight of this "wonderful" Irish rule simply by falling short of certain Presidential standards. While cruising on the Potomac River, Bradlee recalls, the President made a great effort to scrutinize passing boats to make sure that the crews were mustered to attention in a proper show of respect. When one ship failed to notice him, the President ordered his captain to find out the identity of the offending ship's owner. The captain failed, but Kennedy subsequently got the information from his naval aide. John Chafee, the Republican Governor of Rhode Island, similarly angered the President at a ceremonial state function by committing two sins: (1) he gave the President "a rather tacky, uninscribed, unadorned silver-plated bowl for an anniversary present," and (2) he made the President endure the welcoming ceremonies twice because of a TV malfunction on the first try. "All weekend the President steamed about the incident," writes Bradlee, "and kept trying to think of diabolical ways to get even, or 'put him in his place.'"

The President's vindictive ways were of most concern to Bradlee, naturally enough, when he suffered from them. But even when he was "in," as he calls it, Bradlee found himself the target of the teasing barbs the President found amusing. In the midst of a private dinner conversation at the White House: "We talked about how



Ben Bradlee

many more children Bobby and Ethel might have, and out of the blue the President volunteered the advice that Tony and I should not have any more children, and advised out of the blue, 'You ought to get yourself cut.'" Bradlee doesn't comment on such incidents, but they are scattered like razor nicks on the face of the narrative, isolated among the details of splendor and intimacy at the seat of power. Kennedy speaks to Bradlee about castrated husbands. He speaks of Tony Bradlee as his "ideal woman," and repeatedly expresses a desire to make her his personal guest on a Presidential trip. He finally succeeds; after all, he is the President. There are signs of mild protest from Bradlee, but it is all covered by bantering *bonhomie*.

Humor, Bradlee tells us, was one of Kennedy's most effective political assets. Kennedy could deflate charges and questions with a joke, whereas Nixon could only respond so stiffly and defensively as to provoke further investigation. More interesting, also more troubling, is Bradlee's observation that humor was also Kennedy's principal release for his feelings. Indeed, Bradlee writes that members of the first family "rarely show any emotion, except by laughter." President Kennedy, for example, got his biggest laughs by hazing those around him, and Bradlee did not hesitate to act as a tool of such torment when it was directed elsewhere. Once, Kennedy got wind that his friend and college roommate Rep. Torbert McDonald, had been faced in the FBI investigation of the Bobby Baker scandal. The President had Bradlee call McDonald to announce (falsely) that *Newsweek* was about to probe McDonald's "connection" to the scandal. The President and Mrs. Kennedy listened on an extension as Bradlee delivered the news, which made McDonald collapse in a cold sweat at the vision of his career's demise. "Torb's hung," whispered the President to Bradlee. "Tuck it to him some more." Bradlee dutifully laid on some seamy details and added that he felt compelled to get the story out lest it appear that he was "on the Kennedy payroll." By this time, the President was "slumped over on his back on the sofa, he was laughing so hard." Finally, Kennedy himself asked McDonald a "meaner" question, and McDonald burst from terror to relief at the sound of his voice. "I never heard Kennedy laugh harder than he did that night," Bradlee.

ONLY THREE TIMES Bradlee suggest that he finds anything disquieting in his perception of the Presidential character. The signs take the form of simple sentences, captions tacked on to kind of anecdotes that stand elsewhere in the book. They "This kind of dirt, the Presid

ıe United States can listen to all ay long" (after a conversation at amp David on the sexual inade- uacies of a guest at Kennedy's irthday party); "The movie was ımes Bond, and Kennedy seemed enjoy the cool and the sex and the rutality"; and "There is something credible about the picture of the resident of the United States and e director of the Federal Bureau of ıvestigation looking at photographs call girls over lunch in the White ouse living quarters." This last ought follows a story about a Ken- dy luncheon with J. Edgar Hoover anticipation of the 1964 election. ıe President was gleeful about the sults. "Boy, the dirt he has on ose senators," said Kennedy. "You uldn't believe it." (Early in 1975, e *Washington Post* precipitated a andal by charging that the FBI eps files on the private lives of cted officials.) Throughout this ry, Bradlee's enchantment flows and on, like some stubbornly un- nnected descant. The result is jar- g. It is as if Nixon had put out a mpaign biography in which each f-glorifying claim was illustrated with a sordid passage from his tapes. The Bradlee who covered Kennedy was hardly the prototypical reporter —cynical and hard, with a knife out for pretense and an eye out for dirt. He was hardly the editor he became under Nixon. His own vapid portrait is littered with hard leads—toward CIA deaths, wiretaps, smut files, underhanded tactics, and so forth. (What might Bradlee reveal if he were cornered by a team of Jaworski's demons?) None of these leads was tracked down or published. Bradlee acknowledges that his coverage raises questions of journalistic standards, which require that a reporter not become so close to his source as to risk being seduced. On this score, Bradlee manages a plucky *mea culpa* that Kennedy would have loved to tease him about: "If I was had, so be it."

BRADLEE WENT ON from this experience to the very pinnacle of his profession, and today he has virtually changed places with the late President. No longer the unappreciated reflector of a politician's glory, Bradlee is himself the object of adulation as the man at the helm of the *Washington Post* when it undid Nixon. College students now dream of becoming investigative reporters, and the insiders of journalism aspire to the power and esteem that Bradlee commands.

But even as the torch was passing from Camelot to the *Post*, Bradlee was writing a painful and apparently unintentional confession about the mythology of the press. Washington journalism is a mirror of discontent, a Hobbesian world of petty squabbles and wounded egos where deep, unrequited yearnings seek relief on a grand stage. There is a symbiotic relationship between journalists and politicians, even as adversaries: while the politician longs to write the daily biography of himself, the journalist dreams of shaping and sharing political power. Both sides take refuge in illusions. Ben Bradlee, having now approximated the stature and the qualities that he saw in Kennedy, has revealed himself as the victim of such illusions, as well as their beneficiary. □





One of a kind.
Eldorado by Cadillac.

It's the only U.S. luxury car with them all...front-wheel drive, four-wheel disc brakes and choice of coupe or convertible.

Peter Marin

THE NEW NARCISSISM

So many mystagogues abroad in the land and so many of them proclaiming the joys of self-love



WHERE TO BEGIN a piece like this? Its original subject was ostensibly an Esalen conference on "spiritual tyranny." But that was for me merely a way of getting at a more eral subject: the trend in therapy toward a ication of the isolated self. And that subject in turn a part of an even more general con- : the ways in which selfishness and moral dness now assert themselves in the larger ure as enlightenment and psychic health. A d-based retrenchment is going on, a per- ve and perhaps unconscious shift in value— only on a national level but in the moral nitions and judgments we make as individ- .

think offhandedly as I write of several re- conversations I have had with friends or ents, of what I have heard proclaimed from re platforms or seen on television and in popular journals. I am, for instance, dining a close friend in a New York restaurant, as we eat our steaks and drink our brandy smoke our fat cigars he explains to me that world is obviously overpopulated, and that ebody must starve, and that we, as a nation, must decide who it will be, and that it might as well be those who already suffer from protein deficiency, for they are already "useless." Or I finish a lecture to the members of the American Association for Humanistic Psychology, and a therapist rushes up to me afterward and asks me whether or not I believe in the "ethics of the lifeboat," and when I tell her that I don't know why we are in the lifeboat while others are drowning, she whispers knowingly to me: "We have a higher consciousness." Or I am invited to meet with a well-meaning California legislator who is beginning a political movement based on the therapeutic values of "authenticity" and "warmth," and he draws for me on a napkin the button he has designed: the single letter *I* on a blank white background. Or I attend a dinner sponsored by the Population Institute at the Century Plaza in Los Angeles, where Paul Ehrlich addresses a thousand well-heeled people about the "coming end of affluence," and when I leaf through a copy of his book given away for free I see that he recommends filling the cellar with food and buying a gun and relying on neither friends nor neighbors but only on oneself. Or, finally, I lis-

Peter Marin is the author of In a Man's Time *(Simon and Schuster).*

Peter Marin

THE NEW NARCISSISM

ten for two hours in a graduate seminar to two women therapists explaining to me how we are all entirely responsible for our destinies, and how the Jews must have wanted to be burned by the Germans, and that those who starve in the Sahel must want it to happen, and when I ask them whether there is anything we owe to others, say, to a child starving in the desert, one of them snaps at me angrily: "What can I do if a child is determined to starve?"

That, precisely, is what I am talking about here: the growing solipsism and desperation of a beleaguered class, the world view emerging among us centered solely on the self and with individual survival as its sole good. It is a world view present not only in everything we say and do, but as an ambience, a feeling in the air, a general cast of perception and attitude: a retreat from the worlds of morality and history, an unembarrassed denial of human reciprocity and community.

A FEW MONTHS AGO, I went to dinner at the house of a woman who had just been through a weekend of *est* (Erhard Seminar Training), the latest and most popular new therapeutic enthusiasm. The training is designed to provide its participants with a new sense of fulfillment and competence, and it seemed to have worked with my hostess, for she assured me that her life had radically changed, that she felt different about herself, that she was happier and more efficient, and that she kept her house much cleaner than before.



est
Erhard Seminars Training

"Sometimes people get the notion the purpose of est *is to make you better. It is not. I happen to think that you are perfect exactly the way you are.... The problem is that people get stuck acting the way they were instead of being the way they are"—Werner Erhard*

Nothing in that is very startling or distressing, but in the course of the evening she also added that because of the training she now understood: (1) that the individual will is all-powerful and totally determines one's fate; (2) that she felt neither guilt nor shame about anyone's fate and that those who were poor and hungry must have wished it on themselves; (3) that the North Vietnamese must have wanted to be bombed, or else it could not have happened to them; (4) that a friend of hers who had been raped and murdered in San Francisco was to be pitied for having willed it to occur; (5) that in her weekend at *est* she had attained full enlightenment; (6) that she was God; (7) that whatever one thought to be true was true beyond all argument; (8) that I was also God, and that my ideas were also true, but not as true as hers because I had not had the training; and (9) that my use of logic to criticize her beliefs was unfair, because reason was "irrational," though she could not tell me why.

There is no telling whether or not this is precisely what she learned at *est*, and no doubt other adherents would deny it, but I have talked by now to at least a dozen of its enthusiasts and each one of them has blankly recited to me word for word, the same ill-taught and ignoran catechism. No doubt they were happier for th teaching; invariably they expressed complet satisfaction with their newfound philosophy Like my hostess, they had learned it all in kind of manufactured daze at a weekend whic cost them $250, in the company of hundreds o others. By now more than 50,000 people hav "taken" the training, which was developed b Werner Erhard himself, who was once know simply as Jack Rosenberg,* and who was trainer for a short time with Mind Dynamic a franchise operation that trained businessme in humane managerial techniques. *Est* itself is step past all that. It is a mixture of ideas an techniques borrowed from the behavioral sc ences, Eastern philosophy, the traditional Ame ican classroom, Marine boot camp, and mode brainwashing methods. Participants at the wee end workshops are bombarded from the lecte with simplistic truths while being simultaneou ly bullied and soothed by an army of attendan They are prevented from leaving their seats stretch or eat or go to the bathroom, and if as sometimes happens—they throw up in the places or urinate on themselves, well, that is part of the training.**

It is not hard to understand how it all work and one need only read the first few pages Freud's *Group Psychology and the Analysis the Ego* to see what intelligent use Erha makes of individual confusion. He has ma aged to compress into one activity half a doz techniques for creating power over others: t underlying anxiety of the audience and its ne for simple order; the strangeness and power the extraordinary situation; the gradual bef dlement of the senses; the combined effects repetition and fatigue; the credulity of oth near you; the manufactured impotence of audience; the masochistic relief that res from placing oneself in the hands of a man whom one has granted omnipotence.

Clearly Erhard has a genius—not only for efficiency with which his program is organi and sold, but also for the accuracy with which tells his audience what it wants to hear. I the latter which binds them to him. The wo is perfect, each of us is all-powerful, sha and guilt are merely arbitrary notions, trut identical to belief, suffering is merely the re of imperfect consciousness—how like manna

* Space does not permit a discussion of the in cations of that one act: the conscious shift fro Jewish to a Germanic name while still in the sha of the deaths of several million Jews.

** I should make one thing clear. I have n been to an *est* weekend, mainly because I have n been able to subject myself to the kind of treat *est* visits upon its participants, or to listen to the of nonsense it offers them.

this must seem to hungry souls. For if we are h totally responsible for our fate, then all others in the world are responsible for *their* , and, if that is so, why should we worry ut them?

Narcissism as a state of grace

T IS ALL SO SIMPLE and straightforward. It has the terrifying simplicity of the lobotomized mind: all complexity gone, and in its place the warm wind of forced simplicity blowing away the tag ends of science and shame. It offers the kind of ellian enlightenment an age like ours is nd to produce, but I do not spell it out in il or mock its enthusiasts for that reason e, or even because it marks the dead end uman desire or generosity. *Est* is, after all, a bit worse than our other popular enthuims, and it is interesting in part because it es clear so much of what is hidden in them. in many ways the logical extension of the le human potential movement of the past de. The refusal to consider moral complexi- the denial of history and a larger commu- , the disappearance of the Other, the exag- tions of the will, the reduction of all experi- to a set of platitudes—all of that is to be d in embryonic form in almost all modern apy.

Yet compared to *est* the older therapies (such as Gestalt therapy or Abraham Maslow's self-actualization or Rogerian encounter groups) had a kind of innocence to them. They were, at their worst, merely boring or silly. The people drawn to them were obviously moved by a simple yearning for what was missing from their lives, and if that yearning took sometimes puerile forms or excluded moral concerns or genuine passion, that seemed excusable—like the play of children. But our newer therapies take upon themselves a new burden. Whereas the older therapies merely ignored moral and historical concerns, the new ones destroy or replace them. They become not only a way of protecting or changing the self, but of assessing the needs of others and one's responsibilities to them—a way of defining history and determining morality.

Why that happens is not difficult to understand. It reveals the impulse behind much of what we do these days: the desire to defend ourselves against the demands of conscience and the world through an ethic designed to defuse them both. Most of us realize at one level of consciousness or another that we inhabit an age of catastrophe—if not for ourselves then for countless others. Try as we do, we cannot ignore the routine inequities of consumption and distribution which benefit us and condemn others to misery. Each of us must feel a kind of generalized shame, an unanswerable sense of

"The new therapies provide their adherents with a way to avoid the demands of the world, to smother the tug of conscience."



Susan Meiselas



Arica concentrates on the total development of the human being. The training focuses on developing and unifying the body, mind, and emotions.

guilt. So we struggle mightily to convince ourselves that our privilege is earned or deserved, rather than (as we must often feel unconsciously) a form of murder or theft. Our therapies become a way of hiding from the world, a way of easing our troubled conscience. What lies behind the form they now take is neither simple greed nor moral blindness; it is, instead, the unrealized shame of having failed the world and not knowing what to do about it. Like humiliated lovers who have betrayed what they love, we turn our faces from the world, if only (in Paul Goodman's phrase) "just to live on a while."

That is what makes our new therapies so distressing. They provide their adherents with a way to avoid the demands of the world, to smother the tug of conscience. They allow them to remain who and what they are, to accept the structured world as it is—but with a new sense of justice and justification, with the assurance that it all accords with cosmic law. We are in our proper place; the others are in theirs; we may indeed bemoan their fate or even, if we are so moved, do something to change it, but in essence it has nothing to do with us.

What disappears in this view of things is the ground of community, the felt sense of collective responsibility for the fate of each separate other. What takes its place is a moral vacuum in which others are trapped forever in a "private" destiny, doomed to whatever befalls them. In that void the traditional measures of justice or good vanish completely. The self replaces community, relation, neighbor, chance, or God. Looming larger every moment, it obliterates everything around it that might have offered it a way out of its pain.

The end result of this retreat from the complexities of the world is a kind of soft fascism: the denial, in the name of higher truth, of the claims of others upon the self. Our deification of the self becomes equal in effect and human cost to what Nietzsche long ago called the "idolatry of the state." Just as persons once set aside the possibilities of their own humanity and turned instead to the state for a sense of power and identity no longer theirs, so we now turn to the self, giving to it the power and importance of a god. In the worship of the state, life gives way to an abstraction, to the total submission of individual will. In the worship of the self, life also gives way to an abstraction, in this case to an exaggeration of the will. The result in both cases is the same. What is lost is the luminous middle ground of human community. The web of reciprocity and relation is broken. The world diminishes. The felt presence of the other disappears, and with it a part of our own existence.

The real horror of our present condition is not merely the absence of community or the isolation of the self—those, after all, have be part of the American condition for a long tim It is the loss of the ability to remember wh is missing, the diminishment of our vision what is humanly possible or desirable. In o new myths we begin to deny once and for the existence of what we once believed bo possible and good. We proclaim our gri stricken narcissism to be a form of liberatio we define as enlightenment our broken fa with the world. Already forgetful of what means to be fully human, we sip still again fr Lethe, the river of forgetfulness, hoping erase even the memory of pain. Lethe, leth lethargy—all of those words suggest a kind death, one that in religious usage is sometim called accidie. It is a condition one can find many places and in many ages, but only America, and only recently, have we begun confuse it with a state of grace.

Hopeless questio

IT IS IN THIS CONTEXT that the Esalen c ference on Spiritual Tyranny becomes s nificant. It was called two years ago in S Francisco by the Esalen staff as a respo to the movement they had helped to st What apparently bothered them about the mo ment was connected to what I have mentio here: the proliferation of sects and cults, and attendant willingness on the part of many p sons to abandon individual responsibility favor of submission to narrow and shal creeds or therapeutic "masters." The speak invited were men whose names are familia those who read Esalen's catalogues: Clau Naranjo, Werner Erhard, George Leonard, S Keen, Jerry Rubin—all of them leaders of t apeutic schools or theorists of what Ge Leonard has rosily called "the coming tr formation of humanity." As for the several h dred members of the audience, some had c to cheer their favorite gurus on and ot merely to be present at what had taken or therapeutic circles, the nature of a celebra *event*—the equivalent of an all-star rock cert. But there were other reasons for com too. Many people in the audience seemed t looking for a direction to their lives, and had come to the conference for the same re that they had attended workshops in the p to find help. The human potential mover had still not done for them what it had p ised; their lives had remained the same or haps had worsened, and the new world, promised transformation, seemed very slo coming.

So they came in a peculiar mood, one combined equal parts of celebration, year and anger. But their mood was further

Susan Meiselas



"A civilization without insanity, without criminals and without war, where the able can prosper and honest beings can have rights, and where Man is free to rise to greater heights, are the aims of Scientology.... We seek no revolution. We seek only evolution to higher states of being for the individual and for Society."

—L. Ron Hubbard

cated by the conference's taking place at the ginning of the Arab oil boycott. The audience d recently been made aware of the possibility a world unlike the familiar one in which they t privileged and safe. To many of them the ure must have seemed frightening, and, nding on the stage and looking out at them, e could feel in the air and see on their faces early signs of a collective paranoia, as if y were haunted by visions of the world's pos- le vengeance. Packed into the huge hall, its lls lined with gigantic posters of therapeutic oes—Fritz Perls, Wilhelm Reich, Abraham slow, and others—the crowd was restless, im- ient, volatile; one could feel rising from it a pable sense of hunger, as if these people had nehow been failed by both the world and their rapies. It made one apprehensive—not for specific reason, but simply because beneath ruffled but still reasonable surface of the wd lay a hysteria that would in other settings e on any one of several forms, none of them ticularly pretty. They wanted someone to set tters right again, to tell them what to do, and lid not matter how that was done, or who did or what it required them to believe.

Most of the people in the audience were fol- ers or clients of the various speakers, and as h one spoke his adherents responded with ers and applause. Others, at odds with the aker, answered with catcalls, whistles, or ans. I remember in particular the words tal obedience" and "submission to a perfect ster" and "the adolescence of rebellion"—phrases which were used by several speakers and which drew from the crowd a surprising amount of acclaim. But even the speakers who took a stand against submission or obedience seemed somehow to diminish the world of experience and choice. In their words, too, there was a tyrannical refusal to acknowledge the existence of a world larger than the self, the total denial—by implication—of the necessity of human community or relation.

That missing element defined the conference and determined its nature: a massive repression all the more poignant because so much of the audience's feeling was engendered by the world denied. Their relation to that world—what it was, what it ought to be—lay at the heart of their discontent, but it was never spoken of. Even when they began to question the speakers, the questions they asked were invariably concerned with themselves, were about self-denial or self-esteem, all centered on the ego, all turned inward. Behind that, of course, they were asking about something else, about problems for which they had no words, about the proper human relation to an age of catastrophe. But neither they nor the speakers were capable of recognizing that fact, and so those problems remained unarticulated, and they hung in the room like shadows and ghosts, determining the tone of the event but never permitted to enter it.

As I listened, I kept thinking about a conversation I had recently had with a man much taken with mysticism and spirituality. He was

"One could see on the faces of those in the audience the early signs of a collective paranoia, as if they were haunted by visions of the world's possible vengeance."









Rattner/Black Star

Reverend Sun Myung Moon is the founder of the Unification Church, an international Christian movement which places all religious emphasis on family relationships.

telling me about his sense of another reality.

"I know there is something outside of me," he said. "I can feel it. I know it is there. But what is it?"

"It may not be a mystery," I said. "Perhaps it is the world."

That startled him. He had meant something more magical than that, more exotic and grand, something "above" rather than all around him. It had never occurred to him that what might be calling to him from beyond the self were the worlds of community and value, the worlds of history and action—all of them waiting to be entered not as a saint or a mystic, but in a way more difficult still: as a moral man or woman among other persons, with a person's real and complex nature and needs. Those worlds had been closed to him, had receded from consciousness as he had ceased to inhabit them fully or responsibly or lovingly, and so he felt their ghostly presence as something distant and mysterious, as a dream in which he had no actual existence.



Hiroji Kubota/Magnum

Hare Krishna emphasizes Krishna consciousness—the process of developing one's dormant love of God by engaging one's mind and body in serving and glorifying God.

Captains Marvel and Castaneda

I SAW THAT AT WORK the first night of the conference and I saw it again, in greater detail, the next day at the various workshops. I remember one in particular: a seminar on astral travel held in one of the local churches. In the huge reaches of the church the few dozen participants seemed dwarfed and lost as they gathered around the altar and the first few pews. Their voices echoed in the empty space as they rose one by one to testify as to how they had left their bodies while asleep, or how their friends had, or how they had heard about someone who had. The tone was one of strained yearning, a combined will to believe and be believed, as if by sheer force of conviction they could bring into being a new world to replace the old one. They spoke about "space cadets" and "soul traps" and the ethics of psychic power, and after a while they shifted ground and spoke about the possibilities of using such power to get things changed in Washington.

"We'll get to the President while he's asleep," said someone. "We'll infiltrate his dreams."

"But that isn't right," said someone else. "That's tyranny, too. We can't intervene without his consent."

"It doesn't matter," said a third. "It won't work anyway. I've a friend who knows someone who tried it. He left his body and went to the White House. But he couldn't get in. The President has astral bodyguards. They know what's what in Washington."

So it went, a series of exchanges making of the world of possibility a comic-strip cosmology. It was both absurd and sad: the exchang and the pain implicit in them conveyed the pa ticipants' anguish at their own powerlessness. thought automatically of the mysticism rampa in Germany in the Thirties, or of the passio for shamans and mystics in prerevolutiona Petrograd, or of the Christian zealots in decli ing Rome. The seminar seemed to mix aspec of all three, and the church was a fitting pla for it, for the participants were like lost p grims trying to create, in its shadow, a ne faith to replace the one they had lost. The la remaining shreds of reason and hope mingl with emergent superstition and fantasy, and t end result was neither moral action nor a co plex vision of the world, but a child's gard of absurdities, an impotent dream of power. Co fronted by a world in which casual goodn was no longer sufficient as a response, the p ticipants were groping for a way to restore themselves a power and significance they co no longer feel. In this particular instance t salvationary course they took involved ast travel and psychic power, but it might just easily have been *est* or scientology or subm sion to Guru Maharaj Ji or even a doctrina adherence to Reich's orgasm theory. As d ferent as all those enthusiasms are, they hav common ground; behind them all is a sense exhaustion, the bourgeois will to power mix with impotence, and the ache of no longer fe ing at home in the world.

Perhaps the best example of all this is the i mense popularity of Castaneda's works ab don Juan. What they offer the yearning rea is precisely what I am talking about here: dream of an individual potency to be deriv magically from another world. In essence it an updated version of the Protestant dream the salvation of the soul, and the import thing about the power celebrated within th is that it occurs neither in the actual polis in the company of significant others. It is fou instead, in a moral and human desert, a fi tious landscape emptied of comrade or love child, of every genuine human relation (s that of master and disciple) in which joy courage might actually be found.

Castaneda's myth of don Juan is not an al native to our condition, but a metaphor for i is simply the familiar myth of the solitary g slinger translated into spiritual language, comic-strip story of Superman or Captain Ma made into a slightly more sophisticated leg for adults. It legitimizes our loneliness solaces us with the myth that we can, in isolation, find a power to make ourselves s

Contrast, for a moment, Castaneda's ba mysteries with the work of Lévi-Strauss, whom the world of magic and myth is alwa *human* world, a realm explored and inhab by others like ourselves. For Lévi-Strauss



"We like to explore on the motorbikes. Just finding a deserted beach and walking barefoot...I love it."

Adria Miner on the Miners' third visit to Bermuda.

"We went antiquing in Hamilton and found some really unusual things we'd never seen before."



"The Bermuda weather is great for Dick's tennis game. And we need to play a lot of tennis because the food is so good here."



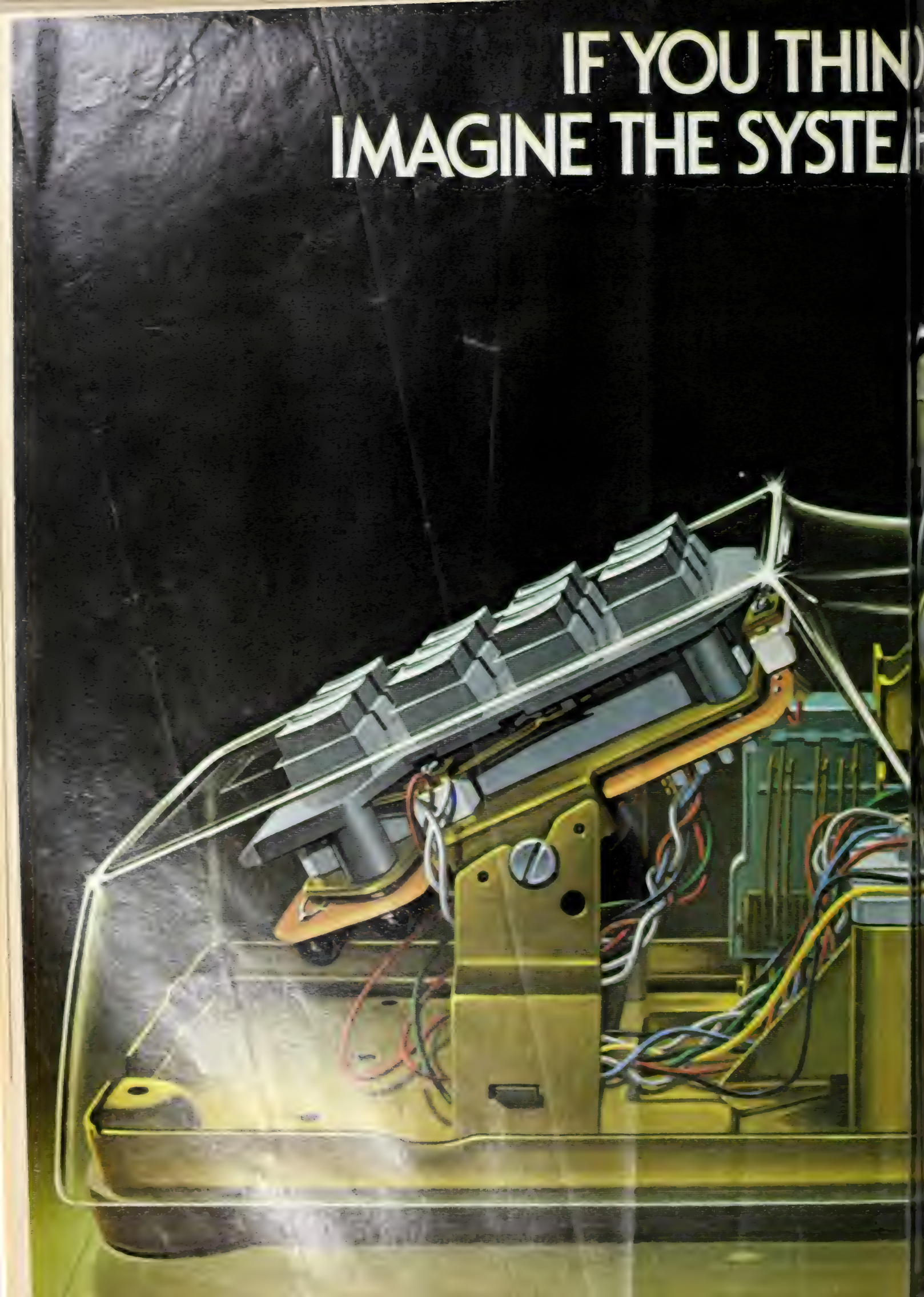
"We like to play darts after dinner and then just sit on the verandah and talk. Or maybe just listen to those tree frogs."

Bermuda

Unspoiled. Unhurried. Uncommon.

See your travel agent or write Bermuda, Dept 319
610 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10020 or 711 Statler Office Bldg., Boston, Mass. 02116

IF YOU THIN
IMAGINE THE SYSTE



ONE PHONE IS COMPLICATED, HAT LINKS 114 MILLION.



The Bell System. It's an incredible operation.

It takes a mind-bending multitude of cables and switches and gear to make all 114 million telephones talk to each other.

It takes a master plan to keep this system running 24 hours a day.

It takes a totally unified system to make it all work together.

It takes people who invent, who design, who manufacture, who put it together and keep it together–so all the parts fit, all the pieces connect.

The result of all this planning is, quite simply, the best phone system in the world. One Bell System. It works.

Bell System

A low distortion amplifier and uniquely designed tuned-port speakers—all precisely matched to give this new Allegro® system incredibly clear, rich, natural sound.

You're looking at the finest stereo system Zenith has ever brought you. And one remarkable part of it is a unique stereo receiver. The Wedge.

Its amplifier puts out 12 watts of power per channel (min. RMS) into 8 ohms, yet total harmonic distortion is held to a low 0.5% or less (Power bandwidth: 40 to 15,000 Hz).

Zenith's Allegro speakers, with a uniquely designed tuned-port, free much of the deep, rich bass that many other speakers trap inside.



Tuned port

And they do it so efficiently that other systems with comparable size air-suspension speakers need amplifiers with twice the power to match Allegro's overall sound performance.

This system gives you the kind of sound you used to find only in expensive component set ups. Pure and full.

You'll hear highs you may never have heard before in modular stereo. Silences so clean, you'd probably not even know the system was on.

But more than that, The Wedge combines clear, rich sound with a complete array of built-in features.

There's an 8-track tape unit that plays and records in stereo. Zenith's precision Micro-Touch® tone arm to protect records. FM muting, to silence background noise between stations.

A sensitive Hi filter that lets you switch off high-frequency hiss. Plus a large, precise tuning meter for more accurate station selection.

Choose from a whole line of Zenith Allegro stereo and 4-channel sound systems, with performance and features tailored to suit your ears.

And your budget.

ZENITH

Allegro

The quality goes in before the name goes on.®

Model GR596W. Simulated wood with richly-grained walnut finish.



Zenith introduces The Wedge

rucial human moment is not the moment of parate awareness; it is the moment of human eeting, in which the other's existence creates r us a sense of the depth and complexity of e world. That, precisely, is what is missing om Castaneda's world. We forget, reading it, at almost without exception the visionary exriences of Indian cultures are a collective ork, prepared and defined and sustained by e community, by a world view which is, in fect, the product of cooperative labor. Visiony experience leads not only to the gods and to the self, but it also binds one to the rld of myth and—through symbology and adition—to the historical and social worlds. ne individual seeker, though sometimes solary, is never alone on the quest; the journey curs within a landscape maintained inwardly generations of men and women, and the exrience is a wedding to them all. Come back m their vision quests, the American Indians cited their newly made poems or sang their ngs to the tribe, feeding back to it the shared ths of a solitude that was *not* separate, but ared.

Look, for instance, at the words of Black Elk, visionary Indian leader, close to death and dressing the gods: "Hear me, not for myself t for my people. Hear me in my sorrow, for may never live again. Oh, make my people e."

Make my people live! The tale in this ince is not of power but of love—not only for gods or the self but for the world of others, se whose presence creates for the self a body truly one's own as the flesh. That love, that se of lived relation, is at the heart not only tribal lore, but at the center of the legends most cultures. One thinks of Odysseus surnded by comrades seeking to return to his me, or of Gilgamesh driven to seek the secret immortality by the death of Enkidu, his nd. Both of them are moved by what lies nind all myth and long-lived culture: the felt se of relation and reciprocity. Indeed, that iprocity is identical to culture: a collective ation and habitation of value sustains what carelessly call the "individual" self. But that, our dream of power, is what we no longer nember. It disappears from our myths, it vanes from our therapies, and we come to the rlds of mystery much as we came long ago the new world: with greed and fear rather n awe and love. In the name of power we p it of everything real, and it becomes nothmore than a reflection of our need.

What is lost in that whole process is a crucial t of our own human nature, our unacknowlged hunger for relation, what might be called n appetence for Good": the needful reaching for a life in a larger world. We are moved ard that world by the inner force Freud sometimes called Eros: the desire for relation is as much at work in our need for community and moral significance as it is in our need for coupled love.

Writing about the Athenian polis, Hannah Arendt said about the Greeks:

> *The principal characteristic of the tyrant was that he deprived the citizen of access to the public realm, where he could show himself, see and be seen, hear and be heard, that he prohibited the* agoreuein *and* politeuein, *confined the citizens to the privacy of their households. . . . According to the Greeks, to be banished to the privacy of household life was tantamount to being deprived of the specifically human potentialities of life.*

The same thing is true for us. To put it simply, it is as if each of us had at the same time a smaller and larger self, as if we inhabited at the same moment a smaller and larger world. The smaller world is the one familiar to us, the world of the individual ego and "interpersonal" relations, a reality acknowledged by our habits of thought and by our institutions and therapies. But we also inhabit a larger and unrealized world, one in which every gesture becomes significant precisely because it is understood to bind us to the lives of invisible others.

THE NATURAL DIRECTION of human ripening is from the smaller to the larger world, is toward the realization and habitation of ever-widening realms of meaning and value. Just as the young are moved from the inside out through increasingly complex stages of perception and thought demanding corresponding changes in their environment, so, too, adults are moved from inside themselves through increasingly complex stages of relation: past the limits of ego and into a human community in which the self becomes other than it was. Seen in this way, human fulfillment hinges on much more than our usual notions of private pleasure or self-actualization, for both of those in their richest forms are impossible without communion and community, an acknowledgement of liability, and a significant role in both the polis and the moral world. To be deprived of those is to be deprived of a part of the self, and to turn away from them is to betray not only the world but also the self, for it is only in the realms in which others exist that one can come to understand the ways in which the nature of each individual existence is in many ways a collective act, the result of countless other lives.

The traditional image for what I am talking about has always been the harvest: the cooperative act in which comrades in a common

"The power celebrated in Castaneda's work is found in a moral and human desert, a fictitious landscape emptied of comrade or lover."



Paul Fusco/Magnum

Esalen Institute offers programs in education, philosophy, and the behavioral sciences which are designed to reach toward a greater self-awareness and which emphasize the potentialities and values of human existence.

field gather from it what they need. One finds the image repeated in the work of Camus, Giono, Kropotkin, Lawrence, Silone, and many others, but the most vivid example I know is the scene in *Anna Karenina* in which Levin labors in a field with the peasants, losing all sense of himself in the shared rhythms of the work, the deep blowing grain, and the heat of the sun on his body. It is an image of ecstatic relation which is as much an expression of Eros as is the emblem of two lovers tangled in embrace, and it can stand for almost every aspect of our lives. Every privilege, every object, every "good" comes to us as the result of a human harvest, the shared labor of others: the language we use and the beliefs we hold and the ways we experience ourselves. Each of these involves a world of others into which we are entered every moment of our lives. Idly, for instance, we take coffee and sugar in the mornings, and even that simple act immerses us immediately in the larger world. Both the sugar and coffee have come from specific places, have been harvested by specific persons, most probably in a country where the land belongs by right to others than those who hold it, where the wages paid those who work it are exploitive and low. No doubt, too, the political system underlying the distribution of land is maintained in large part by the policies enacted and the armies acting in our name—and the reason we enjoy the coffee while others harvest it has nothing to do with individual will and everything to do with economics and history.

Shadows of neglect

THAT, I BELIEVE, is what each of us already knows—no matter how much we pretend we do not. Our lives are crowded with the presence of unacknowledged others upon whom our well-being and privilege depend. The shadows of those neglected others—dying in Asia, hungry in Africa, impoverished in our own country—fall upon every one of our private acts, darken the household and marriage bed for each of us. We try to turn away, but even the desperate nature of our turning is a function of their unacknowledged presence, and they are with us even in the vehemence with which we pretend they are not. Something in each of us—even among the enthusiasts of *est*—aches with their presence, aches for the world, for why else would we be in so much pain?

The question of the age, we like to think, is one of survival, and that is true, but not in the way we ordinarily mean it. The survival we ordinarily mean is a narrow and nervous one: simply the continuation, in their present forms, of the isolated lives we lead. But there is little doubt that most of us *will* survive as we are, for we are clearly prepared to accept whatever is necessary to do so: the deaths of millions of others, wars waged in our name, a police state at home. Like the Germans who accepted the Fascists, or the French citizens who collaborated with the Germans, we, too, will be able to carry on "business as usual," just as we do now. Our actual crisis of survival lies elsewhere, in the moral realm we so carefully ignore, for it is there that our lives are at stake.

Seen in that light, what might one expec from a therapy a grown man or woman migh take seriously? First, a simple willingness t accept the existence of an objective reality equa in significance to the self, a reality which lit erally (as my friend John Seeley likes to pu it) *objects* as we try to act upon it. Second a recognition that much of our present pain i the world's pain, the result of living in a catas trophic age in which we do violence to the bes parts of our nature. Third, a consciousness of th natural force within us which demands a mora political, and historical life in the larger worl Fourth, a humility in the presence of that large world, a respect for the human meaning gath ered there by others struggling both in the pre ent and in the past. Finally, a recognition tha the future depends directly upon the ways w act individually and in community; that it wi never be more just, humane, generous, or su taining than we ourselves are willing to b and that the therapist and client, in th solitude of their encounter, create together—i how much of the world they admit to their di course—a part of the social reality others wi later inhabit.

Physicists sometimes use a lovely word, *els where*, to describe the realms of being whi we can postulate in thought but can never ent or demonstrate to exist. It is as if they exist side by side with the known world but we beyond all human habitation or touch. In sense, *elsewhere* also exists in the moral real for whatever we fail to love or inhabit fu fades into it, is like a ghostly presence arou us, a reality we vaguely remember or intu but which is no longer ours. Thus, in a very r way the nature of the shared human world d depend on our actions and words, and we destroy it not only with bombs, but through failure to inhabit it as fully and as humanly we should. That, in part, is what Freud had mind, decades ago, when at the very end *Civilization and Its Discontents* he called a resurgence of "eternal Eros" in its timel battle with Death. Now, half a century la Eros is not yet among us. Whether it ever be is still an open question. But if the ans to that question is to be found anywhere, it not be in our popular therapies or creeds *est* or Castaneda's myths. There, where sel all, Eros can have no life.

red B. Morris

IN THE PRESENCE OF MINE ENEMIES

uith and torture in Brazil

IT WAS BY THE MEREST CHANCE that I happened to run into my friend Luis Soares de Lima, as I then thought his name was, that Monday morning last year. I had gone to the factory at seven o'clock, as ual. Then, about nine o'clock, I got into my and started toward Recife, about twenty nutes away, where I planned to make some ls from my apartment, as the company tele- one was out of order. Luis was walking along side of the road toward the factory. I ked and stopped, and he came over and got the car.

Luis was a very close friend who, at the end 1973, had moved to João Pessoa, about 120 es away. Now I saw him only occasionally en he returned to Recife to visit his girl- nd. We talked about her as we drove to my se, and he inquired about Tereza, my fi- ée. At the apartment I made four calls; then, exactly 10:00 A.M., I looked at my watch told Luis I had to be at the Bank of Brazil ten minutes and must leave. He said he ld get off on the way and do some errands then come back for lunch about 12:30.

We went down the stairs, still talking about girls. As we left the building I noticed a -dressed bearded man entering. I nodded im and proceeded on out to my car. I had opened the door when the bearded man ed up behind Luis and pointed a revolver his back, yelling something I couldn't un- tand. At the same instant, I became aware eing surrounded by three men armed with hine guns. I looked at Luis. It was now turn.

ometimes, late at night over a beer, Luis I had talked about the friends and many rs who had been imprisoned and tortured he Brazilian army and its secret police ap- tus. Luis once told me of a man he knew of who had died under torture rather than betray his friends. How can that be? I asked. How can anyone resist pain like that? And why?

These conversations began in the hurt we felt over imprisoned friends, in our anger and frustration over a military dictatorship that had terrorized and exploited the people of Brazil for ten years. We also wondered about ourselves, as I suppose every man wonders on thinking of such things. How would *I* bear up if they came for me? How would *I* do under torture? Yet such questions were for me quite academic. I was an American, and if the army should become unhappy with me for any reason—and in Brazil since 1964 it could be *any* reason—the worst possibility was that I would be deported.

The army had been interested in me for several months, ever since the June 24 issue of *Time* appeared with a story about Dom Helder Camara, the Archbishop of Olinda and Recife. I was *Time*'s stringer in Recife, and so they assumed (erroneously, as it happened) that the story was mine. I had been called in for questioning in July, by Colonel Meziat, head of Fourth Army Intelligence in Recife. Three times I sat in his office, answering questions about my relations with Dom Helder, *Time*, the Associated Press (for which I was also a stringer). Though cold enough at first, Colonel Meziat became quite simpatico, and at the end said that if I avoided communicating with the archbishop and ceased to meddle in journalism, I would have no problems with them. Well aware that this was no idle comment, I sent word to Dom Helder through a monk friend and simply stopped filing material with *Time* and the AP: I was not happy with this kind of censorship and control, but I wanted to stay in Brazil and would pay the price.

Apart from a two-year interval, I had been

Fred B. Morris, now a research consultant in Latin-American affairs, is writing a book on Brazil and its people under the dictatorship.

Fred B. Morris

IN THE PRESENCE OF MINE ENEMIES

in Brazil since 1964, primarily as a missionary of the United Methodist Church. In 1970 I was assigned to Recife, in the northeast, to organize a community center and to improve ecumenical relations with the Roman Catholic community there. In doing so I became a close friend of Dom Helder, an outspoken critic of the military regime in Brazil.

In January of 1974, nine months before my arrest, I'd taken a leave of absence from the Methodist Board of Global Ministries and gone to work in a small industrial firm in Recife, while continuing to serve the community center as a lay volunteer. Apparently, however, neither my new "civilian" status nor my promise to sever contact with Dom Helder satisfied the authorities. So it was that on September 30, 1974, they came to get me.

The humming inquisitor

THE CELL WAS SMALL and not quite rectangular. It was about seven feet long and four feet wide. There was no window, and the only ventilation was an opening at the bottom of the door for the passing of food trays. The door was made of iron bars, but a half-inch plywood panel had been placed on the outside so as to cut off any view. There was a sliding panel, at eye level, maybe four by twelve inches, that served as a kind of peephole. The roof was of clay tile, with one glass tile in the middle, giving some illumination. About seven feet off the floor, a grate of iron bars was embedded in the walls, giving a cage effect to the cell and preventing any athletic prisoner from removing the tiles and thus escaping. The walls had recently been painted a blood red for about four feet up from the floor, and then a flat white on up. The floor was of concrete tile slabs, in alternating yellow and black squares. I was naked except for my shorts.

For some reason I wasn't afraid. I realized that I could be tortured; I could already hear Luis's voice screaming from somewhere not too far away. But the kind of fear I would have expected to feel was absent. I found myself repeating, for the first of dozens of times, the Twenty-third Psalm. "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. . . ." I felt a calm that the situation didn't warrant, but for which I was grateful. After about fifteen or twenty minutes, they came for me.

Before opening the door, they ordered me to replace the cloth hood they had put over my head immediately after my arrest. Because of the hood, I was to see my torturers only once in the days to come. Then they came in and handcuffed my hands behind my back, and with much pushing and shoving and dragging they took me down the corridor, through a door, u another short passageway, and into a room tha was to be, for me, a torture chamber.

I was pushed to one end of the room and th questions began. I said immediately, "I am a American citizen. I want to see my consul. That was the first time they hit me. "*Here* your consul," cried one of them, as he hit m in the abdomen.

"Where were you taking Alanir?" someon shouted. "Who?" I asked, never having hear that name before. More blows. "Luis. Whe were you taking Luis?" "Nowhere. I was goin to the Bank of Brazil and he was going to get o on the way somewhere. He hadn't said where. Now the blow came to the groin, the first kic a bit off target, the second two accurate. I fe to the floor in agony.

"Get up, you son of a bitch," someone crie and I was kicked in the back while on the floo There were more questions and more blows i rapid succession, with people constantly cor ing in and out of the room. I could hear Luis screams from the next door. Then a voice I wa to recognize later as that of Luis Miranc Filho, a notoriously sadistic Recife policema said, "We've already sent a car for your fia cée. Tereza will be here soon. We'll strip he and work on her till you decide to talk." knew they were perfectly capable of doing thi but I simply had to ignore the idea and thin of something else.

There were more questions and blows. "Wh are your Commie friends? Why does an s.o. American like you come down here to subve our country? Your own country's gone to hel Can't even keep your President. We'll teac you!"

Then it all stopped, and I heard the man wh was to be my principal interrogator in the da ahead humming quietly to himself. Water ra into a bucket, then splashed at my feet. St humming cheerily to himself, the man walke to the other end of the room and returned wi a wire, which he proceeded to fasten to th second toe of my right foot. Knowing what th was leading up to, I tried to retreat, but w harshly ordered to get back where I was. The my interrogator returned with another electro which he fastened to the nipple of my rig breast with a spring clip that cut into the fles Once again, and now not at all academicall I wondered: oh, God, can I stand it?

Still humming softly, my inquisitor returne to the other side of the room where I heard hi pull up a chair and sit down. Then, in a ver calm voice, he started the questions agai "Where were you taking Alanir?" "Nowhere I replied. "I was going to the Bank of Braz and he was going to get off on the way." Th first jolt was a light one, a sort of tickling an pulling at my breast. But then he increase

ıe current and I began to jump around on the et floor as though that might relieve the pain. clamped my mouth shut as hard as I could, ot wanting to scream and give him any satfaction, but as the current increased, my ıouth flew open with a great bellow of rage nd pain. The current kept on increasing until was thrown to the floor, doubled over in a vain ttempt to diminish the pain. Then it stopped. Get up," he yelled at me. My hands were andcuffed behind my back, and, as I slipped round trying to get up, he gave me light jolts, ıst to prod me on, like a steer being loaded ıto a truck.

As soon as I was on my feet again, the same uestions were repeated, accompanied by more ıocks. Again I fell to the floor, wondering how ng this could go on, how long I could endure. p again. More questions, more shocks, falling ıce more.

Finally the shocks stopped, and my inquisir came near. He took the electrode from my reast, but, before I could feel any sense of lief, he began pushing down my shorts, the nly clothing I had left. Oh, no! I groaned to yself. This I can't bear. I know I can't.

"Nervous, huh?" he inquired. "Now we can ave some real fun. And if you don't talk, we'll ıock it right off of you." With this he fastened ıe spring clip to the base of my penis and turned again to his chair.

Then the same questions and some light jolts at made me dance from side to side. I was reaming, now almost in anticipation of the ıocks, when he turned up the voltage hard, rovoking spasms in both legs that caused them fly out in front of me. I fell with all my eight on my back and my hands, which were ill manacled behind me. The current contined as I squirmed and wriggled on the wet floor. his must have seemed a pratfall, for the room led with laughter from three or four men now thered to watch the proceedings.

Then, once again, came the command to get o. This time it was harder even than before, I had sprained my left wrist in the fall. I as now aware only of a world of agony and rment from which I could not escape, but the ain was so great and so constant that it had most ceased to register. Perhaps, after their ears of experience, they realized this. At any te, after a few more rounds, they stopped. he electrode was removed from my penis and om my foot; then, with the usual pushing and oving and threats, I was led back to my cell. here the handcuffs were removed from one rist, brought around in front of my face, ıssed through a bar of the cell door at eye vel, and refastened. Still hooded and trem-ing all over, I was left alone, hanging from e door of my cell. I could still hear Luis reaming, as I had been.



Fred B. Morris

IN THE PRESENCE OF MINE ENEMIES

IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN more than fifteen minutes before they came for me again. The hood was pulled down over my face and I started the short walk to the torture chamber. Once more I repeated the Shepherd's Psalm. "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. . . ." And again I found myself calmed by those ancient words. I wondered for a moment how many people through the centuries have used that psalm at similar moments. I was also curiously surprised at how it helped. I knew that no one, not even God, was going to save me from the hands of these men, even if they decided to kill me. They had killed many others. But the psalm confirmed in me their limited capacity to touch me where it really mattered. It strengthened me even in the face of my weakness before them.

I was questioned with electric shock and more beatings for about another hour, then hung up again in my cell. Two or three times that afternoon, they repeated the procedure. Then I was taken into a different room. I was made to sit, the handcuffs were removed, and my arms and legs were firmly strapped to the chair. One electrode was placed on my breast and the other on my right ear. These were the worst shocks of all. I felt like the top of my head was actually going to burst. I screamed, jumped in the chair, tried to break the straps, and finally, on at least two occasions, was rendered unconscious.

At one point my chief inquisitor launched off on a long and emotional tirade against Dom Helder, saying he was a shameless traitor to his country because he traveled all over the world denouncing torture in Brazil. This surreal harangue was punctuated by my screams as he turned the current on and off at random. At another point, one of my torturers got down on the floor in front of me and lifted up the hood so I could see his face and yelled, "*Eu sou foda! Se você não cooperar, eu vou lhe matar!*" The face, I learned later, was that of Luis Miranda Filho, a man clearly proud of his role as a defender of Christian culture in Brazil, willing to kill for the cause. He left then, only to return shortly afterward with a Major Maia, the chief, as I later learned, of the Fourth Army torture operation. Miranda announced that they were now going to bring in Luis: they wanted me to ask him for his address. They declared that he was a rotten, no-good, Communist son of a bitch, and they wanted his address to round up the rest of his group. If I cooperated with them, they would let me go: if not, they would keep on torturing me until he gave in.

I recalled my late-night talks with Luis about the futility of cooperating with the enemy. Even if one talked, we reasoned then, his torturers would only demand more, and more, and more again. Better to remain silent from the outset. At the same time, I was confusedly aware that if I adopted a determined resistance, they would conclude that I had something to hide and was really guilty. I had no desire to help them, but I didn't want to be tortured anymore. Neither did I want to hurt Luis. I didn't know if he was really involved in anything subversive. I *hoped* that he was, and if so I didn't want to cause him to betray himself. In the midst of my confusion the door opened, and I heard them dragging Luis in. He was breathing with obvious difficulty as they shoved him over to stand near me.

"Tell Fred your name," someone ordered.

There was a pause and I heard Luis take a deep breath.

"My name is Alanir Cardoso." He spoke with a defiance that startled me, but also made me proud of him. I still don't know why he had become Luis Soares de Lima, as I knew him, but I imagine that, like hundreds of others of his age, he had probably been in some sort of student troubles in 1968-69 and had had to change his identity to avoid imprisonment. He had never spoken to me of his past, and in Brazil I had learned not to ask questions. People told you what you needed to know. At that moment I was truly glad: knowing nothing, I had no secrets to tell.

"Fred," Luis (or Alanir) continued, "I'm sorry that our friendship has led to this. I really didn't think it would happen." He was interrupted by a violent body blow that I could feel sitting strapped to the chair next to him. As he fell against me, his hair brushed against my arm, and I realized that he was not hooded, though he might have been blindfolded. I wanted to reach out to him and help him.

"Fred," he started again, "I'm sorry."

"I know, Luis," I said. "I understand." At that point they gave me a heavy jolt that forced another bellow from me.

"Alanir," someone said, "Fred wants you to give us your address. We know he is innocent, but we will torture him to death, if necessary, if you don't give us your address."

"Fred, do you want me to give them my address?"

"If you can," I said, rather weakly, hoping he would understand that I didn't want him to. "You know what you have to do." With that I received another violent shock, and as soon as it was over I was struck violently on the side of the head two or three times.

"This son of a bitch isn't going to tell us," one of our tormentors said. "Give it to Fred." With that they turned on the current again, and I began my screaming. As they dragged Luis out I heard him say, "I'm sorry, Fred," once more.

I was unstrapped, handcuffed again,



The BMW 3.0Si.
For those who deny themselves nothing.

There are any number of luxury sedans—oth European and domestic—that proudly offer nbounded opulence for people willing to pay e price.

Sumptuous carpeting, supple leathers, nd-rubbed wood accents, AM/FM stereo, wer this and power that.

Underneath this embarrassment of riches, wever, one generally finds that the average xury car's performance is also something of an nbarrassment.

At the Bavarian Motor Works, it is our ntention that, while the pursuit of luxury is no e, when all is said and done, it is extraordinary rformance that makes an expensive car worth e money.

So, while the BMW 3.0Si has as long a list luxury features as one could sanely require an automobile, it also has a singularly re-onsive 3-liter, fuel-injected engine that ver fails to astound even the experts with its smooth, turbine-like performance.

It has an uncanny four-wheel independent suspension system that allows each wheel to adapt itself instantly to every driving situation—giving you a total control that will spoil you for any other car.

It has a solid steel passenger safety cell, a dual twin-circuit, four-wheel disc-braking system, and an interior that's bio-mechanically designed to prevent driver fatigue.

For a great many serious drivers in all parts of the world, the BMW 3.0Si has redefined the meaning of the word "luxury" to encompass something more than a thin veneer of leather and chrome.

If you'd care to judge for yourself, we suggest you phone your BMW dealer and arrange a thorough test drive.

The ultimate driving machine.

Bavarian Motor Works, Munich, Germany.

975 BMW of North America, Inc.

the name of your nearest dealer, or for further information, you may call us, toll-free, at 800-243-6006 (Conn. 1-800-882-6500)



Can you think of anything that gives you a better return on your investment?

agged back to be hung on my cell door. But e routine was established, and went on. Hood head, handcuffs behind back, half-shoved, lf-dragged down the corridor, repeating the enty-third Psalm to myself, once more feel- g an inner poise that the circumstances didn't any way warrant, strapped to the chair again, res in place.

Then Luis was there again. "Alanir," one of em said, "Fred wants to ask you something. e wants to know your address."

"Beg him," a voice whispered in my ear. Beg him!" With that I received a blow on the le of the head.

"Luis," I started. "How are you doing?"

"*Mais ou menos,*" he replied, noticeably aker than in our earlier encounter. "How e you?"

They jolted a scream from me at that point th a sudden shock of current. "I don't know, is. They want me to ask you to give them ur address. Can you?"

"Do you want me to, Fred?" he asked.

Oh, I wished he hadn't asked that. Yes, yes, wanted him to give it to them. "Beg him!" isted the temptor's voice at my side. "Beg n, or we'll kill you right now!"

"If you can," I mumbled, hoping Luis would derstand.

Then came another shock and another bel- from me.

"Okay," Luis said. "I'll give the address."

, don't, I cried inwardly, afraid to voice plea.

Then began a marvelous game of delay and se. They stopped all the rough stuff with ious expectation, waiting for Luis to speak. t he merely repeated, "Okay, I'll give the dress."

"All right, what is it?" someone yelled.

"My address is . . ." but he didn't say any- ng more.

"My address is . . ."

Then came another shock and a scream from

"Wait!" cried Luis. "I'm giving the address."

other pause. "My address is . . ."

ncredibly, I found myself laughing inside. ey were so anxious to get the address that y hung on every word, but it just didn't ne. "I live in a *pensão,*" he offered. "I live a *pensão* downtown." Another pause. I ld feel that he was trying to buy a bit more e before giving up the information. "I live *pensão.*"

Where, goddamn it? Tell us now, or we're ng to kill Fred." Another violent shock went ough me, accompanied by my cries.

I'm giving it. I'm in a *pensão* downtown in ife." It must have been nearly an hour later n Luis finally gave them an address of a ap hotel in downtown Recife. There was a scuffle as some of them rushed out, obviously to raid the hotel. Then, as Luis was being led out he said, finally, "I gave it to them, Fred."

Fantasies of freedom

I WAS UNSTRAPPED, handcuffed, and then dragged off, again to be hung on the cell door. I was to pass the rest of the night standing up, my hands shackled to the door directly in front of my eyes. My left wrist was quite swollen by now, and the handcuff was cutting into the flesh, cutting off the circulation. My body was aching all over, my head was throbbing, I was thirsty and very tired, but I had a strange feeling of exhilaration. I had made it through the day. They had done everything at least once, and I had survived. I didn't have any idea what Tuesday would bring, except probably more of the same, but I had made it through this day, I could make it through the next. For some reason, I remembered the AA dictum that one should stay sober one day at a time. Can one survive torture the same way, one day at a time?

Now I began fantasizing that they would release me. I knew that prisoners were often dumped on the street at night when the army was through with them, and, though I didn't really believe their promise to let me go after getting Luis's address, they might do it. I desperately *wanted* to believe they might. I began to think about what I would do. I conjured up the image of myself arriving at my fiancée's house, the embrace we would have, the joy I would have in reassuring her that I had survived. It was an image I was to nourish often during the days ahead.

I knelt to relieve my aching legs. Often, at intervals, I took advantage of the symbolic position and prayed. I didn't pray for deliverance; my idea of God does not include the Lone Ranger. But I gave thanks for having survived so far and prayed for strength.

A couple of hours after daylight, they came again. I was ordered to replace my hood, the door was opened, the handcuffs were removed and refastened behind my back, and I was led off for more questioning. Again I found myself affirming the Psalm: "The Lord is my shepherd. . . ."

After about an hour of torture, I was returned to my cell and left hanging on the door again. I could still hear Luis. His screams were more varied now, mostly weaker, and occasionally he burst forth with a series of barkings. I couldn't imagine what horror they were practicing on him; nothing they had done to me had produced that kind of noise.

Sometime Tuesday morning I was taken to another room and seated in the armchair again,

"Each day began with the hope that it would bring an end to the nightmare, and each night saw that hope fade into the darkness."

my arms and legs strapped as before. But this time no wires were attached to me. Now a new voice began, saying quietly, "Fred, how are you feeling?"

I immediately thought to myself, this must be the "good guy" of the team. I felt like laughing at the transparency of their technique, yet it was bliss to hear a pleasant voice. I had nothing to hide from them; they could get no more out of me by kindness than by force. I decided to enjoy the respite. It lasted an hour or so. The next session was with the "bad guy," as were all subsequent ones that Tuesday.

SOMETIME IN THE EVENING, while hung on the cell door, I was surprised by the turnkey opening the peephole and wordlessly offering me a piece of bread and a glass of water. As I had had no food or water at all since my breakfast Monday morning, I was nearly overwhelmed by the unexpected humanity of the gesture, especially as his clandestine manner suggested he was acting on his own. The jailer asked me if it was true that I was a pastor and I said it was. He shook his head in obvious confusion and closed the peephole again.

I was taken back for another hour or so of questioning and then returned to the cell, with a bathroom stop on the way. Now, however, for the first time, I was not hung on the door, but simply shoved into the cell, the handcuffs removed. There was no bedding at all, not even a blanket. I was still wearing only my shorts, but I was so tired that I'm not sure I even missed the amenities as I took off the hood and folded it for a pillow and lay down on the bare concrete and fell asleep. Once or twice during the night I awoke as someone opened the peephole to look in at me, but I was otherwise allowed to sleep through till morning.

At about 6:30 the jailer woke me by opening the peephole to ask if I wanted some bread and coffee. I did, and afterward I started off to the first of the day's encounters, affirming once again the Shepherd's Psalm. I felt much rested from the night's sleep and was hopeful that maybe we were reaching an end.

In the chamber, my hopes were dashed. Instead of being strapped to the chair, I was hung by the handcuffs from a hook high over my head and close to the wall.

My chief tormentor began by saying that they were tired of my lying and that today I was going to confess my sins one way or another. He started by asking when I had introduced Luis to Dom Helder, and, when I said never, he struck me in the middle of the back with his fist, then slapped me on the back of the head. Even though I was hooded, as always, the blow smarted and stunned me. These blows were followed by a rapid-fire series of que tions and more beatings. I could hear the questioning Luis in the next room, since th apparently had left the door open. He sound only semiconscious; his answers to their que tions were only moans and grunts.

My inquisitor now produced a new (to m gadget. He began rolling what must have be a spiked wheel over my back, scratching t skin. As I flinched he laughed and pushed do harder, closing some sort of electric circuit a giving me a shock. This was to be the pro dure: the wheel was passed back and forth, a each time I refused to answer he pressed t device down into my naked back, closing circuit.

After what seemed like forever, he stopp and walked away, leaving me semiconsci and dangling by the handcuffs on the wall. S denly I felt someone coming up to me aga and I braced myself for the pain. A piece cold metal was placed on my chest an flinched. A voice said, very quietly, "It's right. I'm not going to hurt you." The c metal moved to another spot and I percei that it was a doctor's stethoscope. Appare they wanted to check my heart to see how I bearing up. Nothing more was said, but soon as he finished I was taken down and turned to my cell. The day passed, period questioning and torture alternating with fi rest.

A change of char

THAT EVENING I dozed off, only t awakened when Major Maia, chie quisitor of the Fourth Army, ope the peephole about an inch and s "Fred, we're beginning to have ond thoughts about you. We're beginnin think maybe you're connected to official gans." "Uh" was my only response. "Yes know you're guilty, or we wouldn't brought you here," he said, "but we think you might be working for the CIA. How a it?"

"No, thank you," I said. "I've got en trouble already." With that he shut the pee and I lay there for a moment. Then I beg laugh to myself. They must really be con by now, I thought. They bring me in for l a Communist and want to send me out CIA agent. I flirted with the idea of le them along a bit on the CIA line, to see didn't fare better, but I soon decided it wa risky. Moreover, if I ever got out, I didn't to have to answer questions from the Ame government about having pretended to be agent. With that I drifted off to sleep.

It must have been around midnight

ey came for me again. I obediently put on y hood, still warm from having served as my llow, the handcuffs were fastened behind my ıck, and once more I made the thirty-yard trip the torture chamber to the accompaniment of e Twenty-third Psalm. There I was made to t down and was greeted by the major and one his colleagues. "Fred," began the major, "to e or not to be, zat is the question." Obviously e had been practicing that little bit in English r a while. He continued in English, "Are you Communist, or are you a CIA agent?"

"Did it occur to you that I might not be ther?" I replied, in Portuguese. "Can you ıagine that I might be just what I am, a for- er missionary who is trying to make an honest ing in business here in Recife and who hap- ns to have some friends that you don't like?"

"Fred, we wouldn't have brought you here if e weren't sure you are guilty. Your case was scussed and discussed before we had you ought in. I can say that we suffered much ore trying to decide if we should bring you or not than you have suffered here."

"I doubt that very much," I answered. "But you were so sure of my guilt, then why all e questions? If you have any real evidence, ıich you haven't mentioned yet, why not just ce me to court, rather than torturing me?"

"Look, you are here to answer questions, not c them." He then proceeded to rehearse the ing of coincidences and circumstantial evi- nce that they had against me, most of it based depositions made by people I had never met o had implicated me while being tortured. friendship with Dom Helder and with Luis, ich I had never denied, were the only con- te things on the whole list. We went round d round a few more times before I was taken k to my cell and hung on the door to spend rest of the night standing up.

That night was the worst. I began thinking e again about what I would do when and if nally got out. Would I be allowed to stay in zil? What would I do if I went back to the tes? It was then that I resolved to tell my ry to as many people as would hear me. raid that I might forget the details of these s before I could set them down, I rehearsed rything verbally, from Monday morning to t moment. I went over every session of tor- e, remembering every word said and every barity practiced. I recalled my own feelings, ment by moment, up to that hour. I decided do that at least once a day until I got to a ewriter or tape recorder, even if it took nths, or years. I knew that that was the only to keep the story straight. After a couple hours, I had told myself the whole thing. n I started composing, in Portuguese, a m of protest, dedicated to my fiancée. I had er before written a poem, but I found it di-



Robert De Carlo

verting, and even exciting, trying to tell something of myself and my beliefs to my future wife. I would compose a strophe, repeat it a dozen times so as not to forget it, and go to work on another. I was to spend many hours in the next days on this project, composing, rearranging, polishing.

Dawn finally came, and a new jailer arrived with coffee and a piece of bread. After breakfast I was allowed to take a bath in the wretched bathroom next to my cell. This was a great relief since I was beginning to find my own smell one of the worst parts of the torture. Back in my cell I was permitted to lie down.

It must have been about 8:30 when they came again. One of my interrogators now explained that the reason I was always hooded was that I would then be unable to recognize them on the streets and so could not try to kill them. The questions continued much as they had the day before, with particular efforts being made to persuade me to confess to being a CIA agent. I was not beaten or shocked during the sessions on Thursday, and most of the time I was allowed to sit down. In the afternoon the major returned. "Fred, how do you feel? Everything okay?" he asked cheerfully. "Just great," I responded. "Never better." I don't know why I had the courage to be sarcastic, but his cheery friendliness provoked me.

"Well," he continued, "as you know, Brazil belongs to the community of nations. We have treaties with many countries, including the United States. One of those treaties gives you the right to see your consul, so of course we are going to let you do that. We are going to have you take a bath, shave, put on your clothes, and we will take you to see your consul. I just want you to remember that you are to speak only in Portuguese since we want to know what you are saying. Afterward you will be coming back here, so be careful not to exaggerate anything that has happened to you up to now."

I was standing in front of him, my head hooded, naked except for my shorts, my hands manacled behind my back. My wrists were cut and bruised, the left one sprained, I had no feeling in either hand, and my back was scratched and bruised, as were my buttocks. I had spent two of the past three nights standing up, had had only one meal of any sort in four days, had been threatened, beaten, cajoled, [illegible] and shocked into unconsciousness. But at the end of his little speech I burst out laughing.

"What in hell are you laughing about? There's nothing funny about your situation."

"I'm sorry, but I just thought of a joke."

"Jesus Christ! How can you think of jokes? What is it?"

I told him I had remembered, while he was talking, the old story about President Eisenhower's visit to Moscow. The Russians, wanting to show that theirs is an open and free society in which everyone is happy, brought in a peasant from the interior, put him on TV, and told him he could say anything he wanted as the American President was there and people all over the world were watching him on TV. The peasant, thoroughly intimidated, remained silent. They insisted repeatedly that he should say anything he wanted, until finally he took courage, looked straight at the TV camera and said "Help!"

The major was so taken aback that he had to laugh too, but immediately went on to warn me again not to say too much to the consul, as I would be coming back to my cell.

As it happened, I told the consul everything and he, for his part, offered me the strongest assurances that the highest authorities would see to it that I be tortured no longer. He could do nothing, however, about any charges that might be brought against me, and I would of course have to return to my cell. His very presence was a welcome reminder of a world of reason and predictability, and he also brought news that my fiancée's parents had hired a lawyer for me. This was very risky for them, and I was moved to tears by the gesture.

Once again in my cell, after the interview, I was required to give up my clothes and all other symbols of so-called civilized man. Once more I found myself sitting on the floor of my cell in my shorts, wondering if that interlude of quasi-reality had been only a hallucination.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN ABOUT 7:30 when they sent for me again. Hooded and handcuffed, I was led off to the chamber where my principal torturer was waiting for me.

In a most businesslike fashion, he told me that I was to make a formal statement about my ten-and-one-half years in Brazil, all that I had done, my relations with Dom Helder, *Time*, Luis. He was going to take it all down, it would then be typed, and I would be asked to sign the next day.

It must have taken three or four hours, but at last we were done. He called the jailer to escort me back to my cell, and then he decided to go along. As we came near my cell, he said, "So you turned us all in, huh?" With that he gave me a violent kick and walked away. I confess that it didn't hurt at all; I saw how frustrated he was and realized that I was, in fact, safe from real harm at his hands.

I awoke on Friday with the certainty that the worst was over, and with the hope that I would soon be released. My jailer said that the little signals were that they were getting ready to let me go. I assumed, and he confirmed, that people were almost always released

READ MORE. SPEND LESS.

Bestsellers. Old sellers. fiction and non. Now get virtually any book at breakthrough discounts!

You're a reader. With an appetite as big as the Library of Congress. Perpetually enmeshed in three volumes simultaneously. And wondering what to do when you run out of attic space (your bookshelf having long since surrendered its last vacancy).

That's more, you wouldn't have it any other way. *(There's always the garage.)*

But there are two very real problems today's reader *does* face: meeting the skyrocketing cost of buying books—without mortgaging the attic, garage, and everything in between. And locating a book dealer who can hand over an obscure author or old title as easily as he can the current bestseller.

Enter THE BOOKSERVICE. Exit problems.

THE BOOKSERVICE, a new division of Harper's Magazine Company, offers its members the unique opportunity to buy, with ease and convenience, any hardcover book in print. Today. The new #1 novel. A dusty autobiography. A children's classic. Poetry and painting. Arts and crafts how-to's. Even dictionaries, atlases, and encyclopedias. If it's in print, it's yours.

And two, the lagniappe: *unprecedented savings* on every volume you purchase through THE BOOKSERVICE. At least 25% off the retail price of every bestseller; 25% off all general titles; 15% off university press and reference books; 50%, 60%, and sometimes higher savings on special supergains!

Some typical examples of BOOKSERVICE discounts:

	List Price	Member's Price
The Ascent of Man	$17.50	$13.13
Reach of Faith	10.95	8.22
Looking for Mr. Goodbar	7.95	5.97
Lightime	8.95	6.72
Shelley	22.50	16.87
Magellan's Voyage	100.00	50.00
Shogun	12.50	9.38

And as you can see, your savings are comparable to any book club. Often better. What's more, THE BOOKSERVICE gives you the original publisher's edition, instead of an economized, separately printed "club edition." And you are never obligated to buy any specified number of books.

Your membership also includes the unique, biweekly *Booklletter*. Great reading all by itself.

At the heart of THE BOOKSERVICE is the *Booklletter*, a fascinating newsletter you'll receive every other Monday. It's a lively, up-to-the-minute, thoroughly entertaining guide to today's world of books.

You'll read original *reviews*—pro and con—of all the best-sellers, new releases, and significant revivals. As well as consulized comment from other national media. You'll enjoy exclusive *essays* on publishing events and personalities. Reappraisals of the immortal authors and first impressions of future likely candidates.

There are reflections on *children's books*: which ones are written to nurture young minds, and which solely to snare adult dollars. Evaluation of *crafts and reference works*, from collage design to college dictionaries. *Trend-tacking:* the book subjects that are "hot," the fads and fancies in this mercurial medium.

Plus corridor *chatter* from the publishing palaces: how the authors, agents, editors, and owners who make things work, work; why some great books nose-dive while some disasters become book of the month.

Booklletter's range is A to Z. The delivery, succinct, literate, often irrepressible. The thoughts, always on target. Like George Plimpton's cutting satire of the sports book macho mania. Richard Adams paying his respects to the classics of childhood in "Ingredients of Watership Down." Barry Farrell's musings on his side trip to Sodom while researching his new work about prostitution in Nevada. Kenneth Bernard's thoughtful overview of the current celebation-in-print of return to the land and the open road. Jose Yglesias on Harriet Beecher Stowe—reversing unjust neglect. And Lewis H. Lapham's "Pleasures of Reading"—a tribute to the timelessness and importance of the classics.

THE BOOKSERVICE
Charter Membership: 33⅓% savings . . . 0% risk.

THE BOOKSERVICE's regular membership rate is $15 a year, which includes the book discount service and 24 biweekly issues of the *Booklletter*.

However, during the current introductory period, you can become a Charter Member for *just $10*, billed semi-annually. Same benefits, but a ⅓ saving. And, as a Charter Member, you'll automatically receive the lowest rates available every time you renew!

In addition, you risk zero. Should you decide to cancel anytime during your membership, you'll receive a *full refund* for your current six-month period—even if it's your first! Which means you can cancel next week, next year, 1987—whenever and for whatever reason—and get a refund for that current six-month payment. Not prorated. In full!

No need to enclose payment with order now. But please mail the coupon below right away. You'll never have a better opportunity to read more, more enjoyably, for less. And you may never have another chance to save ⅓ with a Charter Membership.

So join THE BOOKSERVICE today. And hearty appetite!

Please enter my membership to THE BOOKSERVICE. Bill me at the special rate of just $6 for the next six months. And bill me every six months thereafter. (Latecomers will pay $15 a year.) This entitles me to full discount book-buying privileges and biweekly issues of *Booklletter* (issued every other Monday, 24 times a year).

☐ I prefer to enclose $6 now.
(Full refund guaranteed.)

name _____
(please print)

address _____

city _____

state _____ zip _____

Harper's Magazine
THE BOOKSERVICE
381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302 D804

Fred B. Morris

IN THE PRESENCE OF MINE ENEMIES

at night, so I waited impatiently for nightfall.

This was to become a pattern. Each day began with the promise that it would be my last one in prison. After my morning coffee, I would do some exercises in my cell—push-ups, sit-ups, running in place; then a bath, dressing (my clothes getting riper each day), off for a ride, head covered, through the streets of Recife for about fifteen minutes, only to return to Fourth Army Headquarters for a fifteen-minute encounter with the consul, Richard Brown, in Colonel Meziat's office. Mr. Brown would bring me news of Tereza and my friends and family, and tell me how things were going in general. He would inquire about my treatment in great detail, and, through much insistence, gradually secured the return of some of the amenities of life. (After five days I was given a mattress; in a few more I began to get edible food.) He had no word ever about my possible release.

The questioning continued, but only sporadically. Sometimes I wasn't questioned for an entire day, then I would be grilled for five or six hours at a stretch, once even all night. But each day began with the hope that it would bring an end to the nightmare, and each night saw that hope fade into the darkness.

Twice I heard someone taking a shower in the bathroom next to my cell. Thinking it might be Luis, I began singing hymns in a loud voice so he would know I was all right. The jailer confirmed my suspicion by motioning for me to be quiet. Then I heard Luis begin to sing softly a famous Brazilian protest song, "Disparada," and my heart truly leapt with joy.

On Tuesday afternoon, October 15, I was officially informed that I was to be expelled from the country and was delivered over to the federal police. I was taken to my home to pack a suitcase and to sign a power of attorney over to my fiancée's father to handle my affairs in Brazil. Then I was taken to the Federal Police Headquarters, where I spent the night on the floor of an office.

Arrangements had been made for me to meet with my future father-in-law again on Wednesday morning to go over my affairs. I was also to go to the bank and get some money, and was promised an hour with my fiancée for making our plans.

However, on Wednesday morning, at 8:10, I was informed that I should get ready, as I was taking the 9:00 A.M. plane to Rio. In ten minutes I found myself in a station wagon, racing with siren screaming toward the airport.

When I arrived, I saw Mr. Brown and four officials at the other end of the terminal, waiting for me. The police agents clearly didn't want me to speak to anyone, but I delayed, fussing about my suitcase until they caught up with me. Then, ignoring the mutterings and fussing of the police agents, I embraced my friend one by one, thanking them for coming and tea fully receiving their good wishes. Then I w taken by the arm, and, accompanied by M Brown, was led to the waiting plane. Mr. Brov said my fiancée was on her way, but he didn know if she would make it, as there had be an accident, and traffic was jammed up.

On the plane I was seated in the front ro with an armed guard by my side. Major Ma came on board to bid me farewell, and, af hesitations that I meant to be obvious, I sho his extended hand. I thanked Richard Bro profusely for all he had done for me, and was escorted off the plane by the major.

At 8:55 I saw some commotion at the foot the stairs leading up to the plane and saw T eza, with Mr. Brown in tow, coming up stairs. Without even thinking, I climbed o my startled guard and met her at the head the stairs for what can only be described a Hollywood embrace. With tears stream down both our faces, we hugged and kissed about ninety seconds while being pulled i the plane where the press wouldn't see us, u Tereza, having promised to follow me as s as she could, was forcefully taken from me a off the plane. At nine o'clock, we took off Rio, where I was to pass the day in a jail before being placed on a Varig flight to N York, by armed guard, at 11:00 P.M. that e ning.

(I was to discover later that Tereza, arriv late, had actually jumped over the wall sepa ing visitors from the apron and had run ou the plane, with no authorization from any When Mr. Brown saw her he ran to meet and insisted that she be allowed to say good to me.)*

As the plane arrived at Kennedy Airpor New York at about 8:00 A.M. on Thurs October 17, the man seated next to me loo up from the Rio English-language paper he reading, pointed to a headline saying th was about to be expelled from the country. said: "I wonder where that poor son of a is now?" I replied: "That poor son of a is me." He was shocked into total silence only recovered in time to say "Good luck we got off the plane.

As my passport had been given to the c I was escorted by a crew member straig immigration. The immigration officer look my passport with the brand-new rubber s saying "EXPULSO" covering one whole page said, "What did you do?" "I was too fri with the archbishop," I replied. "Well, said, "sometimes they do strange things there. Welcome home."

* Tereza was eventually allowed to leave B She and the author were married on Decemb 1974, and are now living in Virginia.

Jets and Jeans

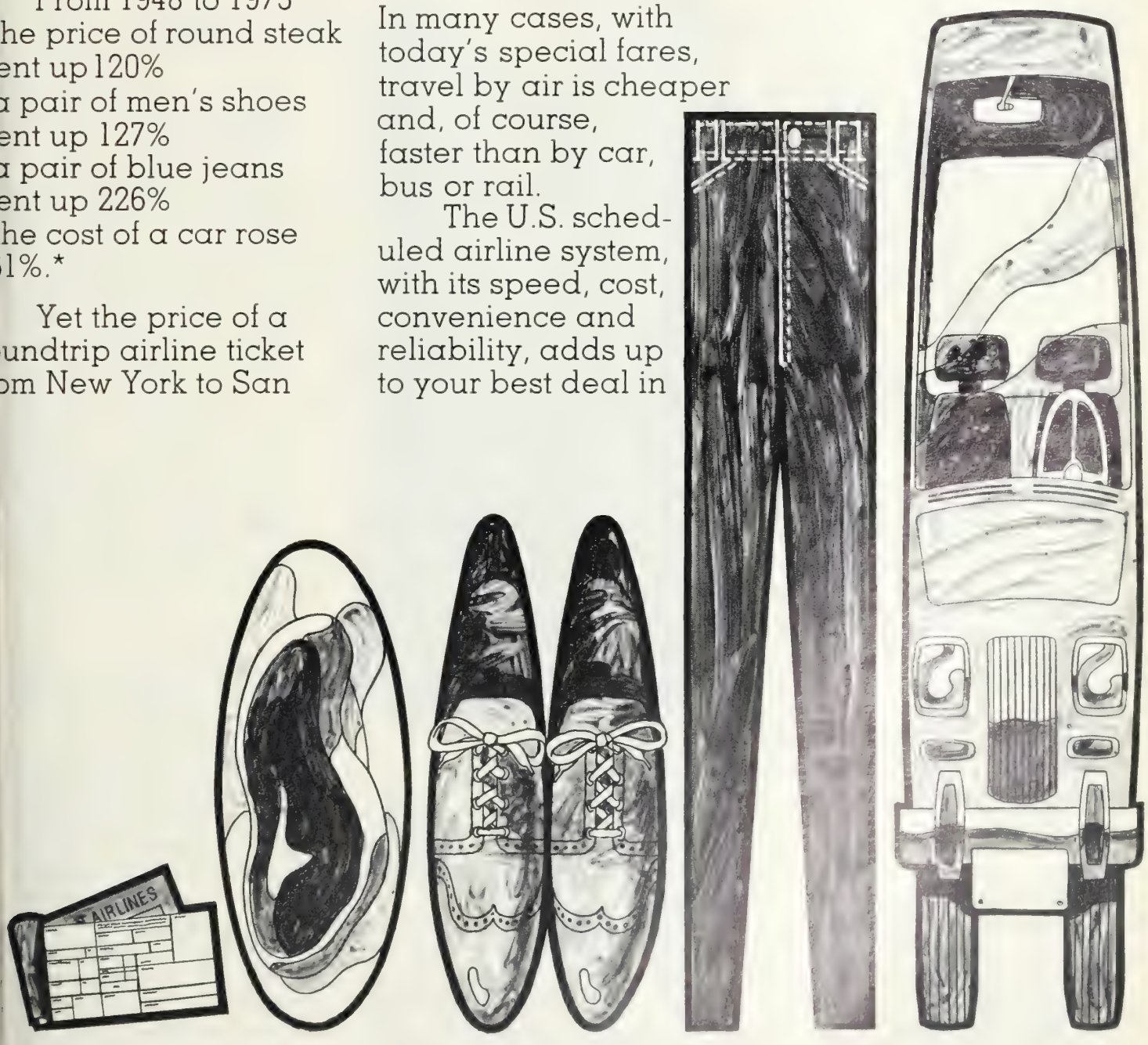


Despite inflation and
oaring fuel costs, an
irline ticket remains a
975 bargain.

From 1948 to 1975—
the price of round steak
ent up 120%
a pair of men's shoes
ent up 127%
a pair of blue jeans
ent up 226%
the cost of a car rose
61%.*

Yet the price of a
oundtrip airline ticket
om New York to San
Francisco during those 27 years rose just **18%**—and you get there twice as fast. During that time the average airline fare went up **22%**, while the overall Consumer Price Index rose **123%**. In many cases, with today's special fares, travel by air is cheaper and, of course, faster than by car, bus or rail.

The U.S. scheduled airline system, with its speed, cost, convenience and reliability, adds up to your best deal in travel. That's why the airlines today are the dominant form of public passenger transportation between our cities, and between this country and the rest of the world.



*urce: Consumer Price Index & manufacturers Air fares as of August 15, 1975

THE AIRLINES OF AMERICA

Public Transportation at its best.

Air Transport Association of America, 1709 New York Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006

THE SHORT, HAPPY LIFE OF MARGAUX HEMINGWAY

Truth, Death, Love, Time, and an assignment from *Vogue*

by Alan Coren

Meet Margaux Hemingway, the biggest girl to hit the fashion scene since Twiggy. She's blonde, six feet tall, and a grand-daughter of the famous Ernest. 'Modelling is a tough business,' she says.

—Daily Mail

YOU KNOW HOW IT IS there early in the morning in Granada with the bums still asleep against the walls of the buildings; before even the ice wagons come by with ice for the bars? Well, we came across the square from the truck to the Pearl of San Francisco Café to get coffee and there was only one beggar awake in the square and he was getting a drink out of the fountain.

We sat down at an outside table, in the sun, and we looked at him.

"There is only one beggar," I said.

Harry looked away. He unslung the big Pentax ESII with the 250 mm Takumar and squinted up at the sun.

"There is a hard white light bouncing off the stucco," he said.

"It is going to be one of those days," I said.

"Yes," he said, "it is going to be one of those days."

Charlie came up and sat down.

"I would not use the big Pentax, old one," he said. "It will make the big clatter. It will frighten the beggar."

Harry swung the ESII around and put his eye down it, straight at the fountain.

"I like to hear the clatter," he said. "I like this thing with the shutter. It is a man's noise."

"*Cojones*," said Charlie. He spat in the gray dust.

"I guess it is time for the girl to go," said Harry.

"Yes," I said. I got up.

The beggar looked up at me when I got to him, and for a moment I thought he was going to give me a fight. But I had the Schiaparelli voile on with the big black Gucci boots and the solid brass Akko buckle at the belt, and it held his eye for just long enough. I put my arm around his shoulders before he could move.



WWD

"*Que cosa?*" he said.

"*Nada*," I said. "*Nada e nada e pues nada.*"

Harry let go with the Pentax. Clack, went the shutter. Clack. Clack.

The beggar wriggled a bit, but I held him. We got a lot of good shots that day. They came out in *Vogue* and *Bazaar* after that, and I looked very good, with all these broken-down houses in the background, and my dress flowing over the beggar, and the beggar looking dan Spanish, and all.

The extras came over the wall, we could not miss them. Jimmy sat behind the heavy Arriflex and extras came over the wall, out o old Mission, and Jimmy just pre the button and kept on pressin and the extras went down and they went down they stayed the rather sad little heaps, like br dolls, their skirts up over their

I had to step across them, that. They were all looking up a and their eyes were open, and had these fixed smiles on their f

"For chrissake," said Jim "hold up the goddamn toothpa

I held up the toothpaste.

"This is the one," I said. healthy gums and bright, b teeth, this is the one."

THE AMERICAN WAS EARL the appointment. He into the bar and he mo his forehead with a sp silk handkerchief an walked across to a table an picked up more nuts than he manage and some of the nuts s out of his hand and he looked carpet for a long time, but he d stoop to pick up the nuts.

He licked his lips after that he mopped his face again, a walked across to the counter a the way he knocked over a chai he apologized even though ther nobody sitting in the chair an body to apologize to.

He asked the barman some and the barman nodded, and p to me with a glass he was w

the American buttoned his jack-
and unbuttoned it again and
ked over to me. He was about
and he was going to fat and
e was one bead of sweat in the
of his chin.
I am Edward Mankiewicz of
kiewicz Associates," he said.
I know." I said.
May I sit down?" he said.
Yes." I said.
I did not intend to sit down at
," he said.
That's all right," I said.
At first I thought we might stand
ie bar." he said.
Sometimes it is better not to
d at the bar," I said.
Yes," he said. "Sometimes it is
er to sit at the table."
That is the way it is, sometimes,"
d.
will get straight to the point,"
aid. "I would like you to model
new range of Miss Mankiewicz
es for spring."
thought it would be something
that," I said. "I am sorry, but I
all the work that I can handle,
now."
e took his hat off and fanned his
with it.
can offer you $10,000," he said.
That is a lot of money for a
eling job," I said.
e put his hand on my knee. I
l feel the moisture seeping
igh my Thai silk. You know the
it is with Thai silk.
We want you very much," he

ooked at his hand.
o it is that way?" I said.
What way is the way it is?" he

ooked at the hand again, hard.
hat way is the way it is," I said.
took the hand away, quickly.
lo," he said, "that is not the way
I was just being friendly. This
nodeling job."
ou say that," I said, "but how
know that it is the truth?"
looked away.
ecause I have a wound," he

h," I said.
is from the war," he said.
is in the place of which we do
peak?" I said.
hat is the place it is in," he

I looked out of the window. There were many strong young men in bathing costumes lying by the hotel pool.

"I am sorry," I said, "I did not know."

"Why should you know?" he said. "The war is a long time ago."

"There are times when I feel I cannot go on with the modeling," I said.

"You must go on with the modeling," he said. "There is nothing any of us can do about the war."

"Yes," I said, "I suppose so."

The helicopter came and took Jimmy away soon after 3:00 P.M. *It just came and took him away, and I saw him going up into the white sky. I could see the big Konikoflex 35 mm poking out of the gunport for a long time. I knew Jimmy was on the end of it, but I could not see him any more, I could just see the sun winking on the big Konikoflex 35 mm.*

I started the climb up the big rock. There was one roped to me above, and one roped above him, and for a time I thought we would not be able to do it, and when the hole appeared in my tights and my hairpiece caught on the overhang, I felt that thing in me which we do not say but which is always there.

And then we came over the ridge, and the wind was blowing across the peak, and I could hear the helicopter hovering above us, and I looked up and I waved the bottle. and I shouted out:

"It's the right one, it's the bright one, it's Martini!"

And it was all right, after that.

YOU KNOW THE WAY IT IS in Pamplona. Suddenly everybody is running in the streets and there are flags and children and the big women in the mantillas and you get caught up in it and you drink a lot of the red wine and you forget what it is that you have to do in the afternoon.

We went into the bodega after the thing in the streets was finished because we had to talk about what it was that we had to do in the afternoon, and a lot of people came up to me to shake my hand and to have their photographs taken with me because there are always people who want to have their photographs taken with you when you are one of the big ones and they show these photographs to their families and they point to themselves in the picture and they say:

"That is me with the big one, it was taken on that day when she did six straight cover pictures in the afternoon, *Dios!* but they do not make those any more who can do six straight cover pictures in an afternoon!"

So I was sitting there at the table and there were all the reporteros and all the fotografos and all the aficionados, and then there was another who came up to the table and stood there. It was an old one.

And I looked at the old one, who was not just an old one, but who had also been a big one, some say a great one, some say the greatest one of all.

"Welcome. old one." I said.

"Go with God, young one," said the old one.

"A glass of wine, old one?" I said.

"Perhaps you should not take a glass of wine with the old one, young one," said the one who was my manager. "They say it brings the bad luck."

"I obscenity in your bad luck." I said.

"*Gracias*, young one," said the old one.

We drank a glass.

"Is it possible for me to assist you this afternoon?" said the old one. "I could stand in the corner and be a fuzzy one. I do not expect to be a big one, anymore."

"It is not good for a big one to appear as a fuzzy one," I said.

"It is true I was a big one," said the old one. "I was known as the thin one. But they do not want the thin ones anymore."

"Better that you go now," I said, "than that they see you as the old thin fuzzy one."

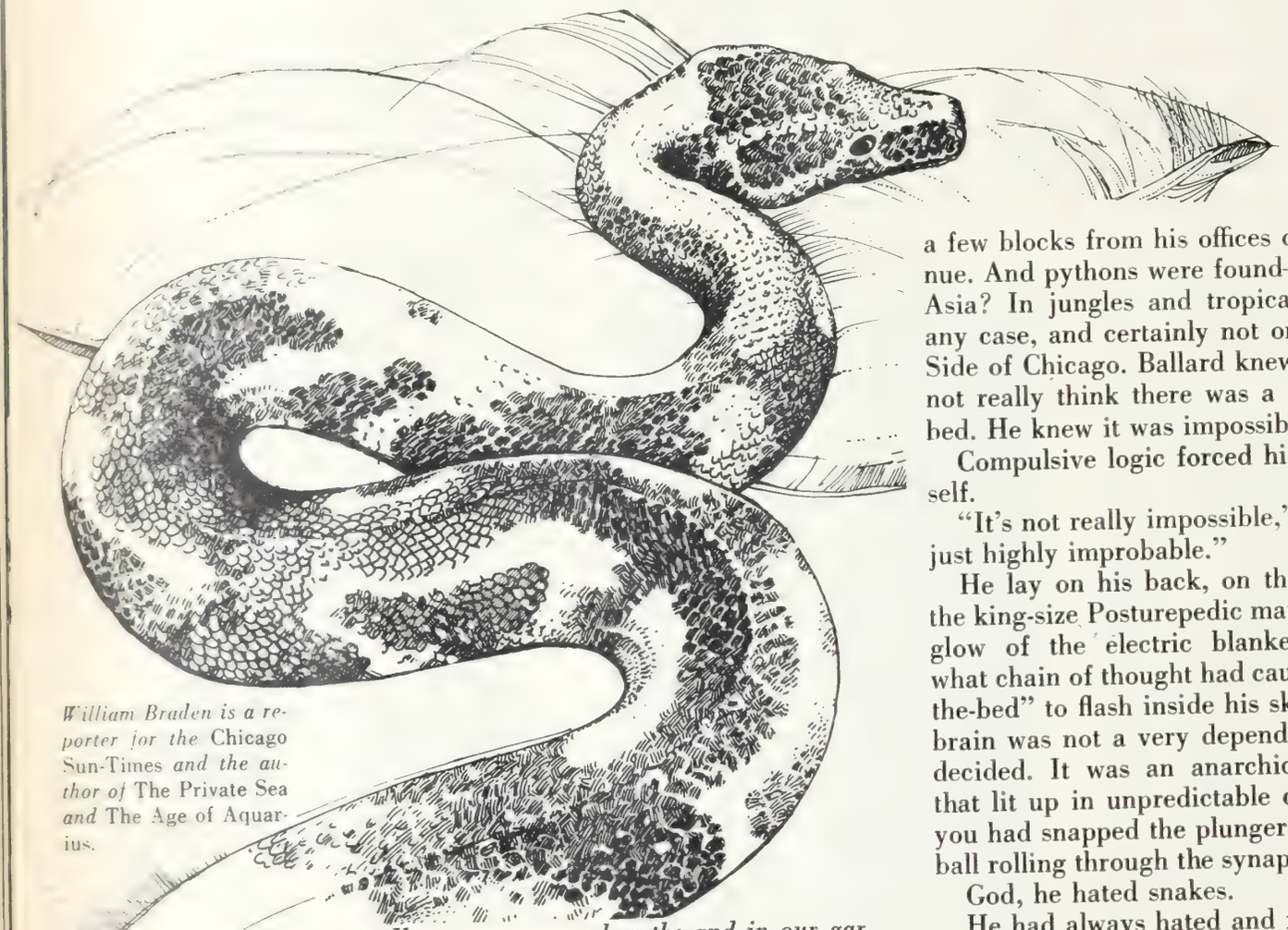
"It is not easy, the modeling," she said. "Go with God."

"No, it is not easy," I said. "Go with God, El Twiggy." □

Alan Coren is the deputy editor of Punch *and a columnist for* The Daily Mail *and the London* Times. *This piece will appear in his book,* Golfing for Cats, *to be published next spring by St. Martin's Press.*

PYTHON

A story by William Braden



William Braden is a reporter for the Chicago Sun-Times *and the author of* The Private Sea *and* The Age of Aquarius.

Here on our very hearths and in our gardens the infernal cat plays with the panting mouse, or holds the hot bird fluttering in her jaws. Crocodiles and rattlesnakes and pythons are at this moment vessels of life as real as we are; their loathsome existence fills every minute of every day that drags its length along . . . the deadly horror which an agitated melancholiac feels is the literally right reaction to the situation.

—William James

MR. CHARLES F. BALLARD, JR. had switched off his reading lamp and was almost asleep when the thought entered his mind that there might be a giant python coiled in the darkness under his bed.

He opened his eyes.

The forty-four-year-old physician had not slept well since his divorce, and his dreams had been troubled, but he had no idea what had inspired the ridiculous notion. His bedroom was on the twenty-third floor of a fashionable Gold Coast high-rise, just north of the Loop and only a few blocks from his offices on Michigan Ave nue. And pythons were found—where? Africa Asia? In jungles and tropical rain forests, i any case, and certainly not on the Near Nort Side of Chicago. Ballard knew that, and he di not really think there was a python under th bed. He knew it was impossible.

Compulsive logic forced him to correct hir self.

"It's not really impossible," he thought. "It just highly improbable."

He lay on his back, on the vast expanse the king-size Posturepedic mattress, in the war glow of the electric blanket, and wonder what chain of thought had caused "snake-unde the-bed" to flash inside his skull. The midnig brain was not a very dependable computer, decided. It was an anarchic pinball machi that lit up in unpredictable combinations on you had snapped the plunger that sent the lit ball rolling through the synaptic gates.

God, he hated snakes.

He had always hated and feared them—w such an intensity that a metaphor involving snake was probably responsible for the fact th Ballard was now a recovered alcoholic. Ev after desperation had driven him to join Al holics Anonymous, and even after he had mained sober almost two years, he had completely accepted the precept that he w powerless over alcohol, and would never ag be able to drink normally. He was not tot convinced even by the shock of a psych episode after his lapse at a Denver medical c vention, when he had ordered one light high to prove to himself he was cured and was fo four days later hallucinating in a Las Ve motel room. But then, finally, he had chan on a passage in a tract written by an anc-

ous doctor: "No alcoholic reaches the stage of covery where his disturbing personality traits e dead. They may be compared with a snake hich lies in a dark corner of the mind and hich, every now and then, opens one eye to e if the alcoholic is still on guard." And al-ays after that, whenever he had been tempted drink, the thought of a baleful yellow eye ding open had been enough to deter him.

Maybe he was on a dry drunk now. That ight account for the sudden premonition that d jolted him awake, occurring first as an ea and then as a visual image that registered his mind's eye. He lowered his eyelids to see the image was still there, and at first he saw thing. Then he observed a shimmering phos-ene: a luminosity that seemed just about to me into focus, sinister and threatening, look-g vaguely like a pile of truck tires, and his sh crawled, and he shook his head.

"Rubbish," he thought.

He was not yet afraid. But he was annoyed th himself.

WHAT WAS IT Beckie used to call snakes when she was a little girl? Sneaks. She loathed them too, and he had reassured her many times that there were no sneaks in Chi-go, nor any of the other phenomena concoct-by nature to terrify children. "You know I w up here myself," he had told his daughter, nd I was always very grateful, and counted self lucky, to live in such a sensible part of country. I could swim in Lake Michigan, d I knew I'd never run into a shark or an opus. There are no bears or tigers here. ere are no tarantula spiders. We don't have thquakes in Chicago. We don't have tidal ves. We don't have floods or hurricanes. And don't have a volcano. About the only thing do have here is an awful lot of crooked iticians."

And yet . . .

He rolled over and thought about the python. Why not think about it? It wasn't really re. And surrender to the fantasy was mildly tic, causing Ballard to shudder with a ner-s anticipation he had first experienced when was a schoolboy climbing the stairs of a thel to buy his first sex. He just had to be eful now not to let his imagination run wild, ich he believed he could do if he repressed phantom image and concentrated instead on reviewing everything he could remember about pythons in general. The first thing he remembered was a sign, cut in stone, that said: REPTILE HOUSE.

Of course. He had completely forgotten the small red-brick building with the tiled roof and columned entrance, on the lakefront in Lincoln Park, just west of the Outer Drive. And it was less than a five-minute walk from his apartment. So it was not exactly true what he had told Beckie, and he had never taken her to see that astonishing collection of serpents, right there in the heart of Chicago. But in his own childhood he had paid frequent visits to the Reptile House. It had reminded him of a little Greek temple in a secluded glade, although its walls were darkened by decades of urban pollution, and he had been drawn to it like an Attic pilgrim to the shrine of the Delphic oracle. He came always for the same reason, to see the big python. And only a few years ago while strolling in the park—on a windy autumn day when there were whitecaps on the lake and an emptiness in his soul (an undefined sense of loss)—he had responded to an impulse and had stopped to see if the python was still there in the corner tank just inside the main door.

There was in fact a python in the tank, an Indian *Python molurus*. It was very impressive and Ballard had lingered for several minutes to marvel at its large size and satanic appearance. Then he had moved on to the next tank and was stunned.

DANGEROUS, said a sign.

The warning seemed almost ludicrously unnecessary. The monster on the other side of the glass, who could have been the Indian python's great-grandfather, was surely the most dangerous-looking creation on the face of the earth. It was a colossus. It was *Python reticulatus*, a grotesque engine of death, and Ballard was convinced nothing but an elephant could possibly survive an encounter with it. He tried to imagine the power that must reside in those massive coils, which were submerged in a pool of water at the bottom of the tank, pressed against the window. Only the snake's head protruded above the water, where it was propped on top of a coil, the eyes closed in apparent slumber, and Ballard stared at it with a burning hatred.

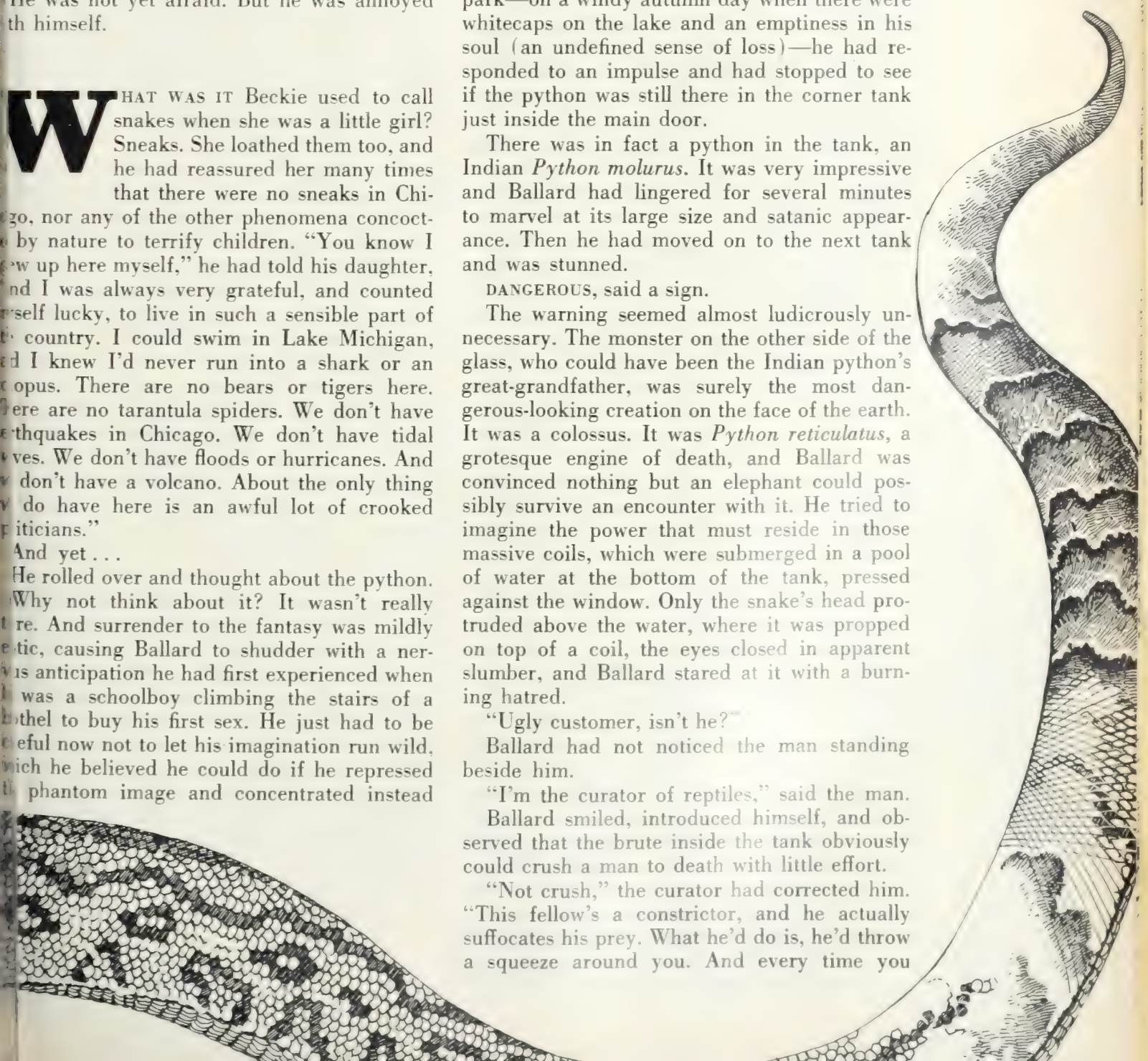
"Ugly customer, isn't he?"

Ballard had not noticed the man standing beside him.

"I'm the curator of reptiles," said the man.

Ballard smiled, introduced himself, and observed that the brute inside the tank obviously could crush a man to death with little effort.

"Not crush," the curator had corrected him. "This fellow's a constrictor, and he actually suffocates his prey. What he'd do is, he'd throw a squeeze around you. And every time you



inhaled he'd take another squeeze, until your circulation was cut off and you couldn't breathe any more. So there's no bone-crushing involved in the process of killing at all."

"I see. And then he eats you."

"That's right, but not until you're dead. And he doesn't chew you up, he swallows you whole. He's got a terrific set of teeth—hundreds of them, sharp as needles—but they're curved backward, like hooks, and they're mainly for catching his prey and holding on to it. He'll usually grab with the mouth, then coil and constrict. It's just amazing to see how much this guy can swallow. The jaws unhinge when the mouth is wide open on the prey, ready to eat, and that helps him swallow objects maybe six or eight times his own head size."

The curator obviously enjoyed his subject, but he was a polite man and tried to express an interest by asking the visitor what field he was in.

"I'm an internist," said Ballard, "but I specialize in diabetes. I always wondered, though —what do you feed a snake like this?"

"Oh, he's on a very rigid diet. He's fed every other week on large rodents and birds, chickens and rabbits and ducks. And they have to be alive, because a python really prefers killing his prey. I suppose you might say his basic temperament is vicious."

"Would he attack a man?"

"Well, the animal is not meek. Reptiles tend to avoid man, but I'm not sure what would happen if you went into a jungle and found yourself face to face with a snake like this. I guess if the snake was hungry, there would be a good chance he'd pounce on you. He'd probably take a shot."





THE CURATOR HAD TOLD BALLARD the python was a fairly young specimen and still growing, so it could not be the one he used to visit. "We acquired it when it was a juvenile, just a few feet long, from a private collector who'd bought it from a dealer."

Remembering that, as he lay in his bed, Ballard was reminded now of still another sign. This one had said: EXOTIC PETS.

He had noticed the shop on one of his walks, again not too far from the apartment he was living in now, and not long after his talk with the curator. Except this time it was night, and snow was falling, and he had stood for a long time on the sidewalk outside the shop, jostled by the holiday crowd and listening to the carols on an outdoor loudspeaker, recalling with a pang the abiding love that he once had known would be waiting for him when he made his way home on just such nights as this, such a long time ago, before he had become lost and alone and a stranger in the world. Then he had entered the brightly lighted shop, a bell jingling as he pushed open the door, and had surveyed the aisles of cages and aquariums, and when the proprietor came forward he had asked if it was possible to buy a reticulated python.

"Yes, sir. I could sell you a nice reticulated for about $70 if you were interested in a youngster, say, four or five feet."

"Anything larger than that?"

"Yes, sir. They're available in lengths up to twelve feet or so. And an animal that size would cost you between $175 and $200. Anything much bigger than that we wouldn't handle, because of the weight. And I'm sorry to say we don't have any reticulateds in stock at the moment—we'd have to place an order for you."

"But you do sell them here. Do many people buy them?"

"Oh, yes. They're very popular with private collectors. Last year alone we sold about a hundred of them. People keep them in anything from large aquariums to special cages, and a closet in fact makes an excellent cage if you put in lights and a suitable door."

"Oh? And how many pythons would you say we have here in Chicago?"

"I would say several hundred at least. Because many collectors have more than one. And there's a great deal of trading that goes on all over the country."

Ballard scowled and clenched his teeth in anger as he recalled that conversation.

Hundreds of them . . . all over Chicago.

Could one be under his bed?

Of course not.

He dug his fingers into the pillow, feeling ill at ease, and wished he had not allowed the to go so far. It was time to switch channels, he decided. But, when he attempted to do so, his thoughts wandered instead to various newspaper accounts that had caught his eye over the years—and to two in particular that for some reason had lodged in his memory. They were both brief items, reported by wire services, and both from overseas. One told how a mother in a Manila slum had screamed and fainted when she discovered a large python in her baby's crib, poised to strike, and how half a dozen men had rushed into the room just in time to rescue the infant. The other concerned the owner of a London pet shop who was attacked by a python that wrapped itself around his neck and almost strangled him before companions managed to pull it off. What had impressed Ballard was the victim's statement after his rescue:

"*You can not explain the feeling. You ha*



o pain, but you do not seem to care whether ou live or die."

His own feeling would be quite different, ought Ballard. And he made a fresh effort to urge his mind of the subject by reflecting on e office calls that day, which had been a very sy one: four insulin adjustments, a urinary act infection, two complaints of chest pain, a spicious liver in an alcoholic patient. He had terviewed a nurse practitioner who was interted in entering joint practice with a physician -an idea he was seriously considering—and had spent part of the afternoon exploring e possibility of converting his medical records a problem-oriented system. In fact he had en reading Weed's book on the system just fore he turned out the light and . . .

No!

God!

Please!

The moment of fear passed. It had come and ne in an instant—the sudden conviction that ere actually was a snake under the bed—but had surged through him like an electric curt, producing a muscular spasm, and his heart s still pounding from his adrenaline response the shock. He was hyperventilating, his est felt constricted, and his right hand tind as if a hideous mouth had closed upon and hundreds of bony needles were pricking skin. Nothing like this had ever happened him before. Even those faces of evil he had n in the Las Vegas motel room had been ognized as hallucinations: depraved faces of n and women and horned beasts, in brilliant chnicolor, that had the plasticity of putty d kept changing in form, like the floating bs in a lava lamp. But this was different, ought Ballard, although the rational explation was certainly obvious.

"If it was a snake, doctor, it would have ten you."

He smiled at the little joke.

MUCH CALMER NOW, he allowed himself to think again about that thing in the Reptile House. Was it lying there now, at this very moment, so close to the place he lay? (On the ne planet was bad enough, let alone in the ne neighborhood of the same city.) And was sleep? On his last visit to the Reptile House, ich had seemed so unnaturally silent, the rble chamber suffused with a soft museum t, Ballard had noticed that the creatures in ir illuminated tanks had all been asleep and erly motionless, as if frozen in time, nestled in dry leaves or coiled around tree limbs, where they hung like obscene ornaments. The curator had said: "Humans and monkeys, after they're no longer hungry, still have a great need for activity—often creative, in our case. But many reptiles have a natural inclination to conserve energy, and most animals are usually controlled by hunger. Pythons in particular."

Ballard had not forgotten that, and it occurred to him now that one reason snakes seemed so alien to him was that they did not play. They were fundamentally nothing more than machines designed to kill-eat-sleep, kill-eat-sleep. They were simply tubes in which the sensation of hunger had been encased.

He closed his eyes and caused a primordial landscape to light up in his mind: a panorama that included a forest of ferns and conifers, and a smoking volcano, and in the distance a boiling sea where pterodactyls in search of prey skimmed over the breaking waves. He created his image of the Mesozoic Era, which had been the age of reptiles. And now, half a billion years later, the dominant consciousness of that age had been compressed into the little brick building on the shore of Lake Michigan where a placard asked the public: PLEASE DO NOT TAP ON THE GLASS. A VALUABLE REPTILE MAY INJURE ITSELF IF IT STRIKES THE GLASS. MANY CAN NOT BE REPLACED. THANK YOU.

Ballard tried to picture the hall of the Reptile House at that hour of the night. It would be dark there now, and the snakes that were hungry would be moving about, because it was in darkness they hunted and in darkness they were fed. (Was the python even now making its slow and methodical exploration of the tank, its movements barely perceptible as its forked tongue fluttered out to taste the air?) But then the vision of the Reptile House faded, and Ballard was looking with his mind at a reticulated python that lay on the plush carpeting beneath the bed, its spade-shaped head only a few feet below his own.

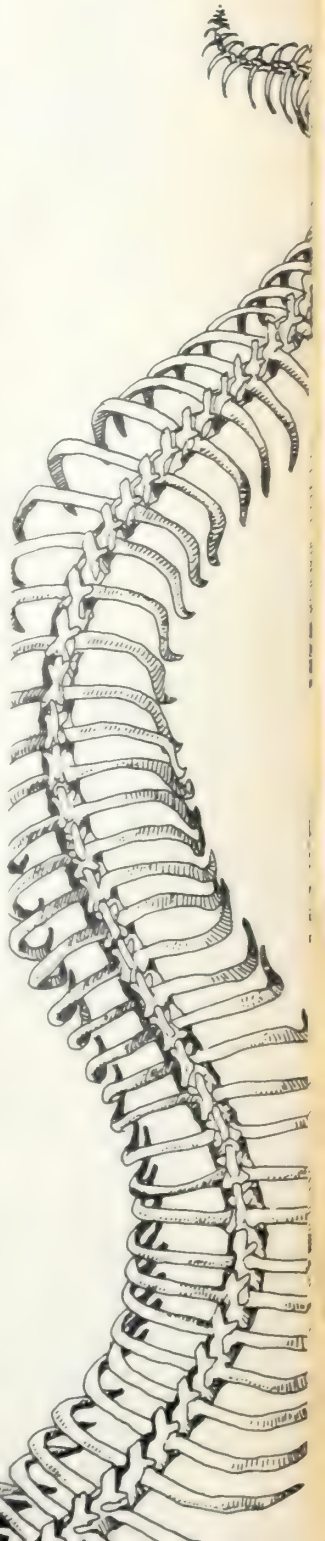
The black ribbon of its tongue was darting in and out.

"A snake will do that whenever he's trying to pick up a scent," the curator had said. "It's like a dog sniffing the air, except it isn't really smelling. The tongue picks up particles from the air or the ground, and then it flicks back in and places the particles in a pair of cavities inside the mouth, in what's called the Jacobson's organ. That has a lining like the inside of the nose in other animals, and the snake can either taste or smell what he puts in there."

What sensation would Ballard produce in a Jacobson's organ?

The snake in his mind was incredibly large. The curator had said that a reticulated python could exceed thirty feet in length, and this one was all of that. Ballard tried to visualize a thirty-





foot snake stretched out there in his quarters, with just the head under the bed, and he decided it would easily fill the whole apartment. The hairs on the back of his neck rose at the idea of a gigantic muscle sprawled through all those rooms, winding under tables and chairs, in and out of moonbeams on the carpet. (It was just as repulsive to think of the same snake observed in those same eerie moonbeams but for some reason reduced now to a skeleton—a tunnel of bone, a fantastic birdcage.) Worse yet was the next idea. If a thirty-foot python could balance on its tail, thought Ballard, it would stand as tall as a three-story building.

"Have to stop this," he thought. "Not funny anymore."

HE TRIED A TRICK he had used to distract himself on other sleepless nights when he was hagridden by worries and morbid reveries. It was a game children used to play, and the object was to see how long you could prevent yourself from thinking about a white bear. When he had attempted it before, his dark thoughts were usually intruded upon by a parade of friendly bears. But this time the trick did not work (not even an imaginary bear would venture near the creature in his mind) and Ballard resorted at last to a desperate tactic. He allowed himself to think about Jessica.

He thought of the many times he had called her in those months when the divorce was still pending, and the hard-boiled sound of her voice on the telephone. "Get off the tit, Charlie.... No.... It's too late for all that, and there's no point discussing it.... You don't seem to realize we're not young anymore.... People change.... You can't expect me to feel the same way I did twenty years ago." When he had pleaded that it made no sense now that he was sober, she had told him: "You were too sober even when you were drunk. You were a bore at parties. You could never have fun. You could never make small talk. You had to be serious and stuffy and miserable. And you enjoy being miserable. You love every minute of it." But that was not true. He wanted to be happy. He wanted a happiness he remembered [illegible] happiness so complete he could never be satisfied with anything less—and during one of those calls, trying to explain it to Jessica, he had even been foolish enough to quote Tolstoy: "One can only live when one is intoxicated with life." She had not cared much for that, of course, and she would not relent, and she had left him to live the rest of his life all alone: to face his dying and death all alone (as he was all alone now—one soul, knowing only itself—among the hundred billion suns of the Milky Way Galaxy). At the thought of her rejection he felt a wave of self-pity, and he did not resist it.

"All right, have it your way—you heard seal bark."

He recollected the James Thurber cartoon of a seal that had popped into view above the headboard of a bed in which a man and a woman were lying. Neither bed partner was in position to observe the seal poised over their heads, and it was not clear from their expressions if it was the man or the woman who thought a seal had actually barked. Ballard had always felt that little touch of ambiguity added to the humor of the cartoon, and he reflected now that the humor was also enhanced by the fact that the situation was outlandish but not impossible. It was possible to imagine ludicrous and farfetched circumstances that might result in the appearance of a seal in one bedroom, and it was no doubt Thurber's intention to inspire such speculation. It also was possible to imagine circumstances that might result in the appearance of a python in one bedroom. What it came down to, in both cases was simply a question of odds.

Odds . . .

It had already been established that there were pythons in Chicago, and in fact, from the testimony of the pet-shop owner, there were probably more pythons concentrated inside the city limits than would normally be found in a comparable area of jungle. Contrary to expectation, therefore, Chicago could well be the most likely place in the world to come across a python.

Chicago's pythons, of course, were supposedly all in captivity. But there was always the possibility of escape, and Ballard knew there were pythons only blocks away in the Reptile House. These did not primarily concern him at the moment, however, because he reasoned that the Reptile House after all was designed for maximum security and staffed by professional keepers, and a snake that did somehow escape would have to cross heavily trafficked streets to reach his location; it was almost certain to be detected en route (or run over and killed), and particularly so if it were a large specimen. What did concern Ballard was the possibility that there was a private collector in his own apartment building. It was an enormous building with hundreds of units, and he did not have even a nodding acquaintance with the other tenants. But he had seen them in the elevator, and some of them had looked eccentric enough to be snake fanciers. So just suppose there was a collector in the building—on Ballard's own floor, perhaps, if not in the apartment directly across the hall—and suppose he owned a python that had escaped that very morning when the maid was cleaning Ballard's apartment. Suppose the maid had left the apartment door

while she worked; that the python had
en that moment to slither through the front
and across the short passageway into the
oom, oozing silently past behind her turned
, and had coiled up under the bed; that it
oncealed itself there by the time the maid
leted her chores and departed, closing the
behind her.

llard looked down, at the floor, and saw
w that resembled a bright yellow eye.

T WAS MERELY the indicator light on the electric-blanket control shining in the darkness. But as he stared at it he imagined the spectral head and body emerging from under the bed and slowly rising from oor, swaying like a wand, the jaws flashing to expose the dripping fangs. He felt ling pains in his hand again as he thought se fangs sinking into it, and his breath- ecame labored as he thought of coils tight- like steel bands around his chest.

eep, my child, and peace attend thee . . ."
remembered the sound of the woman's in other dark rooms, and the scent of her me and powder as she bent over him, and uch of her hand stroking his hair "*. . . all gh the night.*" And it was a comfort to of the size of the Chicago metropolitan as he had seen it at night from airliners g at O'Hare Airport. It was a comfort k of all those lights glittering down there t vast gridiron of streets and boulevards: those houses and high-rises, and hotels otor courts, and millions of people sleep- millions of rooms. Even if there were eds of collectors in such a city, what real- hance was there that one of them actually ved in Ballard's building and (2) owned ion that (3) had not only escaped but ad also for some reason sought refuge t under the bed in Ballard's apartment? l yet the people who owned pythons had somewhere. So he was not losing his Ballard reassured himself. And, come to of it, the odds against there being a col- in Ballard's building were probably com- e to the odds against winning $1 million Illinois state lottery. Everybody knew was almost no hope of winning the mil- llars. But somebody always won it. There ch a thing as luck And just as there were a few individuals singled out by fortune by extraordinarily good luck, there also ndividuals singled out for extraordinarily ck. There were people who won lotteries, ere were people who were destined to die deaths: mangled in machinery, crushed vator shafts, buried in quicksand, tor- by sadists, devoured by wild beasts. You pass them on the street the day before they died, and they would look like ordinary people, and you could not pick them out from the crowd (although their lives in retrospect might seem to acquire some mystical significance). If their luck was very bad, the odds did not matter for them. And what about that mother in Manila? Just before she had entered the room where her child lay, what if she had expressed concern that there might be a python in the infant's crib? Her family and friends would have laughed and told her she was talking nonsense.

But wait . . .

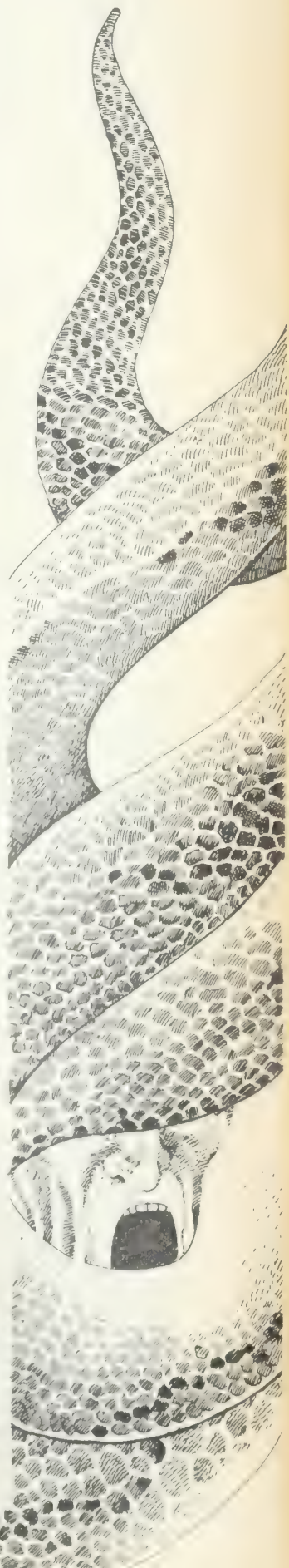
If the woman *had* voiced such fears, would the snake have been there when she did look into the crib? Or in other words, what were the chances of finding a real snake in precisely the place you had imagined you might find one? What were the chances that fact would ever coincide with fantasy in such a situation? There were the odds against his *thinking* of a snake, and there were the odds against there *being* a snake. So what were the combined odds that he would imagine a snake under his bed on the same night there really was a snake under his bed? It would seem they must transcend luck—must virtually cancel out pure chance or caprice—and reduce the improbable to the impossible. Indeed, his best protection against there being a python under the bed was the fact he was worried there might be a python under the bed. And the logic of the argument seemed so convincing he relaxed with a sigh of relief. But only for a moment.

Then the maddening thought occurred.

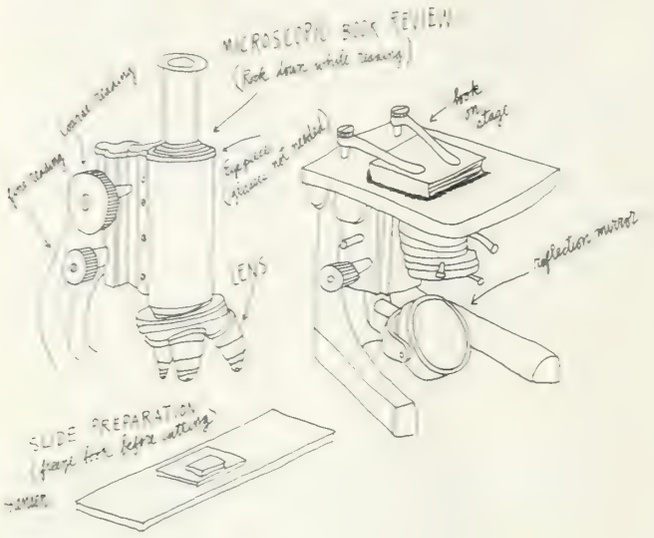
What if the premonition was not really baseless? What if it was an intuition caused by subtle sensory impressions he had been receiving ever since he had entered the bedroom: by faint whispers of sound, or an unusual odor, or by other subliminal signals that had alerted him to an alien presence in the room? Or (consider the possibility) what if he had actually seen a python, if only for an instant? When he was removing his tie at the dresser mirror, for example, what if he had observed the reflection of the bed in the glass—and had caught just a fleeting glimpse of the meshwork design on one of those mammoth coils? It would have appeared so utterly anomalous, so removed from the context of ordinary reality, and so unspeakably dreadful, that his conscious mind might well have rejected the image. But that image would have been imprinted in his brain and retained in the subconscious after he climbed into bed, until it gradually rose to the level of awareness.

"*Oh my God!*"

Trembling with fear, he leaned down to look under the bed. And his last sane thought before he died was to wonder how he could ever have doubted what he would find there. □



BOOKS



LIVES OF THE ARTISTS

by Charles Newman

However hard Philosophy, under the influence of Idealism, tries to liberate concepts of space and time from temporal and spacial particularity, literature continues to assume their unity.
—Georg Lukács

Humboldt's Gift, by Saul Bellow, Viking, $10.

THE MOST AMBITIOUS novelistic subject is the creation of an artistic mind credibly distinct from the artist who creates it. To make up a life is one thing; to imagine a lifework is quite another. Of all modern novels, only Thomas Mann's *Doctor Faustus* wholly succeeds in such a venture, by inventing a criticism, an abstract program, for work that does not actually exist.

A similar program, one integrating being and knowledge, body and soul, collective history and isolated spirit, is what most concerns Charles Citrine, the prizewinning playwright and historian. Citrine (the name suggests an aide to perfect digestion, as well as a semiprecious stone) is the most recent of Saul Bellow's first-person narrators. The context is familiar enough—Chicago life, high and low, a troupe of thinly disguised characters starring the vengeful divorced wife and gold-digging mistress, all entrances and exits held together by Citrine's didactic interior monologues, high-grade information and low-key simile: "To be loused up by Humboldt was really a kind of privilege . . . like being the subject of a two-nosed portrait by Picasso or an eviscerated chicken by Soutine." Citrine has kept pace with his creator, pushing sixty but quite fit, mildly amused at his constant victimization by those who covet his wealth and status. "There's almost nothing personal in success," he muses. "Success is always money's own success."

But, for all his familiarity, Citrine is a character apart from Bellow's other narrators. Citrine would agree with Herzog how quickly "the visions of genius become the canned goods of intellectuals," yet Herzog would find Citrine on many occasions clichéd, pretentious, a facsimile of the very intellect he claims to despise most, the professor manqué. And while Citrine would insist with Artur Sammler that the terms of life and art are knowable, Sammler would find him morally passive and intellectually sloppy. As Citrine says, "I knew everything I was supposed to know and nothing I needed to know."

Citrine has always had a metaphysical and mystical bent, most recently devoted to Rudolf Stei anthroposophy; it loses him a number of fine women, and occa ally a good reader. But, despit lapses, he is perhaps the most t ing of all Bellow's heroes. "I sp lot of time figuring how to be . . . I must fix my whole attentio the great and terrible matters had put me to sleep for decade Charles Citrine never emerges what he calls the "sleep of Ame liberalism," he never attribute failure to any fashionable consp theory, even though the impro plot suggests it at every turn. I end he has lost most of his m and most of his lovers; if he sti friends, most of them have t him shabbily. But he has achi partly through moral gesture partly through reflection, a rare of the continuity between the and the living.

IT IS THE DEATH of Cit friend and mentor, a prodigy poet, Von Hun Fleisher, which sets o trine's review of his ow and his meditation on death. ing that Citrine tells us about boldt's work or life suggests t was particularly endearing or ed. But we do not have to b suaded that Humboldt was an a tic genius, nor that Citrine is perior interpreter. Humboldt sents the intellectual detritus, lost souls and unfinished poem literary impulse which connec erations more than the works nius that label them. Humbold both senses of the word, a p for Citrine.

There is a striking, unabash timentality about Citrine's tions, but they add up to a cat of what Americans of this c have missed, what they *migh* had for their art and, above al munity—a high-minded com that Citrine, in his most luc ments, knows never existe which he must continue to pose. The question that he dead Humboldt is the n question: why did such tale duce such negligible result trine's own answer: "Our min

Charles Newman was recently awa Zabel Prize for Literature by the Institute of Arts and Letters.

ved themselves to be convinced there is no imaginative power to ject every individual to creation pendently."

gainst Citrine's dour intellect de a number of tough American acters—businessmen, lawyers, es—who, unlike Citrine and boldt, "know what they want behave boldly . . . those whose es were low but pursued in full fulness." Citrine can only ad- them while he is being victim- and his only solace is that he, nearly alone, has survived them. t the end of *Mr. Sammler's Plan-* Sammler cries out, "He was e that he must meet, and he neet—through all the confusion degraded clowning of this life gh which we are speeding—he meet the terms of his contract. terms which, in his inmost heart, man knows."

mboldt's Gift is about people constantly break their contracts e full knowledge that they are g so, and the implication is that rica has, in Whitman's sense, en the pact with itself. Citrine is aps no less guilty than the rest is respect. But because he ac- ledges his guilt, he affirms the bility that, while it is very late e day, all is not lost.

APART FROM THE obvious biographical similarities, it's worth noting that Citrine, like Bellow, is an unreconstructed realist in od, a firm believer—at least in own *work*—in the correspon- e between the inner and outer ls. Yet Citrine's researches into icism lead him to increasingly er whether his "head culture" chieve the understanding he de- before he dies. In the course of eading, he comes across a pas-

This external world we no nger see, for we are it. The ter world is now the inner. airvoyant, you are in the space u formerly beheld. From this w circumference you look back the center, and at the center is ur own self. That self, your f, is now the external world.

is reversed "clairvoyant" state ibes the terminal self-conscious- ness which is the starting point for most of the important antirealist fiction of this decade, fiction which is explicitly conscious of itself as artifact. But if Bellow has grown more self-conscious, he certainly displays no irony about his own methods. There are few living writers outside of Russia so fiercely and aggressively dedicated to the conventions of the realistic novel—the intense, almost redundant, characterizations, the languorously detailed descriptions of everything from a bar check to a mental state, reminiscent of late James in texture if not syntax. Elaborating the problem of the self, Citrine paraphrases Steiner in another passage:

For me the self-conscious is the seat of boredom. This increasing, swelling, domineering, painful self-consciousness is the only rival of the political and social powers which run my life. . . . You have a great organized movement of life, and you have the single self, independently conscious, proud of its detachment . . . for to be fully conscious of oneself as an individual is also to be separated from all things.

This is not so much a defense of old-fashioned virtues of self-reliance, as an affirmation of the omniscient narrator of realist fiction.

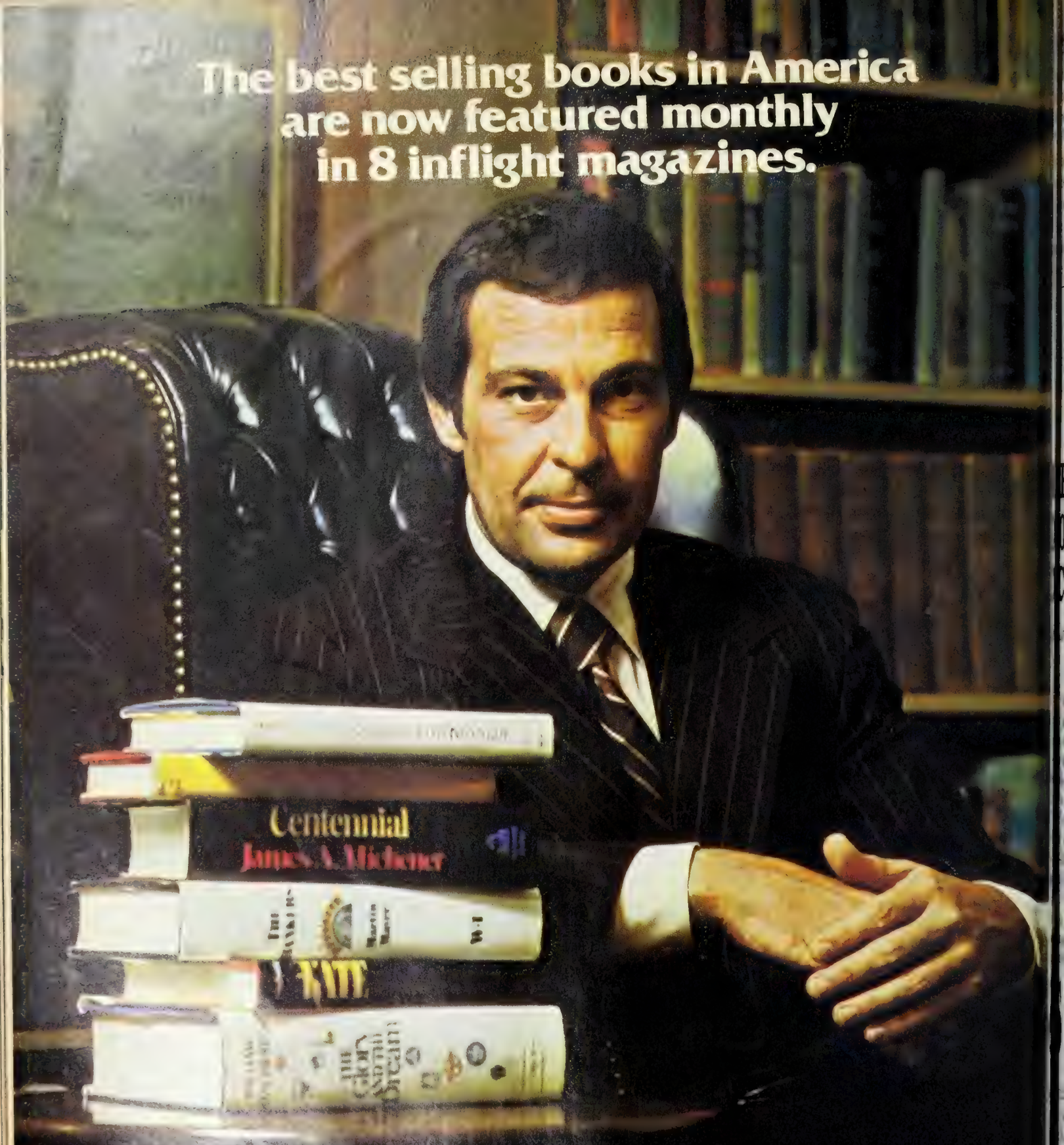
These two passages reflect the ambivalence about knowledge which has always been what is most irritating and poignant about Bellow's work. Indeed, there is a strong implication that Humboldt knew too much to be a poet, the very American suspicion that education, while certifying a certain degree of success, prevents us from being true seers. And more, that, to the extent Citrine has modeled himself on Humboldt, he has limited his powers.

This suspicion, however, only reaffirms Bellow's sense of the novelist's uneasy but unique position, "stuck with only words and memory," somewhere between the poet and the behavioral scientist, between total self-consciousness and willful detachment, the most undefinable and human of aesthetic stances. This is Bellow's underlying theme, and it is a grand one. As he wrote, many years ago, "We have so completely debunked the old idea of the Self that we can hardly continue in the same way. . . . Undeniably the hu-



Kahlúa 53 Proof Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico
Maidstone Importers 116 No. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90048

The best selling books in America are now featured monthly in 8 inflight magazines.



I publish those magazines.

I'm truly proud [illegible] that East/West Network's inflight magazines are now [illegible] include excerpts of [illegible] off the best seller list. Yes, [illegible] that much.

It's something I've want[illegible] for a long time. Like other [illegible] whose business requires them [illegible] entertain and travel frequently, I miss the chance to keep up with the best sellers.

Now, our inflights offer six best selling books every month. I'm sure that this will be a nice addition to the more than 500 unduplicated editorial pages which we now offer the 9.3 million inflight passengers who board our airlines every month. We are constantly making editorial refinements as we gr[illegible]

I'm Jeff Butler. You'll be h[illegible] more from us in the near futu[illegible]

East/West Networ[illegible]
Publishers of Airline I[illegible]
& Hotel Inroom Maga[illegible]

for Allegheny, Continental, Delta, Hughes, Ozark, Pan Am, PSA, United and Holiday

Headquarters: 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Suite [illegible] Angeles, California 90036 (213) 937-5810 [illegible] in New York, Chicago, San Francisco an[illegible]

eing is not what he thought a
y ago. The question neverthe-
mains. He is *something*. What
"

fact that Bellow can confront
stage in his career the ques-
f whether strict realism can
an age so balefully self-con-
is another measure of his rele-
For, as he fails to resurrect Humboldt, fails to make his genius palpable, his death exemplary, he nevertheless establishes a fascinating if retrogressive vision. Bellow imagining Citrine imagining Humboldt imagining poems which never emerge from the ethers of "words and memory," where we once imagined there was a storyteller who imagined us. □

ECIPE
OR A COOKBOOK:
CISSORS AND PASTE

aren Hess

all the writers upon Cookery acknowledged from whence took their receipts, as I do, would have acted with more dour by the public. Their van- to pass for Authors, instead Compilers, has not added to r reputation.

–Mrs. Mary Cole in *The y's Complete Guide* (1791)

, I hasten to add, first brought ny attention by Judith Her- and Marguerite Shalett Her- in *The Cornucopia*

HORT OF HARD-CORE pornography there is no branch of publishing more cynical than that concerned with food—so much so that hon-iting about it (and there is seems unprofessional to the Not long ago, when I submit-requested article to *The New Times Magazine* on the history ish, I was asked to "change ipe a little bit" so that the two I had quoted need not be cred-aturally, I refused.

may steal the old joke about ungarian recipe that begins, you steal a chicken . . . ," then t direction for writing a cook-, first you steal a lot of recipes. oes back a long way. The earli-ant cookbook of the Western bears the name of one Marcus Gavius Apicius (circa 25 B.C.–30 A.D.). According to Bertrand Guégan, a French scholar, the work is based on twelve manuscripts, the earliest dating only to the ninth century. Apparently the recipes were collated around 230 A.D. by an unknown cook; many of them appear to have been lifted from the Greeks.

By the nineteenth century, this thievery was rampant. The cannibalization of Eliza Acton's remarkable work, *Modern Cookery for Private Families* (1845), is difficult to believe. A small example: "Mademoiselle Jenny Lind's soup," carefully credited by Miss Acton to the great singer's cook and obtained through "the kindness of [a] Miss Bremer" becomes in Mrs. Beeton's *Book of Household Management* (1861) "soup à la cantatrice," with the measurements ever so cunningly changed. Mrs. Beeton's work, a tome of more than 2,100 recipes and hundreds of items of household information, had to have been lifted. She bore four children and died at the age of twenty-eight. It seems doubtful that she had time to even try out the recipes.

Let us turn to America. In *Mrs. Porter's New Southern Cookery Book* (1871) may be found, word for word (except for an obvious error in copying) the recipe for "hare or rabbit soup" from *The Virginia Housewife*, by Mrs. Randolph (1824). Mrs. Randolph's book was the earliest Southern cookbook and held its position as the best for decades. To many people it still is.

Later, Fannie Farmer, in much the same way as Mrs. Beeton in England, plagiarized and outsold superior books. American women seem to be so insecure about cooking that they buy only books that bear the seal of approval of a well-known institution. It matters little whether it is the Boston Cooking School, *Good Housekeeping*, *McCall's*, Time-Life, or the *New York Times*, sales are assured so long as the name is spelled out in big fat print on the cover.

The finest cookbooks of recent years have remained, at best, *succès d'estime*. I think of Marcella Hazan, whose *Classic Italian Cook Book* never strays far from the food she loves and grew up with in northern Italy. ("Do not under any circumstances use ready-grated cheese sold in jars," she implores, knowing full well that most of her readers will buy stale dusty grated cheese that never saw Italy.) I think of Diana Kennedy, who spent years of study in Mexico before coming up with what is considered the definitive work on the subject, *The Cuisines of Mexico*. Or the remarkable book by Paula Wolfert, *Couscous and Other Food from Morocco*, which brings back the wonderfully exciting sounds and smells of the souk and the spice stall—the fragrances of a highly sophisticated cuisine. Or take Madeleine Kamman, whose serious work *The Making of a Cook* (1971) was politely received and had a modest sale but whose recent *Dinner Against the Clock*, which she herself puts down as "good quality trash," was enthusiastically reviewed by food editors, given awards, and has already sold several times as many copies as the other. One can only conclude that cookbook buyers do not really want to learn to cook; they want to look up a fancy recipe, and—presto!—dazzle their guests.

WHERE DO THE recipes come from? Peg Bracken, qualified as an authority by the wildfire success of the *I Hate to Cook Book*, writes in a recent issue of *Family Circle* that one of the best

sources of recipes is the back of the package "because a manufacturer would have to be awfully dumb to put a bad one there." She added that recipes out of magazines "are exceptionally reliable because the magazine's Home Ec staff is too busy cooking and testing and experimenting to answer all the bad-tempered letters they would get [if the recipes weren't good] . . . . whereas a cookbook writer might have skipped the country long ago."

Publishers, food manufacturers, and the public labor under the misapprehension that home economists and nutritionists are qualified to test and devise recipes. Actually, cooking is not a required subject in many colleges that grant such degrees (who, indeed, would teach it?) and, where it is given at all, it is usually a brief optional course in the chemistry of food preparation. Consider the tale of Nikki Goldbeck, holder of a degree in nutrition from Cornell University's Home Ec school, now called the School of Human Ecology, which hasn't used a stove since its cafeteria was replaced by vending machines. Miss Goldbeck is the young author of several well-intentioned cookbooks aimed at the Granola generation. In one of them she confesses that, on graduation, she had been hired to develop "recipes for unflavored gelatin, a product [I] had never even heard of." She had evidently entered the recipe game thinking that gelatin came in six horrible, sugary synthetic flavors.

A secretary in an advertising agency on Madison Avenue confides that she was ordered to whip up a list of recipes for a client, a cracker manufacturer: she went to the library, copied a dozen recipes and doubled the amount of cracker meal in each one. And where, Peg Bracken, do you think recipes on packages come from?

As for magazine recipes, here is one chosen at random from the same issue of *Family Circle* that carried Mrs. Bracken's advice: chocolate pudding cheese pie. It's cream cheese, milk, and instant chocolate pudding all gucked together and dumped into one of those horrible store-bought piecrusts. Or one may invite Mrs. Bracken to savor this lovely recipe from the package of that best-selling plastic chicken heavily promoted on television: one chicken, one bottle Russian dressing, one envelope dehydrated onion-soup mix, one ten-ounce jar apricot preserves. *Bon appétit.*

Publishers are addicted to trends, and cooking with "natural" foods is one of the latest. One has only to dump in a spoonful of wheat germ or honey here and there to publish. Even sadder for the cause of good food are the authors who dump into stolen recipes a lot of wine or a glug of spirits and call it "cooking with wine." A book of that genre was committed by Ruth Ellen Church (also known as Mary Meade), described as "the award-winning food editor of the *Chicago Tribune.*" She tells us that the French set the following rules for wine with cheese: 1. *Never serve cheese with a sweet wine.* She has not heard of Château d'Yquem with Roquefort. 2. *Always serve red wine with cheese.* The French usually do, but in white wine districts they drink what they produce. Also, many French gastronomes maintain that the finesse of a great red wine cannot hold up against a blue cheese. You are better off with the coarser reds or the whites, or even sweet wines, as noted above. 3. *Any cheese will do, except cream cheese or goat-milk cheese.* What does she think the French drink with goat cheese? Coca-Cola? If you have the good fortune to shop for white wine in the Sancerre, the *vigneron* is likely to flatter his wine and your palate with a bit of homemade goat cheese, inelegantly called *crottin* (turd). Ali-Bab, the great French gastronome of the early part of this century, notes: "Goat cheeses bring out remarkably the bouquet of wine."

AN AUTHENTIC RECIPE, obviously, is one that is true to its basic principles. From time to time, a talented cook may devise a delicious variation, or a borrower who is forced to work with different ingredients and tools may add an original and useful dimension. If you are lucky enough to inherit a family recipe, you may certainly claim it as your own, especially if you have done it many times under mother's watchful eye. These are real treasures.

Not only morality is involved in crediting the source of a recipe. I am not proposing a list of sources for such everyday recipes as mu for example. But even many e day recipes become more intere if one knows their provenance a bit like archaeology—recipes a part of our culture, and they tell us a lot more about ours and our past if we exercise int tual honesty.

Among chefs there are very secrets. Chefs are highly trained fessionals, and anything new d stay so very long. Among h wives, however, it is very diffe Years ago, at the Methodist c in Housatonic, Massachusetts husband and I ate the best l beans we ever hope to eat. Co have the recipe? The dear lad pleased to give it. I was not to prised, when I tried it, that the were delicious but not the sam husband was shocked that I acc her little fib so easily. A village an who is noted for making th damned beans in the county m excused for keeping her secret

There is a story in France ly apocryphal, and told in dif versions) about the aged Bre woman on her deathbed wh never divulged her secret wit casseed chicken. (She had only and one does not give such s to daughters-in-law.) As she waxen and motionless, surrou by a large and loving family beckoned to her favorite grandc ter and whispered hoarsely i ear, "Three drops of juic pause, and, gathering herself t er with a mighty effort, she "of lemon," and expired.

A secret was kept in anoth not long ago by Craig Claibo the *New York Times.* "We r contrived a splendid sauce for ed fish . . . made with horse sour cream and ground walnu to feast." Escoffier's standar *Le Guide Culinaire,* publishes contrivance on page 49. Clai recipe had a greater proport cream (with sour cream subs for *crème fraîche*) and, na twice as much sugar. Other was the same. Elizabeth Da translated Escoffier's account being served this sauce on an *chevalier* (a fish found in cert pine lakes) while on a hunti in the Savoy. He ends the pie "For my part, I have never ten the sauce of horseradish a

' Escoffier, be it noted, did not
to have contrived this sauce.
ly five weeks earlier, Mr. Clai-
had bragged: "We can quote
er and verse about the works
world of Georges Auguste Es-
r, the man who is to the Gallic
what games are to Hoyle."
ly he meant "what Hoyle is to
s," but never mind.) He went
confide that he had only just
heard of Edouard Nignon, a
is contemporary of Escoffier's,
regarded by many as a finer
and a more interesting writer
od.
s difficult to take Claiborne se-
y. He finds McDonald's French
"first-rate" and their hamburg-
quite swallowable." "Overall,"
/s, "I would rate them on a par
Howard Johnson's hamburg-
Mimi Sheraton, with a more
minating palate, has accurately
ed: "McDonald's food is irre-
ibly horrible and Howard John-
hamburgers are *worse* than
nald's." (Emphasis hers.)
long ago, Mr. Claiborne pre-
l *truites farcis* [sic] *Fernand*
for the edification of his read-
he recipe came from the hand
e Jean Banchet, who claimed
ve gotten it from Point. Per-
Point's recipe for the *truites*
s appears in his posthumous
Ma Gastronomie, and, in fact,
given the recipe many years
y Mme. Point and have made
sh many times. Point took car-
ushrooms, truffle, and a stalk
ery, simmered them briefly in
, added a bit of flour—"very
Mme. Point warned me—
l in two egg yolks, added salt
epper, and allowed the mixture
ol. The braising ingredients
aromatics, butter, and two
s of port. That was all. To fin-
oint added three spoonfuls of
cream, a bit of *beurre manié*
ize of a hazelnut), and a good
of butter. The recipe that ap-
l in the *Times* called for the
ooms to be boiled in one-quar-
p of cream, yet another quar-
) of cream was added, and the
rous amount of five table-
s of flour was stirred in. In the
g liquid there appear shallots,
garlic, one cup of white wine,
bout one cup more that had
ncluded in three cups of fish
Not one of those ingredients

Not every Chardonnay bears our distinctive French nose.

Swirl it in your glass. Sniff. The nose tells you this is Almadén, an authentic Chardonnay with the decidedly French "fresh apple" aroma.

Truly it is the ultimate in still white wines, for our Pinot Chardonnay originates from the same grape that even now creates the most expensive white wines of France.

A shy, temperamental grape that does poorly in most areas, the proud Pinot Chardonnay matures to glorious perfection on the sunny hillsides within the Almadén region of Northern California. Here it produces a golden fresh wine, a rare joy to be sipped and studied, not merely swallowed.

Almadén Pinot Chardonnay. It bears a lesson one never tires of learning.

Only a fine grape can produce a fine wine.

Almadén



Almadén Vineyards, Los Gatos and Paicines, California

appears in the original recipe. As serious as is the presence of white wine, which totally changes the balance of flavors, is the fact that the amount of liquid is nearly quadrupled. This changes braising into poaching, a very different process. One is then told to add two more cups of cream. American heavy cream has to be greatly reduced; it then tastes like nothing so much as boiled milk.

It is hard to say which is worse, failing to credit sources or the vandalism practiced on established works by translators and editors. In French classic cuisine, nomenclature is highly codified. If the bible of today's *haute cuisine* is *Le Guide Culinaire* by Escoffier, the catechism is *Le Répertoire de la Cuisine,* by Gringoire and Saulnier, a tiny book which contains more than 7,000 capsule recipes and definitions, based essentially on Escoffier. Chefs can be exasperatingly vague about the amounts of the ingredients, which are often left to one's discretion, but the presence or absence of a single herb may change the name of the dish. Thus one may hear a chef say of a sauce, "It's a sort of Genevoise," meaning that it is essentially a red wine *fumet* from braising fish, suitably reduced, seasoned, and whipped up with butter. It puts you on notice that he did not follow the consecrated formula in some way. It may be an improvement, or it may not. If the chef is famous enough, the variation may bear his name. This is essentially what happens with Escoffier. He often changed dishes that antedated him while retaining the designation —some of which were created by Carême, for instance—but the Escoffier version has become the definitive one, and any variations must be carefully attributed.

A MAJOR PROBLEM in the cookbook industry is that most cooks cannot write, and most editors and cookbook writers cannot cook. Charles Virion, a French cook who lives in America, once allowed a magazine editor to publish his recipe for chocolate soufflé. Years later, she asked him to let her include it in a book. At that time, he was preparing his own book, and so he refused—in writing. The editor's book appeared with the recipe nonet But, adding insult and inju theft, she had tacked on the i tion "Shake the soufflé to see done." Under *his* name. Viric as shaken as his soufflé.

As the Italian saying goes, to late is to betray. A chef's i tions are exceedingly diffic translate because they are oft precise about amounts, and b the chef speaking to fello fessionals may leave out operations. It takes experien care to give the readers a rendition. The problems of p and possible substitutions ar more vexing. In some cases i be wiser to warn the reader th is no way to do that dish in ica and just offer the recipe tellectual enjoyment.

Let us glance at *The Escoffi Book,* which purports to be lation of *Le Guide Culinaire;* no hint of which edition wa has capricious omissions an ludicrous errors: Entry 1,0 instance, gives us "English br of salt cod." The good citi Nîmes would be astonished.

The long-awaited Americ sion of Ali-Bab's great *Gastr Pratique* (translated by E Benson for McGraw-Hill), w cently appeared, is such a gre that I would like to give praise. But here the reader is ly misled as to which editi used (it was the ninth), whe tions were summarily omitt the recipes were ruthlessly from more than 1,100 to so No responsibility is taken a for these excisions, nor is th admission that they exist. Th that some of Ali-Bab's most ing and practical recipes are Cutting out lentil soup, oxta and giblet soup while retain elaborate turtle and mock tur seems poor judgment. Wh the criteria?

What is far more seriou question of measurements, e of flour. On a French balan officially approved, the wei cup of flour (of various ty French) hovered between 1 grams. Let us say that one ta weighs ten grams. So when calls for twenty grams of a sauce it is excessive to tr as three tablespoons (thirty

a novel by David H. Brooks

Gone Away

"Gone away" is the blast of the huntsman's horn when the hounds pick up the scent of the fox. This is the story of a group of Connecticut people who identify with their early colonial homesteads, the land, deer, stone walls, and gardens that comprise their world. And it is especially about one family forced to face the fact that part of their tradition has "gone away" never to be recaptured.

GONE AWAY is that rare contemporary novel in which the characters are surrounded by love and beauty; their struggle is not to reject, but to preserve.

"...affecting... poignant, funny, and dramatic."
—Publishers Weekly



$7.95 AT YOUR BOOKSTORE, OR FROM Harper's MAGAZINE PRESS TWO PARK AVE NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016



We'll give you the real facts on Texas f you're willing to part with a few myths.

Forget everything you know about exas. It isn't like you think it is, and obably never was.

Texans — and Texas enthusiasts — no read *Texas Monthly* know better. ney know Texas has grown politically, cially and economically into a state th national importance.

Texas Monthly is the first and only blication that focuses on Texas as is today, without the provincialism of al observers, or the preconceived eas of national ones.

In *Texas Monthly*, we probe the oric of the country's third most pulous state, from its corporate ardrooms to its prairie bars, from its ronauts and wildcatters to its cow- ys and beauty queens. And writers e Larry King, Gary Cartwright and rry McMurtry penetrate into every et of Texas Life.

Redneck! He's being made into a p hero. Romanticized and defanged. d a bit premature.

Invisible Empires. How Houston's per law firms got to be so super.

Secession. Is it time for Texas to ert its independence as a nation?

Coming of Age in the Locker Room. w, do you *really* wish you'd been a tball star?

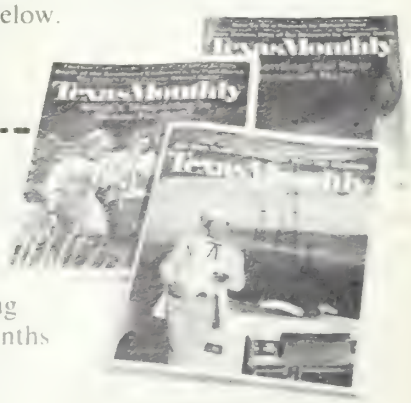
The Ten Best and Ten Worst Legisla- s. What makes Texas politicians tick?

Texans for the Defense. The lawyers people in big trouble call. Fast!

Around the State. The one-of-a-kind guide to entertainment in Houston, Dallas, San Antonio, Ft. Worth, El Paso, Austin and Corpus Christi — what to do, where to eat, complete with addresses, prices and an honest evaluation.

In *Texas Monthly* you'll get an entertaining and credible view of Texas. A view so refreshing we won the National Magazine Award for specialized journalism, a first for any magazine in its initial year — and for a magazine not published on the east or west coast.

Most important, if you're interested in Texas, we know you'll enjoy *Texas Monthly*. And you can start receiving our unique view of things Texan by filling out and sending us the coupon below.



TexasMonthly
P.O. Box 13366, Austin, Texas 78711

Yes! I'd like to know what's happening in Texas. Please send me the next 12 months of *Texas Monthly* for just $10.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ I enclose my payment.

☐ Please bill me later.

Outside U.S. and its possessions, add $1.50 for postage. 4509

especially when you realize that most people will not level the spoonfuls off all that carefully. Also, a quart is less than a liter in volume; this did not always seem to have been taken into account. The question may seem niggling to some, but the difference in the sauces is enormous; one will be library paste, the other will be somewhat runny. I am only too well aware that most Americans prefer the library paste, but it does seem that it is the author's preference that should rule.

Only one reviewer of this important book wrote as if she had ever even seen the French original. There is blame enough for everyone.

VERY WELL. French cooking is badly understood in America and not well suited to our produce. But how shall we explain a similar mangling of our own heritage? Just leafing through *Thomas Jefferson's Cook Book,* edited by Marie Kimball, one spots the most curious bowdlerizations and errors. It is almost accidentally, in her effort to show us how quaint the recipes were, that we learn that, in one of them, chocolate cream was to be poured over chicken gizzards. Mrs. Kimball amends the recipe with two junket tablets. Clearly, this is a useful note for modern cooks, but it deprives us of knowing how Colonial women coped with such problems as that of rennet. And, by implication, we do not know what historical information is missing from all the other recipes. Mrs. Kimball also tells us that Jefferson probably "wrote the notes that here follow" in December 1784. Among the items that follow is a "soup of small roots" with a footnote that reads: "Soup of small roots is attributed to Carême, the great French cook. It is made as follows: . . ." Carême did, indeed, give a similar formula for such a soup, but, unfortunately, 1784 was the year of Carême's birth, and his great work on cuisine did not appear until some seven years after Jefferson's death. The fact is that soups of small roots were made in France long before Carême.

A recent book that I was conned into buying by an attractive brochure is *The Early American Cookbook,* by Hyla O'Connor. Out of some 280 recipes gathered "from original colonial manuscripts and rare printed cookbooks," not one is attributed. There is no bibliographical information, no dates are offered, only rarely is the region mentioned, and rarely, too, is it ever noted whether the recipes are from American books or reprints of English books—a very common practice.

Miss O'Connor, a graduate home economist, clearly has never milked a cow. When a recipe for "buckwheat cakes" calls for "milk-warm water," she misunderstands and in her recipe says "two cups of milk." Nowadays, one might say the water should be at body temperature.

In what is actually Amelia Simmons's recipe for "apple pye," Miss O'Connor calls for "pastry for a 1-crust 9-inch pie" and then says to line a nine-inch pie tin with half the pastry and to top with the remaining pastry—the sort of boner that can happen to anyone. More seriously the original directs the reader to use paste number three, for which Miss O'Connor gives quite a different method and leaves out the egg whites called for. In Miss Simmons's recipe for "a whipt syllabub," which calls for cream, white wine, and egg whites, and says, "sweeten it to your taste," why did Miss O'Connor add *three* cups of milk and an incredible twenty-two tablespoons of sugar? It makes a sugary, milky froth out of what was an elegant mixture.

In the academic world, such works, based on historical documents, would be laughed out of existence if, indeed, they were ever permitted to exist. Only in cooking is such lack of scholarship allowed. There is only one honest way to publish compendiums of this kind, and that is to give each recipe as found (with bibliographical notes), followed by any pertinent information or suggestions. With the Bicentennial coming up, we will probably be deluged with such books. I hope all publishers take note.

It would be delightful to have beautiful facsimile editions of the originals. The difficulty of getting access to old cookbooks and manuscripts is staggering. Often it is prohibitively costly. I have never been able to understand why museums and libraries are not more active in publishing the treasures that repose in their collections. It would save wear and te the originals, make money fo institutions that own them, and our patrimony available to p who otherwise must depend o manglers.

The late Clementine Paddl who was food writer for the *York Herald Tribune,* wrote a able book on regional cookery, *America Eats.* In an interview, Claiborne said: "I had been to s in Europe, and I knew all the s Clem knew not one thing about f Well, Claiborne did not then does he now know *all* the sauc for Clem, whatever her shortcor she was a good reporter. He England clam chowder was aut (unlike Claiborne's—imagine using salt pork!) and she cr her source. Also, she liked peop she had a good ear. She quot example, a Dr. Coffin: "You know the history of each lobst cook. But if you must pick yo sters at the local market, th alternative is to get them lively in Maine sea water." She goes give his recipe for Maine stew, one of America's truly dishes. Or a Miss Sue who u "cater two flossy events in a d cook everything myself. . . . I' fashioned with my cooking, ne store stuff and I want lard crust and fresh cooking apple Addie here uses all the new and she has good luck, but I c never will." Alas, Clem's e better than her editor's taste is no mention of lard in the that follows—it must have kitchen-tested out by the home mists.

The book is now out of pri so the publishers have put ou version; they changed the dropped the attractive regio proach, took out every w Clem's wonderful chitchat w friends she made everywhere did they want to do that for? ing shame.

Karen Hess grew up in a Nebrask nity where every woman was a g Her articles have appeared in se tional magazines.

use your zip code

RACKING OPEN
RIOT OF RIPE

y Gigi Lord

ıe cradle swings.
›ve it, shame it
›ney:
. baby, baby
ck your head
gravy . . .
›ck it
:ctric-plugged,
lling
the noise pit,
ıping high, bump bump,
uncing off the floor, light,
e a hard-shelled hazelnut,
shiny face, fresh oiled
›m inside,
ıcking open—rock-smashed,
iot of ripe
rockabyed
t of the treetop:
. baby, cradle
l all . . .

ETE

A. R. Ammons

l education makes
choice, gives
ıe ongoing not
ruction but
ıterferring and supporting

fate to be swayed
in the limits of its dominant
irection
way a little or that
ıe greatest
›mmodation

ns comes
play,
full functioning forth:
man is plain
an announce his struggle
plain
join a war to accuracy:
man is thick, slow to move,
ult, let him
unce the goal,
ssimilation of quickness into
low stir,
not vice but countercurrency.

TAROT & KABALAH

integrating the two disciplines to heighten the experience of meditation

Those who are into Tarot and those who are involved in meditation will find new insights in this book by the director of the Sophia Gnostic Center in Los Angeles. With 22 illustrations of the Major Arcana, each juxtaposed with an appropriate meditation, *The Royal Road* is designed to lead the reader easily into a meditative state as he relates the cards to the upward paths on the Kabalistic Tree of Life. A new Quest original, 128 p., soft-bound, $2.50.

JUST PUBLISHED

THE ROYAL ROAD

a new Quest Book **BY STEPHAN A. HOELLER**

AT BOOKSTORES—or postpaid, promptly, from Quest Books
Dept. HM, 306 West Geneva Rd., Wheaton, Illinois 60187.

Bah! Humbug!

This year, instead of sending still another dispensable Christmas card, send the indispensable gift for all lovers of language — a year's subscription to **VERBATIM**, The Language Quarterly. **VERBATIM** says "Merry Christmas" all year round. Just $2.50 to U.S. addresses, $3.00 elsewhere, for four entertaining, interesting, informative issues. Your gift card or ours. Full payment in U.S. funds with order. Money back if not pleased.

VERBATIM POST OFFICE BOX 157H ESSEX, CONN. 06426 USA



RITUAL ARTS OF THE SOUTH SEAS
The Morton D. May Collection
by Lee A. Parsons
Catalogue of the exhibition
August 22 – October 19, 1975
208 pp., 300 illustrations
$7.50 postpaid (U.S.A.)
The St. Louis Art Museum
St. Louis, Missouri 63110

"The most important novel of the decade"

—Saturday Review



By the author of CATCH-22

THE MOST TALKED-ABOUT BESTSELLER OF THE YEAR NOW IN PAPERBACK! $2.25

Ballantine Books

"Splendid, hypnotic, seductive . . . as clear and as hard-edged as a cut diamond."
—KURT VONNEGUT, JR., N.Y. Times Book Review

"Endlessly fascinating. . . . It will be a rare man who doesn't see something of his own soul in Bob Slocum. . . . What is revealed is ourselves. Me. You. Them."
—The New Republic

GET THE WASHINGTON MONTHLY. IF YOU HATE IT, IT'S FREE.



You may hate it.

The Washington Monthly's platform for the 70s, which includes free health care and free enterprise, does not fit the usual liberal or conservative molds.

But we think you'll like it.

Time says it's "must reading," the New York Times says it's "indispensable," and the Washington Post says it "does its specialty—politics and government—better than any other magazine around."

The Washington Monthly ha-01

1028 Connecticut Ave. NW, Washington, D.C. 20036

Please send me "What Do We Do Next" and the current issue of **The Washington Monthly** free. If I like them, I'll receive a one-year subscription for $10. If I don't like them, I will write "cancel" across your bill, return it, and that will be that. In either case, "What Do We Do Next" and the complimentary issue are mine to keep.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

SPIN-OFF WRAPAROU

BODY COUNTS AND DOLLAR BILLS

Presidential Perspective

Such are the pressures on college presidents these days that a five-year survivor like John Kemeny of Dartmouth is considered an elder statesman. A distinguished Hungarian-born mathematician who once served as Albert Einstein's assistant, Kemeny, forty-nine, has successfully run Dartmouth since 1970, the second-longest presidential tenure in the Ivy League. The following talk took place in Kemeny's cavernous office, looking across his deceptively somnolent green campus in Hanover, New Hampshire. Kemeny speaks as he thinks, with the precision of a computer and the fluent wit that seems unique to very bright Hungarians. —Robert Shnayerson

We hear a lot these days about the prospect of shrinking enrollments and the difficulties some colleges may have surviving. Is this a false alarm?

The facts are that the number of eighteen-year-olds will peak at the end of this decade, and that during the 1980s the number of eighteen-year-olds will go down by 30 percent. That's a very large percentage difference. It also looks as if the percentage of high-school students who want to go to college, especially to a four-year college, has peaked and, if anything, has begun to go down. Therefore, I see a very major decline in the next decade in the number of students in four-year colleges. One could argue that perhaps everybody should cut back 30 percent, but when you've built all the facilities and faculties to a certain size there is no easy way for an institution to do that. What I suspect will happen is that a certain percentage of present institutions simply won't survive.

Do you anticipate a period of really intense competition for students?

Yes, I think it has already started, which is interesting because right now the number of eighteen-year-olds is at an all-time high. Already a small number of private colleges have had to go out of business because they couldn't get enough students. Many more are in trouble today, and I'm wondering what will happen ten years from now, when the supply of students is much smaller.

Are you talking about institutions at the Ivy League level?

Most of the endangered colleges are either smaller than Ivy League institutions, or their quality is not as high. Still, a number of high-quality ones are in trouble. For example, I recently visited one of the leading private universities in Texas, and I learned that they are having a terrible time filling their freshman class. Although they don't offer what Dartmouth offers, they do offer students, perhaps not quite as outstanding as ours, a very fine education, and it would be a shame to see an institution like that go out of business.

Can you visualize a time when one of the Ivy League universities might be in serious trouble? After all, Brown University is under some threat—apparently so much so that its president recently felt compelled to resign.

I can certainly visualize Ivy League colleges being in trouble, though not for lack of students. The problem for these institutions is that they cannot charge enough tuition to cover the full cost of education. They have to rely on outside charitable giving to make up the difference. Apparently, Brown is losing that race. At the same time, Brown has a great surplus of applicants and has done superbly in recent years in competing for students. They just plain don't have enough money. The real danger for a school like Dartmouth or Brown is that it may have to compromise quality. That would be a suicide course for an institution such as ours. Some of the trustees worry about the tuition getting too high. I don't, as long as we have a generous financial aid policy; and we do. I think there will always be people who will want to get the very best for their children, and we can assure ourselves of having a heterogeneous student body by having sufficiently good financial aid.

What is the cutoff level above which families cannot get financial aid?

There isn't a cutoff point. We approach it on the basis of a confidential form that a national organization based in Princeton, New Jersey, analyzes for all schools. It figures out what the parents can contribute, and we make up the rest as financial aid. As tuition and costs go up, the cutoff point goes up. For example, two years ago, for the first time, we gave scholarship aid to a family that earned over $30,000. This year, the median family income of those who got scholarships was $17,500. You have to remember that the total cost to a Dartmouth parent this year is about $6,000, although that includes everything—clothing, for example, and pocket money. Somebody who makes $20,000 a year doesn't have a chance of earmarking $6,000 for education.

Do you have any concern that select colleges will inevitably be forced to take only wealthy students, that there will be a return to the Thirties ethos of Ivy League colleges?

Not unless we misplay the game. This problem is within our control if we can keep up sufficiently good financial aid policies. And that's a priorities question. This past year we had to make very substantial cuts ourselves. We cut $750,000 out of the total budget, yet in the same year we made a very large increase in the financial aid budget.

What percentage of the budget was that $750,000?

Of the funds that we actually control—which is about $25 million—it was about 3 percent. That's a sizable cut, however, because we did not have great fat. The fat had been trimmed away in previous years. It meant, for example, abolishing thirty-seven positions at the college. But, again, our priorities were such that none of those were faculty positions.

What about the philosophy of a place like Dartmouth? Is there any self-examination going on about its purpose, its justification for asking for all this money? One imagines that you can get so involved in the financial crises that you might not think about whether you are simply perpetuating the institution as you would a bureaucracy or even about why you exist.

I think, basically, Dartmouth has seen a clear-cut purpose for itself for some time and that has not changed. We feel that a school like Dartmouth should be here to train future leaders and to do this by offering as high quality an undergraduate liberal-arts program as possible. What that means in 1975 as contrasted with what it meant in 1900 is the basic question, because we have gone through some quite fundamental changes. The most important one of these is that the student body today is vastly more heterogeneous than it was a decade ago. Dartmouth was affected, first, by the coming of the equal opportunity program and, second, by the decision to go coeducational. Both of these took a good deal of soul-searching on the part of trustees. There are other fundamental changes in direction for the college, but let me take coeducation as my example. I think that ten years from now a school like Dartmouth that remained all-male would not attract students.

The Case Against College, *by Caroline Bird, is a badly written book, but it touches a raw nerve, I think, in many people. It essentially makes the case that college is unnecessary and shows that people do not necessarily earn more as a result of having gone to college; also that there's very little connection between what they're trained to do, even in graduate school, and what they actually do in later life. In a period of steeply rising tuitions, all of this is going to be a problem for you.*

I haven't read the book, but I have seen similar articles. The trouble is they invent a fiction called "the American college," and there is no such thing. You're talking about 2,000 institutions, and there's

(Continued on page 98)

'Cauliflower is nothing but cabbage with a college education." —Mark Twain, 1894

APAROUND CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

Requiem for a Dead College

Many people, including television interviewers and newspaper reporters, thought that it was merely, as one put it, a "hoax to raise more money from parents, alumnae, foundations and friends" when the administration of Finch College announced on March 20, 1975, that in all likelihood the college would not reopen in the fall.

Even the students and faculty failed to believe that the seventy-five-year-old private college for women could ever close. They still apparently believed in miracles, even though all faculty members had been notified in June 1972 that they would not be reappointed for 1973-74. As it turned out, a quarter of the full-time faculty were not reappointed for that year. A task force composed of faculty, students, administration members, and alumnae had recommended this course of action, along with other measures designed to cut costs without seriously affecting the quality of the education of the college.

Still, to many of us, and especially to the educational consultants who examined our situation, it appeared that Finch was adapting to social changes and would survive. In forming an affiliation for the exchange of students with Hunter College in 1970, Finch had been the first private college in the city of New York to join forces with a unit of the City University of New York. Later, similar arrangements were made with the Mannes College of Music, the Laboratory Institute of Merchandising, and Stern College of Yeshiva University.

Although state appropriations for higher education have increased by an average 29 percent over the past two years, inflation has wiped out two-thirds of this increase.

The college had also consciously changed the composition of its student body. In its final year of operation, 10 percent of the students were members of minority groups and 25 percent received financial aid. More than 50 percent of the 340 students were over the age of thirty and were continuing their formal education. Transfer students, especially, seemed excited about the flexibility of the curriculum. They were surprised to learn that the academic standards at Finch were higher than at some of the more "prestigious" colleges from which they had transferred.

There were other indications that the college was succeeding. In 1970-71, when Finch, like many other schools in large cities, began to feel the impact of decreasing enrollment, it incurred an operating deficit of $680,000. By decreasing operating costs and by increasing enrollment slightly, the operating deficit for 1973-1974 was reduced to $81,000.

In view of all the bright indicators of stability, one is justified in asking, What went wrong?

The college could not succeed in changing its image. The newspaper and TV reports attending our announcement that Finch was suspending operations all referred to the college as "fashionable," "exclusive," and "posh." Although Finch had been a finishing school from 1900 to 1937, from 1937 to 1954 it was a first-rate junior college and from 1954 to 1975 an outstanding four-year liberal-arts and fine-arts college. All the news reports mentioned the "famous" people who had attended Finch, even if for only a few months. The truly successful graduates, however, were not mentioned, because their names were not newsworthy.

The image problem proved to be unsurmountable. It placed the admissions recruiters in a very defensive position with most guidance counselors, many of whom thought that Finch was still a junior college and that it was the most expensive in the United States. In fact, more than 200 colleges and universities charged more than the $4,900 fee for tuition, room, and board at Finch in 1975.

Although the college was able to obtain federal grants, limited state aid, and some foundation funding, most foundations, including those with officers who were Finch alumnae or who were married to Finch women, believed that the college was very wealthy. In fact, Finch had no endowment funds to carry it through a financial crisis brought on by decreased enrollment and inflation.

The Finch story may soon be that of many other private colleges. Without large endowments, it is unlikely that the private sector of education can survive. Private colleges all fac a decreased pool of student competition from free or lov tuition state universities an colleges, and the specter of ge eral inflation.

If a poorly endowed colle meets with unexpected disast —such as the steam and wat explosion which hit Finch the fall of 1974—there is n equivalent of the Small Bu ness Administration to come its aid. If a college seeks he from state and local gover ments, it is soliciting aid fro entities that are themselves ne ly bankrupt. If it raises its fe it can price itself out of t market.

Only when a college actua closes do students realize wh they have lost. And, only wh many other private colle close, when Darwinian prin ples select out the traditio half of our dual system of p vate and public higher edu tion, will society learn what has lost in opportunity of cho and how great are the costs a large monolithic system public education.

—Rodney Fel

Rodney Felder was until recently president of Finch College.

Is College Worth It?

For a long time college been thought of, and depi in savings and loan ads, as investment in a child's fut This, it was assumed, was kind of language parents hadn't themselves experie the pleasures of college would understand. Certa there were facts to suppor As recently as 1972, accor to a Census Bureau study, average male college grad could expect lifetime earn $199,000 greater than thos the average male high-sc graduate.



UPI

Brown students protest budget cuts, April 1975.

ADMINISTRATIVE ENIGMA

The American college or university is a prototypic organ anarchy. It does not know what it is doing. Its goals are e vague or in dispute. Its technology is familiar but not underst Its many participants wander in and out of the organiza These factors do not make a university a bad organization disorganized one; but they do make it a problem to describe derstand, and lead. **—Michael O. Cohen and James G. M**

Leadership and Ambiguity: The American College President,

The turnover among American college and university dents has risen to nearly 300 per year.

ROUNDOWRAPAROUND

oday, with plumbers mak- $20 an hour, San Francisco itationmen earning $17,000 ear, Ph.D.s driving taxis, and price of the investment it- rising at a rate of about percent a year, the straight nomic argument no longer nts in a clear direction. Al- ugh financial aid is also in- asing, it still goes to only ut 30 percent of the nation's million college students and tly in the form of loans.

aroline Bird, in *The Case inst College*, addresses this e, juggles some numbers, concludes that college is dumbest investment you make." The central exam- in her argument goes like The cost of four years of cation for a member of the ceton class of '76 is $34,181 22,256 in actual costs and 925 in opportunity costs ome an eighteen-year-old ld have earned from 1972 1976). That investment is h $601,000 in lifetime earn- between age twenty-two sixty-four, based on Cen- Bureau averages. If, instead oing to Princeton, an eigh- -year-old were to invest 181 in a savings account at ercent interest compound- laily, at age sixty-four he d be worth $1,129,200— st twice the lifetime earn- of the Princeton graduate, not counting his own life- earnings. Of course, a Princeton graduate who banked the annual *difference* between average college-graduate income and average high-school-graduate income would at age sixty-four accumulate $1,222,965, but his account would not surpass the other fellow's until both were sixty years old. Moreover, at age twenty-eight, the other fellow will already have $73,113 and would be able to set himself up for life by buying a new-car dealership or a liquor store.

The example has at least two flaws. Surely a Princeton graduate can expect greater lifetime earnings than the Census Bureau's average college graduate (and Miss Bird used the 1972 Census study, which I believe pertains to men who graduated in 1972, not 1976). Also, the eighteen-year-old who invests $34,181 is investing $11,925 in "foregone" income that would only have come to him over a four-year period. (Miss Bird gets around this by having a rich uncle give the boy the entire amount at age eighteen.) I'm not a statistician. Presumably the argument would suffer even more under the scrutiny of an actuary. Miss Bird admits that the calculations "required heroic assumptions."

I have a different argument, which requires only one heroic assumption, namely, that parents are primarily concerned that their children end up in white-collar jobs as opposed to blue-collar jobs, and secondarily concerned with the incomes attached to those jobs. Consider: there are more students today, at more colleges, being awarded more degrees than ever before. Mere possession of a degree means less than it used to. (The name of the college means more.) At the same time, the gap between average white-collar income and average blue-collar income is narrowing, thanks in large part to the efforts of labor unions. In former days, when, say, 20 percent of the college-age population went to college, college as an investment tended to pay off, in the sense that college graduates were relatively assured of white-collar jobs, and these jobs paid relatively higher than blue-collar jobs. Moreover, the risk associated with *not* sending a child to college was not very great, because college was "exclusive," and there were still plenty of white-collar jobs to be filled. Today, however, college pays off less, because possession of a degree does not guarantee a white-collar job, and white-collar jobs are worth less relative to blue-collar jobs. Moreover, the risk in not sending a child to college is greater today, because white-collar employers have so many college-educated job applicants to choose from that the chances of getting a white-collar job without a college degree are lower. In short, the nation has squeezed itself into a bind. If a parent wants to see his child in a white-collar job, college is not only "worth it," it's essential. —**Michael Aron**

Michael Aron is editor of WRAPAROUND.

VING FOR COLLEGE

ent Age Child	Public College Estimated Total Costs	Public College Required Yearly Savings	Private College Estimated Total Costs	Private College Required Yearly Savings
..	$33,696	$1,115	$56,708	$1,877
....	31,488	1,134	52,991	1,908
.....	29,472	1,158	49,598	1,949
..	27,456	1,183	46,206	1,991
.....	25,920	1,231	43,621	2,072
....	24,000	1,260	40,390	2,120
.....	22,464	1,312	37,805	2,207
.....	20,928	1,371	35,220	2,307
.....	19,584	1,447	32,958	2,436
..	18,336	1,548	30,858	2,604
..	17,088	1,664	28,758	2,801
..	16,032	1,831	26,981	3,081
.....	14,976	2,047	25,203	3,445
..	14,016	2,359	23,588	3,970
..	13,056	2,817	21,972	4,742
..	12,192	3,597	20,518	6,053
..	11,424	5,183	19,226	8,723
.....	10,656	9,878	17,933	16,624

: The Chronicle of Higher Education, *March 24, 1975*

he first thing is to acquire wisdom; gain understanding h it cost you all you have." —Proverbs 4:7

SIGN OF THE TIMES

CALIFORNIA CAMPUS FOR SALE—

150 to 250 acres available, 25 major buildings in rustic Village setting, 100 miles north of San Francisco near Ukiah, Mendocino County.

Entire property or portion available.

English Tudor Architecture—classroom buildings, chapels, auditorium/gymnasium, business/faculty offices, cafeteria, assembly rooms, shops, dormitories, hospital, 15 individual staff homes.

Built by the State of California—reinforced concrete, brick, tile and slate roofs. All buildings in excellent condition.

Reply Box A-1809.

Advertisement in *The Chronicle of Higher Education*
July 21, 1975

According to a mathematical model developed at Yale, undergraduate enrollment in the U.S. will shrink by 46 percent between 1980 and 1990.

A Prediction

During the last few years I have had occasion to talk to hundreds of students, on campus or in my own home; and I cannot remember one of them who was not disappointed, in some degree, by the education he was being offered. Maybe they begin with their expectations too high. The competition to get into good universities has, of course, become enormous. After years of strain and worry, starting in grade school, when a youngster finally makes his way past the flaming sword of the Admissions Officer he expects a good deal of his academic Eden. Then, if he meets indifference, slovenly instruction, and a curriculum only tangentially relevant to his needs, he is likely to get angry.

So are his parents—who are also taxpayers and the prime target of every academic fund-raising campaign. If I read the signs correctly, this smoldering discontent is growing fast. It won't stay bottled up forever; and when it does break into the open, the whole academic world may be in for some distressful days. —**John Fischer**

Harper's, February 1965

The U.S. Office of Education has about 135 collections agents stationed throughout the country. Their job is to track down students who fail to repay federally insured student loans.

TOOLS FOR LIVING W

RUN FOR YOUR LIFE

Those who know about physical fitness realize that jogging and running are the most efficient ways of keeping the heart and lungs in good shape. For example, jogging a mile-and-a-half in fifteen minutes effects the same conditioning as three twenty-minute sets of singles tennis. This kind of moderately difficult, sustained exercise—called aerobic conditioning—is the best way to increase the oxygen-delivering capacity of your pulmonary system.

Of course, if you haven't been exercising regularly, and if you're over thirty, you shouldn't just go out and try to jog a mile and a half; for the sake of both your heart and feet, you should spend some time working up to it. You might benefit by first reading *The New Aerobics,* by Kenneth Cooper (Bantam). This book explains what aerobic conditioning is all about, and, for the out-of-shape person, it offers a step-by-step program for getting back into condition. It even has a program for elderly people and those who have had heart attacks.

If you're going to take up running, don't forget to take good care of your feet—often, the first source of trouble. A really good pair of shoes can make all the difference. We think the Adidas SR-72 shoe is not only the snappiest solution, but also one of the most comfortable and durable shoes on the market. They even look fast. The bright blue nylon uppers are light, but give good support. Thick, long-lasting sponge rubber soles make excellent shock absorbers, and the arch support is very good. In fact, these shoes encourage such daring that we wouldn't think of selling you a pair without throwing in a copy of *The New Aerobics* free. The SR-72 shoes are available at good sports equipment shops, or through us for $29.95 postpaid. Please specify your size (all men's and women's sizes are available). If you just want the book, we'll sell it to you for $1.50, postage included. (G-1)

STILL THE BEST BAG

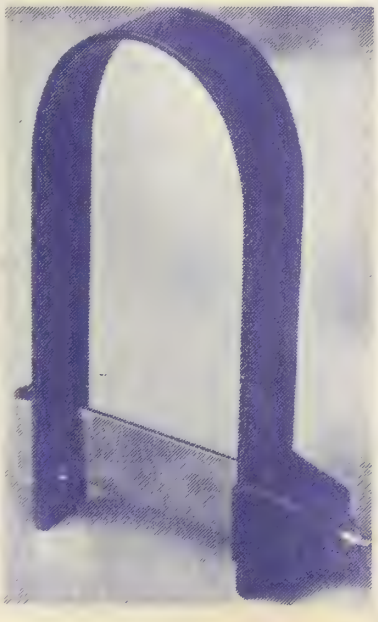


Earlier this year, Tools f Living featured the Dan bookbag, a handsome, stur shoulder bag with a verita labyrinth of folds and pocke Made of canvas, with a wi adjustable shoulder strap, bookbag has an unusual zip design that enables the bag expand up to nearly twice original 15½-by-13-by-8-i size. Two outer pockets on front and one large pocket the back allow you to p more things in, even after yo sure it's stuffed to capacity. S eral of the *Harper's* staff h since purchased the Danish and have found, among o things, that it will hold eno books to topple you over f the weight, and it easily h enough clothes for a long w end. One bag has served briefcase, suitcase, hiking and motorcycle pack, all i single week. The bookbag be purchased through us in or brown for $27 postpaid. (

SUPERLOCK AND SON

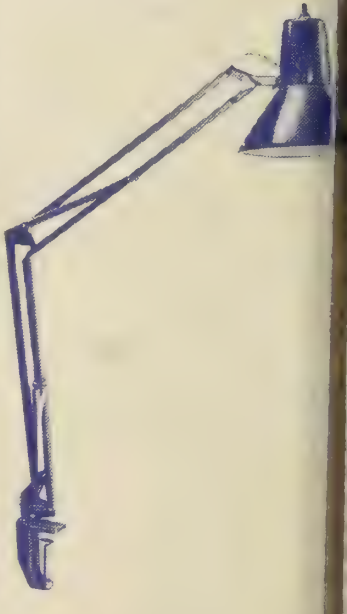
We read about the Kryptonite KBL3 bicycle lock in *The Chicago Daily Planet*—er, *News:* "Not as bulky as chain or cable, this lock has withstood big bolt cutters and other innumerable onslaughts in some of the worst neighborhoods in the country." Great Caesar's ghost! Forget about those gargantuan chains and padlocks that leave your bicycle frame scarred and that clank and rattle every time you hit a bump. The KBL3 is made of nylon-coated stainless steel—no rust and no scratches on the bike's enamel. It uses a cylindrical key-lock system, the kind employed most often in sophisticated security equipment because it's virtually impossible to pick. And the ultrahard metal is too tough and wide to cut—unless your thief happens to have an oxyacetylene torch with him. The lock itself is wide enough to slip through both the rear tire and frame, and long enough to secure the bike to a three-inch-wide metal pole. A particularly nice feature about this lock is that it comes with a carrying bracket that snaps onto the bike frame and snugly holds the lock while you're riding. The KBL3 is available in bicycle shops or through us for $22 postpaid.

Son of Superlock is actually a clip, not a lock, and is designed to secure a tennis racket to the frame of a bicycle. The "Racket Clip" is available at some bicycle shops or through us for $7, shipping included. (G-2)



THE LEDU LAMP

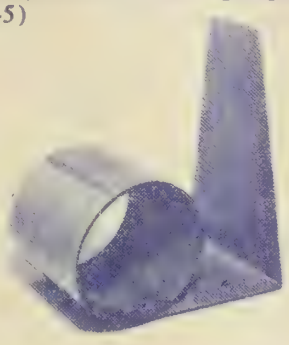
A superbly engineered and functional piece of lighting equipment—doesn't sound very decorative, does it? Well, if you insist on rosebuds and cupids on the lampshade, we can't help you. But if you're looking for a nice, practical lamp, you may be interested in the Ledu, a product which takes its basic design from the famous Luxo lamp, but is less expensive. Clamped on a shelf, table, or headboard, this lamp swivels, stretches, collapses, and bends—then stays put because it's spring balanced. If you want to type, swing it over the typewriter. For reading, swing it over and behind your head until you find the best spot. Because the arc of the beam is relatively narrow, you can direct the light exactly where you want it, and a lower-watt bulb will suffice where a more powerful and more costly bulb was previously needed. This model extends up to thirty-four inches and folds to half that length. The Ledu can be found in art-supply stores, or can be ordered from us for $23.50, which includes postage and handling. Please specify red, yellow, white, blue, or black finish. (G-4)



PAROUNDWRAPAROU

HE BOOKWORM

Ever wonder why bookends ten fail to work? There's a it in their name—bookends, t bookholders. Put in one ok too many, and what hapns? The domino theory in ion. The Pentalic Corporan has a solution based on the closure theory, and it works remely well. It's called the okworm, one of the most pular items Tools for Living ever offered. It consists of single, coiled piece of flat, ing steel, which unrolls as oks are inserted between the ight end and the coiled end. move one of the books and the coil rolls back smoothly, its tension keeping the rest of the books firmly in place. The Bookworm comes in white, red, blue, or black enamel finish, and is available in stationery and department stores, or through us for $6.95 postpaid. (G-5)



Well, I don't know that I'll ever be a genius or sumptin' like that but the Prof sez he don't mind readin my ritin' as bad as he uz ta, now that I got this here Platignum Italic Pen set.

e Platignum fountain pen is a very fine writing instrument will please anyone who sets pen to paper. It comes with five rchangeable nibs to produce extra-fine to extra-full script, all xceptionally smooth flow. Also included is a twenty-page inction booklet. One might begin with italic script, then experiit with some older forms, perhaps Carolingian or Merovingian. $5 plus 50 cents for postage and handling, we think the set is argain. (G-6)

USUAL SCHOLARSHIP AID

me years back, one of *Harper's* editors won a four-year, fullon scholarship—only because he was a male whose grandr had been an officer stationed in a certain part of France ng World War I.

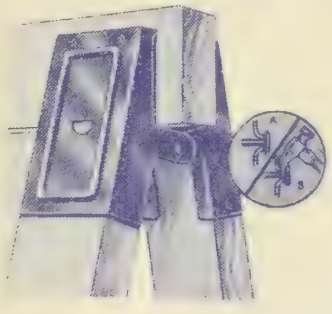
uch of the money available for scholarships and loans today sily accessible, but a substantial amount is hidden behind ge eligibility requirements and privately endowed trust acts, which banks and trustees may choose not to publicize.

we mentioned last January, S. Robert Freede's computers a data bank of some 250,000 separate sources of money, the ys of which will total $500 million next year. For $39, Freede antees that he will find at least five sources (or $5,000 worth) d for which you qualify; failing that, he will refund your mon- practice, Freede puts most of his clients in touch with be- ten and twenty sources. One student he helped received sev- different scholarships totaling $11,600—four years of full tuto Notre Dame. Of course, you still have to apply for the mond Freede cannot guarantee that you will receive it, but he does this claim: one out of every 2.5 applicants he handles acreceives a scholarship or low-interest loan, with a minimum 50. With such a good chance of getting money, even Jimmy reek might consider going back to school. Please note, how- that the money is for undergraduate study only.

r $1 we will send you a pamphlet describing Scholarship Search ore detail and an application form; then you can decide if vant to enroll. If you'd rather skip that step, you can enroll diately by sending a check for $39 to Tools for Living. (G-7)

ALL-PURPOSE TABLETOP

Will you be needing a desk this year? How about a dining table, coffee table, or workbench? It's possible to make any or all of these quite easily and inexpensively using variations on one basic design. All you have to do is make two sawhorses and attach to them a hollow-core door to serve as the top. Assuming that pine is used for the two-by-four legs, you can make a very large table or desk for less than $20, which includes the cost of the door. If the idea appeals to you, let us make a suggestion: use adjustable leg brackets to join the legs and crosspieces of the sawhorses. The brackets can be nailed in place in five minutes (the nail holes are flanged, so the nails can be taken out in five minutes, too), and the bracket is designed to automatically hold the crosspiece and legs at the correct angles. You don't need much skill or time to make one of these tables or desks. And you can experiment. Use longer legs on one of the sawhorses to make a drafting table. Don't need a desk anymore? Cut the legs in half and convert the desk into a coffee table. Everything you will need can be obtained at building supply and hardware stores. The brackets, manufactured by Dalton, can also be purchased from us for $3.50 per pair, plus 50 cents for postage and handling. Remember, for two sawhorses you'll need two pairs of brackets. (G-8)



HOW TO ORDER

Harper's will get you any item (including any book) for which we mention a price. If you would like to order through us, specify the item(s) you want, how many, and what color (if that's relevant). Include the order number that appears at the end of each Tool description. BankAmericard or Master Charge may be used on orders over $15.

Send to: Tools for Living, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Order Number	Item	Quantity	Price

Total (N.Y. State residents, add appropriate tax) $_____

☐ Check enclosed (Make payable to Harper's Magazine)
Charge to ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard

Card number _____ Expiration date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

(Continued from page 93)

very little in common between the best and the worst of them.

What are your basic priorities? Continuing financial aid? Undergraduate teaching?

Certainly number one has to be the quality of undergraduate teaching. Being able to maintain a heterogeneous student body is also extremely important. A third priority grows out of the need to control expansion—to achieve a steady state—and I don't claim to have solved that. I'm terribly worried that once Dartmouth and similar institutions have stopped growing, everybody is going to fight for maintaining everything we're doing now and oppose everything new that we want to do, and at that rate the institution will stagnate. I know it sounds like a very negative priority—nonstagnation—but I think this is one of the very big problems we have to solve. And the test will come in the next five to ten years.

What do you mean by "steady state"?

Remaining at the same size. Given the present climate and the coming decline in the number of eighteen-year-olds, it would be a major mistake for a college to plan on growing. For one thing, even with the financial restrictions, I hope very much to maintain Dartmouth's present student-to-faculty ratio. It's now 13 to 1.

What kind of pressures for growth are coming?

I'll give an example from the very recent past—the environmental studies program. It came during a period of growth, so as we increased the student body we were able to add to the faculty without having to cut anybody back. If this were coming in the future, the only way I would see of adding an environmental sciences program would be by taking faculty members away from other departments. A more spectacular example, to go back thirty years, is biology. I would argue that half of what's known today in biology was not known thirty years ago. The change has really been awesome. Therefore, the biology curriculum today is much richer than it was then. And thus we have a larger biology department. A college like Dartmouth just can't afford to be left out as human knowledge expands or new priorities arrive. Yet, you don't want to cut out the classics department just because something newer comes along. What you may have to do is reduce all existing areas slightly to make room for new things. That's a very painful process. Faculties usually are very generous about approving something new as long as it doesn't come out of their department. But it will in the future and the faculty knows it.

Then a college president's job seems to be largely one of dealing with this tremendous pressure for growth which comes out of new knowledge and out of empire building.

Yes. But also one of a willingness to give up empire, which is what we're facing now.

Robert Shnayerson is editor in chief of Harper's.

BICENTENNIAL BURGER

by Paul Del Colle, Lynn, Massachusetts

By now, most of us are familiar with the attempts of business and industry to capitalize on the nation's 200th birthday. It's a target ripe for a bit of satire. Let's imagine that we are opening a fast-food outlet called the Bicentennial Burger Boutique. What might we sell?

The Tom Paine patty—an uncommonly sensible sandwich.
The Franklin frank—spicy beef with electrifying relish.

The menu, of course, need not be limited to revolutionary-era figures. Thus, we could also serve the Harry Truman burger—salty but respectable.

Readers are invited to help fill out the menu. Send your entry on a postcard to "Bicentennial Burger," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be postmarked by October 7, and become the property of *Harper's*. Winning entries will be published in the December issue. Decision of the editors is final.

First Prize: *William Shakespeare: The Complete Works,* edited by Alfred Harbage (Penguin).

Runners-up: *We're Going to Make You a Star,* by Sally Quinn (Simon and Schuster).

Winners of "Dear Abbie," the August game that invited readers to imagine what personas ex-Yippie leader Abbie Hoffman might have adopted, are:

(Sorry, no first prize this month.)

Runners-up

Memoirs of a Survivor, by Doris Lessing (Alfred A. Knopf):

Abbie Hoffman is now . . .

. . . Idi Amin's speechwriter.
—Robert Tobinski
Chicago, Ill.

. . . guest host on *Let's Make a Deal.* —Deanna Boe
Chandler, Ariz.

. . . a floorwalker at Brentano's foiling attempts to *Steal This Book.* —David D. Watt
Williamsville, N.Y.

. . . writing a memoir about his 1960s experience as an undercover CIA agent.
—Don Snetzinger
Fresno, Calif.

. . . winning first prize in the August *Harper's* GAME.
—Len Elliott
Auburn, Wash.

. . . an FBI agent assigned to the Abbie Hoffman case.
—Philip Van Vleck
Norman, Okla.

. . . posing as Norman Mailer in a wax museum.
—Louis Rossetti
Narberth, Pa.

. . . trudging around with a fire extinguisher, looking for a burning bush. —Lillian Koslover
Redondo Beach, Calif.

. . . appearing in a Bicentennial movie titled *The History of the American Flag.*
—Albert Manski
Boston, Mass.

CLASSIFIED RATES

Rates: $1 per word. (10-word m
imum. Deduct 10¢ a word if ad i
run six times; deduct 20¢ a wor
ad is to run twelve times.)
All ads must be prepaid at the t
you send your insertion. (If you
ordering more than one inser
please send full amount to qualify
discount.) Telephone numbers c
as two words, as do box numb
ZIP Codes count as one word.
**Copy must be received by the 8t
the second month prior to the
date.**
Harper's Magazine
Classified Advertising Departm
Two Park Avenue
New York, New York 1001

TRAVEL

Nova Scotia wilderness canoe
Information, write Maritime C
Outfitters, R.R.1, Shelburne,
Scotia BOT 1WO. (902) 875-30

Australia. Authentic informatic
freely available *without charge*
the Australian Embassy in Was
ton, D.C. (202) 797-3000, and
Australian Consulate General in
York (212) 245-4000, San Fran
(415) 362-6160, Los Angeles
380-4610, and Chicago (312)
1740.

A quiet paradise. Come to Gre
and experience the casual eleg
excellent food, and delightful
sphere of SECRET HARB
CLUB. Call David Mitchell—c
—(212) 371-1323.

Roam the world by freighter. D
accommodations. Cheaper than
ing home. Freighters, 163-09 X
pot, Flushing, N.Y. 11358.

RESORTS

Escape to our private island
sun. Enjoy that rare commo
tranquillity. Relax in your ow
tage—swim on our private be
have candlelight dinners with
Bring a book, forget your ti
wind. Great game fishing,
snorkeling and scuba diving (i
tions available). Write: Marin
Box 76H, British Virgin Islan
call Tortola 4-2174.

REAL ESTATE

Government lands . . . from
acre! Vacationing, farming,
ment! Exclusive "Government
Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "La
portunity Review," listing
throughout U.S. Send $2.
Lands, Box 6588-H, Wash
D.C. 20009.

Central Ontario—Choice
sportsmen's paradises still ava
$20 plus $6.50 taxes yearly.
pictures, $2 (refundable). Info
Bureau, Norval 64, Ontario,

VACATIONS

Condominium exchanges—wo
Executives and professional
Write: Vacation Exchange Cl
207H, Etters, Pa. 17319.

$98 weekly for two—at "Str
Fields," Jamaica's tropical
campsite. Double-bed tents/c
cooking equipment; reggae m
formation: Strawberry, 54 V
St., N.Y.C. 10019. (212) 247-
Eastern Airlines/travel agent

Very special Vermont home
ber-April. Rental $2,000. All
Box 4, Danby, Vermont. Pho
293-5418.

FIED ROUNDUP ARO

dor Martorell, family inn by d-famous Luquillo Beach, Puerto 00673.

GOURMETS

ntal groceries, spices—All East- cuisines. Send for our free bro- . We ship anywhere. Pacific er, Chatham, N.Y. 12037.

oon! Traditional Armenian "Yo- " Easy recipe, $1 Bentley, 24664 Rita, Carmel, Calif. 93921.

rs!!! Personalized gourmet s and recipes. For *low-calorie* or *holesterol* diets, by former food r, dietician. Send $1 today for le recipes and personal inter- form. Money-back guarantee. ou's DietAid, Box 880 A, Los , Calif. 94022.

ne chili recipe—The ultimate oisseur tested and approved. r guaranteed! $2. James, Box Lock Haven, Pa. 17445.

levotees savor world's rarest se- teas. Grace Teas Importers, H105, 799 Broadway, N.Y.C. . Free brochure.

hors d'oeuvres. Unusual, exotic s. Send $1 to HOLIDAZE, 305, Fairacres; N. Mex. 88033.

stic, cakelike rice pudding, de- s hot or cold. Send $1 for 75- old recipe to Recipe, 2017 East t., Duluth, Minn. 55812.

Coconut pie, makes own crust. e, $1. Box 441, Waynesville, 28786.

STAMPS

ifferent stamps, $1.50. Smith, Brooks, College Station, Texas

GAMES

mpetitive games for children dults. Play together not against other. Free catalogue. Family es, RR4, Perth, Ontario, Can-

lation. Improves card play while ng fascinating game. Elephant y system. $3 ppd. William Tay- ox 397 (H), Newhall, Calif.

MOTION PICTURES

8mm, 16mm, 8mm silent and film classics. Free catalogue. 1141-HP Mishawaka, South Ind. 46615.

ART

ctors Series"—airplanes, auto- , railroad prints ready for g. Send $1 for catalogue of beautiful lithographs, "Collec- eries," HM, 161 W. Harrison, o, Ill. 60605.

portrait professionally painted Send $20 and color photo to: S, Box 2141, Madison, Wis.

UNUSUAL GIFTS

oscopes—finest available, deli- visions guaranteed. $3.65 post- Mr. Gyro, 3500 Davis Lane, nati, Ohio 45237.

rammed pipe holster. Genuine , saddle stitched, slides easily . A pipe smoker's dream. Send and $3.98 to: The Taylor s, 3710-H Dilg League, Shreve- a. 71109.

quote Shakespeare. Intelli- umorous, all-purpose greeting Twelve assorted HIPPOS: pd. Add appropriate sales tax. brochure. David Prints, Box iller Place, N.Y. 11764.

SCHOOLS

Ph.D.s, Masters, Bachelors—nonresident college degrees easily acquired through mail-order universities. Complete directory, $1. Counseling Connection, 5495 Claremont, #BH, Oakland, Calif. 94618.

College degree at home. Your choice of subjects. Easy tuition plan. Free information. Elysion College, B.C. Box 909, San Ysidro, Calif. 92173.

Alternative futures studies of global/local, social/environmental issues toward B.A. or B.S. degree. Individualized programs at R.I. study center or elsewhere "at a distance." FUTURES LAB, Box 120 (H), Annex Station, Providence, R.I. 02901.

Florida Keys jr.-sr. high-school family. Excellent accredited prep curriculum; Marine Scubology; Biofeedback; Writing; Drama; six crackerjack teachers for 25 individuals. Abbott School, Living, Learning Center, Box 285, Key Largo, Fla. 33037. Brochure. (305) 245-4610.

Private-school placement service. Student's individual requirements primary consideration. 163 High Street, Middletown, Conn. 06457. Telephone: (203) 346-5111.

Study programs in France. Language, fine arts, performing arts. For information: Paris American Academy, 9 Rue des Ursulines, Paris 5.

Radiesthesia, Radionics, dowsing. ESP courses and equipment catalogue, $1 (refundable). Established 25 years. Dept. PH, Bruce Copen, Highfield, Danehill, Sussex, England RH17 7EX.

Parapsychology. Complete study course, certificate. Free information. American Parapsychological Research Foundation, Box 5395-M, Sherman Oaks, Calif. 91413.

Earn a British degree in Philosophy, Arts and Sciences. Catalogue $1 airmailed (refundable). Dept. H, Secretary, Sussex College of Technology, Highfield, Dane Hill, Sussex Rh17 7EX England.

Unique college in Mexico. Instituto Allende offers full undergraduate, graduate, and serious noncredit programs in English, specializing in arts, crafts, writing, Spanish, and social studies. U.S. Office of Education and V.A. approval. Perpetual sunshine, inexpensive living. Mexico's most beautiful colonial town. Free illustrated prospectus. Instituto Allende, Box H, San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

CATALOGUES

Free! Occult-witchcraft catalogue. Books, curios, unusual jewelry, bizarre miscellany. Importers, Box 2010, Toluca Lake, Calif. 91602.

Catalogues! Receive many! Catalog Directory, $2. Box 33098, Washington, D.C. 20028.

Leaded art stained-glass catalogue. Supplies: wholesale/retail. Send $1. Nervo Studios, 650 University Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94710.

BOOKS

Complete list of books by Rudolf Steiner. Anthroposophic Press, Inc., 258 Hungry Hollow, Spring Valley, N.Y. 10977.

Fiction, mysteries, war, science. Free catalogue. Sunmount Books, Box 145-H, Willowdale, Ont., Canada.

Publish your book! Join our successful authors: publicity, advertising, promotion, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for free manuscript report and detailed booklet. Carlton Press (Dept. HZS), 84 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10011.

Free illustrated list 100's unique low-cost books. Rena's Treasures, 1252 E. Denwall, Carson, Calif. 90746.

Rare books. VanTreuren. 1950 Post #108HA, San Francisco, Calif. 94115. Send wants.

Learn to read French, German, Italian, or Spanish *without memorizing anything.* Revolutionary new Rundle System. Send $19.95, specify language, or write for free descriptive London *Daily Telegraph* feature article. Templegate, Dept. EH, Box 963, Springfield, Ill. 62705.

30% discount on new books. Bookquick, B-3, Roseland, N.J. 07068.

The future: Catalogue of Resources lists books, tapes, games dealing with possible future developments in technology and society. 25¢. World Future Society, Dept. O, 4916 St. Elmo Avenue, Washington, D.C. 20014.

"Never have I seen a religious book produced with such skill and insight —a truly lovely volume."—Canon Herbert Arrowsmith of Australia. FAITH TO SEE, *Photographs and Reflections,* by Barbie Engstrom, was conceived in her hospital room; it's something special—a new dimension. $2.95, paperback; 26 photographs, 8 full color. *A perfect gift item.* Send check or MO to KURIOS PRESS, Box 946, Bryn Mawr, Pa. 19010.

Rockefeller-Rothschild conspiracy revealed! Free details. FFF-HM, Box 11306, Palo Alto, Calif. 94306.

Passage (I), a first-edition volume of international prizewinning poetry from the "All Nations Poetry Contest" is ready for sale. Send $4.15 check for paperback edition (price includes mailing) to: Passage, c/o Triton College Book Store, 2000 Fifth Ave., River Grove, Ill. 60171.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

Name the book—we'll get it! Free search service. CHICAGO BOOK MART, Box 636-H, Chicago Heights, Ill. 60411. Est. 1948.

Books located. Send wants. No obligation. Bazaar Books, Box 496, Chico, Calif. 95926.

LITERARY INTERESTS

Slim volumes of verse privately published. Handsome books of your poetry or the poetry of a friend published in limited editions. Hardbound books with elegant gold-stamped leatherette covers featuring marbelized endpapers and fine typography carefully printed on the best paper. Truly collector's books. Not vanity press but in the tradition of Poe, Whitman, T. S. Eliot, and Virginia Woolf. 50 copies of your book from $595. Send $2 for full information and specimen book. Dewar's Limited Editions, 3043 Grand Avenue, Coconut Grove, Fla. 33133.

Writers!! We need articles, stories, poems, books! We'll market your salable manuscripts! Requirement brochure—25¢. Meyer Agency, 217 Parkside (#5), Aurora, Ill.

Bertrand Russell Society. New Information. Dept. HM2, R.D. 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

New service for free-lancers. Nonfiction manuscripts will be accepted beginning Oct. 15 for critique by award-winning journalist. Personal, professional service guarantees thorough, confidential report. $10 to 3,000 words, $2 each 1,000 words thereafter. Enclose SASE with ms. Send now for free brochure. Mark Wilbur, Editorial Consultant, Stewart-Drew Building, 731 Main St., Klamath Falls, Oreg. 97601.

Publish your poems. Our guide tells how/where. $2.50. LYF-Hp, Box 1872, Milwaukee, Wis. 53201.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

Scholarly treatises, writing, editing, typing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team. *Research Unlimited,* Box 300-H, Dayton, Wash. 99328.

Manuscripts, reports, academic writing, editing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team at work. *Research Unlimited.* Box 300-H. Dayton, Wash. 99328.

Computerized information retrieval. Bibliography and abstracts from online computer archive bank of over 200 journals and periodicals. Berkeley Research, Box #4241, Berkeley, Calif. 94704. (415) 848-6710.

Professional editing, revising, typing manuscripts. Marye Myers, P.O. Box 2435-D, Pasadena, Calif. 91105.

Educational research from our catalogue now as low as 90¢ per page. Send 40¢ to: Writer's Unlimited, Box #4391, Washington, D.C. 20012. (202) 723-1715.

PUBLICATIONS

Ribald jokes. Contemporary. $2. Pussycat Press, Box 1884, Fresno, Calif. 93718.

High Times—only magazine dedicated solely to getting high. Dope articles, entertainment, information. Dope price index. A glossy quarterly. $3 for two recent issues. Subscriptions: $10/8 issues; $14/12 issues. High Times, Dept. HP, Box 386, Cooper Sta., N.Y.C. 10003.

Investors Advisory Service (IAS) monthly, 10 low-risk, high-profit stocks and warrants researched independently. Proven record. Yearly subscription, $150. Introductory issue, $5. Box 37A, Roseland, Va. 22967.

Women's poetry wanted for possible publication. Suha Publications, 661 Main St., Suite 100, Malden, Mass. 02148.

Worldwide English newspapers, 65 Countries! Sampler: 9 countries, $3.98. Ideal resource—Social studies classes, libraries. Free brochure. Multinewspapers. Box DE-7, Dana Point, Calif. 92629.

Read news about women you won't find anywhere else. Subscribe to *Majority Report.* It's the largest feminist newspaper in America and the only one that comes out every other week! Still only $5/year (26 issues!) or $8.50/2 years. Send name and address to Majority Report, Dept H, 74 Grove St., N.Y.C. 10014.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Earn immediately stuffing envelopes. $25/100. Send stamped envelope. United 3838½R, Van Dyke, San Diego, Calif. 92105.

NOWRAPAROUNDOWR

Import-export opportunity, profitable worldwide, mail-order business from home, without capital or travel abroad. We ship plan for no risk examination. Experience unnecessary. Free report. Mellinger, Dept. A-1029, Woodland Hills, Calif. 91364.

Make more money writing fiction and articles. Advanced home coaching sessions take guesswork out of getting paid for your creativity! I tell how to give your writing professional finish, what, how, where to submit, what they pay. In-depth coaching, not generalities. Free facts by mail. Barrett's Seminars, Dept. C-518-F, 6216 No. Clark, Chicago, Ill. 60660.

$25 daily possible! Addressing, stuffing envelopes. Typing—longhand. Details: Rush stamped envelope. Elite, Box 715-HR, Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563.

How to make money writing short paragraphs! I tell you what to write, where and how to sell, and supply lists of editors buying from beginners. Small checks can add up to worthwhile extra income. Write to sell right away. Send for free facts, BARRETT, Dept. C-77-G, 6216 No. Clark, Chicago, Ill. 60660.

Stuff envelopes. $25/100. Free supplies. Send stamped envelope. ISCO, 3835 42nd, San Diego, Calif. 92105.

When FemChem (owned and operated exclusively by women) holds a party, it's a household cleaning seminar. Interested? Write: FemChem, Inc., 2280 Terminal Road, St. Paul, Minn. 55113.

$20 genuine turquoise liquid-silver chokers. $6 each in dozen lots. LEE'S, 2319 East Highland, Dept. 304SH, Phoenix, Ariz. 85016.

$300 weekly extra: travel. Easy, risk-free business kits. Literal money trees. *Free details.* Guaranteed. Candide, Box 1254, Omaha, Neb. 68101.

Turn $10 into $1,000! Guaranteed! Free details. Money Hotline, Box 3155-Q, Springfield, Mo. 65804.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Sales career with sales management opportunities . . . throughout the country. This is your chance to help others—while you further your own career. If you are a thinker, a responsible nonconformist besides being friendly and energetic; if you are managing now or can be trained to manage people, IDS wants to hear from you. Our managers' incomes average more than $20,000 per year. Unlimited commissions and all the fringe benefits. We offer complete training programs. Write Investors Diversified Services, Unit 60-33 IDS Tower, Minneapolis, Minn. 55402.

Men! Women! Jobs on ships. American, foreign. Guide, $3. Seafax, Dept. W-3, Box 2049, Port Angeles, Wash. 98362.

ASSOCIATIONS

Humanism questions old assumptions and probes new possibilities while developing an alternative to traditional philosophy, religion, and current mysticism. Free information: American Humanist Association, Box H, 602 Third Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94107.

MEETINGS & CONVENTIONS

Speakers, conventions, all meeting occasions. 200 headliners, wide-ranging expertise. Free directory: *Success Leaders Speakers Service,* 3960 Peachtree Road NE, Suite 425, Atlanta, Ga. 30319.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT

Overseas opportunities—now available! Free transportation! Complete information . . . plus directory of 200 companies hiring thousands worldwide . . . all occupations. Send $2. International Opportunities, Box 29232-H, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

Worldwide opportunities . . . Australia, Europe, Asia, South America! All occupations! $700-$4,000 monthly! Employment International, Box 29217-H, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

Australia, New Zealand want you! 50,000 jobs! Paid transportation! Latest information and forms, $1. Austco, Box 3623-H, Long Beach, Calif. 90803.

Work overseas. Australia, Africa South America, Europe, etc. Construction, sales, engineers, clerical, etc. $8,000 to $50,000+. Expenses paid. For employment information write Overseas Employment, Box 1011H, Boston, Mass. 02103.

The Whole World Catalogue. Overseas job opportunities, overseas living, and worldwide travel. Unique. Indispensable. Send $1 to International Catalogues, Dept. H, 103 Park Ave., Suite 414, N.Y.C. 10017.

MERCHANDISE FOR SALE

Headgear, Pipe gift sets from $3.25. Posters, Jewelry, etc. Free catalogue. S-T Mail order. Box 1885. Ann Arbor, Mich. 48106.

Wallpapers at wholesale. WallTex, Schumacher, Sanitas, United, Birge, Strahan, Styltex-Katzenback-Warren, Fashion-Imperials-Murals. All famous makes at lowest prices. We can supply all brands. Send for free brochures and order forms. We pay UPS. Shriber's, 3220 Brighton Rd., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15212. Call Collect (412) 766-3274 for quotes.

Best burglary protection is marked valuables. Genuine diamond-tipped marking pencil plus warning stickers for windows. Send $4.95 plus 40¢ for handling to Burglary Protection Service, Box 8031, Spokane, Wash. 99203.

Appalachian handicrafts. Traditional and contemporary. Beautifully made by individual craftspeople "Sampler" catalogue, 50¢ Case Nouse Cooperative-B, 279 East Main St., Abingdon, Va. 24210.

Stone Home flour mills. Seven models, $75-$230. 201 L.A. Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94707.

PERSONALS

Penfriends. For free information, write: Papyrus, 927-H 15th St., Washington, D.C. 20005.

Moving to Cleveland? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, integrated neighborhoods. Contact Shaker Communities, 3380 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio. (216) 751-2155.

Intensive and group therapy—Austin Institute, Inc., 5000 North Lamar Blvd., Austin, Texas 78751. Staff did their therapy at Janov's Primal Institute. $2,000 for three-week intensive; subsequent groups are $10 each.

Interesting penfriends! 35¢ handles. HR Club, Box 5546, Ocean Park, Calif.

Instant memory—New way to remember. No memorization. Release "photographic" memory. Stop forgetting! Liberates extraordinary knowledge, talents, ESP. Free information. Institute of Advanced Thinking. Box 606-H, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272.

Make friends worldwide through international correspondence. Illustrated brochure free. Hermes, Box 110660/H, Berlin 11, Germany.

Good-natured young man available as traveling companion. Speaks five languages. Ed Lehmann, P.O. Box 11248, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

Computerized biorhythmic charts $3 per yearly printout. Send birthdate, remittance to: DATACOMP, P.O. Box 247, Shawnee MSN, Kans. 66201.

Learn professional astrology at home. Write World Astrological Services, Inc., Box 471-TP, Murray, Ky. 42071.

Eight personality traits, including original thinking, ascendancy, sociability. $5. Id Testing Service, Stewart, Nev. 89437.

Communal living magazine and utopian newspaper. Samples, $1. Storefront Classroom, P.O. Box 1174, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

Relax and laugh by dialing 108,000 onomatological combinations from the 60 unusual real names on Psteve's Psilly Pseudonym Psorter. $2.30 postpaid. Hustvedt Studios, Cardamon Dr., Edgewater, Md. 21037.

Penfriends! Lonely and sincere, 25¢. Enterprises, 1626 Walton, Oceanside, Calif.

Handwriting analysis in depth. $10 and sample to Elisabeth King, 41 E. 29 St., N.Y.C. 10016.

Problems? There is a bright side. Write to Mary. Send $2 to Box 772, Station A, Scarborough, Ontario MIK 2NO.

Biorhythms are fact. 4,440 Japanese firms charted employees and reduced accidents nearly 50%. ABA exclusive lunar cycle overcharting adds astounding precision. Your personal 23-day physical, 28-day emotional, 33-day intellectual, and 29.5-day lunar cycles hand-charted by bonded professionals $9.95 for six months. Your physical, emotional, and intellectual compatibility with any other person, $9.95 each, charted in percent. Biorhythm compatibility determined at birth and never changes. Beautiful charts airmailed within 24 hours. Just send birthdays and years. American Biorhythm Association, Box 9952, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80932.

Not only Mr. Rogers, 75, grew hair, but others, too, ending scalp problems. Ask proof. Kit, $18. International Laboratories, P.O. Box 41-4176, Miami Beach, Fla. 33141.

Biorhythm, one-year graph. Send birthdate. $3. Bio-rhythm, Box 969D, Danville, Calif. 94526.

Biomate. You don't need those complicated computer charts. Biomate is a pocket calculator that gives you anyone's rhythm at a glance. $12.95 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sidmo Enterprises, P.O. Box 96098, Houston, Texas 77015.

Personalized handwriting analysis, $5. Send sample. Larkin, P.O. Box 222, Baldwin, N.Y. 11510.

Future woman lawyer needs school tuition. $5 helps. Mil Phillips, Box 1344, Tempe, 85281.

Travelmates. Like to travel, but alone? Get in touch with trav with similar interests, similar p Share rides: exchange visits, tion together. Save gasoline, expe Members nationwide. Box 59K, F ant Unity, Pa. 15676.

Personal Problems? Professiona vice by mail. Confidential repl sured. Enclose $5 with letter d ing problem. A. Crafton, Box Main Station, Ft. Lauderdale, 33310.

Play chess by mail! Inform CHESSNUTS, 25-HB Mount Ve Saugus, Mass. 01906.

Need help but not psychiatry? FIDE's innovative counseling re you anywhere by cassette/letter phone. No taboos. Free bookl request. Also ask about our vestite/transsexual cassettes. FIDE, Box 56-HMJ, Tappan, 10983. (914) 359-8860.

28-year-old white inmate withou ily or friends concerned, needs correspondence. Donny Ratliff, 274, P.O. Box 787, Lucasville, 45648.

Prisoner, 22, desires correspon James Lawrence, 141370, Bc Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Professional couple, exceptiona erences, will house/apt.-sit 10 radius Manhattan. GPO Box N.Y.C.

Retired? You or loved one? permanent private room in be mansion overlooking ocean on Cod. Box 303, Falmouth, Mas

BOOKLETTER/BOOKSERV

Bright, lively, literate an free for a month

If you love books but hate w money and time on bad ones, want to become a Charter M of *Harper's* **BOOKSERVICE.**

Membership includes a subsc to the new Booklетter, a fasc guide to the world of books lished every other Monday (2 a year), and a unique book service that offers you the opp ty—but NEVER the obligat buy hardcover books at a 25 savings.

Yes, please enter my Charter bership to **BOOKSERVICE** special rate of just $10 for one instead of the regular $15. I stand that I may read the fi issues at your expense. If I do them, I'll write "cancel" acro bill, send it back, and that's

☐ Please send bill for $5 no $5 six months from now)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Harper's Magazine/**BOOKSE** 381 West Center Street, Ohio 43302.

OMMENTARY

MAGIC

spirit, since it was the Age of Reason, was
f Mystery. For it cannot be disguised that the
effect of knowledge of the universe in which
shipwrecked is a feeling of despair and dis-
often developing into an energetic desire to
out of reality altogether. The age of Voltaire
the age of fairy tales... Alice's Adventures
nderland belongs to the same age and within
years of the same date as the Origin of Spe-
ndeed the beginning of all folk-lore, should be
ted to the time when primitive man had lost
ghtest illusions. This impression of disgust,
s impulse to escape were naturally very strong
eighteenth century, which had come to a sin-
lucid view of the truth of the laws that
our existence, the nature of mankind, its
ıs and instincts, its societies, customs, and
lities, its scope and cosmical setting and the
le length and breadth of its destinies. This
since from Truth, can only be into Illusion,
lime comfort and refuge of that pragmatic
we have already praised. There is the usual
poverty of its possible varieties. The short-
out of Manchester is notoriously a bottle of
's gin; out of any business man's life there
nirage of Paris; out of Paris, or mediocrity of
nd imagination, there are all the drugs, from
all-conquering opium to cheating, cozening
. There is religion, of course, and music, and
ng: these are the major euphorias. But the
t and oldest is the side-path of Magic, where
uple chose to establish themselves, priests,
your choice; a sort of emigration agency for
o's Island for those wearied of any too solid
m of Milan. At its deepest, this Magic is
ed with the creative powers of the will; at
it is but a barbarous rationalism, the first of
attempts to force the heavens to be reason-
Whether there is any truth in this desperate
rom truth is no matter; it is important in
y to remember that the operations of Cagli-
ere entirely dependent on that focussing of
, that is called belief, not only in the follow-
most of all in the leader himself. There is a
gnorance that explains men like Cagliostro
e one word "hypocrite," or "cheat," a thesis
either history nor even rudimentary psychol-
l swallow. The requirements of this adven-
will and belief, they had chosen, were an
ly single will and at any rate a workable and
ry conviction; without a measure of both
they could not have sold a gold-brick to an agricultural laborer. Their public was educated, often subtle, fantastic, but as critical as the paying audience at the first night of an opera. Even in the political branch, or spellbinding, the magician must believe in himself, if it is only as long as he is spouting.

The profession of magician, in which our wandering couple were thus rising to inaccessible heights, is one of the most perilous and arduous specializations of the imagination. On the one hand there is the hostility of God and the police to be guarded against; on the other it is as difficult as music, as deep as poetry, as ingenious as stage-craft, as nervous as the manufacture of high explosives, and as delicate as the trade in narcotics. Technically in its upper atmospheres where Cagliostro and Seraphina flew, it is social. For it aims to satisfy the deepest wishes of the human heart, which are rarely individual; and its tools are secret societies. The fear of death, crypto-sexual longings for supernatural terrors and beauties and all the rest of the complex motive that sends men to Mahomet, Beethoven, or Cagliostro, cannot be satisfied adequately except by a church, an orchestra, or a freemasonry. In occultism this apparatus must be secret, for it is not a salvation, but an escape; an escape from the prison of reality, into another world, without birth or death, outside the organic flux, with another rhythm than the eternal Out and In, conception and corruption, eating and excretion. The inscription over the little side door, where Cagliostro dangled the key is

DARE
WILL
KEEP SILENCE.

So a better idea of the skeleton of their doings, while the couple were posting over Europe, is not at all a plotless succession of coups, but in the venerable records of missionaries, propagating a faith and building a church. Their work was not the making of a black-list, but a cult. Their captures were converts, to be preserved, not dupes to be fled from, disciples to be put on the registers of the initiated members of the Egyptian Freemasonry of High Science. President: a great Unknown, living in the unknown recesses of the mountains of the moon...

This reticulated organism that spread its threads before it was done over a thousand miles of Europe did not itself, in the magical way, spring full grown out of the night. The first contacts between the couple and their adepts, those meetings in close-shuttered sitting rooms in the inns of the route, must have been rather masterpieces of suggestion and allusion than definite propaganda for the huge machine of which not a cogwheel yet existed. The curious inquirer who paid for the first dinner of the



The Granger Collection

Seraſina



Cagliostro

Bolitho (1890-1930) was a correspondent for chester Guardian *and the* New York World, *author of* Leviathan, Italy Under Mussolini, der for Profit.

t © 1928 by Simon and Schuster, Inc.; copy-56 by Sybil Bolitho Fearnley.

adventure must have been the beneficiary of a performance, of unusual artistic value; some virtuosic confidence trick worked with only the talk of the man, and the silence of Seraphina, as distinct from the elaborate later exercise of the Egyptian Rite as lyric from dramatic. Still, even without apparatus, the couple must have traded substantially the same commodity: mystery, and the invisible. That is, spiritual romance. —William Bolitho

Twelve Against the Gods, 1929

ON FOLLY

There's no doubt that those folk are all men of my kidney who delight in miracles and fictitious marvels, whether hearing or telling about them. They can never have enough of such tales when there are any wonders to relate about ghosts, spectres, phantoms and the dead, and all the countless miracles there are of that kind. The further these are from truth, the more eagerly they are believed and more agreeably they titillate the ear. Such things not only serve remarkably well for whiling away a tedious hour but can also be profitable, especially for preachers and demagogues. . . .

What am I to say about those who enjoy deluding themselves with imaginary pardons for their sins? They measure the length of their time in Purgatory as if by water-clock, counting centuries, years, months, days and hours as though there were a mathematical table to calculate them accurately. Then there are people who rely on certain magic signs and prayers thought up by some pious impostor for his own amusement or for gain—they promise themselves everything, wealth, honours, pleasure, plenty, continual good health, long life, a vigorous old age, and finally a seat next to Christ in heaven. . . .

Take for example some merchant, soldier or judge who believes he has only to give up a single tiny coin from his pile of plunder to purify once and for all the entire Lernean morass he has made of his life. All his perjury, lust, drunkenness, quarrels, killings, frauds, perfidy and treachery he believes can be somehow paid off by agreement, and paid off in such a way that he's now free to start afresh on a new round of sin. Could anything be so foolish—or, I suppose, so happy—as those who promise themselves supreme bliss for repeating daily those seven short verses of the holy Psalms—the magic verses which some demon is believed to have pointed out to St. Bernard? He was a joker no doubt, but silly rather than witty, as the poor fellow was caught in his own trap. Things like this are so foolish that I almost blush for them myself, yet they win general approval, and not just among the mob but also among those who make profession of religion. It is much the same when separate districts lay claim to their own particular saints. Each one of these is assigned his special powers and has his own special cult, so that one gives relief from toothache, another stands by women in childbirth, a third returns stolen objects, a fourth will appear as a saviour for shipwrecks, another protects the flocks, and so on—it would take too long to go through the whole list. . . .



The Bettmann Archive

But it's sad, people say, to be deceived. Not a it's far sadder *not* to be deceived. They're wrong if they think man's happiness depend actual facts; it depends on his opinions. For hu affairs are so complex and obscure that nothing be known of them for certain, as has been ri stated by my Academicians, the least assumi the philosophers. Alternatively, if anything ca known, more often than not it is something v interferes with the pleasure of life. Finally, mind is so formed that it is far more susceptil falsehood than to truth. If anyone wants an im ate clear example of this he has only to go to c at sermon time, where everyone is asleep or ing or feeling queasy whenever some serious ment is expounded, but if the preacher starts t (I beg your pardon, I mean orate) on som wives' tale as they often do, his audience s and takes notice, open-mouthed. . . .

Now this gain in happiness costs very whereas real facts often take a lot of trouble quire, even when they are quite unimportan grammar. An opinion, on the other hand, i easily formed, and it is equally conducive to ness, or even more so. Just suppose that a r eating rotten salt fish, and they taste like am to him though another man can't stand the does that affect his happiness? Whereas if th of sturgeon makes someone sick, what can it the blessings of life? The possessor of a dr daub in red and yellow paint who gazes at admiration, convinced that it is a painting by les or Zeuxis, would surely be happier than one who has paid a high price for a genuine by one of these artists but perhaps gets less pl from looking at it. I know someone of my who made his new bride a present of some which were copies, and as he had a ready tong a joke, persuaded her that they were not on and genuine but also of unique and incalc value. Now, if the young woman was just as feasting her eyes and thoughts on coloured what did it matter to her that she was keepin trinkets hidden carefully away in her room as were some rare treasure? Meanwhile her h saved expense, enjoyed his wife's illusion, ar her as closely bound in gratitude to him as given her something which had cost him a f

What difference is there, do you think, b those in Plato's cave who can only marvel shadows and images of various objects, p they are content and don't know what they m the philosopher who has emerged from the c sees the real things? . . . And so there's not choose between the two conditions, or if t the fools are better off, first because their ha costs them so little, in fact only a grain of sion, secondly because they share their enj of it with the majority of men.—Desiderius E

Praise of Foll

Desiderius Erasmus (1465?-1536), the Dutch h satirized the church in Praise of Folly, *and crit more extensively in his* Colloquies *(1519), whic ly influenced the leaders of the Protestant Refo*

From Praise of Folly and Letter to Martin L *Erasmus. Translated by Betty Radice. Translati right © 1971 by Betty Radice.*

MOSHE DAYAN ON KISSINGER'S ILLUSIONS

Harper's

November 1975 $1.00
Magazine

INGLE LIFE IN A DOUBLE BED

Tragicomedy of Divorce

by Sonya O'Sullivan

nuel C. Florman:
PRAISE OF
CHNOLOGY
Humanist
gineer Rebuts
né Dubos,
ques Ellul,
wis Mumford,
arles Reich,
eodore Roszak,
.

wis Thomas:
rvival
Self-Sacrifice

lvin Trillin:
litical
ohistry

gry Fan
licts $ports



BOWLING GREEN
OCT 28 1975
LIBRARY



It takes time to build a tradition.
For more than 225 years, The House of Justerini & Brooks has been one of London's leading wine and spirit merchants. And for the past nine successive reigns, their dedication to excellence has earned the Royal Warrant.
This consistent superiority over more than two centuries is a rare tradition. So you can be certain that you'll always enjoy the same rare taste in every bottle of J&B Rare Scotch.

J&B RARE SCOTCH

As your introduction to membership in the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

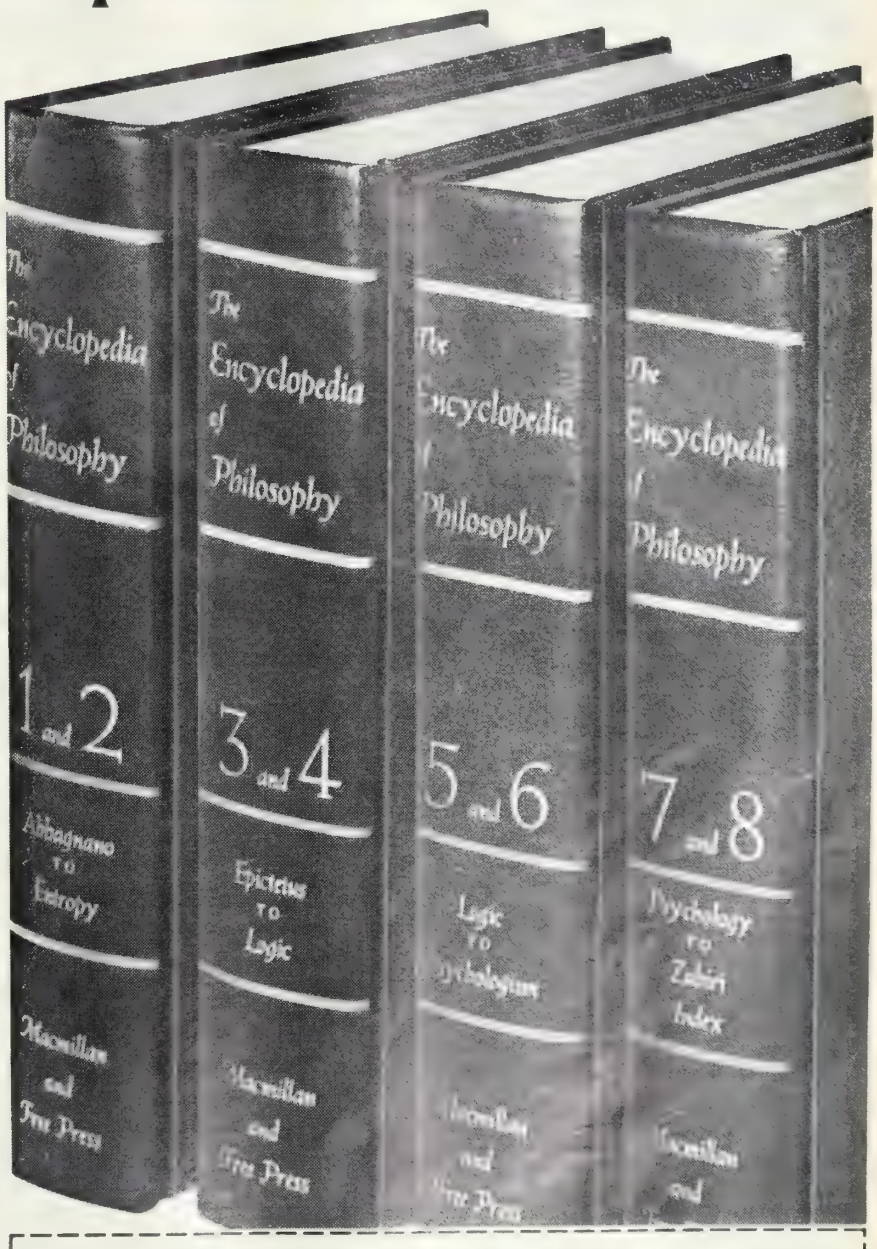
The most comprehensive encyclopedia of philosophy ever published...

FOR ONLY $17.50

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL
You simply agree to buy four Club choices within a year at substantial savings on most books you choose

PUBLISHER'S LIST PRICE: $99.50

The complete contents of the original eight-volume $219.50 edition now in a handsome four-volume reader's edition



ONE OF THE GREATEST repositories of philosophical information available anywhere, *The Encyclopedia of Philosophy* is the only major philosophical reference work published in English since 1901.

In this unique 5,000,000-word work can be found clear, authoritative answers to almost any question concerning philosophy — ancient, medieval and modern, Eastern as well as Western. And because the work represents the collaboration of more than 500 philosophers and philosophical scholars from twenty-four countries, every shade of opinion is represented. No thinker or movement is dismissed as too radical, no issue is scanted as too controversial. There are articles, for example, that discuss such contemporary matters as the ethics of suicide and euthanasia and the benefits and dangers of computing machines.

Clearly, *The Encyclopedia of Philosophy* belongs in every personal library, particularly in homes where there are high school or college students. Up to now its high price has kept it out of the reach of most families. But, as a new member of the Book-of-the-Month Club, you may own it for less than a tenth of the cost of the original eight-volume edition. Because only a limited number of sets have been set aside for this offer, you are advised to act quickly.

SPECIAL FEATURES AND EDITORIAL FACTS

- 7,000 pages
- 4,000,000 words
- Fifty 1500 articles, including 900 on individual philosophers
- 73-page index
- Paul Edwards, editor in chief
- Editorial Board of 153 international scholars
- Contributors: 500 specialists from twenty-four countries

A SMALL SAMPLING OF THE IDEAS AND PHILOSOPHERS IN THESE VOLUMES

Pain	Atheism	Semantics	The Absolute
Nothing	Free Will	Humanism	Good and Evil
Truth	Nonsense	Linguistics	Existentialism
LOCKE	WITTGENSTEIN	CAMUS	NEWTON
CONFUCIUS	SANTAYANA	KANT	DESCARTES
ERASMUS	SPINOZA	NIETZSCHE	HEGEL
SARTRE	THOMAS AQUINAS	ARISTOTLE	EINSTEIN
RUSSELL	PIAGET	PLATO	KIERKEGAARD

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC., Camp Hill, Pennsylvania, 17012 **5-A67-11**

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the four-volume reader's edition of *The Encyclopedia of Philosophy*, billing me $17.50. I agree to buy at least four Selections or Alternates during the first year I am a member, paying in most cases special members' prices. My membership is cancelable any time after I buy these four books. A shipping charge is added to all shipments.

65

MR. / MRS. / MISS } .....
(Please print plainly)

Address..... Apt .....

City & State..... Zip.....

FACTS ABOUT MEMBERSHIP

- You will receive the Book-of-the-Month Club News, a literary magazine published by the Club fifteen times a year. The News describes the coming Selection and scores of Alternates, and will be sent to you approximately every three and a half weeks.
- If you wish to purchase the Selection, do nothing and it will be shipped to you automatically.
- If you do not want the Selection — or you would like one of the Alternates or no book at all — simply indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed with the News and mail it so we receive it by the date specified.
- If, because of late mail delivery of the News, you should receive a Selection without having had at least 10 days to decide whether you want it, that Selection may be returned at Club expense.
- If you continue after your trial membership, you will earn at least one Book Dividend® Credit for every Selection or Alternate you buy. These Credits enable you to acquire for your library a wide variety of books, called Book Dividends, at astonishing savings — *at least 70% of publishers' list prices*. Under this unique system, more than 100 Book Dividends will be available to choose from every year.
- All books distributed by the Book-of-the-Month Club are identical to the publishers' editions in content, format, size and quality.

Harper's

NOVEMBER 1975 FOUNDED IN 1850/VOL. 251, NO. 1506

Lewis H. Lapham **18** THE ASSASSIN AS CELEBRITY
All the world loves a killer

Calvin Trillin **22** POLITICAL SOPHISTRY
What often passes, at least in New York, for the conventional wisdom

Dennis Troute **25** GOD'S GARAGE
The congregation of a drive-in church responds with automobile horns

John Fischer **26** FAILURE IN BRITAIN
Once supremely confident of their own superiority, the British have given way to self-doubt

Peregrine Worsthorne **34** A UNIVERSE OF HOSPITAL PATIENTS
The weakness of the welfare state

Don Asher **40** NOCTURNE IN B-FLAT MINOR
The dissonance of the 1960s may have resolved into a new harmony

Sonya O'Sullivan **45** SINGLE LIFE IN A DOUBLE BED
The sudden liberation of divorce changes feminists into women

SPECIAL SECTION

Samuel C. Florman **53** IN PRAISE OF TECHNOLOGY
A defense of the scientific method against the prevailing superstition that technology, by definition and in all its forms, is the work of the Devil

Joan Peters **73** A CONVERSATION WITH DAYAN
The prospects for peace in the Middle East

John P. Sisk **79** LOSING BIG
A pluralist society finds it impossible to agree on the location of good and e

Randall Poe **86** THE ANGRY FAN
A devotee of many sports sees them being corrupted by show business

Lewis Thomas **96** **BOOKS:** SURVIVAL BY SELF-SACRIFICE
A review of *Sociobiology*

Paul Auster **106** IDEAS AND THINGS
Two poets and how they write

Frederick Platt **110** LIFE WITHOUT LATIN
A classical scholar offers a wry defense of an ancient language

DEPARTMENTS

4 LETTERS
18 VERSE
114 TOOLS FOR LIVING
117 CLASSIFIED
123 GAME

Cover photograph by Jerry Sarapochiello

EDITOR: Lewis H. Lapham
ART DIRECTOR: Sheila Berger
SENIOR EDITOR: Nelson W. Aldrich, Jr.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR: John Fischer
WASHINGTON EDITOR: Taylor Branch
WRAPAROUND EDITOR: Michael Aron
COPY EDITOR: Rhoda Koenig
STAFF EDITORS: Valerie Brooks, Lawrence S. Burns, Melanie Pulik
EDITORIAL ADMINISTRATOR: Angela Santoro
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Gwyneth Cravens, George Crile III, Timothy Dickinson, Annie Dillard, Barry Farrell (West Coast), Jim Hougan, Russell Lynes, George Plimpton, Marion K. Sanders, Earl Shorris
CONTRIBUTING ARTIST: Martim Avillez

Published by Harper's Magazine Company, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

PRESIDENT & PUBLISHER: Russell Barnard
EDITOR IN CHIEF: Robert Shnayerson

BOARD OF EDITORS: Tony Jones, Lewis H. Lapham, Suzanne Mantell

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: Griff Ellison; **ASSISTANT PUBLISHER:** Ernest M. Walker, Jr., **CONTROLLER:** Louis A. Isidora; **CIRCULATION MANAGER:** Elizabeth Jacobsen; **PRODUCTION MANAGER:** Louis Seeger; **REPRINTS/PERMISSIONS:** Lucy Mattimore

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine Company, a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. John Cowles, Jr., Chairman; Otto A. Silha, President; Norton Armour, Secretary; William R. Beal, Treasurer. Subscriptions: $8.97 one year; $17.94 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan American $1.50 per year additional.

For advertising information contact Harper-Atlantic Sales, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Other offices in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, and San Francisco.

Copyright © 1975 the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Company under license, and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row, Publishers, Incorporated.
Printed in the U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

POSTMASTER: Please send Form 3579 to Harper's Magazine, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302.



Your telephone service. Such a small price to pay for such an important part of your life.

Here's good economic news from the Independent Telephone Companies.

(Those people outside the Bell System who are responsible for one out of six U.S. telephones.)

It's that over the last decade, the price of telephone service has risen only *a third* as much as the other key prices you pay.

A bargain, when you figure you're getting the world's best service and equipment.

What's in store?

Well, we're waging war against inflation, too.

It's especially tough, since we have to have good earnings to attract sufficient financing.

And that's the only way to provide you with even better service.

As you fight inflation, remember: the best bargains are the essentials that don't cost much.

The telephone, for example.

The Independent Telephone Companies.

Statistics from Consumer Price Index, U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics. For more information, write U.S. Independent Telephone Association, 1801 K St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

LETTERS

Politicians, poets, non-lawyers

Garry Wills's "Hurrah for Politicians," [September] is the most condescending and cynical piece on politics that *Harper's* has printed in many a year. It is also inaccurate and misleading.

I take particular exception to Wills's remarks about Eugene McCarthy. To say that "McCarthy could compromise, but preferred not to" is nonsense. It is not sustained by the record, nor by McCarthy's own writing. In a book published fifteen years ago, McCarthy said, "Compromise is the mark of human relations in almost every institution or social relationship involving two or more persons. Genuine compromise is not a violation of principle, not a compromise with principle but with reality. . . ."

McCarthy did, in fact, compromise with Kennedy followers at the 1968 Democratic convention in order to unite the antiwar forces for the platform debate. The antiwar plank was defeated because the Johnson-Humphrey forces controlled the convention—and also because some party regulars who knew the war was wrong followed the cynical pattern of conduct praised by Wills.

Wills said, "McCarthy, though not a great poet, is not a terribly bad poet. . . ." How does one reply to that sort of condescension? By saying, "Wills, though not a great writer, is not a terrible bad writer . . ."? In this case it would be more accurate to say that Wills, once a very good writer, has fallen victim to the glibness and pomposity which afflict people who decide to write articles when they have nothing worthwhile to say.

[illegible]COME
Chairman, McCarthy '76
Washington, D.C.

Garry Wills's figure on non-lawyer Presidents in this century is wrong. Seven—not four—of the fourteen were never lawyers. To Mr. Wills's list of Harding, Hoover, Truman, and Eisenhower, add: Theodore Roosevelt (who abandoned his legal studies without qualifying for the bar), John F. Kennedy, and Lyndon Baines Johnson.

RONALD RIDDLE
Sarasota, Fla.

So, Garry Wills concludes his eulogy on yesterday's and today's politicians with this hearty disclaimer: "I speak with no irony when I say they have *constructive* faults." That didn't bother me so much; after all, the aim of irony is to affirm tacitly the negative of what is on the literal level assumed positively. But, damn, the sad truth of the matter is that throughout the essay Wills happens to be just plain right.

ANGELO SPOTO, JR.
Baltimore, Md.

A native protests

What on earth ever moved you to print that classical exercise in Hearst-type sensationalism, yellow bold-face journalism, "Goodbye, San Francisco" [by Martin Koughan, September]? Are you that hard put to find good writers? Besides the fact that the San Andreas fault and the Pacific shelf are utterly worn out as literary subjects, the natives of San Francisco don't care if there is an earthquake. They will die happy. The other inhabitants of that fair city don't count anyway. They are all interlopers.

I lived in San Francisco for twelve years, was born in Berkeley, and am fourth-generation Bay Area. We have always been obliged to listen to the rantings of folk like Martin Koughan, and there have been many bad dreams for many children at the hands of such zealots. Henry Miller prayed that heaven deliver us from such zealots, and I also pray that *Harper's* refrain from printing such rubbish. May this be the last such indulgence in inaccurate sensationalism for many a long season.

The only good I can find in a[ll] cles of this sort about San Franci[sco] is that they may scare away ma[ny] rude and churlish New Yorkers a[nd] San Francisco can once again ret[urn] to a city of gracious ladies and g[en]tlemen, a city where people [say] "please" and "thank you" and sm[ile] at each other. If that may be gai[ned] by printing articles such as "Go[od]bye, San Francisco," have at it.

In the meantime I am happy [to] live in lovely, courteous Bakersfi[eld] our only big danger here being [an] occasional exploding oil well or [a] grating cockroach.

ELIZABETH WRI[GHT]
Oildale, Ca[lif.]

The conservative sou[l]

It's doubtful that Tom Wicker [and] Pauline Kael have taken the e[x]tence of the film *Nashville* as an [op]portunity for self-congratulation [but] it is certain that the controver[sial] film gives contributor Chilton [Wil]liamson, Jr., ["The Nash[ville] Sound," September] the chance [to] treat *Harper's* readers to what is [per]haps the only thing he's good at [—] producing that silly conservative [in]tellectual prose. It's all there, all [the] practiced phrases out of Russell [Kirk] and William F. Buckley: libe[rals] "earnestly naive" with a pitiable [be]lief in man's "inherent goodn[ess]" the mention of "Northeastern lib[eral] humanism" and "Eastern Press" [as] if each were toxic regional flora [and] nunciations of "mass culture" [and] mass living," the phrase literate [con]servatives use to let each other k[now] they are certifiably antidemocr[atic]. Why has such writing been allo[wed] to appear in a magazine of *Harp[er's]* distinction?

BRAD M[cCLAIN]
Tulsa, [Okla.]

CHILTON WILLIAMSON, JR., REP[LIES]

If I could properly practice [Bill] Buckley's phrases, I might we[ll]

QUALITY PAPERBACK BOOK SERVICE

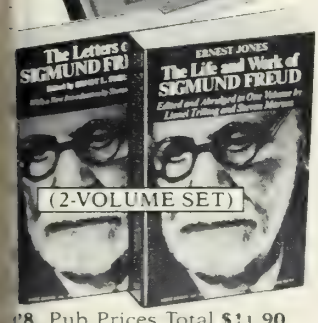
The best way to acquire the best paperbacks.



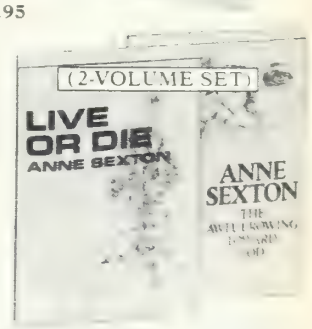
Any 3 books or sets for only $1 each

You simply agree to buy six more within the next year and as a member you'll immediately qualify for our Free Book Plan

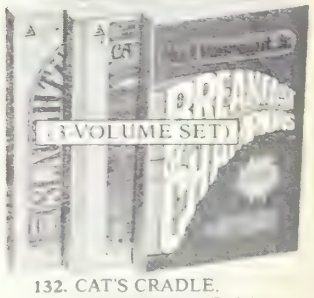
TODAY, MORE THAN EVER, fine paperbacks are the best values around in books, and the best way to buy them is by belonging to QPB. As a trial member of QPB, you'll receive our informative catalog, the *QPB Review,* each issue of which contains approximately 70 titles to choose from. You'll also immediately qualify for our Free Book Plan. All QPB books are large-size, durable, handsome editions printed on quality paper with modern, readable typefaces. Join QPB today.



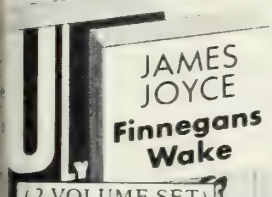
28. Pub Prices Total $11.90



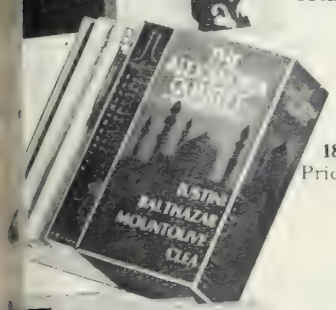
214. Pub Prices Total $6.90



132. CAT'S CRADLE, SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE *and* BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS *by* KURT VONNEGUT, JR. (3 Vols.) Pub prices total $7.95



115. Pub Prices Total $6.90



183. Pub Price $7.95

qpb®

QUALITY PAPERBACK BOOK SERVICE, INC.

Middletown, Pennsylvania 17057



THE FALL, THE PLAGUE & THE STRANGER *by* ALBERT CAMUS. (3 Vols.) Pub prices total $5.55

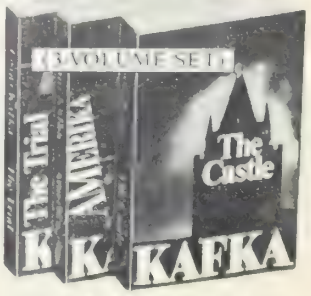


221. THE PILL VERSUS THE SPRINGHILL MINE DISASTER, IN WATERMELON SUGAR *and* TROUT FISHING IN AMERICA *by* RICHARD BRAUTIGAN. (3 Vols.) Pub prices total $6.45



222. THE AMERICANS *by* DANIEL J. BOORSTIN. (3 Vols.). Vol. I: **The Colonial Experience.** Vol. II: **The National Experience.** Vol. III: **The Democratic Experience.** Pub prices total $11.35





171. Pub Prices Total $6.85

You want the ozone questio
So doe

And most scientists agree there is time to find the answer.

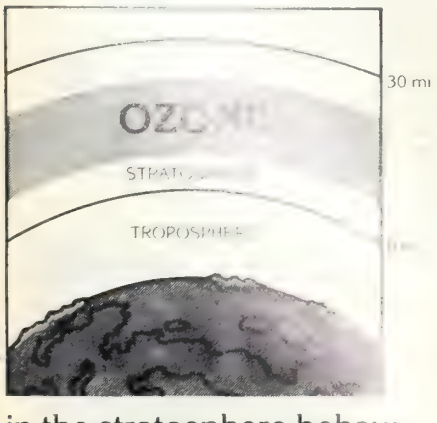
Fluorocarbons are liquids and gases used in refrigeration, for air conditioning, and as propellants in about half the aerosol spray cans sold in this country. Some say that these useful, normally safe compounds will cause a health hazard by attacking the earth's ozone layer. We believe this is an oversimplification.

The point is, to date there is no conclusive evidence to prove this statement. To understand, then, why there is a controversy, it is necessary to unsimplify the issue. We must treat the real world on its own terms, and they are complex.

The model that raised the question.

Ozone is continually created and destroyed by natural forces scientists are seeking to understand. The ozone depletion theory, based on a computer model of the stratosphere, was reported in 1974 by two chemists at the University of California.

This mathematical model calculates how fluorocarbons

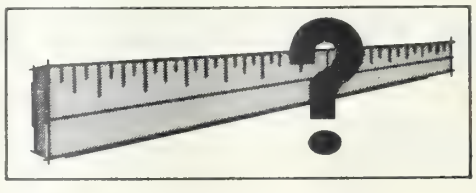


in the stratosphere behave under the influence of a series of variables (such as temperature, altitude, sunlight, chemical concentration) to affect the ozone layer.

In order to estimate hypothetical reactions, and because little is actually known about the real ones, the modelers made a number of assumptions about the way the upper atmosphere behaves.

The unmeasured yardstick.

Before any judgments can be made using this model as a stratospheric yardstick, its accuracy must be determined.



Does it describe the real, three-dimensional world? To find this out, the validity of the modeler's basic assumptions must be determined.

Turning assumptions into facts.

Before a valuable industry is hypothesized out of existence, more facts are needed. To get these facts Du Pont and the other fluorocarbon manufacturers are funding independent technological investigations in universities and research laboratories. Under the direction of acknowledged scientific experts, this research is designed to either prove or disprove the assumptions most important to the computer case against fluorocarbons.

Some research has been carried out since the model was first presented. Scientists now have a better idea of the accuracy of the assumptions in the model.

ASSUMPTION: The ozone-depleting reaction with chlorine from fluorocarbons takes place at a rate that demands an immediate decision on fluorocarbon use.

FACT: Recent determinations of reaction rates disclose that the ozone/chlorine reaction actually takes place at a slower rate than that assumed by the model. In addition, the same research has shown that the reaction of chlorine with stratospheric methane proceeds at a faster rate. Since this reaction tends to remove chlorine from the ozone layer, the net effect of both reactions is to lessen the originally-calculated impact of fluorocarbons. In fact, the impact was overstated by 300%.

RESEARCH: To guide future measurements of stratospheric reactions, a laboratory program has been funded to measure the reactions of chlorine compounds and ozone under simulated stratospheric conditions.

Most scientists agree there is time to conduct the research needed to settle the controversy one way or the other... before a final decision is made on fluorocarbon production and use.

ASSUMPTION: There is no other way to get fluorocarbons out of the atmosphere except by the ozone-depleting reaction.

FACT: One well-known class of chemical reactions not considered in the model is that of chlorine compounds in the

nswered one way or the other.
u Pont.

mosphere in heterogeneous actions.

In an article in SCIENCE eb. 14, 1975), Professors C. Wofsy, M. B. McElroy, and D. Sze of Harvard University ution that "If additional moval processes could be entified... or if additional nks could be identified for atospheric odd chlorine, the mospheric and biological pacts of [fluorocarbons] ould be reduced accordingly."

RESEARCH: Atmospheric emistry involving ion mole-le reactions has been scribed in recent months by veral investigators. Reaction es with ion molecules are own to be extremely fast d are believed to occur pri-arily in the lower stratosphere.

Thus, ion molecules could act with fluorocarbons, owing them to be removed m the atmosphere.

ASSUMPTION: Fluorocar-ns are the only significant urce of chlorine available for eraction with ozone in the atosphere.

FACT: Many chlorine-con-ning materials are present in e atmosphere in varying ncentrations. Of particular nificance, large amounts of ethyl chloride and carbon rachloride have been dis-vered in the troposphere d stratosphere.

In addition, new calcula-ns on the injection of seous chlorine compounds o the stratosphere from vol-nic eruptions have shown s as a significant contributor chlorine not taken into count by the model.

RESEARCH: Scientists are mpleting an inventory of chlorine-containing compounds in the atmosphere. It must be determined how nature deals with chlorine from these natural sources, before it can be shown that chlorine from fluorocarbons might pose a threat to the ozone layer.

Additional research.

A fluorocarbon industry research program is funding the development of a computer model that will better reflect the complex chemistry of the stratosphere.

In addition, other studies are under way to broaden our understanding of the total ozone production/destruction balance. These will concern themselves with other stratospheric reactions affecting ozone.

A panel of highly qualified academic scientists will advise on the technical programs covering various facets of the problem. This panel of independent experts will review the projects, providing a critical opinion on the pertinence of each, the probability of their success, and the completeness of the overall investigation.

Conclusion.

Much more experimental evidence is needed to evaluate the ozone depletion theory. Fortunately, as most scientists agree, there is time to gather this evidence. Du Pont has joined with other fluorocarbon manufacturers to provide funds for work by independent university scientists. Governmental agencies are also conducting research to help in the assessment of the theory.

Should the theory be proven correct after all the evidence is in, Du Pont, as we have stated, will stop the manufacture and sale of the offending compounds.

In the meantime, we believe that to act without the facts—whether it be to alarm consumers, or to enact restrictive legislation—is irresponsible. Final decisions cannot be made with only the information at hand.

The independent research described above is presently being carried out by scientists at the following institutions:

Cambridge University—England
Environmental Research and Technology, Inc.
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
State University of New York
The Battelle Memorial Institute
The University of Reading—England
University of California
University of Denver
University of Illinois
University of Maryland
University of Michigan
Washington State University
York University—Canada
Xonics, Inc.

This is the second in a series of discussions by Du Pont to offer a perspective on an important subject. If you would like copies of either this or the first discussion, please write to: FREON®, Room 24517, Du Pont Company, Wilmington, DE 19898.

Du Pont's trademark for fluorocarbon refrigerants and aerosol propellants

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. & TM. OFF.

to violate the strictures of personal authenticity, so-called, and [illegible]. Meanwhile, as Mr. Moore appears to regard me as a "literate conservative," I feel somewhat encouraged, if that is how a literate conservative should feel, in the face of a suggestion that literate people have no business appearing in distinguished literary forums.

High cost of regulation

Peter Schuck's article ["Why Regulation Fails," September] is perceptive, thorough, and balanced. It should be required reading for every journalist and politician. My only comment is on the closing paragraph.

It is my impression that no program actually has a large valid constituency, for the simple reason that it is not feasible to subsidize the many at the expense of the few. (If the few have sufficient resources at their disposal, they are probably able to identify and evade the short end of the stick.) It would be better, I think, to recognize that essentially all large programs subsidize the few at the expense of the many, and that if the nature of the subsidization can be made clear to all the participants, the program will fall of its own weight.

I work for a regulatory agency. We do not, as an institution, find it palatable to express accurately the amount of harm we do. It is difficult to report to Congress that our job is basically impossible, because the people who make the economy run will take further advantage of any new set of rules that can be contrived. This is difficult because we are human, because we really like to believe we are accomplishing a net good, because Congress would probably give the same job to some less honest group of bureaucrats, and because you get along by going along.

But we are the experts. Whenever an outside skeptic tries to document any of the counterproductive effects we have, we simply argue that he doesn't have the facts. We can always count on Congress to believe that we are following the original mandate, and to interpret any attack on our results as an attack on our worthy purpose.

Is there a solution? Yes, but not an easy one. It is necessary to dig for all the facts, not just the ones which support the agency. Who really pays for food stamps? What drove the independent gas stations out of business? Who really benefits from price controls on oil and gas? Who really reaps the benefits of added educational funding? Which farmer profits from farm subsidies? While the constituency for each of these is a small group pretending that a large group is the beneficiary, the small constituency will in every case have a large and vital interest, and resources to match, with the full concurrence and support of the relevant bureaucracy. The issue, in my mind, is whether enlightened analysts, journalists, and politicians can work their way down to the facts.

On a more optimistic note, I do not believe that large numbers of citizens need to vote against their own self-interest. It is sufficient (if only for a start) to perform and publicize some thorough, hard-nosed, independent appraisals of who is really paying for what.

NAME WITHHELD
Kensington, Md.

Prompting from The Wings

Jerry Leichtling ["Airline Comparisons," September WRAPAROUND] labels Eastern Airlines as "the least highly regarded of the airlines." He observes that this reputation is "less factual than a matter of image problems," which causes us to wonder why he did not report the facts rather than spout hypothetical generalities.

He accuses Eastern of "delays, overselling, poor food, and diffident service," summing up that "nobody has favorable things to say." But what are the facts, based on information recorded with the Civil Aeronautics Board?

Flight delays: In 1974, Eastern ranked third among the ten U.S. trunklines in on-time performance. Eastern operates 1,400 flights a day, concentrated mainly in the eastern half of the nation where air traffic is heaviest and weather often inclement. Airlines with fewer flights, smaller fleets, and operations in the western half of the country traditionally have better on-time records. Significantly, Eastern's on-time record in 1974 was far better than that of its two primary competitors, Delt and National, which ranked eight and tenth respectively.

Overselling: Even a cursory chec by Mr. Leichtling would have r vealed that Eastern has fewer ove sales than any other U.S. airline. I fiscal 1974, the CAB recorded Eas ern with only 2.1 oversales p 10,000 boardings, the lowest amor major domestic carriers and far b low the industry average of 5.5 ove sales per 10,000 boardings.

Poor food and diffident service: is interesting to note that the CAB Office of Consumer Affairs report only fifty-three complaints abo Eastern service in July, and two these related to food. This repo was for a month in which Easte carried over 2.3 million passenge Hardly an overwhelming condemn tion of Eastern's service quality.

As to the charge that "nobody h favorable things to say," Eastern the first seven months of this ye received 9,696 written complimen about its service and personnel. turn, we received 7,150 complain which means our compliment-to-co plaint ratio was a favorable 1.36 1. So, what is the basis for M Leichtling's blunt assertion that "n body has favorable things to say

In fact, the CAB's July report vealed that 2.24 complaints were r istered against Eastern for ea 100,000 passengers boarded, a that was the second lowest volume complaints among U.S. airlines. T average number of complaints the industry, incidentally, was per 100,000 boardings.

We have no way of knowing M Leichtling's qualifications for a lyzing airline service, but it is ob ous that elementary research is an ingredient of his reporting pro dure. What is even more puzzling why the editors of *Harper's*, a spected publication with a stro tradition of journalistic quality, op their pages to a contributor who lies upon broad brush condemnat that is contrary to both the facts demonstrated public opinion.

THOMAS B. MCFADI
Senior Vice Presid
Public Affa
Eastern Air Lines
Miami,

Harper's REPLIES:

Jerry Leichtling simply repo what he had been told by the pe

Now learn the secrets of enjoying great music and understand the works of the masters as never before

NEW from TIME LIFE RECORDS

Great Men of Music

superb boxed collections of representative works by the greatest composers of all time, performed by the world's outstanding artists



important secret of enjoying great nposers' works is to understand the ique genius each one brings to his mu-. And to become so familiar with their lividual styles that you can instantly ntify the creator of each work you hear. Now TIME-LIFE RECORDS, in coopera-n with RCA, has developed an exciting w series which provides "total immer-n" in the lives, times, musical styles of h masters as Beethoven, Bach, Chopin ozart, Handel and Prokofiev . . . and ows *why* they stand, for all time, as sic's great men.

In each album, devoted exclusively to life and work of one great composer, u hear outstanding selections of all sical forms in which he excelled, per-med by our finest artists—Van Cli-rn, Emil Gilels, Jascha Heifetz, Eugene mandy and the Philadelphia Orches-, Leontyne Price, to name just a few.

Then, in a lavishly illustrated companion booklet, you'll discover facts about the composer's life, the forces that shaped his music, the people and places that surrounded him and you'll learn exactly what to listen for in his work.

Altogether you get nearly four hours of listening enjoyment on 4 stereo records, plus the illustrated booklet and rich gold-stamped slipcase and box. A collection of these albums makes not only an impressive array for your music shelf, but a magnificent addition to your music library.

To acquaint you with the series, you are invited to audition the first album, Tchaikovsky, free for 10 days. And as an added bonus, we will send you the deluxe edition of The Golden Encyclopedia of Music at no extra cost. Records of this calibre usually sell for $6.98 each. The Encyclopedia retails for $17.95. But as a subscriber to the series you may keep this $45.87 value for just $17.95 plus shipping and handling as described in the reply card.

Or, if you decide against the album, return it and The Encyclopedia within 10 days without paying or owing anything. You will be under no further obligation. To take advantage of this free audition, mail the bound-in postpaid reply card. If the card is missing, write Time Life Books, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Ill. 60611.

As your introduction, you are invited to audition

TCHAIKOVSKY

free for 10 days

Hear Leontyne Price singing the Letter Scene from *Eugene Onegin;* the Boston Symphony's performance of fiery *Francesca da Rimini.* Van Cliburn recreating his performance of the *First Piano Concerto* which catapulted him into international fame, and more.

YOURS FREE

with purchase of Tchaikovsky album



THE GOLDEN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MUSIC

Deluxe, 720-page hardbound edition, a must for every reference shelf, retails for $17.95.

"I'm talking about jobs.



I'm talking about food on the table and goods in the store.

I'm talking about a dynamic economy that'll bring a new prosperity to this land."

These excerpts were taken from a talk by Lewis W. Foy, Chairman, Bethlehem Steel, at the Downtown Rotary Club, Washington, D.C., July 23, 1975. If you would like a copy of his entire talk *(A Progressive Program for "A Backward Nation")*, fill in and mail the coupon at right.

"I'd like to set the stage by telling you about 'a backward nation.'

I'm talking about a nation that's been 'backward' in terms of economic growth. Over a long period of years that particular nation had an average economic growth rate of only four percent a year—less than half the growth rate in Japan, and seventeenth among twenty leading industrial nations.

Seventeen out of twenty in economic growth? I say that's 'backward.'

I'm talking about a nation with lagging capital investment . . . lagging economic growth . . . lagging plant modernization . . . and lagging productivity gains . . . and I say that's a pretty fair description of a 'backward nation'—a nation that's falling behir

Well, I guess you know what country I'm talking about. It's our country, the U

Of course we're still an economic powerhouse. Of course we still have a sizeable lead over most other countries in a lot of respects, but we're losing our lead, and *fast*. Relative to the other major industrial nations, we're moving *backward*.

Why? Because too small a share of the nation's output is being allocated to investment. We simply aren't plowing enough of our resources back into productive enterprise, into the engines of growth and progress.

Where will new jobs come from?

About a million-and-a-half people will be entering the private labor force every year between now and 1980, and we want to make sure there are jobs for them, and I mean good jobs. But the average investment to create just a single new job opportunity is rising all the time. It's about $25,000 now, and it'll be close to $35,000 by 1980.

You might think about that for a moment: $52½ billion in the year 1980, just to create enough new job opportunities for the people coming into the labor force that year.

We won't get the economy back into gear unless and until the private sector can generate the capital funds needed for modernization and growth. In the case of my own industry, that's something in the order of $5 billion a year.

Corporate profits can't generate that kind of money, not the way things have been going.

The equity route is at a dea end these days, and there are limita tions to further borrowings. Even corporate debt weren't at recor heights, there's the crowding-ou effect of massive borrowing to cove oversized Federal deficits.

Where's that private inves ment capital coming from? How i the world is our 'backward' natio going to get moving forward agai

In my opinion there's no wa to do it without an enlightene and coherent Federal income ta program.

A progressive program

I want to urge just five tax-relate measures that are needed by cor panies like mine, and industries li the steel industry, and manufactu ing and mining industries in ge eral. To my way of thinking, the five measures are rock-bottom r quirements.

First, I urge Congress to enact realistic, effective capital recove system.

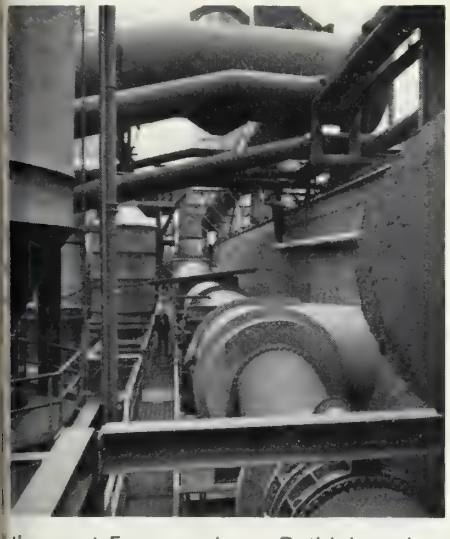
The guts of this system has be *full* and *fast* recovery of expen itures for plant and equipmer Under the present depreciation sy tem, we don't recover our investme

st enough to plow it back into ore capital spending when, as day, funds for capital spending e in short supply and badly needed.

And cost inflation makes mat- rs a lot worse. Our original cost asis gets more ridiculous every ar that replacement costs spiral ward. The longer the period for preciation, the less we recover of e *real* costs of replacing our old uipment with equivalent modern uipment.

Second, what I've said about pital recovery goes *double* for the pital we're putting into pollution- atement facilities.

Those facilities rarely produce a nt of income. In fact, they incur avy operating costs year after ar. In such cases the usual ration- e for depreciation—recovering the penditures out of earnings—akes no sense at all. *There aren't y earnings!*



the past 5 years alone, Bethlehem has ent about $130 million for environmental tection and pollution control equip- nt. We expect to spend more than $600 lion for such equipment during the next ears.

So, I recommend—I *urge*—that tlays for pollution control may be itten off *immediately*, in the year e costs are incurred, or over any riod that the taxpayer elects.

My third recommendation is s: Let's stop playing games with e investment tax credit. The Tax duction Act of 1975 took a step in e right direction, but it's only a gle step.

At last Congress acknowledged what we've known for a long time, that the tax credit pays off in more investment. So far so good. Raising it from seven to ten percent was a sensible move, but limiting the increase to two years wasn't.

The business community needs *certainty* in order to plan ahead, and we need more than two years for long-range financial planning.

Let's boost the tax credit to *12 percent*. And let's make it *permanent*.

That would be another powerful shot-in-the-arm for economic growth and job formation, and it would lay the basis for increased future tax revenues.

Fourth, let's do something about double taxation of corporate profits. I mean taxing income when earned by the corporation and again when it's received by shareholders in the form of dividends.

Most other industrial nations have systems that provide relief from double taxation, and I think that's the way we ought to go. In the long run it'd help open up the possibility of more capital formation through sales of new issues of corporate stock.

My fifth and final recommendation has to do with natural resources —mining and energy production.

I'm not suggesting anything new. All I want to do is urge the continuation of the existing tax provisions—notably, percentage depletion. It's terribly important to the extractive industries. It's been a helpful feature of the tax code for more than forty years, ever since 1932.

Today, when the national well-being requires the greatest possible assurance of ample mineral raw materials and energy resources, we've got to encourage exploration, development, and production. This is expensive. It costs like sin. And it's just about the riskiest business going.



Bethlehem is a major participant in a joint venture for taconite development in Minnesota. The final tab is going to be about $300 million, and that's a lot of capital right there.

We've got to move forward

The immediate and long-lasting payoff from these tax-related measures will be nothing less than solid economic growth. And I'm not talking about benefits that, as some people say, would just 'trickle down' to all Americans.

I'm talking about jobs; I'm talking about food on the table and goods in the stores; I'm talking about a dynamic economy that'll build our strength in world markets and bring a new prosperity to this land and all its people.

This is worth fighting for, and I hope you'll join me in letting Congress know where we stand!"

Public Affairs Department, Room 476H
Bethlehem Steel Corporation
Bethlehem, PA 18016

YES, send me a copy of Mr. Foy's talk, *A Progressive Program For "A Backward Nation."* (Reprint includes documentation that the U.S. is "backward" in terms of economic growth.)

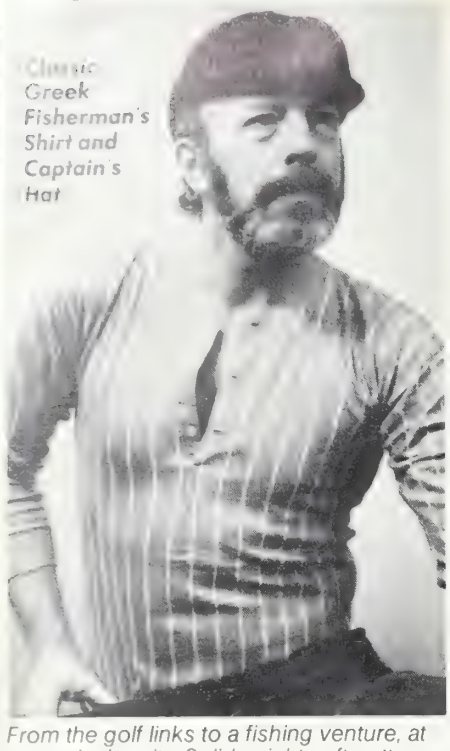
Name_____

Street_____

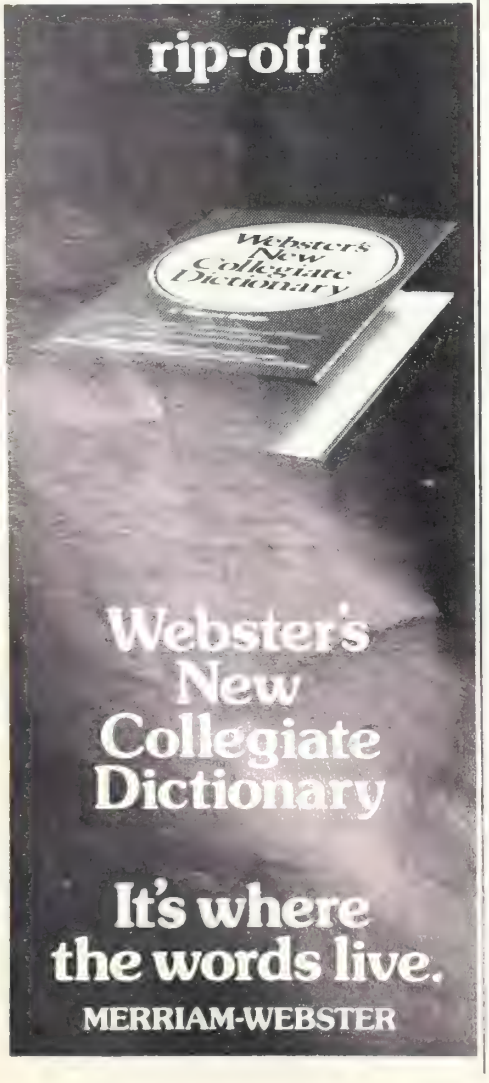
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Bethlehem BETHLEHEM STEEL

philia fashions ltd.



From the golf links to a fishing venture, at sea or in the city. Solidweight soft cotton knit in washed blue or tan brown exploded with white pin-stripes. Chest sizes XS(34-36) S(36-38) M(38-40) L(42-44) XL(44-46). **$20** *ppd. Hat, black only, the original classic with uniquely embroidered visor and band. From 6-7/8 to 7-5/8.* **$12.** *Send check, no COD's. Returnable. Chargecard order desk, call (212) 752-3973 Write to:* **PHILIA, 349 E. 61 ST., N.Y. 10021**



he interviewed: travel agents, frequent air travelers, and industry watchers. It is, of course, possible that had he spoken with different people he might have gotten different answers. However, that possibility does not render his findings incorrect since he was dealing with the subject of the public's perception of the various airlines.

Mr. McFadden asks why Leichtling spouts hypothetical generalities rather than reports the facts. We are delighted that Mr. McFadden provides some. The CAB deflect our request to get the information wanted. For example, the informati on on-time performance was p vided by a Nader study-group; couldn't get it from the CAB. found that airline public affairs fices would not provide informati on numbers of compliments ver complaints. Because airline indus facts were so closely guarded, chose to report on the airlines as p ceived by the public. That is what did; nothing more, nothing less.

THE ASSASSIN AS CELEBRITY

All the world loves a killer

by Lewis H. Lapham

LESS THAN AN HOUR after he had been threatened with assassination in Sacramento last September President Ford spoke to the California State Legislature about the troubling rise in crime in the United States. Under the circumstances it was a disappointing speech. The little of it that was quoted in the newspapers suggested that the President contented himself with platitudes. "Peace on Tenth Street in Sacramento," he said, ". . . is as important as peace in the Sinai Desert"; "a man or woman or child becomes just as dead from a switchblade slash as from a nuclear missile blast"; "the billions of dollars spent at all levels of government since 1960 have not done the job," et cetera.

The President had looked into the barrel of a heavy caliber pistol and seen the nearness of his own death (a witness reported that his face "turned completely white"), but he apparently failed to understand that he also had seen a magical transformation. With a single gesture a deranged girl named Lynette Fromme, age twenty-six and dressed in the red robe of an imaginary religious order, had become a national celebrity. Within a matter of hours it became necessary to know about her early sorrow and unhappy childhood, about her belief in "the people's court of retribution," about her squeaky voice and her devotion to the person and murderous fantasy of Charles Manson. By night she had acquired a publicity ue temporarily equivalent to that Joe Namath or Mary Tyler Moo On the following Tuesday *Time* *Newsweek* printed her photograph the covers of 8 million magazir *Time* taking the trouble to buy sp in the New York papers announc "exclusive photos and passages fr

This issue of *Harper's* omits the WRAPAROUND in order to publish a long segment from a book entitled "The Existential Pleasures of Engineering." The book will be published this month by St. Martin's Press. The part of the text appearing in *Harper's* raises a useful argument against the prevailing opinion that technology, by definition and in all its forms, is the work of the Devil. Samuel Florman, the author of the book, will contribute four topical essays a year to *Harper's* on matters having to do with economics, government regulation, and heavy machinery.

From time to time *Harper's* will substitute sections of special interest for the WRAPAROUND. In December the WRAPAROUND will deal with the present knowledge of the human brain.

queaky Fromme's unpublished emoirs . . . the world of the social isfit and psychological cripple . . . scinating, penetrating reading in is week's *Time*." Even when drunk d trying for savage irony I doubt ether Nathanael West could have vented so grotesque a billing.

Unhappily for Mr. Ford's expen-e efforts to reduce the national ime rate, the transformation ac-mplished by Squeaky Fromme omparable in its simplicity to hit-g the jackpot number in the $1-llion lottery or being discovered Russ Meyer in Schwab's drug-re) constitutes a debased but pop-ur interpretation of the American am. As yet only a few people mong them Arthur Bremer) have en willing to pay quite so high a ce for the first five minutes of the o'clock news, but if the rewards ntinue to get bigger (book con-cts, major motion picture deals, oduct endorsements, talk-show ap-arances) I see no reason why their mber should not increase.

I would have felt more hopeful out the President's speech if he d said something to the effect that he presides over a country in which crime so often leads not to poverty, death, or disgrace but to record box-office attendance and high public office. The society that guarantees the profit of criminal enterprise (whether in the form of a Mafia gambling casino or a corporation's theft of its own common stock) can expect to find a great many people wandering through the streets with guns in their hands. This is an awkward thing to say, and I can well understand Mr. Ford's reluctance to do so, but unless he begins with the facts of the matter, I don't know how he can expect to do anything useful. The pretense of virtue obliges the government to spend additional billions of dollars to prove a false premise. The parallel is with Vietnam or with King Canute commanding the ocean. I do not mean to suggest that the United States has descended into anarchy or that most of its citizens do not obey the law. For the most part they do, but for reasons that can be ascribed to common sense rather than to the exemplary conduct of people who hold positions of trust and authority.

EVEN A CURSORY reading of the newspapers during the past few years would incline a fair-minded man to confuse certain kinds of crimes with national policy and standard business procedure. The CIA employs Mafia assassins to arrange the killing of Fidel Castro; the United States Air Force carries forward a secret bombing of Cambodia. In Vietnam the U.S. Army encourages a tactic of indiscriminate murder and finds, after a prolonged investigation, that the entire burden of guilt rests with Second Lieutenant William Calley. Mr. Ford's predecessor in the White House forswears his oath of office and then retires on a government pension and sells his memoirs (both as a book and a television special) for $6 million. A dismal succession of business corporations (among them Gulf Oil, American Airlines, United Brands, Braniff International, Goodyear Tire and Rubber, Lockheed, Northrop, and Ashland Oil) admit to various charges of bribery and illegal campaign contributions, but in most instances the responsible officials receive a sym-



WESTHAMPTON CEMETERY
Founded 1795

by Philip Appleman

No place for elegies, in these stern
stones, bleached
by the misty light that haloes gulls
and weathers the gray shingles
of the Hamptons—no elegies, but grace:
Blessed are the dead
which die in the Lord: my flesh
will rest in hope.
No place for elegies in this austere
devotion to joy, the faith
of the departed:
They do not die nor lose
their mortal sympathy,
nor change to us, although
they change.
No elegies for Mehitable, wife
of Enoch Jagger, died
1799 in the twenty-fifth
year of her age;
for Warren Goodall, drowned at
Fire Island,
1832:
for Jennie McCue, died 1871,
aged three years, nine days—no
elegies, but grace:
Precious in the sight of the Lord
is the death of His saints:
we sorrow not
as those which have no hope.

But for the backs that wearied out
these scars in the pale earth,
and for sailors at the aching capstans,
for fishermen scanning
the ashy sky—elegies,
yes, for all
of these—for bonneted girls
stooping till sundown in the itch
of potato fields, new widows walking
their roofs
for the overdue whalers,
maids in the faded Hamptons
staring at hope-chests—elegies,
chiseled in mossy stone:
From sorrow, toil and pain
and sin we shall be free.
This misty light is an elegy
for the living:
bleaching our blood to water,
scaling our bone to chalk,
fading every morning song
to the minor of farewell.

pathetic vote of confidence from their boards of directors. New York City bankrupts itself because a succession of municipal administrations endorse fraudulent accounting practices; in the same city the United Federation of Teachers follows a policy of extortion (if you don't give us what we want, we will close the schools), and the Board of Education discovers that it can do nothing but pay the ransom. In the less public-spirited quarters of society the drug trades and gambling rackets return an immense profit (possibly as much as $50 billion a year), and the funerals of police officers become more or less commonplace events. In New York the odds on being convicted of a crime stand at one in five, and a conviction for felony murder results in an average jail term of ten years.

If Mr. Ford has any further doubts about the amusements of the crowds with which he so eagerly shakes hands, he might consult the best-seller lists or the Neilsen ratings. His fellow citizens take a romantic view of crime and hold the successful criminal in high regard. More often than not the big money properties require the presence of a heroic predator—the Godfather, Joe Kennedy, Xaviera Hollander, James Bond, John D. Rockefeller, Aristotle Onassis, Meyer Lansky, a great white shark—anybody or anything that takes what it wants and shows an appropriate contempt for something so chicken-hearted as the due process of law. A similar ruthlessness is an admired characteristic of the government prosecutor who abuses the rules of evidence in order to obtain a just conviction.

The belief that the ends (always noble) justify the means (sometimes treacherous) corresponds to the idea that anything worth having can be bought for money. To the extent that this is true (i.e. that high government office sells at prices asked for houses in the Bahamas) the extremely rich man becomes equivalent to the idealist commissioned to serve the higher law. Both kinds of men induce in their followers the euphoria of omnipotence. It is the same feeling that surrounds a known killer or a victorious politician on election night. For the time being the people within his sphere of influence believe themselves safe from death, pain, taxes, and disease.

A FEW MONTHS before was shot to death in berto's Clam House, Gallo, the well-known fia figure and bon vi enjoyed a brief vogue in New as a fun sort of person to around. He occasionally appear a restaurant frequented by p employed in the manufacture o tional images (journalists, movi rectors, fashion photographer cetera), and his arrival inevi caused the talk in the room to away into abrupt stillness. Ov period of years I had seen a pr sion of celebrities walk in and o the same restaurant, but the c scenti always managed to pre an attitude of disdain, pretendi continue their conversations as if had noticed nothing out of the nary. Gallo never failed to im them, and they could not pr themselves from offering him homage of silence. The presence man so closely associated with lence and notorious crime ca with it the same kind of giddy citement that accompanies the news of a political assassination.

THE PRESENT ADMIRATIO the criminal (both th and person who com the act) no doubt a from what the sociolo would describe as a condition of a ation. As the law becomes a for lawyers, so also does it los meaning for anybody who can ford the balls and the court an racquets. If the state can be ceived as hostile abstraction away in Washington where the ticians are always lying), and i many people have no memor family or cannot conceive of a n held together by a common ide justice, then we must make do the primitive loyalties of the M The collective glamorization o ganized crime seems to me analo not only to the psychotic fantasi the Manson family but also to wistful longings of those intellect who wish that the world coul restored to the spiritual purity o late Middle Ages. I can unders the desire for simplification, bu celebration of the criminal is a fession of defeat. The preda mode of doing business dep



The Mercedes-Benz 450SE. Engineered like no other car in the world.

The Mercedes-Benz 450SE is a rare combination of advanced automotive technology, enlightened engineering, safety and craftsmanship.

And though a host of "brand-new" automobiles have been introduced in the past several months, the world has never seen a production sedan like it.

On the *outside*, the 450SE Sedan is not as big as a full-sized American luxury automobile. The only thing big about this Mercedes-Benz sedan is the room *inside*. The 450SE is a five-passenger sedan with more than seventeen cubic feet of trunk space.

Many engineers agree that this is the shape and size of the automobile of the future. For some domestic manufacturers, the future has to wait it until at least 1978. For Mercedes-Benz it's here now.

Aircraft construction

The Mercedes-Benz 450SE has no separate body or chassis structure. Its panels are fused into a unit with over 6,000 individual electric welds. This basic method of construction allows modern jet aircraft to have enormous strength and light weight.

The awards winner

The 1975 Motor Trend Magazine Golden Wheels Awards have just been announced.



Outstanding Achievement in Engineering

Winner: The 450SE.

Areas evaluated: The ride/handling relationship; performance, e.g. expressway entry, passing, hill climbing and stopping; passenger capacity and comfort; ease of entry and exit and accommodations; total engineering concept and quality of execution.

Outstanding Achievement in Safety

Winner: The 450SE.

Areas evaluated: Avoidance capability; braking response; visibility; innovation; occupant protection.

Safety first

The structure of the 450SE is the latest of Mercedes-Benz developments of the patented rigid passenger cell/deformable extremity construction. Both the front and rear extremities absorb force in the event of an impact, to help the passenger cell remain intact.

The 450SE's gas tank is mounted over the rear suspension, well in from the rear bumper, and surrounded by steel bulkheads. What's more, the gasoline filler neck has been designed to pinch itself closed in the event of impact.

Unlike *all* domestic sedans which continue to have the same basic wagon-type rear axle they have had for decades, the suspension of a 450SE is fully independent. This system is completely different and allows the standard steel-belted radial tires to stay mated to the road where they belong.

Mercedes-Benz goes to great expense and effort to initiate new suspension developments. They can spell the difference between accident and incident.

Lasting value

One final thought. Today, when more than ever before, everyone is searching for lasting value, a Mercedes-Benz 450SE has much to offer you. Mercedes-Benz has the best resale value of any make of car sold in America. *Any* one. And the 450SE is pure Mercedes-Benz.

A unique driving experience awaits you at your Mercedes-Benz Dealer's. Call him today. Test drive the 450SE.


SX-70
SX-70 LAND MODEL 3

Which SX-70 is yours?

The luxury model with all the features? Or the one at about ½ the price?*

Choose the SX-70 on the left, and you've bought yourself the world's most extraordinary camera in its most elegant form, with a polished chrome finish and luxurious wrap of genuine leather. This is the original SX-70, the camera that changed forever the way pictures are taken and developed.

All the history-making SX-70 features are incorporated in this deluxe model. The pictures are ejected instantly and develop themselves. You watch them come to life in minutes before your eyes. The camera has a reflex viewing system, so when you look through the viewfinder, you're actually looking through the lens at a big, bright, clear image. It focuses from infinity down to 10.4 inches (closer than almost any other camera will let you get without a special lens). It lets you take rapid-fire shots, one every 1.5 seconds. It folds flat, to slip into your pocket. And it accepts all the optional SX-70 attachments.

Choose the camera on the right, and you've saved yourself about half the cost of the original. What do you give up? Instead of chrome, the Model 3 has a black plastic finish. The wrap looks like genuine leather, but it isn't. This model has a different viewing system. Instead of focusing through the lens, you estimate the distance and set it. It accepts some of the attachments, but not all of them.

But the Model 3 performs brilliantly, delivering beautiful SX-70 pictures that develop as you watch.

Whichever you choose (and your dealer offers an in-between model, too) you'll discover what millions of SX-70 Land camera owners already know: this is what picture-taking should have been all along.

Polaroid

**SX-70 photograph on the far left was taken by the deluxe model. Photograph on the right was taken with Model 3. Note the vibrant color and the richness of detail in both.*

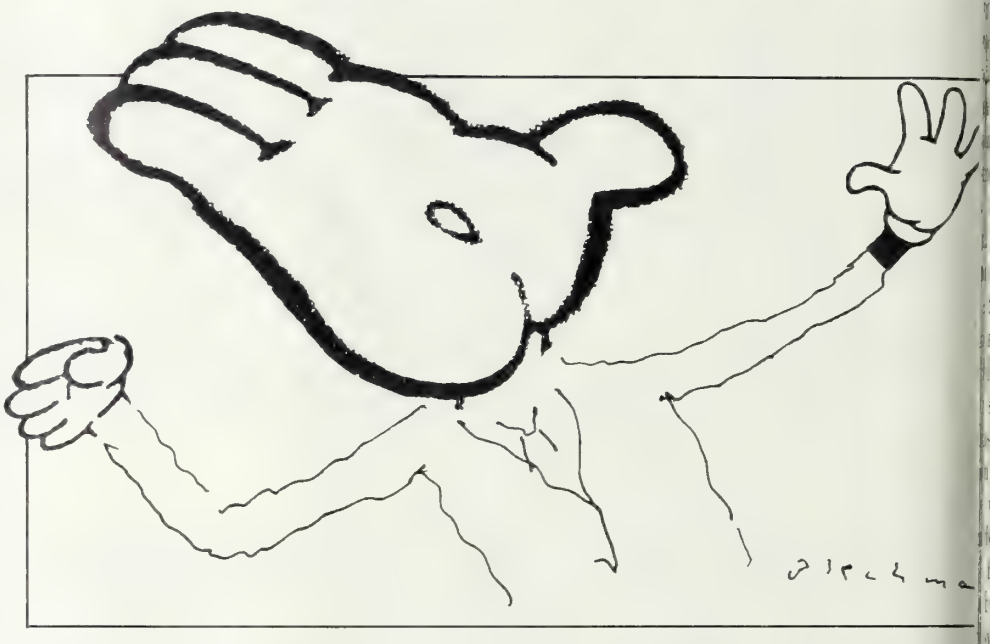
...the equation of something for ...ing: draw the three of diamonds ... live happily ever after; steal another man's invention and sell it into the mass market; borrow from the government and let the next generation pay the debt; fake the soundtrack and try to fix the critics.

All well and good, and maybe even successful, but to what purpose? If I think of the thieves, whores, and confidence men whom I have met, I remember the boredom in their eyes and their lack of interest in anything beyond the next day's scam. Contrary to popular report the criminal mind is remarkably dull. Because it believes in nothing, it doesn't take the time or the trouble to make anything of value—not families, books, laws, nor civilizations. The grand predators come and go like so many lizards in the desert, killing and feeding and leaving nothing to their heirs except a tape-recorded conversation with David Frost.

No doubt it is unfair to expect President Ford to think of such things at the moment when Squeaky Fromme pointed a gun at his stomach. One virtue of the politician is his willingness to learn slowly, changing his opinion to conform with the opinions held by a majority of his constituents, but unless Mr. Ford learns to recognize his enemies in all their personae (as corrupt judge as well as demented girl), he must bear the constant risk of assassination. Some people might say that a President accepts such a risk with his office, that he is a brave man for doing so, that he should be congratulated for the risk that he also imposes on everybody else in the country. Possibly true, but it is the courage of lost causes and inevitable defeats, the courage of the man who prefers to die with his stupidity rather than try to find a way out of the desert. The newspapers gave the distance between the President and Manson's "main lady" as two feet, but the distance in time was much greater. It was the distance between the neolithic hunt and the articles of the American Constitution, between the ritual sacrifice of the Aztecs and the science of celestial navigation. The distance is worth preserving, but it is a difficult thing to do in a society that makes celebrities of the people who would destroy it.

Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's

POLITICAL SOPHISTR



Once you decide which one is Union and which one Confedera it all falls into place

by Calvin Trillin

Even on the days when it seemed that everyone in New York was blaming him for something or other, he could walk through neighborhoods that were hostile to him and people would rush out to shake his hand.
—Article on John Lindsay in the *New York Times*

JOHN LINDSAY was a marvelous mayor except for being mayor," Becker said one evening as a dozen of us were having gin and tonics in the Wallaces's garden.

"It's warm even for August," I said, pretending not to hear him. I made it a rule to change the subject whenever Becker unburdened himself of a line that showed the result of hard polishing and even a coat or two of wax. I think someone once must have told him he was provocative, and he has been trying to provoke ever since—like some poor woman who, having been told by one silly suitor that her eyes were her most irresistible feature, attacks them at the dressing table for three hours before any public appear forever after, swiping away at t with every new eyeliner and l thickener the cosmetic bandits concoct.

"What I mean is that he was sort of man who ought to be may Becker went on, pretending no hear that I had pretended not to duce him to an out-of-towner."

I muttered something about well Abigail Wallace's marigolds holding up despite the humidit knew that even the sarcastic re that had leaped to my mind ("A Edna, I'd like you to meet my or; Mayor, my aunt, Edna W ple") would have just encour him. I had been one of the unf nates present at the Wallaces's Ch mas party when Becker began a versation by saying, "The key t Western Alliance is obviously the Germans are now the Frenc Europe." I had also been at was supposed to have been an ning of bridge last spring Becker suddenly said, "If you u

that Hollywood actually re-
the cultural conflicts of fur-
iving in a state whose leading
ry is still agriculture, it all falls
ace." I knew that the only sen-
esponse to one of Becker's pro-
ve theories was to remain as
oked as a palace guard being
by a tourist. There were, nat-
people within earshot who
ss restraint.
w about the time Lindsay left
snow in Queens?" said Marty
, who, having never been in
s except on the way to the air-
could easily have kept his
shut.
what's a little snow compared
fact that his wife managed to
a nice sense of irony and that
ildren did not start dating
stars?" Becker said. "I my-
s prepared to vote for his re-
n indefinitely on the ground
was married to a woman who
led to being stashed in the
balcony at the Inner Circle
by flicking peanuts on the din-
ow."
come on," Marty Fenton
ulling his way through Beck-
rbal thicket toward the ele-
rap. "The city has to be gov-

we are constantly being told
ne city is ungovernable,"
said. "So why not have it un-
d by someone we find admi-
r other reasons?"
there are issues—important
-discussed in every cam-
said Fenton, who has never,
shown any indication of be-
to distinguish an important
m a stuffed pork chop.
ryone knows that even the
liscussed in a Presidential
n are not the issues the win-
kely to have to deal with as
t," Becker said. "Did you
te for John F. Kennedy be-
what he said about Quemoy
-tsu, or because he seemed
sort of man you might be
ount on for a few wry, self-
ing remarks at a press con-
"
ple of people in the crowd
Fenton frowned, and took a
k of his gin and tonic. Beck-
rrived at the point in one of
numbers where the mad con-
ad concocted made what he
ing sound rather logical.



IF YOU LIKE JACK DANIEL'S, you'll enjoy these old posters and signs from Herb Fanning.

Herb runs the general store right here in Lynchburg. So we're letting him sell some old tin signs reproduced from Mr. Jack Daniel's day. There's an advertising thermometer dating to 1894, a bar sign from the 1904 World's Fair, some turn-of-the-century posters, and a host of other things originally turned out by Mr. Jack. Of course, turning out advertising signs was only a sideline for our founder. You can find a better sample of his art wherever you buy whiskey.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

who does that mean you're g to be for in '76?" Fenton final-

"Gerald Ford, of course," Becker said. "I would have thought that was obvious from what I've been saying."

"Have you moved to the right?" Fenton asked. He had apparently misremembered the conclusion of a conversation that Becker had once begun by saying, "Communism, of course, is the only hope of the Roman Catholic Church, unless there is another Reformation."

"No, that's not it," I said, joining in despite myself. "He is obviously voting for Ford because he admires the way Ford has remained friendly with his school pals from Grand Rapids."

"Close," Becker said, as he flashed the patronizing smile he had been reserving for me. "The real reason Ford has my vote is the way he can toss out the ball on opening day of the baseball season—that natural, flowing motion, and a follow-through that looks instinctive. I just don't think this country can afford to be led by someone who throws like a girl."

AFTER CONSIDERING two or three nasty retorts, while keeping my nose buried in my gin and tonic, it occurred to me that carrying one of Becker's fool theories to its illogical conclusion, in a friendly way, might provoke him into leaving us unprovoked once and for all.

"All you're really asking, then, is that we all ought to be open about why we're voting for a man," I said.

"Precisely," Becker said. "If you think Ronald Reagan's got a better throwing motion than Ford, I think we should be able to debate the issue without rancor."

"And the candidates would be open, too," I said. "For instance, the Democratic Presidential nominee in his acceptance speech would say, 'I pledge that when I am President of this great land of ours I will not be sanctimonious on television, except on national holidays, and I'll tell my wife to buy her clothes off the rack just like everyone else.' "

"Well, I suppose so," Becker said. His uncharacteristic hesitancy encouraged me to press on. I was just warming up.

"The press coverage w change, of course," I said, "so when CBS showed that picture ways shows of its correspondent dled up against the cold during New Hampshire primary camp he would say, 'The Democratic f runner seemed to stumble toda Democratic front-runners ofte here in this New Hampshire s when he refused to include the tion of whether or not his wife "frozen smile" in the agreed- subjects for next Tuesday's deba

"Yeah, I guess," Becker said

" 'The subjects remain those were agreed upon in the debat gotiations last week,' " I went using my gin and tonic glass as crophone. " 'Smoking habits, ment of deadbeat relatives, whether or not, under any cir stances, ketchup should be serv the French Ambassador.' "

"Well, it beats arguing abou missile gap, I suppose," Becker He was looking glum, and I rather liked that ambassador li

"You're absolutely right," I "Naturally, factions within each would be realigned. No ide cal or regional blocks, of co Maybe a faction that favored an shoe, just-folks kind of candi and another group that wanted s one elegant and witty. The power brokers would get to wo a compromise, of course, so the didate would be someone with humor but a snazzy wife, and m one kid in Amherst and another who had a soft-drug habit his pa were being pretty understan about. For balance, a Vice-Pres tial nominee who played poker cussed good-humoredly, in an fashioned way."

"Oh come on," Marty Fenton "There are important issues have to be discussed. Inflation. Middle East."

"If you look at the Middle conflict as a civil war between groups of Semites," I said, " falls into place once you d which one is Union and which Confederate."

"Now, wait just a minute," M Fenton said.

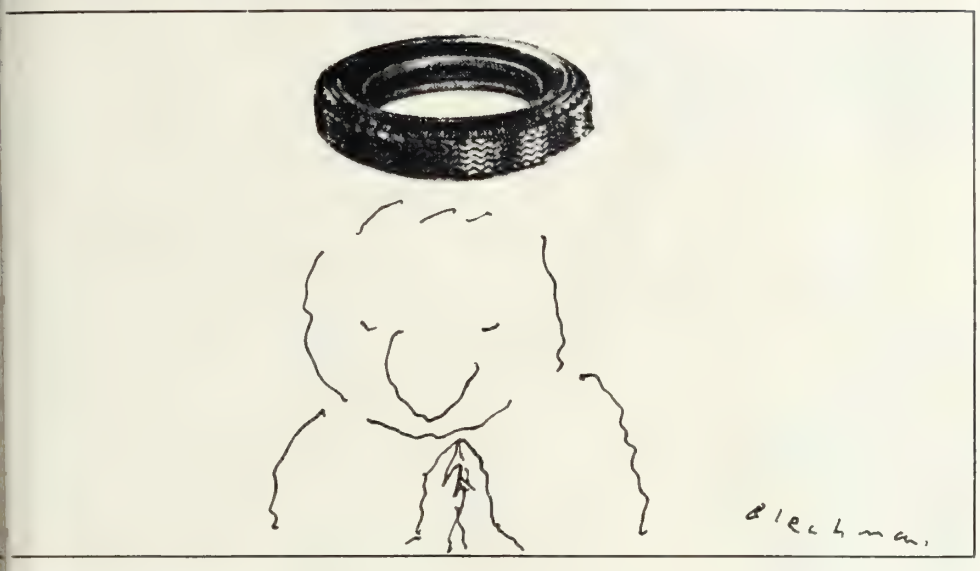
"It *is* sticky for August," B said, heading for the bar. Tw three other people left with him

Calvin Trillin is the author of An Fried *(Doubleday).*



Kahlúa 53 Proof Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico Maidstone Importers, 116 No Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif 90048

GOD'S GARAGE



ping for the Lord

Dennis Troute

HIGHWAY 99 below Sacramento isn't a bad stretch of road, as places like this go. The south end of the valley is much worse, tered with truck stops, used-car and billboards. But here miles brown grain fields leave an unken view of one another, dotted sionally with an old clapboard se, as constant and wearisome as mers that start before June and ch their blanket of heat over ember and beyond. Up north a few businesses signal the beginn of a suburb: a Standard service on, the Western Mobile Home t, and a drive-in. The drive-in is misplaced out here, as its dior, Dick Evers, admits.

We didn't expect a change in the ng, so we were sure the town was g to grow this way," he acknowlds, glancing at the rows of steel with speakers attached. But the buoyant confidence that youth and a managerial posior a thick strain of Calvinism, oster, Evers greets every visitor getically and sincerely. Tall and vy, with thick blond hair, he has ig hands and quick movements young athlete, constantly workat improvement. "We'd hoped ve everything indoors by now," ys, "so the schedule has been set back some, but we'll make it."

How about popcorn machines or a snack bar, to pick things up?

"Well, this *is* a church," he intones, half smiling at what he hopes was a joke.

Indeed it is. The sign says "Sacramento Community Drive-in Church," and just below announces Sunday school, indoor-outdoor services, and a nursery. Only two beige-and-brown shingle buildings are on the lot. One, at the front, has a podium and a glassed-in section for the choir, or foul-weather services. The other sits just to the side, dominated by a picture window allowing parishioners to view services from the chapel. A grass-covered embankment on the far side provides some privacy from the road, but those less spiritually inclined still can be seen driving cars and campers into the hills for a Sunday outing. More distracting is the noise, the drone of automobile engines and the blaring of horns.

So the service must be on a grand scale, interesting enough visually to focus attention away from the movement on the road, and sufficiently persuasive to give the tinny voice coming through the box in each car some human touch. The Reverend Evers appears in a long white robe with a purple chasuble, wearing dark sunglasses against the reflected glare

NEW

FROM PARAMAHANSA YOGANANDA



"MAN'S ETERNAL QUEST"

Is there such a thing as new wisdom?

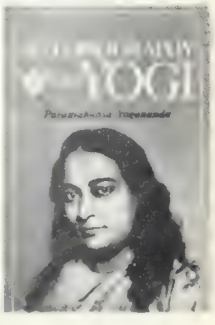
Man's ceaseless pursuit of wisdom has taught him that all Truth is eternal; that each generation realizes it in different ways. One point, however, has always remained the same — all wisdom is useless without practical application in life.

In "Man's Eternal Quest," Paramahansa Yogananda reveals how to apply the ageless wisdom in today's world. And he provides us with unique insights into the basis of the human condition and the role of the spiritual life in man's happiness.

Here is wisdom to live by, presenting a new and irresistible challenge to every reader.

A COMPANION VOLUME TO: "AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A YOGI"

A story masterfully told, in which we are introduced, at the highest level, to the science of Yoga. Written with rare insight, clarity, and wit, it has become widely used by colleges and universities. Yogananda's timeless message heralds today's expanding awareness of Yoga.



SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

Self-Realization Fellowship
3880 San Rafael Ave., Dept. 5AN
Los Angeles, Calif. 90065

Please send me a free copy of your booklet "Undreamed-of Possibilities."

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

the asphalt and shining cars in f him. His delivery is breath- d excited, reaching at times emotional heights, at others soft- ening words to a reverent whisper. He speaks at one point of the con- version of a reluctant Saint Paul, pounding his hands like cymbals as he hits the climax of the story.

IF SUCCESS CAN BE defined by in- volvement rather than econom- ics, the Reverend Evers fares just about as well as more con- ventional pastors. At the front of the lot, devout churchgoers follow the service with inexhaustible atten- tion, their eyes like headlights, blank and staring. During common prayers they can be seen through their wind- shields, chanting, in silent unison, invocations from prayer sheets passed out earlier.

The unwashed and the unwilling congregate at the back, fulfilling a duty or perhaps hoping that a sur- plus of saintliness will flow back to them. The excited reference to Saint Paul's fate brings up two heads in a maroon Impala that at first revealed only one, but the interest of the sec- ond party is short-lived. In a Volks- wagen camper, a man with a Marine haircut plays with his little boy dur- ing the sermon but sets the child aside on the seat next to him during prayers. One middle-aged woman driving an Eskimo Pie ice-cream truck bows her head as the reverend asks the Lord for guidance, and doesn't raise it again until the end of the service. Statistically, what loses back-row people most often are exe- geses of the Scriptures. Even a stac- cato treatment that would do justice to a faith healer cannot hold them.

"... you are justified by the ... pastor begins, "or you are justified by someone else, what are you doing? You are bringing proof that you're all right. Even though there were some doubts, you're okay! That's not the meaning of the Greek word. The meaning of the Greek word—and there's no oth- er way to translate it, with its end- ing—is that which is reckoned to someone who doesn't have it. So that means the righteousness is given to an unrighteous person."

Almost on cue, one of the least de- serving, a girl who has spent most of the last half hour fixing her hair in the rearview mirror, slips the speaker quietly off her window and onto its stand. She ponders for a moment the problem of starting a car quietly, and decides finally to slouch in the seat. Those not completely absorbed by the sermon are treated to a miracle of sorts, as a seemingly driverless Chevrolet glides toward the rear exit.

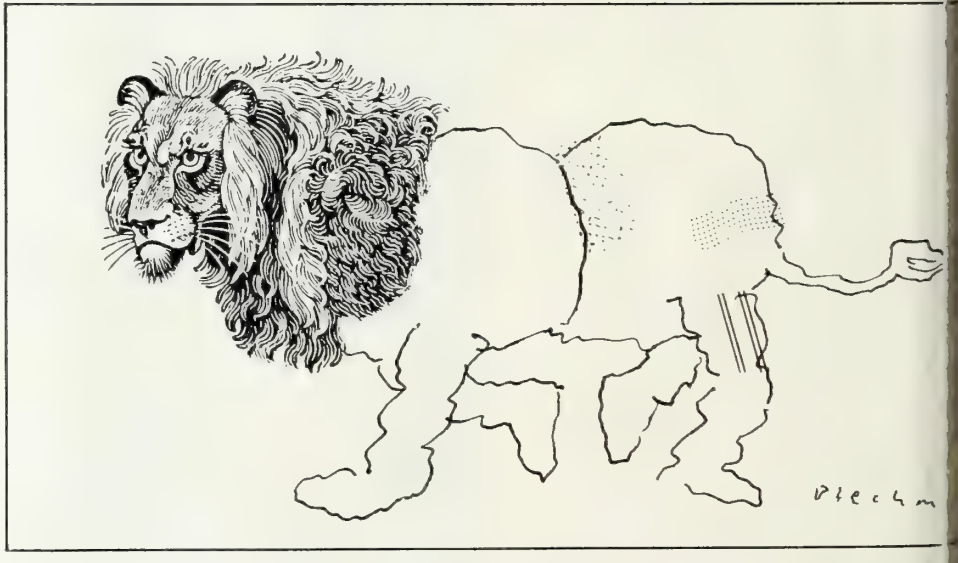
The departure only raises greater excitement in the pastor, who speeds up his delivery, bouncing from one side of the podium to the other as the tempo increases. The rest of the automobiles sit quietly before him, just slightly less active than their oc- cupants, as though hypnotized by the motion of the figure in white. They come to life at the end, upon request, in salute to an activist.

"Thank you for sending out those newsletters," says the pastor, smil- ing in the direction of a late-model sedan at the front. "Let's give her a drive-in welcome—a real good toot." The lot echoes with a chorus of greet- ings, from punchy little Volkswagen bursts to the deeper tones of mobiles and Buicks.

Most of the cars then jockey lines forming at the exit gate; remain as their occupants asse for coffee in the hall leading t nursery school. The congregati a cross section of middle Am its men bright and buoyant in Springs casuals, its milk-shak ladies poured into lightweight ester knits. Those who come drive-in because it's easy have those who want to be part of t are sipping coffee and chatting tent in the knowledge that the pursuing the Right Way in an way, ready even for further e ments. A woman with brightly t hair recommends a visit to one Los Angeles congregations. really should see it," she g "It's really much bigger—an televised."

Dennis Troute, an NBC correspondent gon during the last days of the Vietna now lives and writes in Stockton, Cali

FAILURE IN BRITAIN



A diagnosis of what the French call "the English Sickness"

by John Fischer

THE STATIONMASTER at New- castle said he could not sell us tickets to Hexham. We should buy them on the train. This turned out to be a four-car local that puttered leisurely westward along the banks of the Tyne. It was about half loaded, most- ly with housewives on their way home from a day's shopping in Newcastle. Its crew consisted of the engine er and the guard, a cheerful y man with a mod haircut whose duty seemed to be to wave ahead" to the driver when al new passengers had boarded at stop. The rest of the time he smoking cigarettes in the lug compartment.

When our journey was about

—and no tickets had been sold collected—I joined him there. s he the man I should see to buy tickets?

I don't sell them," he said. "I l to, and I got paid a little extra it, because that was a job in ad- on to a guard's regular duties. when British Railways nego- ed our last union contract, they off that extra pay. So I don't ner with tickets anymore. Extra k for no extra pay—that wouldn't air, would it, sir?"

hen how did the railroad collect ares?

Well, actually it doesn't. For the being, anyhow, everybody rides on this run."

s a visitor in the country, I ex- ned, I felt I really ought to pay way. How could I do it?

f you insist," the guard said, will find a conscience box on Hexham station platform. You l drop a few coins in that if you "

was in a chatty mood, so we d all the rest of the way to Hex- The new wage contract was wise satisfactory, he felt. "A 30 nt increase, enough to keep us le ahead of inflation. Next year bably will have to be larger, of e."

liked his job. The duties were demanding. He knew most of egular passengers, and the route aveled was a green and pleasant He had plenty of time off to take of his house, on the coast south ewcastle, and to sail a dinghy his two boys.

on't you worry about losing job," I asked, "if the rail lines running further into the red year?"

h, no," he said. "They can't lay , because the whole system has nationalized, you see. The coun- uldn't stand a rail strike."

I ft the train with regret, because he had been teaching me some- about the British character, a t that has interested me for than forty years. For consider- eriods during that time I have among and worked with the n, military and civilian; one of I married, and others are among osest friends. I have become ded that there really is such a as a national character, at least se isles—and during my stay



"Do you own any stocks, bonds or Chivas Regal?"

12 Years Old Worldwide • Blended Scotch Whisky • 86 Proof
General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y.

this year I began to suspect that it is changing, rather rapidly and perhaps decisively.

DECISIVELY, because it is this change, I now believe, that is the root cause of Britain's horrendous plight. Not the oil crisis, nor the loss of empire, nor the highest inflation rate in Europe, nor the steady fall in productivity, nor the inability of all recent governments to grapple with these troubles. These are but symptoms of an underlying malaise. The French call it "the English sickness."

It is not immediately apparent to the casual visitor, for in many ways the British have never been more comfortable. They are, on the whole, better fed, clothed, housed, and provided with leisure and amusement than any previous generation. The old clichés about English cooking no longer hold; not only in London, but in Edinburgh and Oxford and Little Upall, I found better restaurants than any I know in New York. Really noisome slums are now hard to find. You can no longer tell workingmen from the middle class by the cut of their clothes (though of course you can as soon as they begin to speak). Color television—of better quality than ours—and holidays on the continent are now commonplace.

Only on close acquaintance do you begin to notice the loss of confidence. A generation ago the British did not claim to be a superior race. They admitted it. Not for a moment did they doubt their capacity to muddle through anything. No longer. They realize that their present creature comforts are paid for out of capital —largely capital borrowed abroad— and that the credit line is fast running out. They see their country sliding toward an economic precipice; and nobody is sure it can be halted.

The belief of the upper classes in their inherent right, and ability, to run things has been fading for a long while. I was in India when the British decided to give it up. They could have held it with two divisions of infantry, used as ruthlessly as a Clive or Nicholson would have used them; but nobody, least of all the Conservative civil servants who actually ran the subcontinent, had the stomach for it. After all, they had a bellyful of fighting the Germans and nese; and besides nobody thanked them for carrying the man's burden for all those year

At home, too, they went alo most meekly with the successi Labor governments after World II. People of the better sort mut about the mess the Socialists making—"All carrots and no st —but they produced nothing Disraeli or a Peel with convinc better ideas. When the Conserv finally got their chance to set straight, with Ted Heath's ad tration, they failed disastrously lapsing in their first confron with the coal miners. Not o them that I talked to recentl lieves that their present leade oh-so-ladylike Margaret Tha could do markedly better.

So, too, with the Labor party. I was a student in England Thirties nearly everybody I believed with religious intens the coming of Socialism. Th Labor government would sta mediately to build the New salem. The working class, in its wisdom and inborn goodness, be the salvation not only of E but of the world. Today a f them still believe, a little wis in Socialism as an ideal—bu have no hope of seeing it in lifetime, nor any faith that the ing class will be its creator. I one of the ancient prophets left, Paul Johnson, recently claimed in *The New Statesma* first violin of the movement "trade unionism is killing ism." In its ceaseless inflationa mands it has in fact become mula for national misery." A even the remnant of true be looks any longer to Prime M Harold Wilson as their Messia see him instead as a sly, selfis limp-spined manipulator.

About the only people who passionately in anything thes seem to be a tiny minority of munists and Trotskyites who ho positions, mostly as shop ste in the lower ranks of the u Their idea, evidently, is to ba one industry after another, a did with Leyland Motors, thu ing their nationalization—and the whole system collapses, to some kind of Communist state the ruins.

Save a child. Your education is not complete until you learn to care.

Since 1932, Save the Children Federation has been helping children round the world to have better lives. Because of people like you. Educated, involved, and in touch with your own hearts. If you haven't already, won't you please fill out the coupon and mail it today.



I wish to contribute $16 a month to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl ☐ either
☐ Where the need is most urgent ☐ Appalachia (U.S.) ☐ Bangladesh ☐ Colombia
☐ Dominican Republic ☐ Honduras ☐ Indian (Latin America) ☐ Indian (U.S.)
☐ Israel ☐ Korea ☐ Lebanon ☐ Mexico ☐ Rural South (U.S.) ☐ Tanzania
Enclosed is my first payment: ☐ $16 monthly ☐ $48 quarterly ☐ $192 annually
☐ Instead of becoming a sponsor, I am enclosing a contribution of $_____.
☐ Please send me more information.

NAME _____ TEL. NO. _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
(Contributions are income tax deductible)

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
345 East 46th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017 H-11/5



ure, changing your life can be frightening.

at's why you need Ms.- the one women's magazine that's not afraid to help you do it.

ange isn't easy for any of us. Particu-ly change that affects the way we act d feel about ourselves and others. at kind of change takes a special sort personal courage.

Would it help to know that thousands d thousands of women are finding t courage and are exploring ways to ange their lives?

They are.

Women all over the country are taking challenging new responsibilities in itics . . . business . . . education . . . dicine . . . community organizing . . . ldcare . . . and at home.

Once you've decided you *want* to nge your life, then what? How do you pe new ways to make your old life ter? While it isn't easy, many women e discovered there's help and support and. From a women's magazine—the women's magazine—that's not afraid elp you grow. And that grows with you.

hat magazine is **Ms.**, the publication ten for, by, and about women.

Ms. doesn't pretend to have all the an-rs. But what it does provide is an n forum in which all of us, as women, share our thoughts, feelings, and s about what it's like to be a woman nd even more important, what it *could* ke.

Ms. writes about the changes in the lives of both women and men with clarity, freshness, and candor. And you may be surprised by the changes **Ms.** talks about . . .

Here's a sample of what you've been missing if you haven't become a regular **Ms.** reader yet:

. . . Gloria Steinem answering the age-old question: "If we're so smart, why aren't we rich?"

. . . Letty Pogrebin's no-nonsense nominations for the best non-sexist children's toys in America.

. . . Linda Brent's astounding narrative of her life as a slave and her escape to the haven of a 9 foot by 7 foot attic, in which she hid for seven long years.

. . . Gabrielle Burton's witty account of what it's like to hand the broom to your husband, and the dustcloth to your kid, and make some time for yourself.



. . . Phyllis Chesler asking the intriguing question, "Are women a threat to each other?"—and coming up with an unexpected answer.

PLUS: Other intriguing articles, such as . . . Why Women Fear Success . . . How "Just a Housewife" Can Get a Paying Job . . . 13 Honest Views of Fatherhood . . . Whatever Happened to Rosie the Riveter? . . . How to Keep Your Own Name After Marriage . . . and many, many more!

They all made helpful and entertaining reading. And there are more articles like these in the latest issue of **Ms.** Why not discover them for yourself by taking advantage of our *special half-price offer* described on the accompanying card? There's no risk because we give you this guarantee: you may cancel at any time and receive a refund of the unused portion of your subscription.

To enter your half-price subscription, just complete and mail the attached card today. (If card is missing, write: **Ms.** Magazine, Dept. D181F, 123 Garden St., Marion, Ohio 43302.)

Important: To help us record the response to this ad, would you do us a small favor? In the appropriate space on the card, please write the number 1. Many thanks.

PAY MORE, GET MORE.
Plus other compelling arguments for buying a Steinway vertical.

A Steinway vertical piano costs more than other verticals. A little more than some. A lot more than others.

Yet the demand for a fine smaller piano is great enough that half the Steinways® built this year will be vertical models.

Here are some of the compelling arguments that stand behind their popularity.

The 'nuts and bolts' argument.

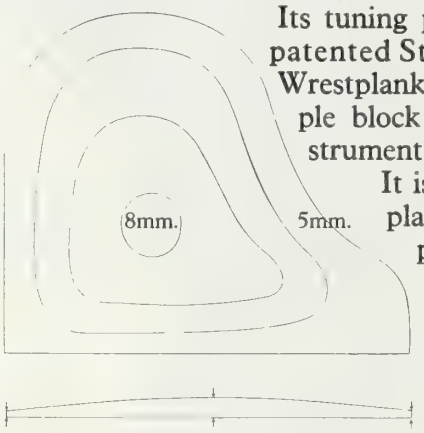
A Steinway vertical is essentially a Steinway with strings that run up and down instead of back and forth.

It is built with the same care and attention lavished on every Steinway grand.

It is fitted with hammers identical in quality to those in a Steinway grand—made in the same factory with specially prepared felt.

It has Steinway's uniquely responsive Accelerated Action.®

It has Steinway's exclusive Diaphragmatic® Soundboard, 3 millimeters thinner at the edges than in the center, that helps produce a strong, clean, characteristically Steinway sound.



This topographical map of a Steinway grand soundboard shows how all Steinway soundboards—grand and vertical alike—are tapered from center to edge. It's one of the reasons only a Steinway sounds like a Steinway.

Its tuning pins are set in the patented Steinway Hexagrip Wrestplank...a 6 layer rock maple block that holds the instrument in tune longer.

It is built in the same place, by the same people, of the same materials, to the same standards, as every other Steinway.

It is a smaller Steinway, and emphatically not a compromise.



The 'it's a great investment' argument.

Some pianos are like automobiles.

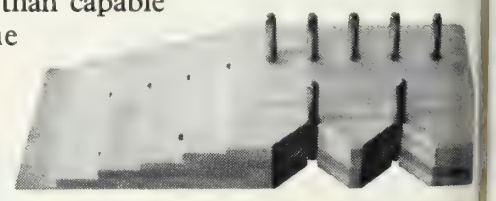
The moment you get them out of the showroom they begin depreciating like mad. But a Steinway piano holds its value because of its qualities as an instrument and because of its sheer physical endurance.

Look at the back of a Steinway vertical.

Check the dimensions of the back posts.

Note that they are joined invisibly and without resort to metal connectors. The posts are actually mortised into the foot piece, inserted and wedged at the top.

This neat fortress of select maple, birch and spruce is more than capable of bearing the 35,000 odd pounds of pull generated by more than 220 strings under tension.



The pin-block of every Steinway piano is built of six maple layers, set at 45° to one another, to grip the tuning pins throughout their circumference.

It is typical of construction found throughout every Steinway, and one of your assurances that, given proper care, your Steinway will last for as long as you care to own it.

When you compare vertical pianos, look for the hidden features, like back construction. The things you seldom see make a tremendous difference.



Steinway hammers are drilled and 'compression wired' in the Steinway factory. Nobody else makes hammers this way. They'd make any piano sound better.

It is also one of the reasons that if you should want to trade up to a larger piano in the future or simply sell the one you've bought, a Steinway will be worth a greater percentage of what you paid initially, than instruments of lesser quality.

The 'money isn't everything' argument.

This is a musical instrument and as a musical instrument the Steinway vertical has no equal for its size and price.

Its touch and sensitivity and sound are beyond what other verticals are capable of.

It can, in fact, be favorably compared with some small grand pianos which are not Steinways.

Is price really what you're looking for in this kind of purchase?

The 'beautiful furniture' argument.

The style and proportions of a Steinway are authentic, and classically correct.

As a result, the one you buy today will not become 'dated' as you own it. You've probably seen for yourself 100-year-old Steinways that are quite at home in contemporary surroundings.

And as for the tiny details that make the difference between mere cabinetwork and artistry, we simply suggest that you look at a Steinway and compare it with anything else.

A keen eye will tell you more than we can here.

The 'don't short-change the kids' argument.

A vertical is sometimes a first piano for the children.

A poor one is merely a machine for reproducing sound. A fine one can be an inspiration.

And, on a purely technical level, a Steinway opens students' eyes to nuances of touch and tone as no other vertical piano can.

If you're buying the kids a piano just for fooling around, you can get by with less than a Steinway.

STEINWAY & SONS

But there's always the chance that with the Steinway, they may end up doing a lot more than just fooling around.

For more information write to John H. Steinway, 109 West 57th Street, New York 10019.



A wholly unrealistic dream, I think. But it does have a faint color of justification in the changing attitude toward work, among managers as well as railway guards and coal miners. The Protestant ethic, on which capitalism was founded, now seems almost as moribund as the Church of England. The drive, the inventiveness, the relentless energy that distinguished the Brunels and Arkwrights of an earlier century—and that made Britain top dog for generations—today are hard to find. "Ambitious" has become an uncomplimentary term. "Striver" is almost an insult, an epithet applied to workmen who try harder than the union thinks seemly, and to those oafs in business who value achievement more than cultivated leisure. (I have friends and Scottish relatives who are strivers; but they are nearly all over sixty.) Gone, too, is most of the pride in workmanship. The classic Savile Row tailors still run up an unsurpassable suit of clothes, and the Rolls Royce remains unique. But if an Englishman wants a cheap, dependable car he now buys something from Japan.

A few of the splendid old traits are still in place: the innate courtesy and the sense of fair play as exemplified (though grotesquely) by my railway guard. But other traditional characteristics are evaporating fast: notably that feeling of personal responsibility for the future of the nation that once (especially in wartime) seemed almost universal.

At the same time the bitterness between classes has sharpened. Not long ago a laborer might have resented a banker, but he respected him. And the most condescending of the rich spoke fondly of the sturdy, loyal qualities of the British workingman. Today the lower classes are not only implacably envious of their betters, but contemptuous as well. As Kingsley Amis recently put it, "anything that British management is largely for must have something wrong with it." And the middle classes see themselves being destroyed by an inflation that they blame primarily on the trade unions. The resulting anger and fear is beyond anything I have ever seen in Britain before.

Where it will end I have no idea. All I know is that it could not be happening to a nicer people. □

John Fischer is associate editor of Harper's.

A UNIVERSE OF HOSPITAL PATIENTS

Further remarks on the British Condition

by Peregrine Worsthorne

MODERN SOCIETY is much more softhearted than it used to be, and this is generally regarded as a sign of progress. There have always been a few individual philanthropists around, and a greater number of do-gooders, dedicated to alleviating the suffering of the unfortunate, but never before has society as a whole accepted so many compassionate responsibilities.

Let me take two typical examples from my own immediate British experience. Recently one of our television stations carried a program devoted to the problems of menopausal women, about whose difficulties no details were spared. We saw them complaining to doctors about loss of the sexual urge, due to "dryness," and doctors explaining how certain new drugs might help, and much else besides. There was general agreement among both about how desirable it would be if society in general could show more understanding and sympathy. The lesson has certainly had an effect on me. I find myself looking at middle-aged ladies on the bus quite differently, painfully aware of the burdens they are called on to bear.

On the morning after that program Britain's most prestigious quality Sunday paper carried a harrowing article about the sexual frustration of cripples, raising the question whether nurses should be encouraged to give them ease and comfort through manual manipulation. I must confess to never having thought about this aspect of human suffering before. But in the future, when I see paralytics it will be difficult not to think of it.

THESE TWO EXAMPLES, taken quite at random, stick in my mind because they illustrate how the areas of human suffering—or, rather, public awareness of them—are being constantly extended and expanded, as well as widened and deepened. The poor, as the saying goes, have always been with us, as have the lonely, the old, the sick, the homeless, and the other familiar categories, among which must now be included our colored immigrants who, like the blacks in America, receive increasingly close and frequent attention. But these are only the big battalions. There are as well plenty of small platoons, such as homosexuals, divorcees, wives, sufferers from migraine, premature ejaculators, criminals, bored housewives, insecure tycoons, all of whom have been accorded star billing in the British media in recent months, not to mention the sensational comeback of the unemployed.

Politicians, too, keep up the pressure, since once people are made aware of some new aspect of human suffering it is only natural that they should expect the government to do something about it, and respond warmly to politicians, like the late Robert Kennedy, who make the most plausibly sympathetic noises. (Much easier than doing something about it themselves.) So the language of politics becomes increasingly dominated by the minutiae of human misery, with the public platform and the pulpit growing ever less distinguishable, until a point is reached when people begin to assume that the first purpose of a civilized society is to help the unfortunate, with the state acting as a giant instrument of welfare.

[T IS NOT MY PURPOSE here to denigrate this remarkable increase in popular awareness of all that is miserable about the human condition, still less to lore the vast amount of ameliove reform which has resulted from nor even to suggest that much e does not remain to be done. ertheless, warning sounds do d to be made. For what this nting flood of compassion tends vash away is the rock on which a society must always stand: the of man as proud and strong, ter of his destiny.

he more that has been learned in last century or so about man, and in society, the less easy it is to him as fit for freedom. But this es it more important today to d becoming obsessed with the eries of the human condition, at expense of its glories and trihs, precisely because it is already angerously tempting to see man n object of pity rather than of e—in the role of invalid in need eatment and comfort rather than ne healthy in need of test and nlenge.

ut Western society is becoming ssed in exactly this way, to the t where the strong, the fit, the balanced, the rich, and the hapegin to be seen as the eccentrics, o say undesirables—almost secclass citizens who ought to be med of themselves, or even punl, except insofar as they dedicate selves to the needs of those less nate, as if God first created a erse of patients inhabiting a hospital and only then, as an hought, a few doctors and s to look after them.

r from this new cult of compasbeing a sign of high civilization, ms to me much more indicative v decadence. Of course the weak t to be helped, but not to the where their values, which are d in dependence and passivity ealing basically to pity, that debilitating of emotions—begin e precedence over the values of rong, which are those of indence and creativity, the source progress and achievement.

at the independent and the ve should be made to feel guilif they were the parasites, with pendent and the passive lauded e salt of the earth—such a reof civilized values is the mark

Have a very merry cherry.



Cherry Kijafa. Made with cherry wine and natural flavors. Imported by Peel Street Wine Merchants, San Francisco.

Celebrate with Cherry Kijafa. The wine specialty made with Danish cherry wine and delicious natural flavors.

Give it to good friends. Or to yourself. Enjoy it in your prettiest glass. Or over ice with soda. Or in a festive punch bowl with fruit and anything else you care to add.

Cherry Kijafa. Any way you use this most versatile wine specialty, it's the merriest.

Cherry Kijafa from Denmark.
We think the world is ripe for it.

Advertisement

IBM Reports

How one company's people and products are helping find the answers to some of the world's problems



Water roaring through spillways at Ice Harbor Dam is no problem in the spring. In the fall, engineers try to avoid it, using computer control to conserve energy.

Saving energy in the Pacific Northwest

Three dams on the lower Snake River in Washington can generate over 1.2 million kilowatts—enough to supply 200,000 homes. An IBM computer makes sure they do it with the least possible waste of energy.

The spillways and turbines at each dam are linked to a single computer, which controls them automatically to get the most power and the least spillage from any given level of water flow.

"In the spring, when we've got plenty of water coming down, the control problem isn't critical," says project engineer Gordon Richardson. "But in late summer and early fall we don't want to spill anything if we can help it. The computer gives us the control to maintain the maximum head of water at each dam and still sustain our power load at the top levels."

The computer receives information about water height, rates of flow and power levels from 96 sensing devices at the three dams. It reacts immediately to open or close the spillways and direct water to the turbines.

"Things change too often to control these dams any other way," says Richardson. "You have to keep changing your calculations all the time to cope with what the river's doing. With the computer we can handle it and know that we're maximizing efficiency. We get the most power we can out of the water that comes down to us. And that helps to keep the cost of power down for all the consumers served by the Northwest Power Grid."

How to keep up with 3,000 medical journals

Today a doctor, research scientist, nurse or medical student can pick up a phone at a computer terminal in 300 bio-medical institutions throughout the U.S. and get a list of the latest articles on any medical subject in minutes.

The system is called Medline, and its center is an IBM computer at the National Library of Medicine in Bethesda, Maryland. Medline contains detailed references to more than half a million medical articles published during the last three years. And 3,000 journals from some 70 countries are indexed regularly to keep it up-to-date.

In the past year Medline has been used more than 270,000 times. Agreements between the NLM and institutions in seven nations and the World Health Organization make these computerized reference retrieval services available to physicians and scientists in other countries.



An up-to-the-minute reading list on any medical subject can be obtained at 300 computer terminals in medical libraries throughout the U.S.



thologist Dr. Donald McGrew studies slide of a malignant melanoma (skin cancer).

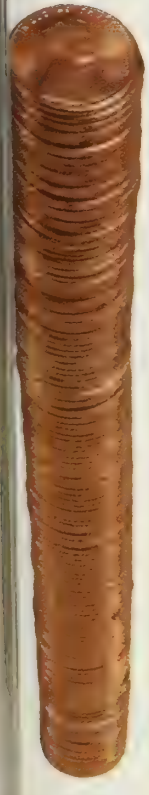
Cancer tracked in a hot climate

In Visalia, California, a small farm- town near Fresno, Dr. Donald Grew is using an IBM computer to ord cancer cases and follow up on ir treatment. He keeps the records the Kaweah Regional Tumor Board, ich is accredited by the American llege of Surgeons.

A full report on each patient is stored in the computer, containing background information, diagnosis, treatment and current condition.

"The board reviews about four new cases a week," says Dr. McGrew. "The computer can summarize our experience in similar cases very quickly. And our experience here may differ from the norm. We have three blistering summer months here, with temperatures over 100 degrees, and we get more malignant melanoma than the average."

Doctors can use this information in arriving at diagnoses and prescribing the most effective forms of treatment for their patients.



Computation costs drop. *In the midst of inflation, one cost has been going down dramatically — the cost of a computer calculation. In 1952, based on monthly system rental, it cost $1.26 to do 100,000 multiplications on an IBM computer. Today, they can be done for a penny, resulting in major savings in overall computing costs. This has helped give the computer a much wider range of uses.*

Keeping the pumps working in Savannah

Most of Savannah, Georgia, is only five to ten feet above sea level. This, plus the soft sandiness of the soil, requires shallow sewer depths. Sixty-five pumping stations are needed to transport waste water to the central water pollution control plant—making the reliable performance of the pumps critical.

To help assure their reliability, all 65 stations are monitored by an IBM computer.

Until 1974, when the computer was installed, the maintenance crews had to spend most of their time travelling in order to check all the stations just once a day.

"If something went wrong just after a check," says water pollution control administrator Don Bowman, "we wouldn't find out about it until the next day. But now our men can respond immediately. And they get twice as much time for normal maintenance, because of all the travel time we save."



A computer helps monitor the pollution-control pumps essential to the city of Savannah, which is just above sea level.

Toward more effective smog control

Most people who have ever lived in an urban center plagued by photochemical smog, which results from a combination of auto exhaust fumes and sunlight, would agree on two things—it is very unpleasant and ought to be eliminated. One problem is that the complex chemical reactions which produce smog are poorly understood.

Scientists Heinrich Hunziker and H. Russell Wendt have taken a step toward understanding at least part of the process. Working at IBM's San Jose Research Laboratory, they developed a method which identified the frequencies at which a key smog component, called the hydroperoxyl radical (HO_2), absorbs infrared light. This gives researchers, for the first time, an unmistakable way of identifying the presence of the radical, and thus may help in determining the reactions which create photochemical smog.

Other IBM scientists are using an IBM computer to predict the properties of HO_2 and related smog components, helping to build a better scientific basis for smog control.

IBM®

of a society with a death wish.

The problem is very much one of emphasis. While it is enormously important for a society to think *about* the unfortunate, it must never be encouraged, or allow itself to be tempted, into thinking *like* them. Yet so all-pervasive is the contemporary cult of compassion, with the television screen constantly melting our hearts with agonizing reports of mental hospitals, old people's homes, slums, prisons, and so on, that there is a real and awful danger of people actually beginning to identify with the world of suffering; using their imaginations to become part of it, to the point where they adopt its miserably restrictive view of the world.

No healthy society should allow itself to see the world through the eyes of the unfortunate, since the unfortunate have no great interest in perceiving, let alone exploiting, the highest value of civilization: individual freedom. Indeed, being for the most part those who have failed to make use of freedom, either because of fate or circumstance—that this may not be their own fault is neither here nor there—they are likely to be the part of society least enamored of that supremely challenging ideal and most susceptible to all the temptations to undermine it.

The issue should not be burked: a genuinely compassionate society, one that has succeeded in achieving the ideal of actually putting itself in the shoes of the unfortunate, will soon find itself marching in the direction of collective solutions inimical to individual freedom.

SOME YEARS AGO I spent many months in the hospital, and I well remember how after a time the interests and concerns of the sick began to seem the norm, with the healthy activities of the world outside beginning to seem abnormal. Visitors would arrive full of news about all the usual goings-on—who had been promoted, demoted, got married, written a book, made a fortune—thinking that I was interested in hearing it. Quite wrong.

My world was of the sick and dying—not much interest incidentally, in those who were getting better—a passive world of receiving treatment, passing time, avoiding pain, getting to sleep, and the last thing I wanted to be reminded of was the real world of activity and creativity and all the challenges, risks, and opportunities of the strong going about their proper business.

In many ways, it was a wonderful experience. Never before or since have I been in circumstances where the milk and honey of human compassion flowed so thickly or where freedom played so small a part. Listening to the best—repeat, best—kind of radicals talking today, this is what they seem to wish for society as a whole: a national hospital with the state in the role of matron, suffering relieved, death delayed, comfort dispensed at all hours, broken limbs set, wounds bound up, lots of hot drinks—a world that is organized around the values of the sick, which are sick values.

Sick, as I say, because they are so miserably restrictive, unambitious, rooted in resignation, drenched with pity; sweet and uplifting, certainly, but also deeply draining of all creativity, action, vitality. Heroism of a sort, courage of a kind. Yes, indeed. But the heroism and courage of suffering and misery, rather than of affirmation and achievement.

Fashions come and go. Modern man's ancestors saw the battlefield as the proving place of character, with the warrior virtues held in high esteem. There was a place there for compassion, but the compassion of the strong for the weak, of the conquerors for the conquered, of the victors for the defeated, of the rich for the poor, of the healthy for the sick, of the happy for the miserable, of the beautiful for the ugly.

It was a world made in the image of the top dog, with his values uppermost, tempered by the greatest top-dog value of all: charity, which has now, in a world dominated by bottom dogs, become a dirty word, being replaced by compassion.

LET ME EMPHASIZE, in rejecting compassion there is no need to opt for callousness. Quite the reverse. For what one is rejecting is not morality at all, but a way of thinking about society which overlooks the natural order of precedence in the creation of morality.

Morality did not spring up, any more than civilization did, from objective consideration of the n of the weak; from a study of society could help them in their ficulties, from listening sympat cally to their cries of woe. It did grow from the bottom upward sprang from the strong slowly surely discovering that one of delights of strength—indeed, its reliable mark or sign—is the ca ity to help the weak, the exercis which is the highest, purest, sweetest-tasting form of power.

That is why, in all healthy eties, it must be the needs and ues of the strong individual should obsess the popular ima tion and dominate the public n since only when these are sati will the weak receive their due. all the major social and pol ideas of the Western world tod equality, social justice, not to democracy itself—encourage e sive concern for the needs and v of the weak. Secular ideology now joined forces with religio create society in the image o least formidable and most pat members of the human race—a age which is at present sedul propagated not only from the p but from the public platform. W we think of the human conditio day it is with pity, not pride.

In many ways, this has bro about obvious gains; so obviou they that we overlook the dan But the dangers should not b nored. A free society require image of man as gloriously an fiantly self-sufficient, every m giant. Shatter that image beyo certain point, allow the wave compassion to beat against i hard and long, and the case for vidual freedom will crumble int sands of socialism.

Doing good, as I say, is the s est use of power; power in its addictive form, since it is the e to defend and justify, and the difficult to curb and control. Be then, of the ideal of a compassi society. None needs a more skep critical, even hostile popular atti But none, in the present clima less likely to get it.

Peregrine Worsthorne is an assistant of the London Sunday Telegraph, *wh writes a regular column. He is the aut "The Socialist Myth," published h Weybright and Talley.*

For those who need all the Chevy they can get. 1976 Impala.

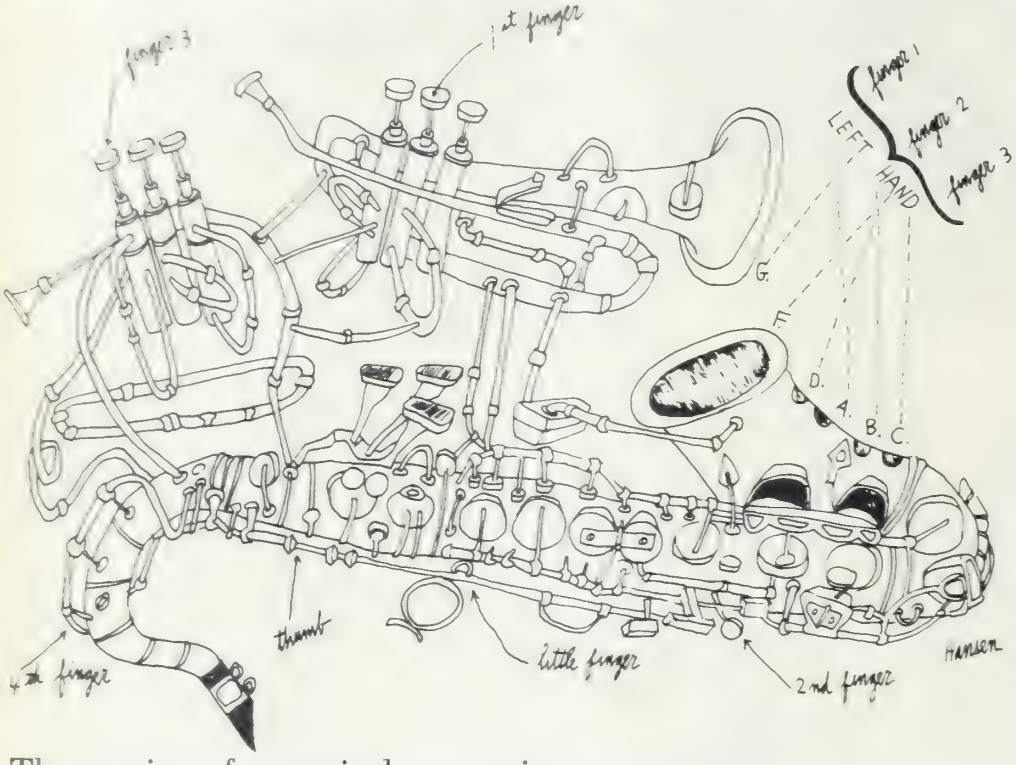


1976. Chevrolet makes room for America.

If you've got a family, it almost goes without saying that you've got to have a car with enough room for them. And a car that's dependable. Those two qualities have helped make Impala one of America's best selling cars for years. It holds six with stretching room for both front and back seat passengers. And the trunk space is just as good as it looks above. Impala's built to get you on the road and keep you there. That's why it comes with durable steel-belted radial ply tires (except Impala S) and Chevrolet's Efficiency System for quick starts and reduced maintenance. And for easy driving, it comes with automatic transmission, power steering and power front disc brakes. Come down and see the new '76 Impala. It's designed to be the family car America needs.

Chevrolet

NOCTURNE IN B-FLAT MINOR



The passing of a musical generation
by Don Asher

A FEW YEARS AGO I was sent to London to work on a film. My hotel in Mayfair was less than half a mile from Berkeley Square. Each morning I'd walk out into the silvery London light, down Hill Street, past Charrington's Coach and Horses, and sit on a bench looking for my high-school-prom youth in a tiny park ringed by auto agencies, banks, and gambling casinos. The people I was working for thought I was crazy. I knew an attempted explanation would only strengthen their suspicions.

For many club-date musicians and lovers who played or danced through the Forties, there was a piquant, fanciful ballad that served, perhaps more than any other, as the decade's romantic anthem. "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square" (star-paved streets and angels dining at the Ritz) was a lilting berceuse infused with the stateliness of a pavane. The tune fills me with yearning, a sweet languor, and the sentimental, dated lyrics ("This heart of mine beat loud and fast/Like a merry-go-round in a fair")[1] still seem to heighten the spell. I have been playing it on roadhouse, cabaret, and country club pianos for more than a quarter-century; whenever there are people over forty in the room, I see a graying head or two turning in my direction and a kindred look in the eyes.

At some point in the early Sixties, the world of the club-date-cabaret-jazz musician who had been nurtured by the music of the Thirties, Forties, and Fifties wobbled violently on its axis. "The whole darn world," to borrow again from the above-mentioned tune, "seemed upside down." In 1962 I was house pianist at San Francisco's hungry i. The famous cabaret was nearing the end of its golden age. On its brick-backed stage, in the space of a year-and-a-half, Dick Gregory had made his first foray into political satire, the African queen Miriam Makeba sang of Congo bazaars and the back of the moon, and an unknown nineteen-year-old Jewish girl with a significant nose and oddly spelled first name belted out Harold Arlen and Fats Waller tunes with the poise o Palace Theater veteran. But the m agement was already hedging bets, bringing in, against the dicta of its own taste and established f mat, the Lovin' Spoonful, Barry M Guire, and Ike and Tina Turner. T hungry i hung on for a few m years, but by 1964 West Coast s per and jazz clubs were chang policy or shutting down, and th sands of teenagers were jamm halls converted from defunct b rooms and gutted theaters.

Overnight, it seemed, the m cians who came up in the two d ades on either side of World W II were no longer playing the c fortable Gershwin-Kern-Porter-R gers-and-Hart (et al) tunes the played countless times and ne tired of because of their fluent li and enduring architecture. Kids Army & Navy store clothes and ronica Lake hairdos, wielding le skinny guitars, were jet-whining wrong-chording in our ears. plump sedate walk of the stand bass gave way to the raw reverb tions of a scrawny instrument l like a guitar; the drummers tur stiff-wristed and brutal; the b singers—sweet warblers, canar and orioles from the big-band s tuaries—were shrieking: "She l you, yeh, yeh, yeh."

THE PROFESSIONAL piar and bassists of my gen tion had trouble learn —or faking—those e rock tunes: we coul hear the changes, the harmonic m ment was alien, hence wrong. Yo musicians and singers with no mal training and the most primi knowledge of harmony were wri their own material—and hiring o studio musicians to set it down paper for copyright purposes. music gaped with structural wou chords failed to resolve, tunes c out in odd numbers of bars; the tempo pieces lacked fluidity couldn't be jammed. When we t to play the Beatles' "Yesterd with one bar missing before the t around between phrases, we thrown out of whack. Who ever h of a seven-bar phrase, a twenty-n bar tune? In the tribal love-rock them "Aquarius," single notes held for nine, eleven, and thi

[1] "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square." Copyright MCMXL by the Peter Maurice Music Co. Ltd. London, England. Renewed. Used by permission.

ats for no logical reason. Accomshed musicians were counting beats e preschool kids adding up their s. Conversely, rock rhythm players tchered standards like "My Roince" and "Fly Me to the Moon," ose chordal structures seemed as sic, congruous, and inevitable to as shoulder padding in sports kets or cheering MacArthur and enhower in the newsreels had been decades before.

Music wasn't fun anymore. We felt t staying alive in our profession ant being forced back to a musi- Stone Age; long years of training l apprenticeship went by the board. yearned for the champagne rkle of Porter ("You're the purple t of a summer night in Spain, 're the Nation'l Gall'ry, you're bo's sal'ry, you're cellophane!")[2], sophisticated heartbreak of Rods and Hart ("Now the young ld has grown old,/Gone are the el and gold")[3]. A ghostly, toped Astaire no longer glided rom the terrace with his sleekned partner when we played ey Can't Take That Away From " We turned hostile and bitter. s who had bought their first guiten months ago (or more likely it bought for them) and learned wirl the volume knobs and run a stereotyped licks were generatgold records, playing to 25,000 le in stadiums where livestock vs were once held. We were vned in decibels: when we shared stage with rockers, we packed ears with cotton. Our tight little y-two-bar island had been overby Visigoths.

e didn't cope very well. Those found it spiritually and artisly impossible to adjust retreated e nonperforming corners of the ession, teaching and arranging: rs dropped out entirely. Many on, stubbornly cavalier, makalf-hearted accommodations and g every minute on the stand. hey underestimated the difficulty aying good rock (a contradicin terms for them); they failed arn the new musical language and watched their work calls dwindle. Others, goaded by necessity and the lure of more money than had ever been available, studied the new technology, grew their hair long, and joined the enemy. Pianists, formerly the envy of encumbered bass players and drummers, were suddenly hefting amplifiers and 100-pound collapsible electric pianos, trundling their wares through hotel corridors like latter-day Willie Lomans.

When I first listened to recordings by superstar rock guitarists, I thought, it's frantic, passionate, but, my God, there must be a dozen jazz guitarists in the Bay Area alone who can improvise rings around these guys. My wife, born in 1940, suggested that I listen again and forget about harmonics and intervals, that I think instead of the soloist astride a Harley chopper, roaring down a coastal highway, free, exuberant, wailing, riding like a demon, like the wind, but in control all the way. That made sense, at least as a description of the *sound*. It also struck me as a touchstone, considered with prevailing sociopolitical attitudes, for comparing the music of the two eras.

The tunes played in the decade-and-a-half following World War II reflected a relatively bland, innocent time. Penthouses "way up in the sky" had "hinges on chimneys for clouds to roll by."[4] We were determinedly optimistic; the world was good enough, and it was going to get better. We put heartache behind us and believed we would grow up happy. With the Sixties came pessimism and protest. The sardonic gloom of the Vietnam-connected "Fixin' to Die Rag" contrasts with the buoyant confidence of the World War II songs "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" and "When the Lights Go On Again All Over the World." Many of the Sixties love songs were threnodies of loneliness. The music was written for a generation of rebels; there were no Woodstock celebrations of generational apartheid in the earlier era. Bob Dylan and the Beatles did not so much reflect as define their times; their impetus helped forge new mores. Perhaps the closest parallel from the past was the abandoned jitterbugging to Benny Goodman's band in the aisles of the Paramount Theater.

As the Sixties progressed, however, more skillful performers and composers emerged. We arrived at a grudging respect for the work of the later Beatles, Jim Webb, Paul Simon, Carole King; their songs are vital, technically sound, and frequently poetic. Some of us began to reevaluate: how good, really, were those romantic ballads that Gershwin wrote for "young girls sitting on fire escapes on hot summer nights in New York dreaming of love"? Were the sentiments more saccharine than genuine? And, if so, why did we feel such anguish when they were all but blown away by the frenzied new sound sweeping the country?

Those of us who survived the shattering of the thirty-two-bar icon are better for it. We are able to recognize the freshness of the new melodies, the utility of the rock bassist's propulsive rhythmic figures, and the drummer's churning drive. The practicality of the electric keyboard is unquestionable, although many a pianist will miss the sweet sound of good wood. There has been an inevitable merging of boundaries. A jazz flavor now spices the improvisational lines of rock groups, and a boiling pulse powers the jazz rhythm sections.

But the perfumes of the perennials still linger, still beguile. The most fragile of catalysts can send my memory winging back to that Mayfair park:

> *That certain night, the night we met,*
> *There was magic abroad in the air.*
> *There were angels dining at the Ritz . . .*[1]

Not long ago I read a report on the improved quality of the London atmosphere. House martins have returned to nest again on Primrose Hill, the account said, and "at the present rate it may not be overly optimistic to expect that a nightingale will soon be heard in Berkeley Square."

I still listen for the lullaby, wait for the reprise. □

---

[1] "You're The Top." Copyright © 1934 ...s, Inc. Copyright Renewed. All ...s Reserved. Used by permission of ...er Bros. Music.

[2] "...ittle Girl Blue." Copyright © 1935 ... B. Harms. Copyright Renewed. In...ional Copyright Secured. Made in ... All Rights Reserved.

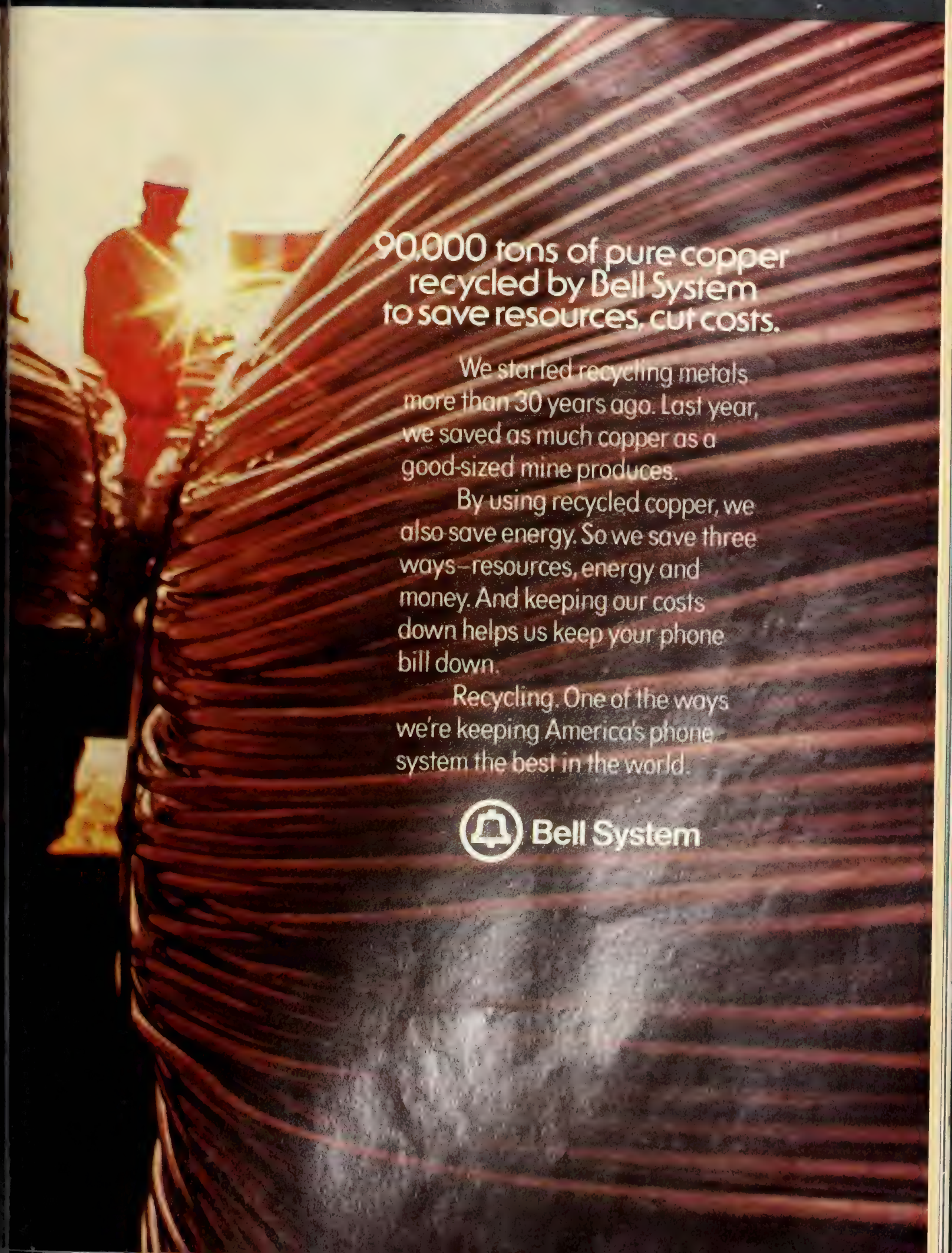
[3] "Penthouse Serenade." Will Jason and Val Burton. Copyright © 1931 by Famous Music Corporation. Copyright Renewed 1958 by Famous Music Corporation.

Don Asher is the author of five books, the most recent of which are: Raise Up Off Me *(with Hampton Hawes) and* The Eminent Yachtsman and the Whorehouse Piano Player *(Coward, McCann & Geoghegan).*

HOW WE'RE KEEPING AMERICA



HONE SYSTEM THE BEST IN THE WORLD.



90,000 tons of pure copper recycled by Bell System to save resources, cut costs.

We started recycling metals more than 30 years ago. Last year, we saved as much copper as a good-sized mine produces.

By using recycled copper, we also save energy. So we save three ways—resources, energy and money. And keeping our costs down helps us keep your phone bill down.

Recycling. One of the ways we're keeping America's phone system the best in the world.

Bell System

...Mutual Life Insurance Company, Boston Subsidiary: NEL Equity Services Corporation, mutual funds; Affiliate: Loomis, Sayles & Company, Inc., investment counselors.



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

We also offer a pastry tray of other financial services,
including variable annuities, mutual funds and investment counseling.

Harper's

Sonya O'Sullivan

SINGLE LIFE IN A DOUBLE BED

The tragicomedy of divorce
involves moving around the heavy furniture of passion, guilt, desire, and regret

THERE WAS A TIME when a woman customarily had a baby after one year of marriage; now she has a book after one year of divorce. Ever since Betty Friedan rode through the night to rouse the sleeping citizenry, the battle has been waged across the printed page. Militants, contras, and male camp followers have thronged the highways, waving their manuscripts aloft. One group, alone, has been silent. It's the group that answered the question "Whatever happened to Margaret?" with "She got married." These middle-aged, middle-class princesses slumbered on through the din of revolution in comatose righteousness. It had nothing to do with them. They reigned over their households by divine right, the divinity issuing from their femininity and above all, their Motherhood. Any obeisance was due them by their mates: fidelity, support, sympathy, and obedience.

In a natural state, death removes the unnecessary; aged trees and aged tribesmen are allowed to die. Comedians in the Forties, in fact, were fond of remarking, "All girls over fifty ought to be shot." Nobody shot them. They didn't die. So they are here, but at the same time, they are extinct. And now the revolution has scooped them up into its storm. They find thrust into their trembling hands a declaration of independence they neither sought nor understand. Like slaves who were free to starve after Emancipation, they are free to be alone. Is there life after marriage? They think not. They are the accidental victims of that ironic by-product of women's liberation—men's liberation.

It is not totally astonishing to find that some husbands, even those grown old in the traces, are interested and finally captivated by the women's freedom cry, "*What about me?*" "What about me?" is a slogan all can rally round, Freud's slogan, replacing Love Thy Neighbor—and many others that saw good service. "We shall overcome" already has an antique ring, but "What about me?" embodies the spirit of our time.

Why, the husband asks, is he doing all the work, and ordered about when he gets home to boot? Why must he come home at all if he no longer wants to? Chic lady writers (he would note) like to say that biology is destiny only for girls. The husband, reviewing his life, and skipping lightly across the history of the human race, might feel that biology had been destiny for boys too, and that for every woman driven out into the snow, there were twenty sitting snugly by their hearths, protected, provided for, and cherished, simply because they were females. He might mention that war was not his idea of fun, and that having to feed, clothe, and house a family of total dependents could be a burden. He might think that to say biology was destiny for everybody would be more to the point.

These musings would constitute a prologue while the stage is being set for the drama, or farce—human events that lack grandeur turn so easily to farce—in which sleeping princess and awakened prince are required to perform.

Sonya O'Sullivan lives in Mamaroneck, New York, and devotes much of her time to the preservation of wildlife.

Sonya Sullivan

SINGLE LIFE IN A DOUBLE BED

Dramatis personae

MR. AND MRS.: that is their definition. It is a long time since the children have gurgled over their bottles, played, fought, cried, made friends, consumed fifty tons of food, grown pimply, gone to college, made love, and left home. The house is neat and quiet. Their friends are the so-and-sos, and the so-and-sos, and the so-and-sos. Everybody comes in couples: it is like life on the Ark. Mr. goes to the office and works. Mrs. is a lovely person. She always comes through for her friends. If anyone is in the hospital, flowers are delivered on the dot. She is a specialist in bereavement. If there is trouble, she is there with advice and good counsel. She votes in every election, pays her alumnae dues, and collects for the Red Cross. She visits her mother in the nursing home every other week. At the same time, she keeps herself up, buying cleverly at sales. She is a first-class cook. Although she appreciates the admiration of male friends, she never actually flirts. She feels that she is growing old gracefully; her hair allowed to gray, but with a youthful cut. She is only very slightly overweight; everything in moderation, everything in order.

She is well satisfied with herself and her situation on the night that Mr. comes home remarkably late for dinner. Fresh flowers on the piano.

"By the way," she says, as they sit across from one another at the tastefully set, candlelit table, "I paid that parking ticket for you today, but how come you were parked on Second Avenue at 8:30 in the morning when you'd left for Chicago the night before?"

The exchange that follows must adhere to strict rules; there will be the compulsory figures, and then some free skating. The compulsory figures:

MR.: *(After a pregnant pause)* I can't go on this way. I must tell you the truth. I have become involved with somebody.

MRS.: *Who?*

MR.: Muriel.

MRS.: Muriel?

MR.: It was . . . only a friendship. And then . . . it got out of hand.

MRS.: Do you mean you want to *leave?*

MR.: I'm afraid . . . it has gone too far. I love her. I'm sorry.

MRS.: But you can't do this to me.

MR.: Why not? *(A modern flourish)*

The Holocaust was a minor event compared to this. Mrs. never doubted that she owned Mr. He was *her husband.* Abruptly, it has become evident that all she had was a thirty-year lease.

Mrs. is now placed upon the rack. No one can help her. There is no anaesthetic for what she must endure; loss compounded by rejection, humiliation, jealousy, bitterness; she will even lose her home, that citadel of her ego. She must undergo *peine forte et dure,* not necessarily bravely, and certainly not silently.

She will cry. She will sob. She will scream. Her entire being explodes in outrage: "He loves somebody else. Not me. I am alone." What does it mean to be alone? She had never thought about it. Who is she if she's not Mr.'s wife? She's like a seeing-eye dog with no one to lead.

A funny thing has happened to Mrs. on her way to a serene old age; the road has sprung apart and she must fall into the abyss, bellowing in rage, howling in terror.

The children, roused from their fascination with their own lives, will be given the news; each, in turn, will be very shocked, very moved, and, finally, very bored. It takes time to become the parents of one's parents, and this has been very sudden.



Poor Mrs.! Distraught, she sobs out her tale, old, so new, to understanding friends. She serves the overwhelming solicitude bestowed widows while she, so much more grieved, is unned. She senses that even those who are mpathetic direct toward her that mixture of y and sadistic curiosity with which drivers, fe in their cars, slow down to look at a bleed- victim of an auto accident.

Any friend and, in the end, any acquaintance, ll pronounce and be heeded as though they re Moses. They are all Wise Ones; the mani- rist, the Ph.D., second wife, militant single, ung, old—the land of the emotions is a true mocracy. Although the advice is precisely ntradictory, she follows it all.

"Be nice. Don't drive him out."

"Be firm. Tell him to give her up at once, or u'll leave him."

"It will pass."

"You're through. Once the worm is in the ole, there is nothing you can do."

"Get in there and fight. Get a new hairdo. Be gay. Drink with him."

"Above all, don't start drinking."

Mr.'s friends, meanwhile, are taking him to lunch to tell him that he is ruining his life.

They find marital discord a very strenuous pastime, but they will deliver every one of their prescribed speeches, standing on the chalk lines; every thrown dish, every embrace, will be on cue. They will act their parts with conviction, with vitality—with panache, in fact.

Mrs.'s part has a great deal of crying in it, and so she weeps her way through her disordered days. She cries when she wakes up and she cries when she goes to sleep. She cries when people are cruel, and when they are kind. She cries on the tennis court, she cries at the bank. She is nourished by self-pity; she is her own deepest sympathizer.

Her problem is hope. When she wakes in the morning to find Mr. lying beside her, she thinks, no, it isn't true. When they are out to

"Mrs. never doubted that she owned Mr. He was *her husband.* Abruptly it has become evident that all she had was a thirty-year lease."



TOPOR

Sonya O'Sullivan

LIFE IN A DOUBLE BED

dinner, she looks across the room, and he is there. They are Mr. and Mrs. It can't be happening.

Leaking and listing, the domicile of Mr. and Mrs. nevertheless is still afloat. For a time, they seem quarantined within it. Mr. is now like a grand piano wedged in the doorway. Mrs. pulls, Muriel pushes, but he remains stuck. He cannot go and he cannot stay. He thinks he loves them both.

LOVE BECOMES a household word, as ordinary as *toast* or *overshoes*. But it is such a poor, overworked, disheveled slop of a word that it actually hampers communication. When Mr. says, "I love Muriel," he really has not said anything very specific, although he thinks he has. It is very hard for Mr. to explain to himself, much less to Mrs., how he feels. "I am suffocating," he wants to say, but only repeats, "I am in love." With no practice whatsoever, not even a few knee bends, Mr. is having to struggle with some very heavy objects: passion and guilt, regret and desire, the need to escape and the fear of it. Having lived most of their lives in what might be described as situation comedy, Mr. and Mrs. suddenly find themselves involved in grand opera.

So what they say is often the opposite of what they feel. Thus Mr., returning home to a soft and teary Mrs. (dressed in her light green dressing gown) feels a rush of tenderness toward her, and so he says, "For the love of God, stop feeling so damned sorry for yourself." Thus Mrs. snarls, "Don't touch me!" when she means, of course, "Oh, please touch me." After that every piece of garbage from their shared past will be exhumed, held up to the light, and admired as if it were a piece of fine crystal. They become adept at emotional archaeology.

"Do you love him?" a Wise One asks. The question is puzzling. "Do I *love* him? He's my husband, isn't he?" Mrs. was on the verge of saying. Then, dumbfounded, "I suppose I do." It is the beginning of her education. Beneath the domestic machine there lay, after all, a woman. She loves him.

It is a pleasure of which the main ingredient is pain because she cannot have him. So she throws her dinner plate at him. He does not recognize it as the valentine it is. When a caged lion wants an object he cannot reach, he throws something at it; it is a primitive response. Mr. adds it to the growing list of Mrs.'s faults.

Mrs. is now in the same ridiculous situation as Mr. is—that of a middle-aged person in love. She experiences a surge of vanity, urged on by the fact that her competitor is a young woman, and abandons her customary at-home costume of slacks, an old shirt, and sneakers, buying clothes that are a bit too tight and too bright. Distracted to the point of lunacy, she, always tidy, finds herself stirring her coffee with the screwdriver left on the sink. She forgets to pay bills, sleeps late, drinks alone, resumes smoking, leaves the lights on all night, puts her purse in the refrigerator and the milk on the hall table, lets her plants die, and loses her temper with the cleaning lady. She is, in sum, a nervous wreck. But she is awake.

Being awake has one very serious obstacle: Muriel. It seems to her that Muriel's presence has saturated their lives. It is like a balloon, pleasant but obstructing, that grows and grows until Mr. and Mrs. cannot get around it to be near each other. Muriel is there. Mrs.'s jealousy of Muriel becomes stronger than her desire for Mr. It is brilliant, glowing, a perfection of a kind of almost joy. It is the underside of love.

Mrs. and Muriel, at this moment, are so absorbed in pinpointing each other's flaws, so enthused about each other's failures, that Mr. sometimes feels that if he should sneak away neither would notice.

Muriel accepts Mrs.'s hatred as the compliment it is. For Mrs. not to have hated Muriel would have been rude and unkind. Muriel is momentarily taken aback at being called a whore, but then she does tend to think of herself as a sort of Circe, a *nice* Circe. Seated in a cocktail bar with a firm grip on the hand of her battered, crumpled, and irresolute lover, she talks to him about pain, and is given to saying that life is painful, but after all, one must *live*.

Muriel has a romantic turn of mind, which is a stroke of good fortune, for there is nothing less helpful to anyone who must be cruel as to take a romantic view of it. In fact, her philosophic leanings increase in almost direct ratio to Mr.'s ardor. With victory at hand, she is adopting a tragic approach to life, whereas Mrs., toughened by defeat, is sometimes capable of seeing it as comedy.

Mrs., indeed, is changing, and not necessarily for the better. She now cooks like a hashslinger, never makes the bed, and sounds, on occasion, as though she had been educated not at Wellesley, but in the waterfront bars of Singapore. She is using words she never knew she knew. Her deportment confirms Mr. in his suspicion that she is basically a very aggressive and unfeminine woman.

Muriel, when she met Mr., cooked like a hashslinger, never made the bed, and used strong language; it was part of her charm. But succumbing to romance, she shyly begins to bake cookies, buy ties and monogrammed handkerchiefs for Mr., and produce very gracious candlelit dinners. Although their lives are circumscribed by secrecy, it is tacitly understood that

COME SEE THE STARS UNDER OUR SUN.

The people of Bermuda warmly invite you to their First Annual Festival of the Performing Arts, January 6th through February 7th, under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency The Governor, Sir Edwin Leather, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O. and Lady Leather.

ere, on our tiny British island in mid-Atlantic, a gathering f distinguished international concert artists: Bermuda estival '76.

Every night at 8:30, for 33 consecutive nights, celebrated instrumentalists, opera stars, mime theatre, drama, dance and magic.

It's all part of what we call Rendezvous Time. When you can ave winter behind, and unwind, on a beautiful island where the pace is serene and the people warm and gentle as the sun.

Where the sands are pink, the seas an incredible aquamarine, and the shops are showcases of the world. Where the music is calypso and the golf and tennis are superb.

It's not too soon to talk to your travel agent about Bermuda Festival '76. When you can enjoy the sun in the daytime, and see the stars at night.

JGENE FODOR Jan. 6, 8. City Hall Theatre. ugene Fodor, at 25 a violinist of rare style and ill, has enthralled audiences worldwide. Now s artistic sensitivity will be displayed at Fesal '76.

RESERVATION HALL JAZZ BAND Jan. 7: sebank Theatre. Jan. 9, 10: Southampton Prinss Hotel. All of them over 60, these are the iginal musicians who actually created the music the legendary bands of New Orleans.

YEHUDI & HEPHZIBAH MENUHIN Jan. 11, 13. Ruth Seaton James Auditorium. The Menuhin name itself conjures magic to countless music lovers who thrill to the virtuosity of this master of the violin. His appearance with his talented sister Hephzibah, at the piano, is a marvelous opportunity for Festival '76 audiences.

PILOBOLUS DANCE THEATRE Jan. 12, 14, 16 City Hall Theatre. This new and imaginative type of "theatre" combining dance, drama, and "positive energy" has brought lavish praise from critics.

GARRICK OHLSSON Jan. 15, 18, 20. City Hall Theatre. This distinguished pianist has made appearances ranging widely from the New Zealand Symphony to a CBS-TV Special with Eugene Ormandy.

CARLOS MONTOYA Jan. 17, 19, 21. Ruth Seaton James Auditorium. The world-renowned wizard of the Flamenco guitar has over the years won olés from critics and audiences alike.

FREDERICA VON STADE Jan. 22, 24. City Hall Theatre. The rich, mezzo-soprano voice of the lovely, young Frederica von Stade has earned her widespread acclaim.

ANTHONY NEWMAN The Bermuda Cathedral, Jan. 23, 25. (Admission by program: $3.00). The fabulous harpsichordist/organist who brings flair and imagination to the music of Bach.

EMLYN WILLIAMS Jan. 26, 27, 28. City Hall Theatre. The richly-talented actor and playwright visits the island of Bermuda in his widely acclaimed role as Charles Dickens.

TASHI Jan. 29, 31; Feb. 2. City Hall Theatre. Four brilliant young instrumentalists, pianist Peter Serkin, violinist Ida Kavafian, cellist Fred Sherry and clarinetist Richard Stoltzman present chamber music at its best.

JESSYE NORMAN Jan 30; Feb. 1. Ruth Seaton James Auditorium. Jessye Norman's magnificent soprano voice has won hurrahs from audiences and critics alike, especially in major roles at the Munich, Berlin and Covent Garden operas.

MUMMENSCHANZ Feb. 3, 4, 5. City Hall Theatre. Using masks as well as mime, the Mummenschanz troupe creates fantasy figures whose conduct comments on the human condition better than "real" characters might.

MILBOURNE CHRISTOPHER Feb. 6, 7. City Hall Theatre. A magician and mentalist of extraordinary talents, Milbourne Christopher is known worldwide through his stage performances and his television appearances with Johnny Carson, Merv Griffin, Mike Douglas and "Today."

EASTERN

Eastern Airlines is the official carrier for Bermuda Festival '76.

Festival '76 tickets are priced at $7.00 ($9.50 for the following dates: Jan. 11, 13, 26, 27, 28).

For Festival ticket reservations, see your Travel Agent or call any Eastern Airlines reservation office.

Festival '76 programs and schedules are subject to change without notice.

BERMUDA FESTIVAL 1976

she would be a lovely hostess. Plants and flowers make their appearance in her apartment, and the bed is always neatly made. Muriel is caught up in a paradoxical situation. Having persuaded Mr. that marriage is stultifying, an obsolete institution, she finds that she very much wants to be married to him. Having discoursed, quite brilliantly, on the development of The Home into a monument to a dead relationship, she finds that she very much wants a home, with Mr. securely in it. Having uttered enticingly racy comments on the subject of fidelity, she insists that Mr. be faithful. And, having pointed out the preposterousness of Mrs.'s expecting to be supported financially, it has occurred to her that her tiny income hardly justifies her working from nine till five (after they are married), and when Mr.'s tax bracket is taken into consideration, it would actually save money to stay home. It is a paradox but not a problem.

Confrontation

BEFORE MURIEL AND MRS. disengage from one another, there are two more compulsory figures to be performed. The first, and simplest is The Letters. Mrs. must write Muriel three letters. Letter A calls her a whore. Letter B says, "I implore you." Much later, the less than eager Muriel opens Letter C. It informs her that Mr. is going to ruin under her auspices, and if she really cared about him she would give him up.

The second compulsory figure is The Visit. Mrs. arrives without warning at Muriel's apartment, groomed as though she were going to meet a lover. Muriel is caught like a trapped rat, with the apartment a mess and her hair unwashed. Each is initially felled by the shock of finding the other to be a real, flesh-and-blood woman. Mrs. is pleasantly surprised to note that Muriel is, to tell the truth, fat. Muriel finds Mrs. unexpectedly attractive for her age, but marred by a poisonously upright personality. Each, looking at the other, pities Mr. The exchange is not a conversation; it is a ritual.

MRS.: Don't you realize you are ruining his life?

MURIEL: He doesn't seem to think so.

MRS.: Do you really think he can be happy with you?

MURIEL: We can try.

[illegible]: If you would leave him alone, I know [illegible] would have a chance.

[illegible]: Listen, he rings my doorbell. I don't call him.

[illegible]: Doesn't it bother you to be making so much unhappiness?

MURIEL: Life is pain, et cetera.

MRS.: I would like to understand you.

MURIEL: I found I loved him, that's all. V[illegible] much.

MRS.: What kind of a woman *are* you?

MURIEL: What kind of a woman are you?

MRS.: If you really cared for him, [illegible] wouldn't . . .

MURIEL: If you really cared for him, [illegible] wouldn't . . .

As they part there is the faintest, most d[illegible] cate glimmer of comradeship between the[illegible] unspoken, it is gone almost before it is there[illegible]

Mrs. is quite satisfied with the interview. [illegible] is sure that at least two of those beautiful te[illegible] are capped. Her hair wasn't even clean, and[illegible] is obvious that she is as hard as nails. Well[illegible] that's what he wants, thinks Mrs., God help h[illegible]

Muriel, on the other hand, is unnerved [illegible] the meeting. Guilt, held so well at bay, [illegible] mentarily overtakes her. Mrs.'s well-groom[illegible] person brought with it a wilting whiff of ma[illegible] monial stability. When Mr. turns up that e[illegible] ning in anticipation of his usual cozy and [illegible] mantic visit, he is in for another set scene [illegible] is the I'm-not-getting-any-younger-and-you[illegible] going-to-leave-me-and-go-back-to-your-wife r[illegible] tine.

Mr., on his way home, indulges in a b[illegible] fantasy of leaving his shoes on the bank[illegible] the river and starting a new life. When he [illegible] pears, Mrs. continues on her doomed cou[illegible] She simply cannot wait to break the news t[illegible] Muriel has two capped teeth, dirty hair, an[illegible] rotten character. Mr., whose heart has alre[illegible] departed, while his body lingers on at ho[illegible] acts like the gallant he is, and takes his st[illegible] at Muriel's side. Her lovable imperfecti[illegible] challenged, only endear her to him more. [illegible] and she together will face the intolerance[illegible] Society.

Mrs. is turning out to be a slow learner. I[illegible] with Mr. acting as the professor, her educat[illegible] nevertheless, is progressing. She gradually [illegible] alizes that everything she is is the wrong [illegible] to be. For instance, if she has been the [illegible] who said to a man, "I care for you deeply," [illegible] is wrong. She should have been the sort [illegible] says, "I love you, goddamn it. Come here. [illegible] she liked living in the country, she should h[illegible] liked living in the city. If she had been very[illegible] volved with their children, she should have h[illegible] more casual. If she had social ambitions, [illegible] should not have had. The rejected always a[illegible] "But what have I done to make you chang[illegible] The response—never given—is, of course, [illegible] the change comes first and the reasons late[illegible]

But Mrs. is learning. She has been told [illegible] she did not care for Mr. as a person, only a[illegible] provider. Is that true? It may be a little [illegible] true. She has been told that she is self-righte[illegible] so convinced of her moral superiority that [illegible] is unable to recognize valid human emotion[illegible] view human frailty with understanding [illegible]

passion. She has been told that she sees life xed in place, whereas a suitable companion ld have known that it is in constant flux.

t is said that in the last minutes of a bull- t, just before the coup de grâce, the bull *ns*. Dumb beast, slow-minded, he at last un- stands that, if he rushes at his tormentor, he only be fooled again, hurt again. But it is late. The knowledge, gained at too high a e, cannot save him.

Ir. has made, by now, more temporary de- ures than Richard the Lionhearted, who . perhaps, understood that it took more age to stay than to go.

roperty having been the cement of their riage, they begin to use the dislodged frag- ts as missiles. But disputing over property er than character is a relief, and they go at ith gusto. Occasionally, there will be a short e. The silver (hers) and the crystal (his) g back to memory dinner parties, the ed and animated conversation across their . All the useless objects lovingly carted from trips to stand unnoticed on a shelf filled again with meaning. How long they been together! "More than a quarter of a ury," Mr. remarks, and he, too, grows teary. y the time the property is sorted, they have ed their past to pieces; it is unrecognizable. ts of separation agreements, lists, promises, forfeitures—paper. Mrs. strikes back as as she can on the alimony (always pro- ng that it is not really *like* her). There is so h he will not give her, but he must give her ey. The demand is the narrow outlet ugh which all of her frustrations pass. Mr. sentful, but does not tell himself why. "I to take care of her," he tells his lawyer, ing, at that moment, with his own complete oval. It is only because of the practical im- ibility of it that he cuts her demand down third.

ne compulsory figures performed, and the skating done nicely, Mr., his face wet with , departs for the last time.

IT HAS TAKEN A YEAR, but it is done. He is gone. She is alone. Mrs. looks at the door, the point of all of his departures and returns. Now it is closed forever. She sees her reflection in the hall mirror, reflection that is now her sole companion. s gone," she tells it dully. There is nothing ok forward to. The days and the nights, less, merge into each other. She does not , eat, or answer the telephone. Sometimes leeps and sometimes she doesn't, and there t much difference. A friend informs her she is in a depression.

is time for the visit to the psychiatrist. the promise of guaranteed sympathy, and the shame at having to pay for it, she spends the first $300 for the privilege of crying in his presence. The Kleenex is ready at the edge of his desk. Finally, he asks, kindly, "But what do *you* want?" She answers: "Him." That is the wrong answer. Much later, she will be able to give the right answer in the form of that triumphant question *"What about me?"* It is a question for which, all told, she has paid dearly.

Recovering, Mrs. has the aspect of a patient with severe brain damage; the simplest acts and functions must be learned from the beginning. She writes on a pad:

I must learn to:

Open bottles
Carry heavy things
Open stuck windows
Go home alone
Investigate the noise in the night
Eat alone
Make decisions alone
Handle money alone
Go on trips alone
Fight with service companies alone
Entertain alone
Get through holidays alone
Be sick alone
Be old alone
Sleep alone

Everything is changed. She is the single person in the double bed. In the market check-out line, her few pitiable purchases advertise her ostracism, set her off from the wanted women with their bulging baskets of groceries. She feels, as she walks through her neighborhood, that she is wearing a sandwich board proclaiming, "THIS WOMAN WAS REJECTED." The telephone will ring, and she must repeat, "Mr. does not live here anymore." How do you say it and sound *happy*, she wonders. Should she sing it? There seems to be no end to the jabbing little games her situation plays on her. Well-meaning friends do not know that the word *we* is taboo; it stabs. She has found that it is a long way from *I* to *we* and a longer way back again.

"Just put one foot in front of the other," a veteran advises. "That is the way to start walking."

Doctors. Doctors are men who pay attention to you. She goes to all kinds of doctors. She gets her teeth done. It's expensive and it hurts, but it's attention. She has that mole removed. There is still the psychiatrist, with whom she feels like a rag doll being urged to march forth with the metallic purpose of a mechanical majorette. What About Me. Me. Me. Me. She takes tennis lessons. "You're so lucky to have the time," a harassed young mother gushes. It makes Mrs. smile. Slowly, how slowly, irony is replacing self-pity.

Her daughter (by mail) leads the elderly

"Mrs. pulls, Muriel pushes, but he remains stuck. He cannot go and he cannot stay. He thinks he loves them both."

fledgling: "Frankly, I never did understand what you were doing with your life. Marriage is not an occupation. It is a personal arrangement. Now you're free to be you." (Yes, but who am I?)

Her older son (by phone) makes repairs on the shattered nest. "We're coming for Thanksgiving. We thought we'd stay through the week, if you'll have us. The baby . . ."

Her younger son is, of course, in Katmandu. He writes on a lovely postcard, in pencil, "Love is everywhere and indivisible. I'll be home in March."

Starting over

BIT BY BIT, the void is filling in. Gratefully, she takes the advice of her older son (who is two years younger than Muriel) and calls the organization for which she had worked as a volunteer. A shade too heartily, she announces that she is simply drowning in free time and needs some work. They stingily dole out a few menial tasks. They also have too much free time. But, having received the ultimate rejection, Mrs. is not concerned about the little ones. She persists and soon is going to the office every day.

The house is again neat and quiet. She is drinking too much, but why not? She has no obligations to anybody but herself.

The last tears are shed when she meets Mr. at the lawyer's office to sign the divorce papers. She feels like a refugee, a stateless person. It is her first experience of official aloneness. Mr. Her husband. She has carted the suit he is wearing to the cleaners dozens of times. How much she misses him. A *no* as big as her whole life wells up in her. Why does he not feel the same way? And—I am different, I am different, she wants to tell him. Might he not suddenly stand up saying, "Let's forget all this nonsense and go home"? No, his cold look tells her, it is not going to happen that way. Then should there not be, at least, a short ceremony, the marriage vows in reverse?

To not have and to not hold. To not be together in sickness and in health. Amen.

Her hand shakes so that she does not know how she will write her name on the hated line. Then, through her tears, she notices that he has put the sideboard back on his list. She crosses it out, dries her eyes, and signs. Everyone tells her that she was very dignified.

There is one more thing left to do. She must stop wearing her wedding ring. But the ring has become part of her anatomy. She can hardly remember a time when it was not there. She cannot help thinking back to the moment, so long ago, so different, when it was put on by Mr., whose own hand was shaking then. S has a picture, radiant in its clarity and deta of the two of them standing sweating in the finery, ceremonial lust, youth. . . . My Go how she approved of him!

She pulls at the ring, but time and the natur swelling of aging joints have trapped it on h finger. The final proof, she remarks to the a sent Mr., that biology is *not* destiny. The ne day she goes to the jeweler who clips the ring two. Looking at the severed pieces in her han she shrugs. At last she has learned to shrug! is the answer to the question she has asked h self so often: how do you accept the unacce able?

Mrs. clips out the announcement of Mr marriage to Muriel. It is a very small announ ment. Muriel has quit her job, dedicating h self to decorating their new apartment, cookin sending flowers to people in the hospital, a giving advice and good counsel to her troubl friends. She buys cleverly at sales.

Mr. works a little harder under the burden supporting two households. But each night he eager to return to his new wife, new home; expands with a sensation of freedom—in fan if not in fact. He has unburdened himself of t past, and is making new trails in an old lan scape. Muriel's love is tonic and talisman hold at bay the frightening shadows. As he h proclaimed, "I am in love," he now proclain "I am happy." Mr. believes he can keep emotions under control by labeling them.

When the alimony check is late, Mrs. is fill with wrath. But, she, the renovated Mrs., finally able to ask the prone princess, wh exactly, is he paying me for?

On no fixed day, Mrs. is aware that she suffused with a large inner smile. Of cour lacking sensuality, it is not a celebration. Th is an absence of tambourines and castanets. S is at peace with her bitter freedom, and mo It is as though she were standing up straight the first time. She understands that she always leaning, so that, when Mr. moved av from her side, she fell. She knows, too, that will fall again—and get up again. There nothing easy about it. Just because of that, pleasure is profound. Sharing balmed, but a diminished, experience. There is an intensity this that could become addictive. Whatever does, there will always be the deep pride of survivor.

Yet there is a stubborn circularity to hum behavior. So when a man, some other woma restless husband, hovers on the boundary of senses, she begins, helplessly, to envision at o candlelit dinners, shared property, and all other delights of conjugality.

But this time she views these soft imagini with skepticism. Mrs., having achieved shrug, may even go on and learn to wink.

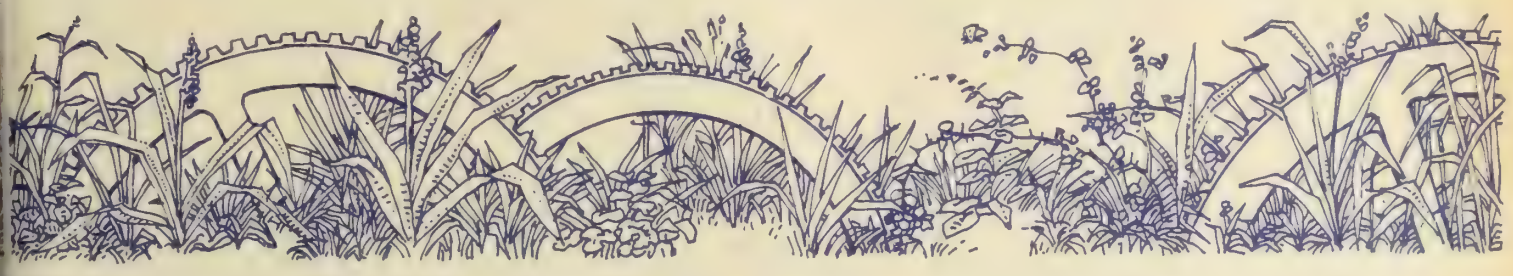
muel C. Florman

N PRAISE OF TECHNOLOGY

A generation ago most people believed, without doubt or qualification, in the beneficial effects of technological progress. Books were written hailing the ning of an age in which machines would do all onerous work, and life would become in- asingly utopian.

Today there is a growing belief that technology escaped from human control and is making our lives intolerable. Thus do we dart from one false myth to another, ever impressed by glib and simple-minded prophets.

Hostility to technology has become such a familiar staple of our reading fare that rarely do we stop to consider how this new doctrine has so quickly and firmly gained its hold upon us. I believe that critical scrutiny of this strange and dangerous phenomenon is very much overdue.



THE FOUNDING FATHER of the contemporary antitechnological movement is Jacques Ellul, a theological philosopher, whose book, *The Technological Society*, was published in France in 1954, and in the United States ten years later. n it appeared here, Thomas Merton, writing in *Com- weal*, called it "one of the most important books of mid-century." In *Book Week* it was labeled "an es- that will likely rank among the most important, as as tragic, of our time."

llul's thesis is that "technique" has become a Frank- ein monster that cannot be controlled. By technique eans not just the use of machines, but all deliberate rational behavior, all efficiency and organization. Man ted technique in prehistoric times out of sheer ne- ty, but then the *bourgeoisie* developed it in order to e money, and the masses were converted because of interest in comfort. The search for efficiency has me an end in itself, dominating man and destroying uality of his life.

ie second prominent figure to unfurl the banner of echnology was Lewis Mumford. His conversion was cularly significant since for many years he had been n and respected as the leading historian of technol- His massive *Myth of the Machine* appeared in 1967 t I: *Technics and Human Development*) and in (Part II: *The Pentagon of Power*). Each volume rn was given front-page coverage in *The New York s Sunday Book Review*. On the first page of *Book* d a reviewer wrote, "Hereafter it will be difficult d to take seriously any discussion of our industrial ills which does not draw heavily upon this wise and mighty work." The reviewer was Theodore Roszak, who, as we shall see, was soon to take his place in the movement.

The next important convert was René Dubos, a respected research biologist and author. In *So Human an Animal*, published in 1968, Dubos started with the biologist's view that man is an animal whose basic nature was formed during the course of his evolution, both physical and social. This basic nature, molded in forests and fields, is not suited to life in a technological world. Man's ability to adapt to almost any environment has been his downfall, and little by little he has accommodated himself to the physical and psychic horrors of modern life. Man must choose a different path, said Dubos, or he is doomed. This concern for the individual, living human being was just what was needed to flesh out the abstract theories of Ellul and the historical analyses of Mumford. *So Human an Animal* was awarded the Pulitzer Prize, and quickly became an important article of faith in the antitechnology crusade.

In 1970 everybody was talking about Charles A. Reich's *Greening of America*. In paperback it sold more than a million copies within a year. Reich, a law professor at Yale, spoke out on behalf of the youthful counterculture and its dedication to a liberating consciousness raising. Theodore Roszak's *Where the Wasteland Ends* appeared in 1972 and carried Reich's theme just a little further, into the realm of primitive spiritualism. Roszak, like Reich, is a college professor. Unlike *The Greening of America*, his work did not capture a mass audience.

l C. Florman, an engineer, is co-owner of Kreisler Borg Florman Construction Company, Scarsdale, New York. In addition to The tial Pleasures of Engineering *from which this article was excerpted (St. Martin's Press), he is the author of* Engineering and the Lib- rts *and many articles dealing with the relationship of technology to the general culture.*

But it seemed to bring to a logical climax the antitechnological movement started by Ellul. As the reviewer in *Time* magazine said, "he has brilliantly summed up once and for all the New Arcadian criticism of what he calls 'postindustrial society.'"

There have been many other contributors to the antitechnological movement, but I think that these five—Ellul, Mumford, Dubos, Reich, and Roszak—have been pivotal. They make an unlikely combination: a theological philosopher, a historian of technology, a biologist, and two academic apologists for the counterculture. However, they are united in their hatred and fear of technology, and surprisingly unanimous in their treatment of several key themes.

A primary characteristic of the antitechnologists is the way in which they refer to "technology" as a thing, or at least a force, as if it had an existence of its own. In this they take their cue from Ellul. "Technique has become autonomous," he writes. "It has fashioned an omnivorous world which obeys its own laws. . . ." This is not just a figure of speech; it is a serious definition. Repeatedly Ellul emphasizes that "technique pursues its own course more and more independently of man." Mumford speaks in the same vein:

> *Not merely does technology claim priority in human affairs: it places the demand for constant technological change above any considerations of its own efficiency, its own continuity, or even, ironically enough, its own capacity to survive.*

Dubos refers to an uncontrolled force which he labels "undisciplined technology." Reich is given to personifying technology in such statements as: "Technology has its own reasons for removing things from the culture. . . ." ". . . technology will dictate to man. . . ," "technology and the market have made our choices for us. . . ." He does not shrink from saying that affection, music, dance, work, and religion "have been ravished by an expanding technology," a technology which he fears is becoming "an unthinking monster." Roszak is no less dramatic. He fears "the treachery of technology," and warns that technology "threatens to murder the flora and fauna of whole oceans."

Making due allowance for poetic license, it is clear in these repeated personifications that technology is considered to have an existence separate and distinct from individual human beings. Indeed, technology is thought of as something that, unless fought against, can *do things to* human society, such things as "claim priority," "take over" and "dictate," even "ravish" and "murder." This way of thinking has spilled over into common usage, so we are not surprised to see an advertisement that begins, "Technology has trapped us . . . ," or an article in a news magazine that says, "Technology is seen as a dangerous ally."

Having established the view of technology as an evil force, the antitechnologists then proceed to depict the average citizen as a helpless slave, driven by this force to perform work he detests. This work, according to Ellul, is "an aimless, useless, and callous business, tied to a clock, an absurdity profoundly felt and resented by the worker. . . ." For best results the worker "must be rendered completely unconscious and mechanized in such way that he cannot even dream of asserting himself."

Moons and murderous highway

IN THE BLEAK WORLD VIEW of the antitechnologist after the average person has been driven by ev forces to perform work he abhors, he is drive by forces no less malevolent to *consume* things h does not want. It is a central dogma of antitec nology that the consumer buys, not what he truly nee or desires, but rather those products which the techn logical society happens to spew forth.

Again it is Ellul who shows the way: "If man does n already have certain needs they must be created. Th important concern is not the psychic and mental stru ture of the human being but the uninterrupted flow of ar and all goods which invention allows the economy produce." Mumford speaks mournfully of the "expan ing body of consumers, sedulously conditioned by a vertising and 'education' to ask only for those mass pro ucts that can be profitably supplied."

Dubos lists among the "special needs" created by o society such things as "a different dress for every day the office, a playroom in the cellar, and a huge lampsha in front of the picture window." Reich echoes the them "The machinery turns out what it pleases and forces pe ple to buy." As Roszak sees it, our "habits of consum tion" are controlled by the big corporations who, in tur are the agents of "the suave technocracy."

At the same time that they identify an anonymo technology as the source of these evils (and apparent oblivious to any inconsistency) the antitechnologists pla the blame on a particular group of individuals: the E tablishment. Strong, selfish men, making use of techn ogy for their own benefit, supposedly force the mass of men to work and consume under conditions that c only be described as subhuman. According to antitec nological doctrine, the leaders of the Establishment a assisted in their nefarious work by a staff of deputie the technologists. Sometimes, by a strange alchemy, t technologists themselves become the Establishment called technocrats—using their esoteric knowledge dominate their bewildered fellow citizens. This state affairs, say the antitechnologists, tends not only to deba the quality of life, but to perpetuate itself in a form technocratic totalitarianism.

Mumford speaks of the "directors of the power co plex—the military, bureaucratic, industrial, and scienti elite," who through publicity and prestige "are inflat to more than human dimensions in order better to mai tain authority."

Dubos, a mild and humanistic commentator, by far t least rancorous of the five we are considering, is loa to accuse the Establishment of villainous intent. But cannot resist making an attack on the technical elite:

> *So far, we have followed technologists wherever their techniques have taken them, on murderous highways or toward the moon, under the threat of nuclear bombs*

or of supersonic booms. But this does not mean that we shall continue forever on this mindless and suicidal course.

Roszak turns to this theme again and again, each time more anguished tones:

The technocracy . . . is a citadel of expertise dominating the high ground of urban-industrial society, exercising control over a social system that is utterly beholden to technician and scientist for its survival and prosperity. . . .

Another atrocity of which technology is accused is cut- g man off from the natural world in which he evolved. lan was created," says Ellul, "to have room to move out in, to gaze into far distances, to live in rooms ich, even when they were tiny, opened out on fields. e him now . . . in a twelve-by-twelve closet opening out an anonymous world of city streets." Mumford avers t "a day such as millions spend in factories, in offices, the highway, is a day empty of organic content and man rewards." This could have disastrous results, as he s it, since the human species came into being amidst abundant variety of the natural world, and if contact h that natural world is not maintained, "then man aself will become . . . denatured, that is to say, dehunized."

Reich mourns the disappearance from our lives of such al experiences as "living in harmony with nature, on arm, or by a sea, or near a lake or meadow, knowing, ng, and returning the elements." Roszak is concerned t "the whole force of urban industrialism upon our es is to convince us that artificiality is not only inable, but better—perhaps finally to shut the real and ginal out of our awareness entirely."

his subject seems to cause the antitechnologists parlar distress. Dubos and Reich compare modern man a wild animal spending its life in a city zoo. The arecture of modern cities they find "blankly uniform" umford), "lifeless and gleamingly sterile" (Roszak). for the attempts of city dwellers to make some small tact with nature, Ellul scorns "a crowd of brainless formists camping out," while Dubos refers to the thetic weekend in the country."

Not only weekend outings, but all of modern man's ure activities, are subjected to the most critical scru- by the antitechnologists. Predictably, they view these vities with pity and contempt. Television, according Ellul, is enjoyed because man seeks "a total oblivious- of himself and his problems, and the simultaneous on of his consciousness with an omnipresent technical rsion." Are spectator sports popular with the average en? Mumford tells us that they are "watched by thou- ls of overfed and underexercised spectators whose way of taking active part in the game is to assault umpire." As for such innocuous amusements as a pin- game and a jukebox, Mumford labels them "disrepble" because they do not "promote human welfare, in fullest sense." Does the common man enjoy riding is automobile? Dubos tells us it "represents our flight a the responsibility of developing creative associations our environment."

eich speaks of the "pathos" of an old-fashioned ice



Technology is a "thing" or a force that has escaped from human control and is spoiling our lives.

cream parlor where families amuse themselves "amid a sterile model of the past." He tells of a young couple who ski, play tennis, and sail, but only think they enjoy these pastimes, when they are really playing out roles copied from the mass media. Roszak is irritated by people "devouring hot dogs and swilling soft drinks" while waiting to see Old Faithful erupt. He observes with disgust that "their eyes vanished behind their cameras" and that one young boy said, "Disneyland is better."

These, then, are the main themes that run through the works of the antitechnologists:

(1) Technology is a "thing" or a force that has escaped from human control and is spoiling our lives.

(2) Technology forces man to do work that is tedious and degrading.

(3) Technology forces man to consume things that he does not really desire.

(4) Technology creates an elite class of technocrats, and so disenfranchises the masses.

(5) Technology cripples man by cutting him off from the natural world in which he evolved.

(6) Technology provides man with technical diversions which destroy his existential sense of his own being.

Lost harmonies

THE ANTITECHNOLOGISTS REPEATEDLY contrast our abysmal technocracy with three cultures that they consider preferable: the primitive tribe, the peasant community, and medieval society.

Ellul notes approvingly that primitive man "worked as little as possible and was content with a restricted consumption of goods. . . . The time given to the use of techniques was short, compared with the leisure time devoted to sleep, conversation, games, or, best of all, to meditation." Mumford declares that the agricultural work of neolithic times "brought the outer and inner life into harmony." Dubos reflects sadly on how the Northwestern coastal Indians, who used to have lengthy periods of leisure, "do not find the time to carve and to paint now that they have accepted the efficient ways of technological civilization." Reich believes that early man "built his life around the rhythms of the earth and his mental stability upon the constancies of nature," a theme echoed by Roszak who maintains that primitive tribes lived in close company with the earth, "striving to harmonize the things and thoughts of their own making with its non-human forces."

As for the peasant, Ellul tells us that he "interrupts his workday with innumerable pauses. He chooses his own tempo and rhythm. He converses and cracks jokes with every passerby." Mumford contends that "the poorest peasant . . . is foot-free and mobile," while Dubos feels that "our ancestors' lives were sustained by physical work and direct associations with human beings"—this being in contrast to "our absurd way of life." Reich is pleased to report that "the oldtime peasant had very real capacity for a non-material existence," and Roszak laments the eventual passing of "self-determining rural life."

Fond as they are of tribal and peasant life, the antitechnologists become positively euphoric over the Middle Ages. Medieval society, according to Ellul, "was vita coherent, and unanimous," and opposed technical d velopment with "the moral judgment which Christia passed on all human activities." Mumford rhapsodiz over "The Medieval Equilibrium" in which "a nice ba ance was established between the rural and the urba between the organic and the mechanical, between t static and the dynamic components." Dubos is ir pressed by the fact that during the Middle Ages "Chri tianity acted as a great unifying force by giving the pe ple of Europe a few common aspirations and social dis plines derived from the love and fear of God." Accordi to Reich, in medieval times, "when a very different co sciousness prevailed, neither technology nor the mark was permitted to dominate other social values. . . ." R zak finds in medieval alchemy one of the last precio examples of the "magical worldview," the disappearan of which he deplores.

Recognizing that we cannot return to earlier times, t antitechnologists nevertheless would have us attempt recapture the satisfactions of these vanished cultures. order to do this, what is required is nothing less th *a change in the nature of man.* The antitechnologi would probably argue that the change they seek is rea a return to man's *true* nature. But a change from ma present nature is clearly their fondest hope.

Ellul is pessimistic, implying that intervention by G might be required. But the other four are more sanguin According to Mumford, the growth of technology h "produced alterations in the human personality" a "modified . . . man's internal character." He feels that is essential to reverse the process, and that it is still n too late to do so. To this end he proposes that we stu closely the creature that is man. "We must understa the organics and physics of personality as we first und stood the statics and mechanics of physical processes."

Dubos concurs, and calls for the development of a "s ence of humanity" so that we can have "a better kno edge of what human beings require biologically, w they desire culturally, and what they hope to becom With this "new kind of knowledge," we could then p ceed to provide environments that would "encourage expression of desirable human potentialities." Reich lo forward to "that 'change in human nature' which been sought so long" and discerns the coming of a "r consciousness." Roszak also speaks of "reshaping consciousness of people." All agree that a necessary f step toward the reshaping of human nature is a disavo of the goals of technology, or rather an exorcism of t nology from the soul of man.

Although the antitechnologists are concerned ma with the harmful *effects* of technology, they reserve s of their disdain for the *activity* itself, and for the who make it their life's work. As seen by the antit nologists, engineers and scientists are half-men wh analysis and manipulation of the world deprives them the emotional experiences that are the essence of the g life.

Ellul maintains that without the charts and motors make them feel important, technologists "would find th selves poor, alone, naked, and stripped of all pretensio Mumford calls them "adepts in abstract thinking tho

en babies in terms of well-salted human experience," l suggests that the scientific way of thinking represents eurotic inability to face life as a whole. Dubos, being cientist himself, is less harsh in his judgment of his rs. But Reich and Roszak really let loose on this topic. cording to Reich, the technologist is alienated from his e self and his true needs. He is uptight, lonely, inau- ntic, unable to receive or give out sensual vibrations. is not a real man. He is "a smoothed-down man." szak maintains that the scientist and the technologist, their objectivity, are guilty of "single vision," and eing with a dead man's eyes."

Choose your weapons

IN THE OFTEN-REPEATED STORY, Samuel Johnson and James Boswell stood talking about Berkeley's theory of the nonexistence of matter. Boswell observed that although he was satisfied that the theory was false, it was impossible to refute it. "I er shall forget," Boswell tells us, "the alacrity with ch Johnson answered, striking his foot with mighty e against a large stone, till he rebounded from it—'I te it *thus*.'"

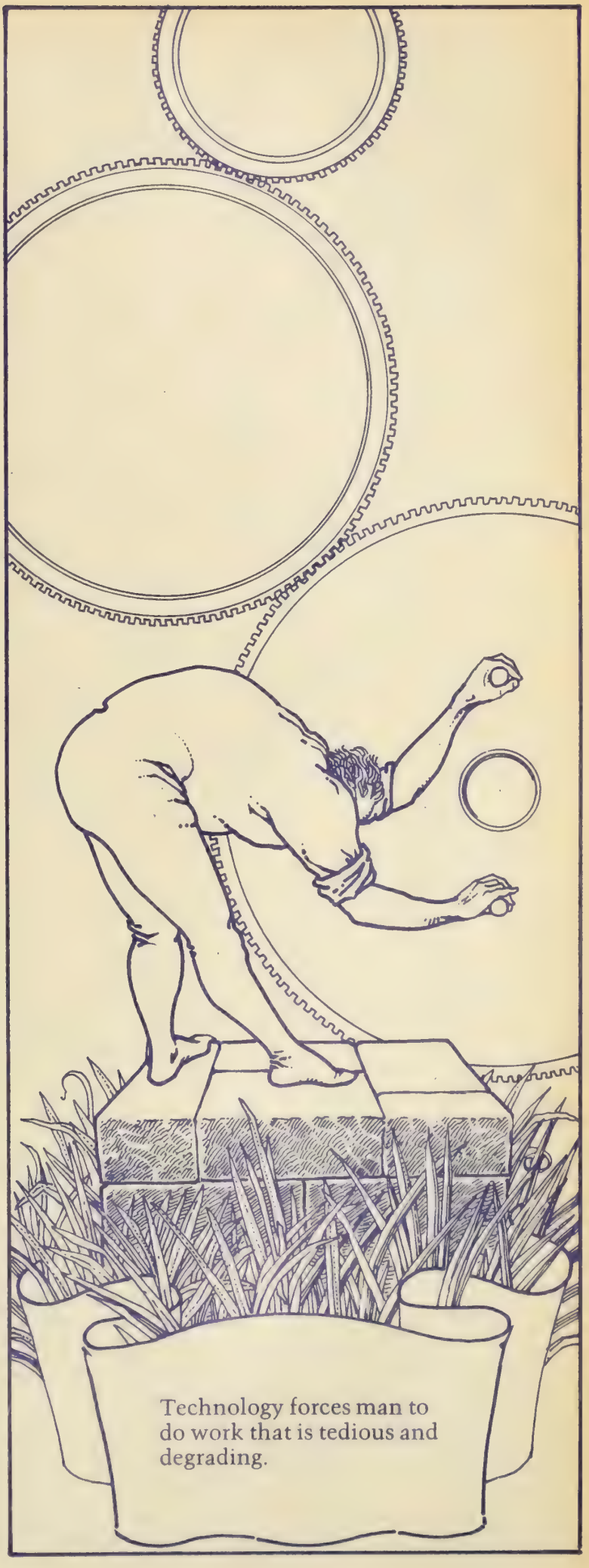
he ideas of the antitechnologists arouse in me a mood xasperation similar to Dr. Johnson's. Their ideas are bviously false, and yet so persuasive and widely ac- ed, that I fear for the common sense of us all.

he impulse to refute this doctrine with a Johnsonian is diminished by the fear of appearing simplistic. nuch has been written about technology by so many ound thinkers that the nonprofessional cannot help be intimidated. Unfortunately for those who would ute them, the antitechnologists are masters of prose intellectual finesse. To make things worse, they dis- an aesthetic and moral concern that makes the de- er of technology appear like something of a philis- To make things worse yet, many defenders of tech- gy are indeed philistines of the first order.

et the effort must be made. If the antitechnological ment is allowed to stand, the engineer is hard pressed stify his existence. More important, the implications ociety, should antitechnology prevail, are most dis- ing. For, at the very core of antitechnology, hidden r a veneer of aesthetic sensibility and ethical concern, yearning for a totalitarian society.

e first antitechnological dogma to be confronted is reatment of technology as something that has es- l from human control. It is understandable that times anxiety and frustration can make us feel this But sober thought reveals that technology is not an endent force, much less a thing, but merely one of ypes of activities in which people engage. Further- , it is an activity in which people engage because choose to do so. The choice may sometimes be fool- r unconsidered. The choice may be forced upon members of society by others. But this is very dif- t from the concept of technology *itself* misleading slaving the populace.

ilosopher Daniel Callahan has stated the case with clarity:



Technology forces man to do work that is tedious and degrading.

At the very outset we have to do away with a false and misleading dualism, one which abstracts man on the one hand and technology on the other, as if the two were quite separate kinds of realities. I believe that there is no dualism inherent here. Man is by nature a technological animal; to be human is to be technological. If I am correct in that judgment, then there is no room for a dualism at all. Instead, we should recognize that when we speak of technology, this is another way of speaking about man himself in one of his manifestations.

Although to me Callahan's statement makes irrefutable good sense, and Ellul's concept of technology as being a thing-in-itself makes absolutely no sense, I recognize that this does not put an end to the matter, any more than Samuel Johnson settled the question of the nature of reality by kicking a stone.

It cannot be denied that, in the face of the excruciatingly complex problems with which we live, it seems ingenuous to say that men invent and manufacture things because they want to, or because others want them to and reward them accordingly. When men have engaged in technological activities, these activities appear to have had *consequences*, not only physical but also intellectual, psychological, and cultural. Thus, it can be argued, technology is *deterministic*. It causes other things to happen. Someone invents the automobile, for example, and it changes the way people think as well as the way they act. It changes their living patterns, their values, and their expectations in ways that were not anticipated when the automobile was first introduced. Some of the changes appear to be not only unanticipated but undesired. Nobody wanted traffic jams, accidents, and pollution. Therefore, technological advance seems to be independent of human direction. Observers of the social scene become so chagrined and frustrated by this turn of events—and its thousand equivalents—that they turn away from the old common-sense explanations, and become entranced by the demonology of the antitechnologists.

Once mysterious "technology" is invoked as a deterministic force, it becomes no longer intellectually respectable to say that our automobile culture has grown because people have always wanted to do the things that automobiles now enable them to do. The desire to move quickly and independently from one place to another has existed within the human heart for a long time. Technologists, knowing of this desire, were, in a sense, "commissioned" to invent the automobile. Today it is clear that people enjoy the freedom of movement of which they had previously dreamed. True, they are unhappy about traffic jams, accidents, and pollution, but they recognize that these unhappy developments result from human decisions, not from technological imperatives. With remarkable stubbornness, and contrary to technological good sense, people persist in drinking and driving recklessly, refuse to take commuter trains, even where good and speedy ones exist, and resist joining together in car pools, which could reduce traffic by more than half.

However much we deplore the growth of our automobile culture, clearly it has been created by people making choices, not by a runaway technology. Some people have come to despise the automobile, but at the present time they are very much in the minority. As more an more citizens become disgruntled with the problems ari ing out of mass ownership of the automobile, they a beginning to pass new laws controlling its use, and als to "commission" the technologists to devise differe types of vehicles for individual and mass transport.

Of course, this is a superficial view of what has ha pened, but less superficial, I submit, than the antitec nological view, which sees a malignant technology "cr ating" choked and bloodied highways while the popula suffers in bewilderment.

Four decades ago, long before he became depressed l the atom bomb and other unfortunate technological d velopments, Lewis Mumford saw things more rationall

Choice manifests itself in society in small increments and moment-to-moment decisions as well as in loud dramatic struggles; and he who does not see choice in the development of the machine merely betrays his incapacity to observe cumulative effects until they are bunched together so closely that they seem completely external and impersonal. . . . [T]echnics . . . does not form an independent system, like the universe: it exists as an element in human culture and it promises well or ill as the social groups that exploit it promise well or ill. The machine itself makes no demands and holds out no promises: it is the human spirit that makes demands and keeps promises.

In recent times, Mumford has seen fit to absolve the h man spirit of any consequential sins. He and his fell antitechnologists would have us believe that most of t unpleasant aspects of our life are caused, not by the h man spirit, but by "technology"—a demon, a force, thing-in-itself. This logical absurdity, which has be working its way into our popular consciousness, is t first antitechnological myth to be resisted.

In addition to confounding rational discourse, the monology outlook of the antitechnologists discounts co pletely the integrity and intelligence of the ordinary p son. Indeed, pity and disdain for the individual citiz is an essential aspect of antitechnology. It is central the next two dogmas, which hold that technology for man to do tedious and degrading work, and then for him to consume things that he does not really desire.

Is it ingenuous, again, to say that people work, not feed some monstrous technological machine, but, as sin time immemorial, to feed themselves? We all have a bivalent feelings toward work, engineers as well as an technologists. We try to avoid it, and yet we seem to quire it for our emotional well-being. This dichotomy as old as civilization. A few wealthy people are bo because they are not required to work, and a lot of dinary people grumble because they have to work ha

The antitechnologists romanticize the work of earl times in an attempt to make it seem more appealing t work in a technological age. But their idyllic descripti of peasant life do not ring true. Agricultural work, all its appeal to the intellectual in his armchair, is b talizing in its demands. Factory and office work is no bed of roses either. But given their choice, most peo seem to prefer to escape from the drudgery of the fa This fact fails to impress the antitechnologists, who p fer their sensibilities to the choices of real people.

As for the technological society forcing people to con-
ne things that they do not want, how can we respond
this canard? Like the boy who said, "Look, the em-
or has no clothes," one might observe that the con-
ners who buy cars and electric can openers could, if
y chose, buy oboes and oil paints, sailboats and hiking
ots, chess sets and Mozart records. Or, if they have no
sonal "increasing wants," in Mumford's phrase, could
y not help purchase a kidney machine which would
e their neighbor's life? If people are vulgar, foolish,
l selfish in their choice of purchases, is it not the worst
t of cop-out to blame this on "the economy," "so-
ty," or "the suave technocracy"? Indeed, would not a
n prefer being called vulgar to being told he has no
l with which to make choices of his own?

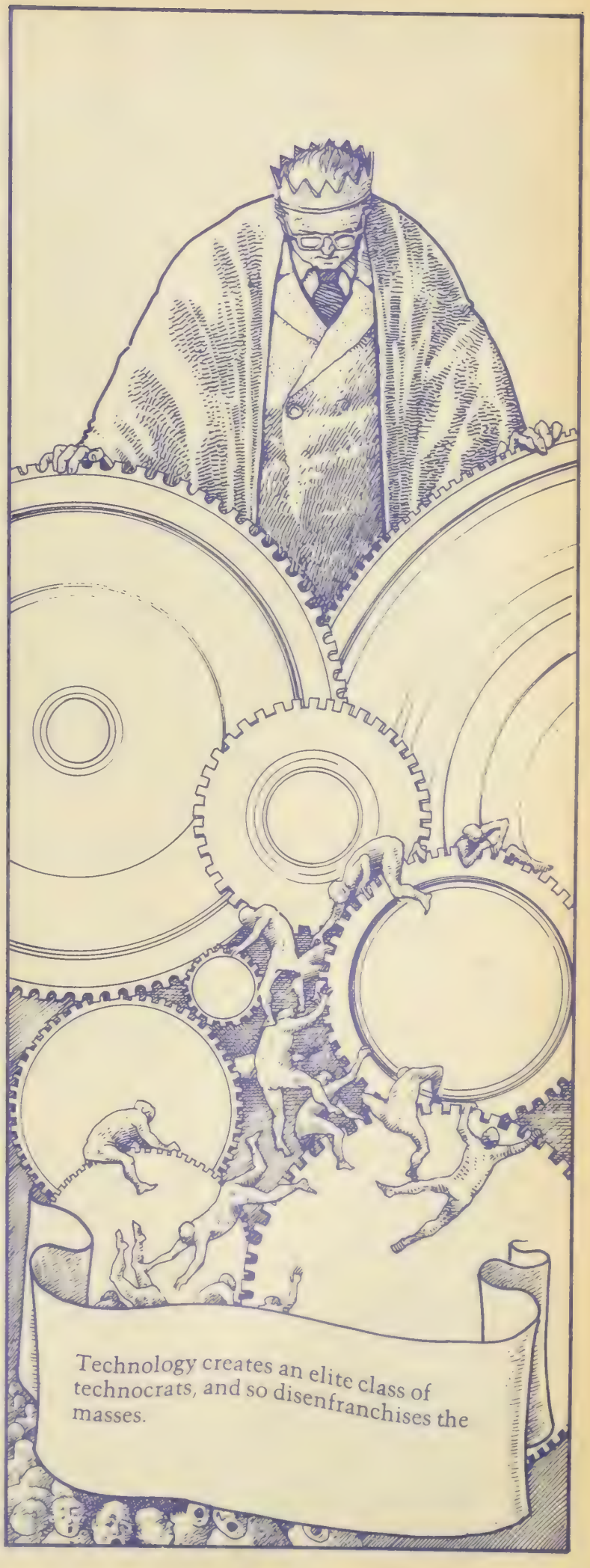
Illusive elite

WHICH BRINGS US to the next tenet of anti-technology, the belief that a technocratic elite is taking over control of society. Such a view at least avoids the logical absurdity of a demon technology compelling people
ct against their own interests. It does not violate our
mon sense to be told that certain people are taking
antage of other people. But is it logical to claim that
loitation increases as a result of the growth of tech-
gy?

Upon reflection, this claim appears to be absolutely
out foundation. When camel caravans traveled across
deserts, there were a few merchant entrepreneurs and
y disenfranchised camel drivers. From earliest his-
cal times, peasants have been abused and exploited by
nobility. Bankers, merchants, landowners, kings, and
rted plunderers have had it good at the expense of
masses in practically every large social group that
ever been (not just in certain groups like pyramid-
ding Egypt, as Mumford contends). Perhaps in small
es there was less exploitation than that which devel-
l in large and complex cultures, and surely technol-
played a role in that transition. But since the dim,
nt time of that initial transition, it simply is not true
advances in technology have been helpful to the Es-
shment in increasing its power over the masses.

fact, the evidence is all the other way. In techno-
ally advanced societies, there is more freedom for
average citizen than there was in earlier ages. There
been continuing apprehension that new technological
evements *might* make it possible for governments to
nize the citizenry with Big Brother techniques. But,
pite of all the newest electronic gadgetry, govern-
ts are scarcely able to prevent the antisocial actions
iminals, much less control every act of every citizen.
cking, technically ingenious robberies, computer-aid-
nbezzlements, and the like, are evidence that the out-
is able to turn technology to his own advantage, of-
more adroitly than the government. The FBI has ad-
ed that young revolutionaries are almost impossible
nd once they go "underground." The rebellious in-
lual is more than holding his own.

xploitation continues to exist. That is a fact of life.



Technology creates an elite class of technocrats, and so disenfranchises the masses.

But the antitechnologists are in error when they say that it has increased in extent or intensity because of technology. In spite of their extravagant statements, they cannot help but recognize that they are mistaken, statistically, at least. Reich is wrong when he says that "decisions are made by experts, specialists, and professionals safely insulated from the feelings of the people." (Witness changes in opinion, and then in legislation, concerning abortion, divorce, and pornography.) Those who were slaves are now free. Those who were disenfranchised can now vote. Rigid class structures are giving way to frenetic mobility. The barons and abbots and merchant princes who treated their fellow humans like animals, and convinced them that they would get their reward in heaven, would be incredulous to hear the antitechnologists theorize about how technology has brought about an increase in exploitation. We need only look at the underdeveloped nations of our present era to see that exploitation is not proportionate to technological advance. If anything, the proportion is inverse.

As for the role of technologists in the Establishment, it is ironic to hear ourselves called "high priests" and "technocratic elite" at the very time that we are complaining of a lack of prestige and power. Talk to any engineer or scientist, look into any professional journal, and you will learn quickly enough that the centers of power lie elsewhere. Technologists are needed, to be sure, just as scribes were needed at one time, or blacksmiths, or millers, or builders of fortresses. Some engineers have moved into positions of responsibility in industry and government, but their numbers are small compared to leaders trained in the law, accounting, and business. In any event, real power rests, not with the technologists, or with any special professional group for that matter, but with the wealthy, the clever, and the daring—and with their friends—just as it always has. How blind must one be not to see this obvious truth?

Nor do the technologists lord it over their fellows from a "citadel of expertise." That this myth persists is difficult to comprehend, but it appears to have a special place in the hearts of antitechnologists. John McDermott, in 1969, wrote a piece for *The New York Review of Books* entitled "Technology: The Opiate of the Intellectuals." It received quite a bit of attention at the time, and has since become a standard point of reference in the antitechnology literature. In agreement with the authors we have considered, McDermott asserted that "we now observe evidence of a growing separation between ruling and lower-class culture in America, a separation which is particularly enhanced by the rapid growth of technology." This is happening, according to McDermott, because "almost all of the public's business is carried on in specialized jargon," and "the new new language of social and technical organization is divorced from the general population."

This is persuasive rhetoric, but not in accordance with the facts. My teen-age sons read articles in *Scientific American* on computers, quasars, and laser beams with much readier comprehension than most of the pieces they are apt to find in *The New York Review of Books.* A typical plumber or gas station attendant, or even a bank teller who owns a secondhand car, knows more about society's technical systems and "the august mystery of science" (McDermott's phrase) than any doze Establishment people such as bank presidents, politic bosses, and Mafia godfathers. I pick up a book entitle *How Things Work*, intended for children of prima school age. It contains straightforward discussions electricity and magnetism, internal combustion engin and rockets. With the help of simple diagrams, it e plains the workings of carburetors, thermostats, trans tors, and dozens of other devices. Where is all the my tery?

There are obscure specialties, to be sure, more th there have ever been. There was, for a time, much co cern about a schism between the "two cultures," a phra made famous by C. P. Snow in 1959. But Snow observ in 1963 that the divide seemed already to be closing, a with the growth of public concern about ecology a conservation, the general public is becoming more co versant with technological subjects rather than less (This can hardly be said, however, about the mysteries economics, political science, and contemporary develo ments in the arts.)

Ah, wildernes

NEXT WE MUST CONFRONT the charge that te nology is cutting man off from his natural ha tat, with catastrophic consequences. It is i portant to point out that if we are less in tou with nature than we were—and this can har be disputed—then the reason does not lie exclusiv with technology. Technology could be used to put peo in very close touch with nature, if that is what they wa Wealthy people could have comfortable abodes in wilderness, could live among birds in the highest jun treetops, or even commune with fish in the ocean dept But they seem to prefer penthouse apartments in N York and villas on the crowded hills above Cann Poorer people could stay on their farms on the plains Iowa, or in their small towns in the hills of New Ha shire, if they were willing to live the spare and sim life. But many of them seem to tire of the loneliness the hard physical labor that goes with rusticity, and cumb to the allure of the cities.

It is Roszak's lament that "the malaise of a Chek play" has settled upon daily life. He ignores the fact the famous Chekhov malaise stems in no small mea from living in the country. "Yes, old man," shouts Astrov at Uncle Vanya, "in the whole district there w only two decent, well-educated men: you and I. An some ten years the common round of the trivial life has swamped us, and has poisoned our life with its pu vapours, and made us just as despicable as all the re There is tedium in the countryside, and someti squalor.

Nevertheless, I personally enjoy being in the coun side or in the woods, and so feel a certain sympathy the antitechnologists' views on this subject. But I can no evidence that frequent contact with nature is *essen* to human well-being, as the antitechnologists assert. F if the human species owes much of its complexity to



Green Ribbon Plant shown in exclusive FTD CoverUp.™

Now you can send FTD Green Ribbon™ Plants by wire almost anywhere. (just like flowers)

There's no plant like an FTD Green Ribbon Plant.

It's been carefully selected, the pick of the crop. It's been treated royally, nurtured with utmost care. It has even been taught how to live in a home environment.

So isn't it good to know that for birthdays, anniversaries, holidays and any happy occasion, you can send Green Ribbon Plants almost anywhere...the FTD way.

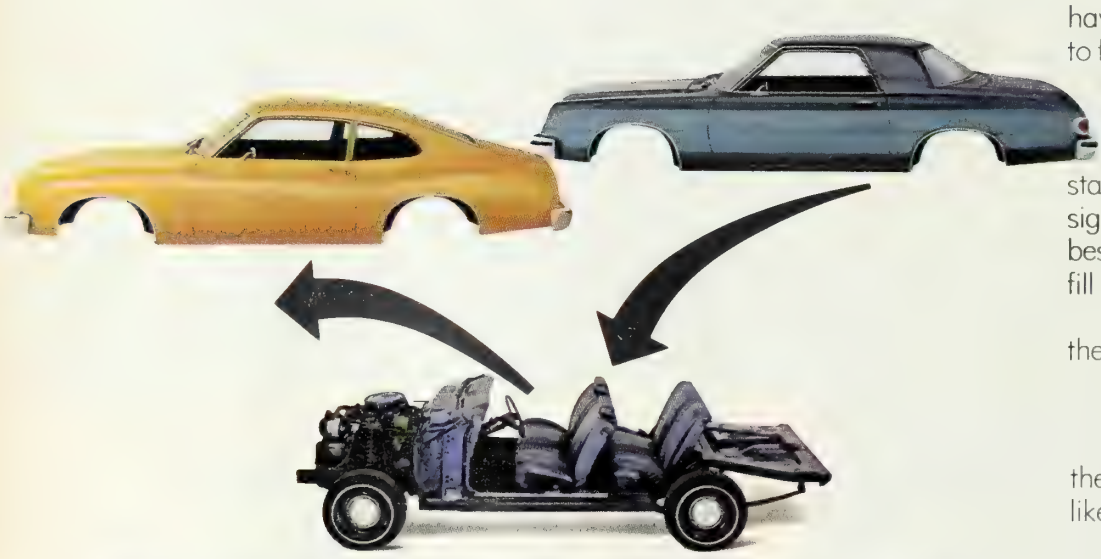
© 1975 Florists' Transworld Delivery.

FLORISTS' TRANSWORLD DELIVERY
FTD
SELECTED MEMBER

Reach out and touch them, the FTD Florist Way!

NE

What doe



The Detroit concept: Make it look new.

It's probably the most powerful word in advertising.

And often the emptiest.

Because it's been abused so much.

Make a modest change in a product and right away it's NEW!

Make two little changes and it's NEW NEW!

Some advertisers have even gone so far as to label their products ALL NEW! Which, if you stop for a moment and analyze it, is somewhat redundant.

Detroit vs. Webster

Let's take the American car manufacturers. And mind you, we don't mean to disparage their craftsmanship, because the fact is, they do make some pretty fine automobiles.

But their misuse of the word "new" would make Webster turn over in his grave.

Last year, almost every major American car manufacturer introduced new outsides on old insides. And spent gigantic advertising budgets promoting their NEW cars.

(One manufacturer is actually about to launch a major NEW car introduction for an automobile that's been around in Europe for some time now, that they're merely making a few changes and slapping a sleek American body on.)

Are these cars really new? Hardly.

Sure, legally they can get away with calling them NEW. However, if the lawyers really wanted to be accurate about it, their advertising should carry a sentence that reads "OUTSIDE NEW ONLY."

The Secret Everybody Knows

Now, we all know what "new" really is. It's no great, dark secret that you have to go to the mount to find out.

It's simply that which hasn't exis before.

In the case of an automobile, starting from scratch and totally re signing just about every single part best fill your needs. Or rather, to b fill the needs of the driver.

Which is exactly what we did w the Volkswagen Rabbit.

Five Long, Hard Years

Five years ago, we set out to des the car of the future. Which may sou like a cliché, but it happens to be t

We wanted to build the perfect not only for today, but for the r twenty (maybe more) years.

To do that properly, we had to s from ground zero, taking everyth into consideration—primarily econo handling, safety and comfort.

Let's take economy.

With the price of gas skyrocketin and no relief in sight—we felt we to build a car that didn't get good, *great* gas mileage.

And so we did. The standard tr mission Rabbit gets an EPA-estim 38 miles per gallon on the highwa and 24 in the city. (Actual mileage vary depending on type of driving, ing habits, car's condition and opti equipment.)

Big Mileage: No Big Deal

Now there's nothing that extra nary about getting high gas mileag if you want to sacrifice performa (which is exactly what most cars But we didn't want to. We felt couldn't. More and more superl

W.

mean?



The VW concept: Make it new.

are being built every day and our
ad to be zippy enough to negoti-
em.
ell, our engineers figured out a way,
e the 38 miles per gallon, to get
abbit from 0 to 50 in 8.2 seconds.
our knowledge, there is no other
the world—none—that can give
his much gas mileage and this
acceleration together. And there
never be another one.

Good Handling Car Is a Safe Handling Car

far as handling goes, we didn't
op at things like front-wheel drive
tter tracking and rack-and-pinion
ng (though they make the car han-
well we probably could have).
esigned, for example, a totally
e "independent stabilizer rear
Rather than bore you with the
right now, we think it will suf-
fice to say that this axle significantly increases the stability of the car on rough roads. And therefore the safety.

And speaking of safety, we gave the Rabbit features that you'll find on few other cars in the world. Like something called "negative steering roll radius," which helps bring the car to a straight stop in the event of a front-wheel blow-out. "Dual diagonal brakes," which means that if either brake circuit fails, directional stability is maintained. And a uniquely designed double-jointed steering column that breaks aside in the event of impact.

How We Did the Impossible

Our engine, by the way, is what's called a "transverse engine." Which means it's mounted sideways. That's how we were able to keep the Rabbit so compact on the outside, yet so big and comfortable on the inside (it actually has the same amount of head and leg room as some mid-sized American cars!).

Curl Up With a Good Ad

Most of the incredible features that we've incorporated into this revolutionary automobile we really don't have the space to go into right now. However, you'll get a chance to read about them in detail in future ads we're planning to run. We're certain you'll be quite impressed.

But what will impress you even more is stopping in at a VW dealer and actually seeing the Rabbit in the flesh. And, of course, driving it.

You see, if you're in the market for a new car, we think your hard-earned money deserves more than just the word NEW with an exclamation point after it.

It deserves new, period.

The Amazing Rabbit



The 900 million dollar man.

This is *homo sapiens* in 1975.

Immunizations can add 10 years to his or her life expectancy.

He or she can mature without the threats of polio or measles or diphtheria.

Many maladies that used to kill or cripple can now be controlled.

So much so that past generations would call him or her superhuman.

But are all those breakthrough medicines enough?

The member companies of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association don't think so. Not with complicated diseases like arthritis and cancers and cardiovascular illnesses still very much with us.

Because of that, we are investing something like 900 million dollars of our own money this year to find new medicines and improve existing ones.

A considerable figure, especially when you realize it's been increasing at an average rate of nearly 60 million dollars a year for the last ten years.

More important than money is our people investment. Right now in our companies there are 23,000 highly-trained scientific and support peopl working in pharmaceuti research, half of whom have advanced scientific degrees.

With an investmer like that, you have reason to expect results.

Because if a new medicine can help, we're working on it.



The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association.

We'd like to tell you more about pharmaceuticals. Send for our free booklet, "When it Comes to Rx Medicines, There Are a Lot of Questions You Should Ask." Write the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dept. HA-511, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

ersity of the natural environment, why must man con-
ue to commune with the landscapes in which he
olved? Millions of people, in ages past as well as pres-
, have lived out their lives in city environs, with very
le if any contact with "nature." Have they lived lives
herently inferior because of this? Who would be pre-
nptuous enough to make such a statement?

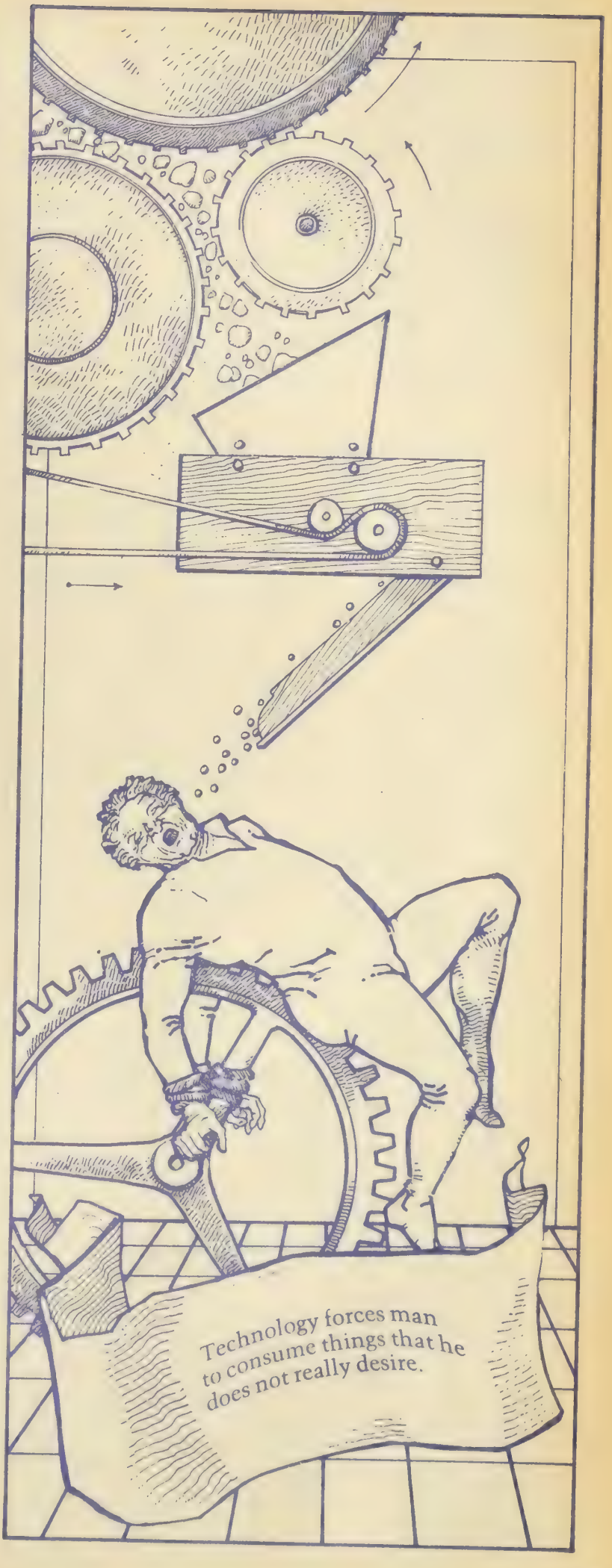
The antitechnologists talk a lot about nature without
arly defining what they mean by the word. Does nature
sist of farms, seashores, lakes, and meadows, to use
ich's list? Does not nature consist also of scorched
erts, fetid tropical forests, barren ice fields, ocean
ths, and outer space—environments relentlessly hos-
to human life? If farms and meadows are considered
tural" even though they have been made by men out
he stuff of the universe, what is "unnatural"? A stone
l and a farm cottage are still "good," I suppose, but
ridge and a dam become "bad," and a glass building
ade becomes unnatural and dehumanizing, even
ugh the glass has been made by man out of the sands
he earth.

Must one be in the wilds to be in touch with nature?
l not a garden in the backyard suffice? How about a
ection of plants in the living room? Oriental artists
e shown us how the beauty of all creation is implicit
a single blossom, or in the arrangement of a few
es. The assertion that men are emotionally crippled
being isolated from the wilds is, as I have said, un-
ranted because of lack of evidence. But more than
, it does not take into account the multitude of ways
hich "nature" can be experienced.

f pressed, the antitechnologists might grudgingly ad-
that the harm of being separated from nature can be
gated if the separating medium is graceful and in
nony with natural principles, say like the Left Bank
Paris, or the Piazza Navona in Rome. But they point
he modern city as the epitome of everything that is
hanical and antihuman.

will not here embark on a discussion of functionalism
modern architecture. But I will note in passing that
e are millions of families who have lived happy years
ondescript high-rise apartments, and millions of peo-
who have spent pleasant working lifetimes in the most
ern office buildings. To claim that such passive envi-
nents are emotionally crippling is not to state a gen-
truth, but rather to exhibit a personal phobia.

have seen early-morning crowds pouring into a Park
nue office building, into a spacious lobby, via a
oth-riding elevator to comfortable offices with thick
ets and dazzling window views. I have heard them
tering of personal concerns, a boyfriend who called,
ild who scratched his knee, a movie seen, an aunt
ing from out of town. These people are no more de-
anized by their environment than are a group of na-
women doing their laundry on the bank of a river.
ve also seen these office workers on a Monday morn-
comparing sunburns and trading tales about picnics,
s, fishing trips, and various other sorties into the out-
ors. The average person is not as isolated from na-
as the antitechnologists would have us suppose. Ah,
his "pathetic weekend," as Dubos has told us, is not
e or meaningful relationship with nature.



There is a fussiness about the antitechnologists' abhorrence of the city, as if the drama of life could not unfold in anything but an idyllic setting. Saul Bellow, one of our leading novelists, has taken a more robust position (*Harper's*, August 1974). In his view, mankind is not about to be intimidated by anything as insignificant as a technological landscape:

> *A million years passed before my soul was let out into the technological world. That world was filled with ultraintelligent machines, but the soul after all was a soul, and it had waited a million years for its turn and did not intend to be cheated of its birthright by a lot of mere gimmicks. It had come from the far reaches of the universe, and it was interested but not overawed by these inventions.*

God's good life

THE NEXT TARGET of the antitechnologists is Everyman at play. It is particularly important to antitechnology that popular hobbies and pastimes be discredited, for leisure is one of the benefits generally assumed to follow in the wake of technological advances. The theme of modern man at leisure spurs the antitechnologists to derision.

There are many popular pastimes contemptuously referred to as mass-cult activities—bowling, for example—that are not to my taste. But how can one draw sweeping conclusions from such a fact? A joyous, obviously exhilarating hour in a bowling alley is certainly not inferior in the scheme of things to a torpid, nonattentive hour listening to string quartets. In their consideration of recreation activities, the antitechnologists disdain to take into account anything that an actual participant might feel. For even when the ordinary man considers himself happy—at a ball game or a vacation camp, watching television or listening to a jukebox, playing with a pinball machine or eating hot dogs—we are told that he is only being fooled into *thinking* that he is happy.

It is strategically convenient for the antitechnologists to discount the expressed feelings of the average citizen. It then follows that (1) those satisfactions which are attributed to technology are illusory, and (2) those dissatisfactions which are the fault of the individual can be blamed on technology, since the individual's choices are made under some form of hypnosis. It is a can't-lose proposition.

Under these ground rules, how can we argue the question of what constitutes the good life? If most people are fooled into desiring things they do not really desire, tricked into thinking they are free when they are really enslaved, mesmerized into feeling happy when true happiness forever eludes them, then clearly we are in a sorry state. But if the people themselves do not agree that their contentment is misery, what are we to conclude?

A character in a Gide novel remarks about the moment he first realized that "men feel what they imagine they feel. From that to thinking that they imagine they feel what they feel was a very short step!" Between feeling and imagining one feels, "what God could tell the difference?"

The antitechnologists fancy themselves to be the go who can tell the difference. They charge technologi with having formed an elite class. But what is a lit extra knowledge about machines compared to the godli knowledge that they claim for themselves? Is it not cl that they consider themselves to be the elite of all elite

They have complained that in the scientific world vi the scientist, seeking objectivity, cuts himself out of t picture, ignoring his own passions. The antitechnologis however, in painting *their* picture of the true world, nothing wrong with deleting the average man's passio "As for the mass of urban workers," says Mumfo "they must have viewed their dismal lot, *if they w conscious at all*, with a feeling of galling disappoi ment." I have added the emphasis to the phrase wh expresses so perfectly the antitechnologists' total sc for anything that the average man might think, if ind they credit him with thinking at all.

It is legitimate, of course, to speculate on the extent which people's lives are dominated by debasing illusio Ibsen's *Wild Duck* and Eugene O'Neill's *Iceman Com* are two dramatic works that deal with the theme of h our lives are made tolerable by self-deceit, and with problem of what happens when simple people are abru ly confronted with "truth." But the antitechnologists not creative artists speculating about the eternal pr lems of being human. They are polemicists determine prove that life today is worse than it used to be. At very least, one would expect them to give weight to su evidence as is available. However, they avoid the disc sion of facts, preferring to rely on such subjective pressions as the "blank, hollow, bitter faces," that Re fancies he sees on the white-collar and blue-collar work of America.

When real people are actually asked about their liv Irene Loviss noted in a Harvard program on technol and society, "they believe that technology is both g and bad, and for most of them . . . the good outwei the bad." In medical studies assessing the adverse pact on health of changes in a person's life, it has b found that timeless events such as marriage, divorce, death in the family are far more significant than anyth having to do with the rule of technology in the world

I leaf through *The Family of Man*, a book reproduc the photographic exhibition assembled in 1955 by ward Steichen. I see 503 pictures from 68 countr representing man in every cultural state from primi to industrial. I see lovers embracing, mothers with fants, children at play, people eating, dancing, work grieving, consoling. Everything really important se eternally the same—in cities and in jungles, in slums on farms. Carl Sandburg's prologue attempts to pu into words: "Alike and ever alike, we are on all co nents in the need of love, food, clothing, work, spe worship, sleep, games, dancing, fun. From tropics arctics humanity lives with these needs so alike, so in orably alike." A few moments spent studying these tos makes the attitudes of the antitechnologists s peevish and carping. These are real people with faces that give the lie to the antitechnologists' snobb generalizations.

Steichen and Sandburg are yea-sayers, a refres

necessary breed to have around. That does not mean there is no place for Cassandras. The antitechnolo- have every right to be gloomy, and have a bounden to express their doubts about the direction our lives taking. But their persistent disregard of the average on's sentiments is a crucial weakness in their argu- t—particularly when they then ask us to consider the l" satisfactions that they claim ordinary people ex- nced in other cultures of other times.

The cloud over the silver lining

T IS DIFFICULT not to be seduced by the antitechnologists' idyllic elegies for past cultures. We all are moved to reverie by talk of an arcadian golden age. But when we awaken from this reverie, we realize that the antitechnologists have diverted us half-truths and distortions. The harmony which the chnologists see in primitive life, anthropologists find ly certain tribes. Others display the very anxiety and lity that antitechnologists blame on technology—as should they not, being almost totally vulnerable to passing hazard of nature, beast, disease, and hu- enemy? As for the peasant, was he "foot-free," ained by physical work," with a capacity for a non- rial existence"? Did he crack jokes with every pass- Or was he brutal and brutalized, materialistic and cious, stoning errant women and hiding gold in his ess? And the Middle Ages, that dimly remembered of "moral judgment," "equilibrium," and "common tions." Was it not also a time of pestilence, brig- ge, and public tortures? "The chroniclers them- ," admits a noted admirer of the period (J. Hui-), tell us "of covetousness, of cruelty, of cool calcu- , of well-understood self-interest. . . ." The callous lity, the unrelievable pain, the ever-present threat of ely death for oneself (and worse, for one's chil- are the realities with which our ancestors lived f which the antitechnologists seem totally oblivious.

T IS NOT MY INTENTION to assert that, because we live longer and in greater physical comfort than our forebears, life today is better than it ever was. It is this sort of chamber of commerce banality that has driven so many intellectuals into the arms antitechnological movement. Nobody is satisfied e are living in the best of all possible worlds.

t of the problem is the same as it has always been. re imperfect, and nature is often unkind, so that piness, uncertainty, and pain are perpetually pres- rom the beginning of recorded time we find evi- of despair, melancholy, and ennui. We find also an ance of greed, treachery, vulgarity, and stupidity. ed as we are in our own problems, we tend to how replete history is with wars, feuds, plagues, assacres, tortures, slavery, the wasting of cities, e destruction of libraries. As for ecology, over ortions of the earth men have made pastures out sts, and then deserts out of pastures. In every tion prophets, poets, and politicians have consid-



Technology cripples man by cutting him off from the natural world in which he evolved.



ered their contemporary situation uniquely distressi and have looked about for something—or someone—blame. The antitechnologists follow in this tradition, a in the light of history, their condemnation of technolo can be seen to be just about as valid as the Count Reformation's condemnation of witchcraft.

But it will not do to say *plus ça change plus c'est même chose*, and let it go at that. We do have so problems that are unique in degree if not in kind, and our society a vague, generalized discontent appears to more widespread than it was just a generation ago. *Som thing* is wrong, but what?

I would hesitate to speak out on so formidable a complex a question if at least part of the answer did seem self-evident. Contemporary man is not content cause he *wants* more than he can ever have. The story Faust is thought of as a romantic legend, but it embod a profound truth. *Homo sapiens*, through the evoluti ary process, has developed a unique combination of c iosity, creativity, and daring. These traits have been sponsible for his success, while also confronting him w many serious problems. Although he has created sta societies that showed very little cultural evolution long periods of time, once he is exposed to a new po bility, man cannot resist sampling it. He *will* taste fruit, forbidden though it may be. He may taste fearf and hesitantly, but he will taste. If the elders hold ba then youth will break away. If conservatives preach c tion, then radicals will arise. The new attraction migh glass beads for Indian braves or spices for Renaissa princes; it might be the idea of heavenly salvation marauding Vikings, or the concept of equality for F sian serfs.

Man learned early that changes in his way of could have unforeseen and adverse consequences. antitechnologists think it very significant that this happened in the case of technological developments s as DDT. But it is self-evident that actions have co quences, some of which may be unforeseen and u sired. Bring flowers into the house, and your aunt have an asthma attack. Invite your neighbor for din and he or she may run away with your mate. Preac religion of love, and you may start a revolution. technologies are only a part of man's elemental imp to experiment. This impulse does lead man to invent, of equal importance—and hazard—it leads him to plore, to create new arts, new religions, new ideas.

Man has always been afraid of his urge to do more know more. His earliest myths attest to this fear: A and Eve, the Tower of Babel, Prometheus, Pandora, rus. But he is constitutionally unable to restrain him

Our contemporary problem is distressingly obvi We have too many people wanting too many things. is not caused by technology; it is a consequence of type of creature that man is. There are a few pe holding back, like those who are willing to do wit disposable bottles, a few people turning back, like young men and women moving to the countercul communes, and many people who have not gotten sta because of crushing poverty and ignorance. But the majority of people in the world want to move forw whatever the consequences. Not that they are lemmi

are wary of revolution and anarchy. They are ingly disturbed by crowding and pollution. Many em recognize that "progress" is not necessarily tak- hem from worse to better. But whatever their cau- and misgivings, they are pressing on with a deter- tion that is awesome to behold.

Democratic desires

THE NEWSPAPERS REPORT that the Bulgarian government, bowing to consumer discontent, is attempting to provide more and better washing machines. This is not "technique" run wild or "the suave technocracy" exploiting the people. *is Bulgarians wanting washing machines.*

is common knowledge that millions of underprivi- families want adequate food and housing. What is ommonly remarked is that after they have adequate and housing they will want to be served at a fine rant and to have a weekend cottage by the sea. e want tickets to the Philharmonic and vacation abroad. They want fine china and silver dinner sets andsome clothes. The illiterate want to learn how to Then they want education, and then more educa- nd then they want their sons and daughters to be- doctors and lawyers. It is frightening to see so millions of people wanting so much. It is almost eing present at the Oklahoma land rush, except that ns are involved instead of hundreds, and instead of the prize is everything that life has to offer.

w, at last, we can see what it is that motivates the chnologists. It is fear. They are terrified by the unfolding before their eyes. They see hordes of graduates in New Delhi serving with frustration vernment clerks while wanting to be senators or s of industry. They see blacks rioting in the ghettos share in American bourgeois pleasures and for as members of the professions and the business unity. They see throngs of Japanese students parad- rough the streets of Tokyo calling for Lord knows They see bricklayers demanding more money than sors, and getting it. They see firemen and teachers ike—everyone seeking a share of whatever it is available. This situation has been developing ever man emerged as a species, but it has accelerated ngly in our time.

antitechnologists are frightened; they counsel halt treat. They tell the people that Satan (technology) ing them astray, but the people have heard that efore. They will not stand still for vague prom- a psychic contentment that is to follow in the wake ntary temperance. Desperately the antitechnolo- y to sell their vision of the ideal society, a sort of se operetta scene, with the good and gentle popu- ancing around the Maypole while the important ages (presumably including the antitechnologists) n benevolently. But man has not come this far h the evolutionary furnace to settle for a bucolic

why should he? If I enjoy an evening at the opera vacation trip to London, why should not others want the same? Some human desires can be labeled as vulgar and foolish, smacking of conspicuous consumption. Some are excessive, and doomed to lead to frustration and unhappiness. But most people are in search of the good life—not "the goods life" as Mumford puts it, although some goods are entailed—and most human desires are for good things in moderate amounts. The problem arises only when we put all of these moderate desires together and find that there is not enough of the good things to go around.

I agree with the antitechnologists that the situation is frightening. Perhaps there is some truth in the proposition that the common man would be "happier" if he did not have the urge to scramble upward to a higher station in life. But this is irrelevant because the common man does have the urge. The situation is summed up in the title of a World War I song: "How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm After They've Seen Paree?" By now most of the world has seen some version of "Paree," and we have no choice but to live with the consequences.

Schopenhauer warned us a century ago about the *will* divided against itself. Will presses forward relentlessly in each living creature, heedless of its inevitable conflict with itself. Will, or life-force, or human nature—call it whatever you like—is what is at the root of our problems. Technology is merely one expression of this force. It is illogical to place the blame on technology. Why not blame the impulse to seek beauty, which we call art, or the impulse to seek truth, which we call philosophy, or the impulse to seek the ineffable "all," which we call religion? These are the sources of man's dreams and desires. These are the urges that drive man ever onward and refuse to let him rest. Man's technological skills may be responsible for the invention of the automobile, but he wants it and uses it because of his craving for new experiences, experiences of which he can conceive only because of his highly developed aesthetic sense and existential yearnings.

ONE OF THE MOST CONVINCING examples of the antitechnologists' true feelings is to be found in their attitude toward tourism. What could be more reasonable than the desire people have to travel and see parts of the world different from their own? Yet this reasonable desire results in crowds of tourists, and this irritates the antitechnologists to the point of frenzy. Roszak is the most virulent, calling the tourist trade "one of the great evils . . . one of the most destructive forms of pollution," and referring to "idiocies like pre-packaged tourism (the chance to make an international nuisance of oneself)." But each of the others displays a similar attitude of annoyance. Ellul scornfully remarks that man "becomes a cosmopolite and a citizen of the world, less . . . through his own will and ideals than through the mechanical fact of easy transport." "Why, indeed," asks Mumford dourly, "should any government subsidize jet-age travel when the net effect is to ruin every landscape and every historic site to which we bring our jet liners and motor coaches?" Dubos expresses his distaste by commenting that "the overwhelming majority of urban dwellers . . . identify leisure time with essentially

aimless movement." Reich includes "vacation trips to Europe" among the extraneous features of our "affluent American way of life," and mocks the young couples who "manage to travel to some off-beat place each year" because they think that it is the fashionable thing to do.

Which of us has not been jostled by crowds in the Sistine Chapel or Westminster Abbey, or even at Stonehenge, and wished that he could be alone to savor these awesome places? But where the average traveler might be somewhat disconcerted, the antitechnologists react to these crowds as to a personal affront. Consider the tragedy that has befallen Mumford.

> *Until now Delphi . . . presented one of the most wonderful landscapes in the world: a landscape whose profound religious atmosphere remained, though the temples are ruined and the religion itself has passed away. But, speaking for myself, I don't dare go back to Delphi. I know that it has already become a parking lot, and in a few years all that made it so precious will, if our present habits continue, disappear. . . .*

And pity poor Roszak for the dreadful indignity he has had to endure:

> *A personal anecdote: a sign of the times. Several years ago, on a cross-country trip, my family and I were foolish enough to visit Yellowstone National Park during the summer crush. . . . There was not an inch of solitude or even minimal privacy to be found anywhere during the two days we stayed before giving up and leaving. Never once were we out of earshot of chattering throngs and transistor radios or beyond the odor of automobile exhaust. . . .*

How nice it would be for a select few of us if Delphi and Yellowstone could be set aside for our personal enjoyment, with the masses restricted to places such as Coney Island, more suited to their coarser sensibilities. But unfortunately our fellow citizens will not grant us such special privileges. Certain places that cannot possibly handle crowds, or that would be seriously damaged by crowds, are restricted to select scholars or other people of special qualifications. But, in general, those of us who would be tourists have little choice but to learn to put up with others who have similar desires and equal rights. Fortunately, although Delphi may be crowded, there are a hundred other ruined Greek temples that are not, and if Roszak would only leave his car in the Yellowstone parking lot and hike a mile or two into the woods, he can still find all the wilderness he could desire.

If the situation is not quite as appalling as the antitechnologists make it out to be, certainly the annoyance and fear they feel does have some basis in fact. But since the cause of the problem is not technology, which can be restrained, but the pressure of human desire, which cannot be restrained, it is difficult to know what to do except to continue to muddle along as best we can.

The antitechnologists do not see things so pragmatically. In their apocalyptic view, technology has brought us to the brink of disaster, and only an abrupt change of course can save us. Their deceptive statement of the problem is bad enough, but their proposed solution—a change in human nature—is much worse. The antitechnologists' desire to change human nature follows logically from their fear of the accelerating demands of the multitudes. One feels that they would be relieved to h frontal lobotomies performed on all the grasping, an tious, foolish people who will not harken to the antite nological prophecies. Failing this, one wonders how t expect the change in human nature to occur.

If the first step is to be a scientific study of hun nature, as Mumford and Dubos propose, what a stra scientific study that will be. Since the antitechnolog have decided in advance what human needs are, have also agreed that the average man has a mista idea of what these needs are, one can scarcely imag the sort of experiments they would devise.

With or without such a science, we know what antitechnologists want for mankind. They want sere and spiritual peace. But man wants something more. may seek serenity when he does not have it. But as s as he has it, he becomes restless and seeks some adventure. No single way of life can satisfy him mately, least of all a return to the simple, rustic rout of earlier times.

The narrator of Dostoevsky's *Notes From Undergro* speaks truly:

> *. . . man is a frivolous and incongruous creature and perhaps, like a chess-player, loves the process o the game, not the end of it. And who knows (there i no saying with certainty), perhaps the only goal o earth to which mankind is striving lies in this incess sant process of attaining, in other words, in life i self. . . .*

It is interesting that Mumford and Dubos both r to this Dostoevsky story but misinterpret it to sup their own view. They attribute the antisocial behavio "the sniveling hero" (they both use the identical phra to his dissatisfaction with a technological society. the point is that Dostoevsky's character rejects not the order and comfort of a technological society, *every attempt* to define his needs and prescribe for desires. It is improper to conclude from his scorn for bourgeois life that he would welcome the neoprim utopias conjured up by the antitechnologists. He w ridicule their efforts to find a condition of lasting tentment for man.

> *. . . man everywhere and at all times, whoever h may be, has preferred to act as he chose and not in th least as his reason and advantage dictated. And or may choose what is contrary to one's own interest and sometimes one* positively ought *(that is my idea One's own free unfettered choice, one's own caprice- however wild it may be, one's own fancy worked up times to frenzy—is that very "most advantageous a vantage" which we have overlooked, which com under no classification and against which all systen and theories are continually being shattered to atom*

If the antitechnologists hope to change human na they will not find technology standing in the way, rather the caprice of which Dostoevsky speaks, the trariness which makes fools of those who think that have found the one right way.

The antitechnologists might protest that they s with Dostoevsky, not against him. Is not their liter filled with praise of freedom? Yes, but it is a stra

icted freedom—the freedom to pray or sing or dance eave, for example, but not to go stock-car racing or Disneyland or Las Vegas; the freedom to plant y or corn, but not to use a bulldozer or buy a new ric hair dryer. It is the half-freedom, the false free-, of the benevolent despot.

Quiet please!

THE ANTITECHNOLOGISTS ARE NOT preaching totalitarianism. They are good and gentle men, humanists at heart. But their cry for "something like a spontaneous religious conversion" (Mumford), "a common faith" (Dubos), "Consciousness III . . . an attempt to gain transcendence" ch), "the visionary commonwealth" (Roszak) is a or a new "movement," and each new mass movement es within itself the seeds of a new totalitarianism. ots arise when certain conditions exist: widespread usionment with the existing society, identification scapegoat, and the dissemination by glib prophets w visions of salvation.

is not the prophets who become the despots, but ts arise who take advantage of the conditions cre- by the prophets. Just as dictators appear on the left n the right, in the wake of religious fanaticism or ligious fervor, so might one rise in the wake of ir stemming from antitechnology. Fear and disgust hat count, along with a scapegoat and pie-in-the- romises. If, practically speaking, despotism does not r imminent, still the antitechnologists are lending voices to the chorus of frustrated and frightened e who have lost faith in our institutions, and who eating the conditions in which some sort of dema- can rise to power.

e antitechnologists explicitly disavow any aggressive itionary activity. They announce the need for radi- anges in our way of life, but for themselves and followers they propose a quiet disengagement. ord calls, not for a revolt, but rather for "a steady rawal of interest, a slowing down of tempo, a stop- of senseless routines and mindless acts." Dubos s this theme: "At heart, we often wish we had the ge to drop out and recapture our real selves. The se to withdraw from a way of life we know to be in- is probably so widespread that it will become a ant social force in the future." To Reich, also, dis- ement is the recommended procedure: "The plan, ogram, the grand strategy, is this: resist the State, you must, avoid it, when you can; but listen to dance, seek out nature, laugh, be happy, be beau- . . ." Roszak muses in the same vein: "As the old comes back to mind in our time, once again peo- come—like most religious communitarians of the pacifist and anarchist. They disaffiliate, decen- , cultivate nonviolent relationships, look after their eeds."

t if large numbers of good people *did* begin to aw as recommended by the antitechnologists? Such awal, accompanied by cries of alarm, would only o make it easier for a demagogue to come to pow-



er. If a single tyrant does not come forward, then all the petty tyrants—the most selfish and aggressive ones—will speedily take over everything they can lay their hands on. It is foolhardy to assume that human nature will change spontaneously, to think that lions will lie down with lambs, when all the evidence of history as well as the experience of our daily lives tells us that it will not happen.

Reich contends that the human nature which evolved in a world of scarcity can change now that we live in a world of abundance. But this is nonsense, since we do not live in a world of abundance, and we can never hope to live in a world which contains an abundance of all the things that people want. People are capable of generous thoughts and noble actions, and all men of good will are engaged in the effort to increase the amount of human virtue in the world. But this effort, if it is not to degenerate into fatuous piety, must include a recognition of the egoistic aggressiveness which exists in the scheme of things. How strange it is that the antitechnologists, who are enamored of nature, and who readily accept the behavior of leopards and vultures, are repelled by the idea that man, for all his angelic qualities, is self-seeking and competitive. It is not cynical to accept man as he is; it is prudent, yes, but reverent as well.

To the everlasting credit of man, he recognized early the imperfection of his character and set about finding ways of coping with it so as to enable himself to live harmoniously in large groups. For a long time spiritual and moral imperatives were declared by a succession of high-minded prophets. But then the philosophers of the Enlightenment, having observed that one man's faith always seemed to be another man's heresy, and that evangelism inevitably led to crusades, wars, and inquisitions, declared that formal religious and philosophical movements must be prevented from playing a dominant role in the organization of the state. What a unique and noble idea that was! The American founding fathers, sons of the Enlightenment, believed that certain basic rights should be accorded to each citizen, but after that the course of civilization was to be left to the vagaries of human impulse, as expressed in the bittersweet phrase, "the pursuit of happiness."

WE HAVE BEEN ATTEMPTING to muddle along, acknowledging that we are selfish and foolish and proceeding by means of trial and error. We call ourselves pragmatists. Mistakes are made, of course. Also tastes change, so that what seemed desirable to one generation appears disagreeable to the next. But our overriding concern has been to make sure that matters of taste do not become matters of dogma, for that is the way toward violent conflict and tyranny.

Trial and error, however, is exactly what the antitechnologists cannot abide. Roszak speaks for them all when he complains of "the great paradox of the technological mystique: its remarkable ability to grow strong by virtue of chronic failure . . . the sum total of failures has the effect of increasing our dependence on technical expertise." Agreed. Each new thing we do must be observed, maintained, and its consequences coped with. But th true of all activities, not only technology. Educators constantly coming up with new theories on how to t children to read and multiply, and new plans such as one proposing open admissions to state universities. W the results begin to come in, including some that are foreseen and disappointing, there is a flurry of co versy and a whole flock of new theories from the exp The same bewildering oscillation occurs in psychi in law, in economics—in life. We try to learn from mistakes, and to plan more effectively.

But the antitechnologists will have none of this Dubos makes clear:

> *We may hope eventually to develop techniques f predicting or recognizing early the objectionable co sequences of social and technological innovation so to minimize their effects, but this kind of pieceme social engineering will be no substitute for a philos phy of the whole environment, formulated in the lig of human aspirations and needs.*

This has a wonderful ring to it, as do so many o antitechnologists' grandiose pronouncements. Yet such dangerous advice. The passionate search fo philosophy" is the very thing that is most likely to us down the dreadful path of dogma and totalitaria

Our blundering, pragmatic democracy may be doc to fail. The increasing demands of the masses may whelm us, despite all our resilience and ingenuity such an event we will have no choice but to change. Chinese have shown us that a different way of li possible. However, we must not deceive ourselves thinking that we can undergo such a change, or mai such a society, without the most bloody upheavals repressions.

We are all frightened and unsure of ourselves, in of good counsel. But where we require clear thin and courage, the antitechnologists offer us fantasies despair. Where we need an increase in mutual res they exhibit hatred for the powerful and contemp the weak. The times demand more citizen activism they tend to recommend an aloof disengagement. surely could use a sense of humor, but they are i grip of an unrelenting dolefulness. Nevertheless, the technologists have managed to gain a reputatio kindly wisdom.

This reputation is not entirely undeserved, since do have many inspiring and interesting things to Their sentiments about nature, work, art, spiritu and many of the good things in life, are generally spl and difficult to quarrel with. Their ecological con are praiseworthy, and their cries of alarm have s some useful purpose. In sum, the antitechnologist good men, and they mean well.

But, frightened and dismayed by the unfolding o human drama in our time, yearning for simple solu where there can be none, and refusing to acknow that the true source of our problems is nothing than the irrepressible human will, they have del themselves with the doctrine of antitechnology. It hollow doctrine, the increasing popularity of which the dangers inherent in self-deception to all of the dangers we already face.

A CONVERSATION WITH DAYAN



Burt Glynn/Magnum

Moshe Dayan has been a gendary figure ever since he ommanded the Israeli Army the 1956 Arab-Israeli war. uring the Vietnam war an merican legislator remarked at Israel could get all the merican planes it needed if would lend the U.S. its "one- ed general." A prominent gyptian official recently de- ribed Dayan as the only arismatic leader left in the iddle East since the death of ypt's Nasser.

Israelis lionized Dayan and considered him their future ime minister—until the 1973 Yom Kippur war, when surprise Syrian-Egyptian attack caught Israel unpre- red. As defense minister, he was instantly blamed for ael's initial casualties and confusion. Although gov- ment investigators later absolved Dayan of personal ponsibility, many who once revered him now use him a scapegoat for their country's troubles. They gossip ut his divorce and second marriage, his acquisition archaeological treasures from Israeli digs, his alleged ogance and aloofness, even his acceptance of fees for aking engagements in the U.S. His detractors respect battlefield courage but attribute it to a "death wish." y acknowledge his keen political insights but call him political general." His undaunted admirers still insist s "the only leader capable of leading the Israelis."

n the conversation that follows, Dayan explains why believes that Henry Kissinger's "step-by-step" diplo- y is unsound and impractical; he states flatly that he not support an Egyptian-Israeli agreement such as one concluded in September. He discloses for the first a historical exchange between President Kennedy and Israeli Prime Minister Ben-Gurion, and he offers a surprising judgment of PLO terrorist leader Yassir Arafat as a man of minor significance.

Dayan's parents were Ukrainian intellectuals who met and married after emigrating to Palestine. Born on the country's first kibbutz, Dayan was imbued with his parents' values ("idealism and self-sacrifice"); he learned Arab attitudes from his Arab and Bedouin playmates, and he describes himself as a "natural farmer." He attributes his political and military prowess to his early heroes, Ben-Gurion and General Ord Wingate, the British guerrilla expert. A man of vast complexities, Dayan believes that leaders must be guided by changing realities, not by political platforms, a notion that irks many party bosses in Israel.

Now Dayan is sixty, a member of Israel's parliament, and amazingly youthful in the harsh sunlight of his museum-like garden in a suburb near Tel Aviv. The familiar face is tanned and craggy, his lone eye flashes expressively beside the familiar eyepatch, his muscular body changes position constantly, more like a colt than a grandfather. Dayan's hands are remarkable—at once smooth and gnarled with veins, short but exceptionally powerful—not the hands of a man who is said to write poetry, but certainly those of a "natural farmer." Dressed in loose shirt and khakis, he was unfailingly patient, witty, and forthright. Over a period of three days late last summer we talked about as many subjects as seemed to illuminate the problems of Israel and the Middle East.

—Joan Peters



HARPER'S: *Do you think Egypt is now willing to coexist with Israel, or is her goal to reduce Israel to indefensible borders as a prelude to future attack?*



It is not a simple either-or situation. I believe that Egypt still wants, above all, to see Israel disappear altogether. But realistically, the Egyptians have already fought four wars against us and lost all four of them. So I think that rather than starting another war, which they are quite sure they would lose, they prefer to conduct a political offensive in the hope of extracting large concessions from Israel, even territorial concessions, and the withdrawal of our forces. They have succeeded in getting the American State Department to put political pressure on Israel. They are exploiting the various interests of the Americans, the Russians, and the Arabs, coupled with the threat of an oil embargo. These are all political means. Not a showdown of tanks against tanks, but political warfare to achieve the same result.

HARPER'S: *If you were in power now, how would you deal with the U.S. efforts to negotiate a Mideast settlement?*



I'm against Secretary Kissinger's "step-by-step" negotiations, especially with Egypt alone. Instead, I would try, after four wars now, to find out what the Arabs are actually ready for . . . to see where we can meet, what we can agree to, what we should reject. We are at war with all these countries, and you must check again and again, even if you hate the other party, even if you don't trust them. What are they ready to do today? I don't believe that any lasting peace is yet at hand. On the weight of what I know about Arab attitudes, there is no chance whatsoever for an immediate peace now, even if we withdraw completely from *all* of the territories. But somehow I *do* believe that there is a really good chance now for something like a halfway agreement: not peace but not war, an agreement by which all the parties agree that they do not agree about the final arrangement, but they *do* agree to negotiate by peaceful means. That doesn't mean that they will stick to it, but they might agree about it now. And we must try to see exactly what Syria wants from us, not what they say as the *first* price—we have to *bargain*—but for the *last* price. And the same with Egypt.

HARPER'S: *How would you implement this without calling it nonbelligerency, without calling for treaties?*



There must be a contractual agreement called "the end of the belligerency." But not just with Egypt. The trouble with both Kissinger's and Rabin's approaches is that it leaves Syria out of the bargain. For Egypt to commit herself to the end of belligerency, if there is no agreement whatsoever with Syria, is to say that Egypt would commit itself *not* to help Syria if Syria begins fighting with Israel. Egypt is in no such position! To get a realistic Egyptian commitment to end belligerency—not only in words but in deeds—requires an equal Syrian commitment.

HARPER'S: *Would Syria keep such an agreement?*



Yes, I think so. Syria cannot make war alone. It *never* did. In '56 when we fought Egypt, the Syrians didn't come in at all! In '67 they declared war, but they *did* very little. They only shelled our settlements out there; they didn't really try to invade Israel. And we crossed the line. I was against it!

HARPER'S: *Why?*



Just imagine, in *one* week we crossed the line to Egypt and got to the Suez Canal, and we crossed the line to Jordan and got to the Jordan River, with all the Palestinians. For a small country in one week that's about enough! It is one thing if Syria just says, "We are at war with you," and another thing if you cross the line and take part of their country, and drive away 60,000 refugees, and take that big town of Quneitra, and by so doing you sign a contract for war! War with three countries! I thought it was not a smart move.

HARPER'S: *Have you given Kissinger your assessment of his views?*



When he started his negotiations and I said that he stood no chance, he was very angry about it. I met Dr. Kissinger twice, by his request, when I was last in the States [May 1975]. He knows my thoughts very well. It should be done halfway and not step-by-step. Moreover, I'm very much against this business of all the United Nations forces here: it is calling for trouble. If every six months you have to ratify again, to go to the Security Council and ask the Arabs to say again that they want the United Nations forces to stay on their

Joan Peters is a contributor to various magazines and is presently writing a book about the Arab-Israeli conflict.

erritory and Israel to be there, and hey have to say it every six months, r every year, it won't work! It on't work! . . .

ARPER'S: *What is your reaction to he stationing of U.S. personnel on he early-warning monitoring system the Sinai?*



Had America been involved the Middle East the way they were volved in Europe—taking direct id complete responsibility—I'd be ry happy indeed. But this way, ice there is tension in the area the mericans will pull out. Originally, hen we asked the U.S. to monitor e early-warning system, our main ea was that, unless *both* parties—rael *and* Egypt—asked America to ave, the American personnel would main. Now that the U.S. Congress ys that really one party can get e U.S. to pull out, it loses the iginal point. This is because you e so fearful of another Vietnam. With this agreement, what ppened? We, Israel, want to get ser to peace; in return we want e Egyptians to commit also to ace. We give our key protective sitions and the oil fields to get ser to peace, and instead of tting political commitments to ace from Egypt in return, we get mpensations from you, the U.S. e don't get any return commitment m Egypt, we get it from you. I nk it's the wrong way because outcome will not be peace with Arab countries. Even if we get m the U.S. paradise itself, we can peace only from the Arabs.

RPER'S: *What concessions did gypt actually offer in this new greement?*



Whatever Egypt emphasizes as a concession was supposed to e been given eighteen months as part of the separation-of-es agreement after the Yom pur war. They give nothing itional now. They have given an end of belligerency formally declared. For that, Israel probably would have withdrawn even farther back. We now get another agreement and we withdraw, and we have to build another military line, just imagine the construction! Never mind the money, just the construction will take so long that before we finish we will have to start again.

But here there were really three agreements at once: one between Israel and Egypt, one between Israel and the U.S., and the most important one, between the U.S. and Egypt. I think that the motivation of this agreement was not improvement of the Israeli-Egyptian relationship, but improvement of the U.S.-Egyptian relationship, and I think that's the main objective of Dr. Kissinger and the U.S. Administration.



HARPER'S: *What do you think the objectives of all should be?*



I am talking about something that may be obtainable now: a halfway, *permanent* end of belligerency that is binding on Syria as well as Egypt. I would ask Dr. Kissinger to find out what are the Syrian terms. Beyond that I believe we should not put too much responsibility on Dr. Kissinger's shoulders. After all, this is our country, and with all respect to the United States, I believe that we know the Middle East better than their experts do.

HARPER'S: *Is there any reason to believe that Russia can be excluded from what you call "halfway" negotiation?*



I don't know whether the Russians should be included as a signatory on an agreement, but they certainly cannot be ignored. They are strong enough to torpedo any agreement between the Arabs and us. I don't know whether they are strong enough to make peace, but they are certainly strong enough to *prevent* it!

By the way, let me tell you something very interesting: in 1963, when for the first time Syria and Iraq and Egypt formed a federation, our Prime Minister at the time, the late David Ben-Gurion, was worried about it; so he asked President Kennedy for a guarantee. In his letter to Kennedy, Ben-Gurion suggested that the best thing for Israel would be a *mutual* declaration statement by President Kennedy and the Secretary of the Communist Party, Khrushchev, that both of them —Russia and the U.S.—are guaranteeing the boundaries and security and peace in the Middle East. At that time the boundaries of Israel were those before the '67 war. Kennedy rejected Ben-Gurion's proposal. He said that it would raise the prestige of the Russians in the Middle East. Just think about this—now! Because, funny as it is, the formula that the Russians suggest now is almost word by word the same as what Ben-Gurion suggested in '63. Amazing, isn't it?

HARPER'S: *Let's suppose that your halfway agreement could be secured in some way; wouldn't Russia have to participate overtly with the U.S. in the peacemaking process?*



Not necessarily, but Russia would have to agree to it. As a matter of fact, the Americans suggested and everybody agreed, including Israel, Egypt, Syria, and Jordan, that the Geneva Peace Conference will be

held under the sponsorship of the United States and Soviet Russia. So this is our new reality: if you want to make peace in the area, the two superpowers have to be in on it.

HARPER'S: *Some people in Israel fear that the U.S. policy of creating an ally of Egypt necessarily intimidates Israel. Do you disagree?*



I see nothing wrong with America and Egypt getting closer. This is better for us than if the Egyptians still were stuck to Russia just like Syria, and the Americans had no admittance there. We are not talking about sentiment. We are talking about interests. Certainly Egypt will try its very best to get America to put pressure on Israel, and America will try its very best to get friendly with Egypt and other Arab countries because of their oil and other interests. And *we* have to fight for our own so that peace will not be at our expense. But the current situation benefits both parties. Egypt is less dependent on Russia and more likely to attract needed American capital. Israel gains because there is now a mediating party, America, which is acceptable to both sides. Russia cannot do it.

HARPER'S: *How do you evaluate the American "reassessment" of U.S. relations with Israel?*



As long as we do our best to get peace, and if we ask from America just aid, not to fight for us, then I think we can expect the U.S. to go on helping us. The first help we need is something that only America can do: keep Russia out of the military conflict. Second is military equipment. We cannot produce tanks and planes, let alone sophisticated missiles and electronics. Whenever Russia supplies the Arab countries with such new weapons (largely to test them), the only place we can turn to is the U.S. Third, we need political aid in the UN, where the Arab and Communist countries can always mobilize a majority and pass any resolution against us that they want.

HARPER'S: *You know better than I that you are a very controversial figure. Some people say that because of the Yom Kippur war you will never be able to be prime minister. Others say that you'll make a comeback, that you're just biding your time until the propitious moment to declare yourself.*



I don't think I'll become a prime minister. I don't think I stood a chance even before the Yom Kippur war. I was never a party man. I never paid any attention to political deals and favors. Besides, I am not sure that I am the best man in the country to be prime minister.

HARPER'S: *You seem unlike any politician I've met—introverted, remote from the mainstream. Everyone including yourself says it isn't your forte, and yet you did go into politics. Why?*



Practically, I did not go into politics. I very, very rarely attended party meetings. What really interests me is the future of the country. I am now sixty, and all my life I tried to understand and to learn all the elements around us. We are building a state here. What are we after? What should Israel be after? What are the other parties after—the Arabs, the big powers? You know that I do not underestimate myself, and when I compare myself with others, I would say that there are very few who really know the facts as I do. I know what the difference is between the Syrians, the Egyptians, the Palestinians, and the Jordanians. I know what the military is, what the country is, what Africa is, what Asia is. I'm the only Israeli who took the trouble to go to Vietnam and travel with your forces for a month. I visited forty American universities to try to find out what the young American generation is. When I talk about the Arabs, about the refugees, it isn't that I just know the figures. I've been to every refugee camp. I've been to their houses and discussed it with them.

I try to learn. It isn't enough to sit in parliament, the Knesset, and exchange views with one another, so each one knows what the other one thinks. It's another thing to go to Vietnam, Cambodia, and Thailand, or to the universities of America, or refugee camps and *then* to come to parliament and say, "Now this is th world we are living in!" Even with Ben-Gurion: I remember that I quarreled with him a few times about different things, once about a military subject, and I told him, "Ben-Gurion, you know everything that is *said* about a tank but you don't know what a tank is. *I* know what a tank is. You know everythin that is said about King Abdullah, and about the objectives of the Arabs, but you don't know what th Arabs are: *you don't know them.* Believe me, I *know* them. Not only *of* them."

So this is the way I'm involved in politics: not to pull strings and to organize groups, but to learn an understand our homeland—its reality, its future. I am one of the very few in this country who *know* this country, not only every inch, b seven feet deep. The history of the country is not only what is on the surface. I know the history, not on the Bible, but the archaeology and the history and the story of the Jewish people.

HARPER'S: *Many Israelis say that y would have been prime minister today if you had resigned immediately after the Yom Kippur war, as a gesture of penitence for t war's failures.*



Nonsense! the only body th examined the matter was the Committee Agranat. They are the *only* people who really know the facts. They studied the record for t months, and what they said about my behavior is that they found nothing wrong with it.

ARPER'S: *But people don't accept at. Some of them sound as angry ith you as though they were trayed lovers.*



I don't care about other eople . . . but that's not the point. fter the war, I wanted to resign and olda Meir told me, "I want you to with me until we have all our isoners of war back, and until we ve an agreement with Syria and ypt." On *earth* I wouldn't have her *down*, even if by leaving her ne, eventually I would have come prime minister. When I said, ll right, I will stay," she cried. I n't imagine anybody harder to cry n Golda Meir.

But one thing I want to tell you: I ve been for seven years minister defense, five years minister of iculture, five years chief of staff, h a few years in between; that is ay, more than twenty years on of such positions. My dear lady, not going back there! That's it. d enough of my people and they enough of me, in this respect. enty years is a long time, ecially in such a critical country. s a terribly critical country. See t happened to Ben-Gurion, the atest leader we ever had! See the they buried him before he died, after twenty years serving in top position. I am not going to any office. I will not become e minister and I will not be minister under *any other* prime ister.

PER'S: *Really?*



Really. The only thing that ests me is trying to understand uture of this country. It's a try with *terrible* problems. ary, social, political, economic. all we have to rely on are three ents: the country's three million le, the larger body of the Jewish le, and America. That's it. we have all the Arabs against e have Russia against us, and other countries do not support we have to study.

HARPER'S: *Do you believe the Palestinians' situation caused the Arab-Israeli wars?*



No. This is not true even of the first war of '48 which was caused by the creation of a Jewish state, not because of the Palestinians. At that time the neighboring Arab countries—*not* the Palestinians—did not want to accept the partition of Palestine, part of which the UN had resolved should become Israel. The Arabs had regular forces—we had not a single gun, not an airplane, not a tank—so they thought they could wipe out the Jewish community. We were then 600,000. So they made a war in '48 to stop the formation of a Jewish state in the middle of the Arab Middle East.

The three other wars had *absolutely nothing* to do with the Palestinians. The next war started in '56 because Egypt blockaded the waterway of Sharm el Sheikh, the Straits of Aqaba. The '67 war started because the Russians falsely told the Syrians that we were about to cross the Syrian border to occupy Damascus. The Russians claimed that Israel, encouraged by the Americans, wanted to change the leftist regime in Syria. Just like that. Then the Syrians and the Russians approached Egypt's Nasser and asked him, "Now what are you going to do about it? Here is your ally, Syria, going to be attacked by Israel, and you, big Nasser and great Egypt, are going to stay away?"

All right, now I'm going to get the Nobel Prize! Right after the '67 war, I proposed a decision to the Israeli cabinet, and it was accepted. The decision said Israel was ready to go back to the international boundaries in the Egyptian and Syrian lines, *all the way back*, if Syria and Egypt are ready to make peace with Israel. In response Nasser called the Khartoum Conference and got all the Arab countries to pass a resolution expressing the famous four no's—no negotiations, no peace, no recognition, and no giving up the Palestinian rights.

Now the '73 war was the outcome of '67, because after the '67 war our forces on the Egyptian side were along the Suez Canal. On the Syrian side, we were on the Golan Heights, sixty kilometers from Damascus. And for seven years there was no political progress to settle this problem. You know, I thought in '67 that we shouldn't go up on the Golan altogether. And we shouldn't go to the Suez Canal, and once we got to the Suez Canal, I thought we should withdraw. In '73 the war started because Egypt couldn't stand us being along the Suez Canal; the same thing was true about Syria, because there was *no* kind of negotiation with the Syrians—nobody talked one word to them. As a matter of fact, President Nixon said we should stay forever on the Golan Heights, and that was the American attitude.

As for the Palestinians—there is a very narrow strip left where they are living here. Four-hundred thousand live in the Gaza Strip, and some in Jerusalem—about 70,000—and some of them in Nablus and in other places. This is exactly the area they call the Eastern Front. Supposing the war starts; I am sure that the first thing the Palestinians will ask the Arabs is, "Keep us out of it, because before anything will be decided we will find ourselves between the Arab guns and the Israeli guns. We are living there with our families and our children and our property and we will become refugees. Our fate will be exactly what happened to the other Palestinians, and we don't want it. If you are that heroic, okay, destroy Israel. Fight them on the Syrian front and fight them on the Egyptian front and fight them by political means, with Russia and America, but don't try to liberate the few Palestinians that are left, because we shall be crushed under this war." And that's why Jordan did not come in during the last war. The Palestinians asked them *not* to.

HARPER'S: *You were responsible for the open bridges and self-help in the Palestinian areas. Then why did you oppose autonomy? There was one instance when you were against a group of Palestinian leaders meeting and forming a kind of political group.*

DAYAN: Because we should let them have, insofar as we can, a normal life. Not a Jewish life. They are not Jews. Normalization, by having open bridges, not interfering with their Arab communal life. When I was in office, the first order that I gave our troops was—the symbolic Arab city is Nablus, so I told them. "Keep your forces on the hill *outside* of Nablus, because you are there to protect Israel and not to tell the Arabs in Nablus how to live. You are there to see that nobody will attack Tel Aviv." Nobody's asking the Arab crossing the bridge how much money he has in what currency. So what? Go and buy and sell and do what you want. Live—though you are under our military control, you should have a full Arab life: not only be allowed to listen to the Arab radio and watch the Arab TV but educate your children in Arab universities, even though I know that they train them also in there to become terrorists.

It's better that they go there, train there to become terrorists against us, than if we prevent them and say, "You are a second-class citizen here, and you cannot go to any university." Or even worse, "You go to a Jewish university and learn about Judaism." They should stay Arab.

What I'm trying to say is that I don't think the Palestinians—and because of that Jordan, too—will take part in the immediate war. Just now, I think "Palestine" is not the crucial problem.

HARPER'S: *The Arabs insist on the '67 borders plus the "legitimate rights of the Palestinians," which, many Arabs hope, would consist of reducing Israel to an indefensible coastal strip. How would you handle the "legitimate" Palestinian rights?*



It's absolutely impossible to try now to have a blueprint of the final outcome of the problem of the Palestinians. What I think will eventually happen is something like this: there is a Jewish state here, there's an Arab state in Jordan, and there is an area with the River Jordan—what we call the Western Bank and the Gaza Strip—where Jews and Arabs will live together like they do now in Jerusalem. I think Jerusalem is a good example. No Arab living there wants to become an Israeli citizen—why on earth should he give up Arab citizenship?—even though this means he cannot be represented in the Israeli parliament. But being a Jordanian citizen he is allowed to send a representative to the Jordanian parliament. At least as long as *I* was in charge, I allowed them. Although Jerusalem is annexed—is part of Israel and our capital—I said never mind. The Arabs who live in Jerusalem and also in Bethlehem should be represented in an Arab parliament in Amman.

But Jews should be allowed to have Jewish settlements anywhere on the Western Bank, not to drive away the Arabs by force, but to buy a piece of land. Take Hebron: some of our people said we should go to Hebron, which is the oldest Jewish city, even older than Jerusalem. The David Kingdom started in Hebron, not in Jerusalem. They say, "Now that we have taken Hebron we should reestablish it as a Jewish city." And I said no! True, it's in our history, but that happened a thousand years back. We shouldn't touch Hebron now, but there is another hill outside Hebron. We should be allowed to buy land there and build a new city, so that there will be the old Hebron, or the Arab Hebron, where the Arabs are living, remaining Jordanian citizens, having their representative in Amman. And next to it, 200 yards away, we will have a Jewish Hebron.

HARPER'S: *Do you think the superpowers are giving the PLO undue importance?*



The superpowers are wrong on that. I don't think there is any real pressure by the PLO. I would have ignored them, and I can't see what harm they can do to us. We are living here with the Palestinians who are here, and the neighbor state is Jordan. The PLO and Yassir Arafat are in Lebanon, and I can't see why we should deal with them.

I doubt that Arafat really thinks he can talk for the Palestinians. King Hussein says now that he doesn't want to go to Geneva. After Rabat, after the Arab leaders decided that he is not authorized to talk on behalf of the Palestinians, Hussein doesn't want to negotiate about the Western Bank. He told them, "If you don't like being Jordanian, okay, give up your Jordanian citizenship. But if you want to stay Jordanian, then I am your King and Amman is your capital, and we have a government. What do you mean by Arafat speaking for you? Either you are *Jordanian* and then you hav the Jordanian government to speak for you, or if you don't want it, give back your Jordanian citizenshi and become Arafat or Palestinian o whatever it is." But none of them would! So the whole thing is just an eyewash. In reality absolutely nothing will happen.

Now there *are* Palestinian refugees. This is not just a myth. But how many are they? They are 150,000 in Lebanon. Either they stayed in Lebanon, or, if they wanted, they went to some other Arab state. They should be absorbe there just like Jews who left Iraq o Yemen were accepted here and resettled in Israel. What will happe with the PLO? I think *nothing* is going to happen. Arafat can go on talking and can go to New York, to the UN and make a speech, with an olive branch and with the gun and all this phony show. But practically the Palestinians here don't want a war and they don't want to change their Jordanian citizenship for Arafat's state. And there is no room for another state here.

There *is* a problem for Arab refugees and it *can* be handled by the Arab countries that are no longe very poor. They've got the money and the land and the jobs and the water. Let them take care of the Palestinian refugees and the other Arabs who ran away, and have bee fighting us for more than twenty years. The fair solution is for the rich Arabs to help the poor Arabs settle down in one of the Arab countries.

John P. Sisk

LOSING BIG

The American idea of virtue often requires spectacular failure

ONE MAY WONDER whether there ever was a nation so addicted to virtue, so painfully tossed between moral euphoria and moral hangover as the United States. Now, once again, stern admonishers abound who predict an accelerating degeneration unless we return to the ancient sources of our purity. These are identified often enough, in G. Gordon Liddy's terms, as those virtues "natural to man: duty, loyalty, patriotism." If Liddy and the others had their way, the result would be a unanimous society. Such a society would be much less bothered by information about evil than a pluralist society, though it would not necessarily be more virtuous: it would simply be unanimously unaware of a lot of evil. Conversely, however, the unanimous society gets very excited about the evils it does see and has little difficulty persuading itself that it is behaving morally as it burns witches and heretics, hangs traitors, or blacklists nonconformists. In a pluralist, media-rich society, on the other hand, information about evil is relatively abundant, but people tend to get less excited about it; and in proportion as they do become excited about it, they become less pluralistic, but probably more bloody.

Writing on Watergate and allied evils, Alexander Cockburn has observed in *The New York Review of Books* that the lifeblood of scandals is detail, and detail is what people forget first. To put it another way, if you really want to restore virtue you must be able to hold particular evils in mind long enough to grapple with them. Americans like John Brown, Henry David Thoreau and Ahab in *Moby Dick* are able to do this. This heroic concentration teaches that an effective attack on corruption requires a narrowing of perspective and a relatively severe rationing of information. This is why American attempts to get virtue back have always involved censorship in one form or another.

Like all moral absolutists, including G. Gordon Liddy, Thoreau assumed an attitude toward the communications media (the newspaper, the telegraph, the cable, the railroad) that is effectively the attitude of the censor: they are undesirable and dangerous because they distract attention from principle and dissipate moral effort by scattering it among trivial objectives. Therefore, he counsels, "Read not the Times. Read the Eternities." His fellow Americans are media slaves because, living lives without principle, they have no way of shutting off the flow of information and so are unable to "preserve the mind's chastity." In this view the media by an inner logic develop a condition of pluralism in which they can thrive to subversive effect against the counterpressure of censoring virtue. Thoreau's view was later championed, though for reasons somewhat less sublime than his, by Agnew, Nixon, and G. Gordon Liddy in their own battles with the media.

Ahab, too, is a heroic censor of irrelevant and spiritually distracting information in the interest of striking through the mask of evil and securing once and for all his position of radical virtue. John Brown, maddened by the evil of slavery, would have understood him perfectly, and so would the aging and corruption-maddened Mark Twain whom Maxwell Geismar so admires. "He piled upon the whale's white hump," says Ishmael of Ahab, "the sum of all the general rage and hate felt by his whole race from Adam down; and then, as if his chest had been a mortar, he burst his hot heart's shell upon it." Like Thoreau, he read not the Times but the Eternities. To Ahab the gam, that vital medium of communication among whaling ships without which whalers are cut off from the rest of human society, is an energy-dissipating frivolity unless it can give him news about Moby Dick. He also tramples underfoot the quadrant that locates him in and restricts him to the time- and space-bound universe. "Oh God!" he cries, and Thoreau would sympathize with him, "that man should be a thing for



"He piled upon the whale's white hump, the sum of all the general rage and hate felt by his whole race from Adam down . . ."

John P. Sisk teaches English at Gonzaga University in Spokane, Washington. His essays have appeared in many national magazines.

immortal souls to sieve through." He is the Savonarola of the Seven Seas, a furious and holy campaigner against the obscenities that separate him from the pristine heart of reality —undeterred by the possibility that the heart may itself be obscene.



"Read not the Times. Read the Eternities."
—Thoreau

In Ahab there is much of the humanist intellectual, especially when the latter is giving vent to revolutionary and utopian impulses. As Charles Frankel notes: "Oddly, when intellectuals say, '*Engagez-vous!*' they rarely mean join a centrist party. They mean: Quit the great moderate, myopic, confused majority, and show where you stand on the issue of man's ultimate destiny."

Or, to put it another way, they mean: set sail with pure-minded Ahab, leaving behind the corruptions that cluster like flies around bread-and-butter issues, as he left behind his wife of one night and all the corrupting compromises of domesticity that distract the hero from the issue of man's ultimate destiny. They mean, too: read not the Times but the Eternities.

Money and virtue

AMERICA IS PROMISES, and one of the most important promises is that virtue will pay off. Or, as Benjamin Franklin put it, "Nothing so likely to make a man's fortune as virtue." This is not an unreasonable assumption: who is interested in a virtue that is good for nothing?

Yet when Americans sense that virtue is slipping away, they inevitably attack its corruption by the "interested." So we get Emerson's State Street with its fear that transcendentalism will invalidate contracts and Thoreau's reversal of Franklin: "Absolutely speaking, the more money, the less virtue." So we get from Mark Twain, who in *Huckleberry Finn* might have been caricaturing himself in the get-rich-quick antics of the Duke and Dauphin, the quintessential American hero, Huck, who is not interested in his $6,000 share of the robbers' gold that he and Tom Sawyer had found in the cave, and who is willing to risk hell rather than turn over the runaway slave Jim for a $200 reward.



"I, John Brown, am now quite certain that the crimes of this guilty land will never be purged away but with blood."
December 2, 1859
the day of his execution

In the eyes of the money-corrupt world, Huck is a loser, as are Thoreau, Ahab, and John Brown. Most of the first edition of *Walden* was remaindered into Thoreau's own library; Ahab lost everything to Moby Dick except Ishmael, who was of no interest to him anyway; Brown, who trained for success like an Alger hero (or like the young Jay Gatsby, for that matter), tried to make it in leather, wool, cattle, and land speculation but ran up a record of fifteen business failures in four states. All three lost in a big way, however, which is the important thing so far as the authority of failure in America is concerned. Thoreau knew this very well and therefore wanted Brown to hang after Harper's Ferry, and, as Brown biographer Stephen B. Oates observes, eve "launched a one-man campaign to insu Brown's martyrdom."

Such intransigent virtue makes no conce sions to bread-and-butter issues. Brown as person is of no more concern to Thoreau tha is that poor struggling Irish immigrant, Joh Field, whom in *Walden* Thoreau lectures o the virtues of the frugal life. But this is the wa it is on the level where the heroes of intra sigent virtue live: character must be kept su ordinate to theme at all costs. Brown was o sessed by the slave as a grand theme, not as flesh-and-blood person. Ahab's crew is nothi to him but means in his grand design; t bread-and-butter issues of the *Pequod*'s owne (including their concern for the creature co forts of the crew) are trivialities infinitely b neath his notice. Nor is he touched by t thought that there may be something func mentally dishonest in his determination to u the whaling voyage for his purposes, not t owners'. These are compelling models in time of moral crisis, particularly to a plural society caught between moral variety and mo clarity, and fearful that it will not be able get its virtue back. This helps to explain, doubt, the ease with which humanist intell tuals, otherwise so sensitive to subtlety and r ance, are captivated by simple political me dramas, one of whose prime functions is to c sor information in the interest of securing unanimous and virtuous society. And if t legitimacy of such a society were to be m sured by the extent to which it achieved equ ity, it might very well turn out to be a soci of virtuous losers.

IT IS COMMON KNOWLEDGE that for a l time now American literature, along w Western literature generally, has b having a love affair with the unpleas truth. As a consequence it has to a sign cant degree fostered revisionist views of rea that can be dramatically effective only if t severely censor traditional perspectives, an they employ the devices of the propagand

In theory, exposé is ordered to virtue, wh means that American literature, like the An ican effort itself, was preordained to exp States of national virtue are short-lived alm in proportion as they are believed to be in pensable to survival. Nevertheless, in a j dominantly middle-class, Anglo-Saxon Pro tant society, possessed of sufficient unanim to censor corruptions it was not yet ready handle, it was still relatively easy to hold

The Granger Collection

There are still some things Americans know how to do best.

1. One of them is building our phone system. The calls Americans make will double by 1985. So the people at Western Electric and Bell Labs have developed a new switching system to handle more than 350,000 long-distance calls an hour.



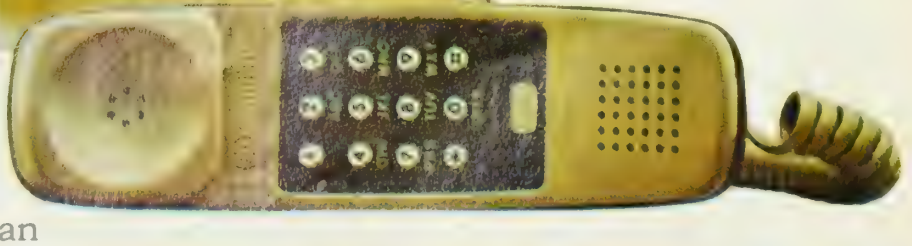
2. The first of these electronic systems will go into service in early 1976. Western Electric installer Bob Doss and phone company technician Kathy Czap help put it through the equivalent of 20 years testing in months.



3. The "brain" of this switching system connects 100 calls a second, while it tests itself and reports on its own performance.

4. Tiny electronic memories control the correct path for every call out of billions of possible connections.





Making a phone call may be a small thing to you.

But to us it's a big job.

It takes a delicately balanced network of more than a trillion parts for you to reach the one phone you want out of 140 million.

Working with Bell Labs and your phone company, we at Western Electric help make sure that all the parts work together with just one goal in mind:

Making your phone system the best system in the world.

Western Electric

We're part of the Bell System.
We make things that bring people closer.





Grapes, like people, need a time to rest.

This is the important time.

The quiet of the night in the valley of the Paicines mountain vineyards near San Juan Bautista.

All day long our grapes were hard at work, maturing and ripening under the warm California sun. Then, at day's end, the sun sets, and the important events of the night begin.

The Pacific Ocean breezes slowly roll over the mountains and down into the vineyards where they cool and rejuvenate our grapes. When morning comes, our grapes are rested and ready for the work of the new day's sun.

Here, in the valley of the Paicines mountain vineyards, nature has provided Almadén with an ideal weather balance for growing fine wine grapes.

Possibly no one else takes such loving care in raising grapes as we do. To us, they're our children.

When you try your first sip of Almadén Pinot Chardonnay, you'll understand why only a fine grape can produce a fine wine.

Almadén

Only a fine grape
can produce a fine wine.



For a copy of "News from the Vineyards," write Almadén Vineyards, Box 9970, Los Gatos, California

mind the particular evils that appeared to obstruct the return to virtue—even, as Melville did with Ahab's whale, to make intolerable allegories out of them, as Brown did with slavery. So, too, the muckrakers of the Progressive period seem now to have had such clarity of purpose, to have been so uncomplicatedly convinced that specific and eradicable evils stood between their present and a morally regenerated future. They could think of themselves as the militant expression of a latent common cause.

By contrast—and thanks to the capacity of the media to encourage a variety of moral perspectives and to cater to them with interesting displays of corruption where virtue had been naively accepted—a modern muckraker like I. F. Stone is a voice crying in a babble of voices which can at times seem to be parodying one another. He must compete for attention in a society in which Evel Knievel or Clifford Irving has as much story value as Spiro Agnew, and in which, without half trying, Wilbur Mills with an assist from Fanne Foxe can combine exposé with true confession and upstage Watergate. When General Haig (sounding like a bygone literary critic trying to justify the practices of realism to a shocked public) said of the Watergate tapes that here was the President, warts and all, with the implication that Nixon was at last available in all his mortal complexity, like a figure in a Henry James novel, he was telling the public nothing it wanted to know about Nixon but a great deal about his own desperate naiveté. Nixon, having read the modern temper much more shrewdly, knew that the warts were where the action was and therefore tried to keep them hidden. Perhaps he had sensed all along that he could only survive by putting himself, an allegory of ancient virtue, into a melodrama in which the hydra-headed villain was the media, and in which a Machiavellian morality was both inevitable and aesthetically necessary. In any event, like Brown and Ahab he ends up losing big, though too contaminated by money interest to share their authority.

Few of us want to give up the conviction that the combination of wit with moral censure can be a powerful force for moral reform; certainly no lover of Twain or Thoreau wants to give it up, just as no lover of Swift likes to contemplate the possibility that Joseph Addison, without benefit of a savage indignation, might have had a greater effect on eighteenth-century English society with his *Spectator* essays than Swift had with *Gulliver's Travels*. But even great satire has a capacity to undercut its own announced concern with reform by being completely satisfactory as literary entertainment: raising the specter of evil and then overcoming it with a kind of aesthetic grace so that the reader is left in a state of purgation, as if a adversary had been adequately grappled wit Satire then can be more a way of living wit corruption (which may be important enough than a way of doing something about it in th practical order.

This is especially likely to be the case in secularized and pluralistic society. If satire is t be socially effective it must be part of a larg and ultimately religious effort. If a satirist ca not assume a theory of evil to which a signi icant number of his readers feel compelled give at least lip worship his most savage indi nation is likely to be simply entertainment—in Twain's famous "War Prayer," which witti creates the illusion that one has gotten to th heart of religious militancy. The consequenc of the by-now-conventional demand that t satirist-as-humorist assume the burden of mo al reform, be the conscience or gadfly of societ has the effect not of converting nightclu into churches but of reducing attacks on co ruption to show business—so that, ironicall the effort to be pure again becomes part of th pursuit of pleasure. If then there is some re son to see Twain or, more recently, Len Bruce, as expressive of America's efforts to r turn to moral attention, there is at least as mu reason to see reflected in them that strain moral frivolity that has always inclined Ame icans to look to their funnymen for their dee est wisdom, as if to protect themselves fro taking too seriously the strenuous work-eth morality of a G. Gordon Liddy.



The Bettmann Archive

"The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider, or some loathsome insect, over the fire, abhors you, and is dreadfully provoked: his wrath towards you burns like fire; he looks upon you as worthy of nothing else, but to be cast into the fire."
—Jonathan Edwards
Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God, 1741

What is and what should

G. GORDON LIDDY and Lenny Bruc losers both, represent the moral p larities in America's battle with co ruption. To Liddy a return to virt is a return to patriotism, duty a loyalty, to a limited franchise and an elite a disciplined leader class. He connects with o Puritan theocratic beginnings and our ea hopes for a unanimous City of God in whi evil would have been censored out of existen and Machiavelli would have become the una mitted guiding spirit. The columnist and pu lisher William A. Rusher has correctly said Liddy's statement in the October 1974 *Harpe* that it contains "chords that echo in many v tuous breasts, and that cannot be denied th place in the scheme of things." Some of t chords might even have echoed in Bruc breast, different though he is from Liddy most respects. To both, the media are the e emy, especially in the form of what Liddy ca "advocacy journalism"; both prefer a limit franchise to democracy, incapable as the lat is of correcting itself with the speed that p

nate moralists demand; both suspect the ac-mic community; both are appalled by "the iscriminate mingling in the national mind Man as he is and as one might wish him to " as Liddy puts it, and by that reluctance accept reality that "is best exemplified by passion for euphemism." Or as Bruce puts "what should be' is a fantasy, a terrible, ter-le lie that someone gave the people long ." Each in his own terms, that is, follows oreau in preserving the mind's chastity, ugh Thoreau might have trouble recognizing er as a spiritual descendent.

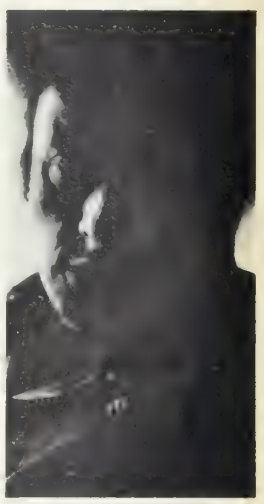
Nevertheless, in Bruce all this is in a context too anarchistic, even nihilistic, for Liddy accept. To Bruce the return to virtue de-nds an unremitting attack on the lie of re-ctability, especially as it affects sexual mores l corrupts the young. He connects with Whit-n, especially the Whitman of the "Calamus" ms and the darker moments of "Democratic tas" ("society, in these states, is cankered, de, superstitious and rotten"). He is a tar-ned version of Whitman's "divine literatus" o comes when the priests depart. But he con-ts with Emerson, too, though in him Emer-'s transcendental optimism has gone under-und and is battling for its life in the priapic erns of the American psyche. And he con-ts with that great Puritan divine and searcher souls, Jonathan Edwards. Kenneth Tynan said that "Bruce has the heart of an un-ked evangelist." For Bruce as for Edwards are all sinners in the hands of an angry , but the message of the former's great akening is that the god is angry because we rebelling against the strictures imposed to p us from achieving a fullness of life, and are sinners because we are not sufficiently els. And these sentiments, too, echo in many uous breasts.

But Liddy and Bruce are intolerable alle-izers who dramatize the predicament of a ralist, information-crammed society: the ful possibility that only through a fanatic uctionism can evil be held in the mind cely enough for salvational action. They nect therefore with Ahab, in whom Rusher ht catch, as he catches in Liddy, "a whiff ascism." A. James Gregor has pointed out *The Fascist Persuasion in Modern Politics* in our time fascism is the form that efforts e pure and clear-minded again are most ly to take as they respond to the demand a unanimous definition of evil. Fascism is nonstrously efficient censoring apparatus, what it censors out of the imagination is ply everything that threatens to expose its lerable allegory, as Nazism for a while ef-ntly censored out of the German imagina-all information that threatened to expose intolerable allegory it had made of the Jews. Ahab is the perfect type of fascist simplifier: the visionary and charismatic leader who promises to remove absolutely the burden of the bread-and-butter self. How absurd he would be in his megalomania if he were cut loose from the rich and ironic perspective that contains and overlooks him. How absurd the rest of them are once they are seen as lacking the support of such a perspective: Liddy willing to stay in prison till hell freezes over in defense of Watergate; Bruce willing to risk jail rather than stop using evangelical dirty talk to audiences chiefly anxious to pursue their pleasure in a new and moralistic dimension—audiences as little aware as Bruce that in our kind of society his kind of antiauthoritarianism tends to create a moral vacuum that fascist moralism is especially designed to fill.

But give them all at least this: they supply in abundance what the soul of Frankel's humanist intellectual wants—stories with a beginning, middle, and end in which the themes "are great theories of history that give meaning to seemingly unrelated events . . . not simply ad hoc responses to scattered problems." Ahab is adequately described here. Whose tale had a grander moral? Whose theory of history, indeed of reality, more coherently gives meaning to unrelated events and is more calculated, had it been told to his liking, to end all tales and therefore all problems?

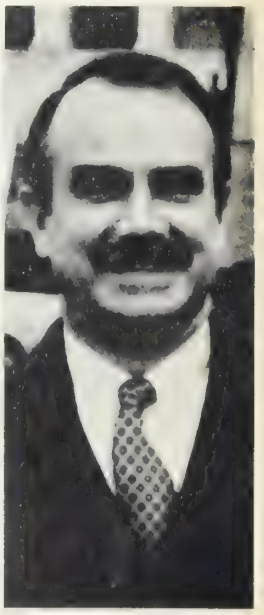
But in the meantime the world goes on, as it always has, giving ad hoc responses to scattered problems, as if in the very structure of reality there were a factor designed as protection against the passionate intensities of intolerable allegorizers. Ahab's second mate, Stubb, is bothered by no such intensities. "Good humored, easy, and careless," "neither craven nor valiant," one for whom long usage "had converted the jaws of death into an easy chair," he is troubled by no grand theories as he keeps his eyes on the main chance. He tricks the captain of the *Rose Bud* into abandoning as valueless a dead and stinking sperm whale so that he can dig out of its bowels the precious ambergris that exists with the corruption.

Stubb of course will not diminish the sum of evil in the world, nor, unlike Ahab, will he ever tempt us to pin our hopes of salvation on him. If we were all Stubbs we would soon, no doubt, be smothered in shit. Nevertheless, he makes possible for the reader the humbling insight, far too complicated for the censorious Ahab, that there is no approach to the Eternities except through the eternally corrupt Times. And when Stubb goes down with the ship he is an unwilling participant in the demonstration that a heroic incapacity to live with evil is just as much a part of the incapacity to live with other people as the ambergris is part of the forces that produce the whale's rotting flesh. □



"What should be, is a fantasy, a terrible, terrible lie . . ."

Black Star



"Duty, loyalty, patriotism . . ."

Steve Northup/Camera 5

Randall Poe

THE ANGRY FAN

As professional sports turns into show business, the heavy money destroys the meaning of the game

THE CONTESTS OF ATHLETES are the stuff of myths—true myths, the clear and bright dramas by which lives are measured and inspired. Because sports have traditionally been mystique (the sports star a kind of unicorn), the power of the myth hinges on a delicate distance between athlete and audience, a space where the imagination can work. With athletes overexposed and now wired for sight and sound, both the distance and mystique are lost. Steadily, sport becomes merely spectacle. Grunch Theater.

Not long ago, real actors portrayed sports stars on the screen: Dan Dailey was Dizzy Dean, Gary Cooper was Lou Gehrig, Anthony Perkins was Jimmy Piersall, and James Stewart played Monty Stratton. It was bad art but good myth. Today, O. J. Simpson—about whom we already know too much—would demand to play himself. He is, after all, a "movie star," and so are Jim Brown, Tim Brown, Joe Namath, Fred Williamson, Keith Wilkes, et al.

The theatrical tilt of sports has been greatly accelerated in the last five years, but it has been an evolutionary process. While it is difficult to chart precise turning points, May 24, 1935, is surely one of them. When General Electric turned on the floodlights in Cincinnati, baseball instantly lost its baseballness and became outright Entertainment, a sort of movie. Through television, sport has consummated its perverse marriage to show biz.

Since TV economics demands larger and larger audiences (both the sports neutrals and sports haters must be captured), entertainment is persistently injected into the contest. Pearl Bailey and George C. Scott enter the broadcasting booth, Frank Sinatra croons on the sports sound tracks, and artist LeRoy Nieman sketches instant sports agony on the screen. Inevitably, sports are not simply televised but shown at night during prime time. As recently as 1970, only 85 hours of sports were televised in prime time. The figure has now reached nearly 300 hours and is still growing. Howard Cosell p the matter with characteristic artlessne "Look, there is no damn way you can go against Liz Taylor and Doris Day in prime-ti TV and present sports as just sports or as r gion. Sports aren't life and death. They're ent tainment."

Nothing better illustrates this transition fr mythic contest to supersport than the creepi monsterization of athletes. Wilt Chamberla who, at seven-foot-one, was the definitive spo exotic only a few years ago, constantly co plained of his treatment by the public as a si show freak. "For more than twenty years no he said, "I've had to live with rude stares a smart-ass questions like 'How's the weather there?' " Chamberlain can take heart: m strosity is now the norm in basketball. The r freak is Nate Archibald, who is six-foot-one a called "Tiny."

The emergence of physical grotesquerie and its theatrical promotion—has severed ma of the primordial chords that tied players fans. Sport instructed as well as inspired, a its spirit was firmly republican. Kids went ho after games to imitate the technique of sp stars, and older fans would go home to fanta about their victories. As Joe Falls, a Det sportswriter, puts it, anyone could play. "I th there is some of the ballplayer in all of us. I see myself in a baseball uniform, and I can me putting one over that right-field wa George Plimpton has created a lucrative indus out of these dramas, becoming, if only brie the fan on the field.

But how does a fan, child or adult, relate Artis Gilmore, who is seven-foot-two and st the ball downward into a net? Or George Jo son, who blocks shots more than ten feet in air? How does one practice Kareem Abdul J bar's "sky hook," which by very definition beyond the reach of mortal man? The play have come to resemble trapeze artists, wh triple somersaults are watched but unimita

Randall Poe has written on sports for Esquire *and* The Village Voice.

Announcing Jaguar XJC. The Corporate Sports Car.



Beneath the polished well-disciplined manner of a corporate executive there often lurks a spirit that yearns for the freedom of a sports car. It is to this duality in a successful man's character that we dedicate our new two-door vinyl-top coupe, the Jaguar XJC.

The XJC moves like a sports car because it is fitted out like a sports car with power-assisted rack and pinion steering and independent suspension, steel-belted radial tires and power disc brakes on all four wheels.

You may have the XJC with the incredibly smooth fuel-injected Jaguar V-12 engine that delivers turbine-like acceleration throughout the entire range of driving speeds. Or, you may prefer an XJC powered by the history-making double-overhead cam six.

Inside, the XJC is all Jaguar luxury, with rich cabinet woods and deep carpeting. Thermostatically-controlled air-conditioning, eight-track AM/FM stereo sound system, electric windows and central door locking system are all standard. And now, in addition to its uncommon luxury and high performance capabilities, the Jaguar XJC provides its owners with a new warranty.

For 20,000 miles or 12 months, whichever comes first, Jaguar will replace or repair any part in the car that is defective or that simply wears out, provided only that the owner maintains the car properly. The only exceptions are the tires, which are warranted by the tire manufacturer, and spark plugs and filters, which are routine replacement items. Even then, if they are defective, Jaguar will pay to replace them.

See this magnificent Jaguar XJC soon. Become a sports car enthusiast even though you may wear a corporate executive's clothing. For the name of the dealer nearest you, call these numbers toll-free: (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400. British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605.

BRITISH LEYLAND

Jaguar

Randall Poe

THE ANGRY FAN

and unexplored. An essential human connection is gone. We gaze at their terrific feats, without hope.*

Innocent violence

IN PRO FOOTBALL, size has always been an immense cliché; lately, it has become a surrealistic one. Linemen weighing 225 pounds are thought to suffer from conclusive malnutrition; those who aren't promptly released are put on weight-lifting and protein regimens. New York Jet coaches speak of Richard Wood, the 213-pound All-American from the University of Southern California, as if he were a beggar in Calcutta: "If we can only get some meat on this fellow we might have something." The present football system does not run on mere weight, but on the artificial distribution of weight to "power points" of the body. Coaches and trainers, fresh from weight-lifting and isometric schools, are sounding like deranged aides to Charles Atlas.

To cope, some football players are popping a pharmacopoeia of drugs. As one player told Dr. Arnold Mandell, who was hired by the San Diego Chargers to cut down on team drug use: "Doc, I'm not about to go out there one-on-one against a guy who is grunting and drooling and coming at me with big, dilated pupils unless I'm in the same condition."

It is, of course, to assure the sale of eighteen to twenty commercial time-outs per game that pro football is marketed as a death struggle between mastodons. "There are no winners in pro football," Frank Gifford observed, "only survivors." NFL films have become underground comics for the whole family: the cameras give us incessant close-ups of grid giants under attack, hyped by pop music, beastly groans, and a did-you-see-that narrative. Telecasts open with noisy pain and close with spotlights muscled freakery; the colossal bald head Oakland's Otis Sistrunk shows up more oft than the CBS eye. The game's hardest hitters "Mean" Joe Greene, Mike Curtis, and Bill B gey—are sold not as players but as carto primitives: their bodies are bestial, their fa streaked with dirt and sweat. "I'm very h man," protests Greene, an honest 275-pou monster. "I bleed, cry, feed the babies, rea And so he probably does. He is there, after a to remind us of Leslie Fiedler's remark abo two contradictory American ideals: to ca maximum violence and to remain absolut innocent.

For the prototype sports creature of the ture, we need not look to *Rollerball*, the ov charged film satire on the ultimate incarnati of sport. We need only watch Brian Oldfield futuristic giant who is already on the field. former football player, Oldfield is transformi the meaning of strength on the professio track circuit. He is likely to be not simply first human to hurl a sixteen-pound ball eig feet with one hand, but to serve as a hum blueprint for space-age athletics. "A big du act," Oldfield calls himself, which is not bad a description of today's sports.

We're all major league

IN THE FOUR MAJOR spectator spo (baseball, football, basketball, and ho ey), more than 3,500 athletes may n legally call themselves major league This is more than twice the number players fifteen years ago. These people play 121 major-league teams, almost three times many as fifteen years ago. Expansion has sulted in a jumble of leagues, teams, and pl ers, covering virtually every primary sp Playoffs now lead to playoffs which lead to pl offs. As New York newspaper columnist Ger Nachman puts it: "Big-time sports have come entirely too available, as if somebody h gone around building duplicate Statues of L erty in every other city." Worse, expansion l produced a lethal strain of Number Oneis One example: a friend of mine once avidly s ported the Denver Bears, a team long on top rung of minor-league baseball. Since Den became major league in football (the Bronc and basketball (the Nuggets), he vigilan shuns the Bears. His rationale is that attenda at Bear games will only encourage his city think of itself as "bush league."

With my friend, local loyalty is at least s possible. Yet some expansion teams repres neither cities nor even metropolitan areas l tundra that has been artificially buckled toget to increase marketing clout. It's possible to co

* Gianthood grows younger. With the NBA and ABA now snatching pubescent Goliaths directly out of ghetto high schools, a new species of eighteen-year-old millionaire wanders into the culture. The process may not promise better basketball, but it does assure that America will maintain its undisputed world lead in affluent illiteracy.

AVERAGE AND MINIMUM SALARIES (1975)

	AVERAGE	MINIMUM
Football (NFL)	$42,338	$16,000
Baseball	41,000	16,000
Basketball (NBA)	65,000	20,000
(ABA)	80,000	17,500
Hockey (NFL)	70,000	15,000
(WHA)	40-50,000	20,000

ay over $500 for a reat encyclopedia hat's a nice piece of urniture.



r $69.50 for a great ncyclopedia.

w much encyclopedia does your need?

latest edition of the multi-volume opedia Britannica appeared early ar. It has 43,000,000 words; a uished editorial board; 30 volumes ok imposing on any bookshelf. r-to-door salesmen sell the est edition for over $500.00.

New Columbia Encyclopedia was ed in August. It has 6,600,000 a distinguished editorial board; in y, buckram binding, it will be an g part of any home library. t now, it costs $69.50. And you xamine it at any bookstore.

w do you use an encyclopedia?

amilies answer: "To look things up. e questions of fact—fast."

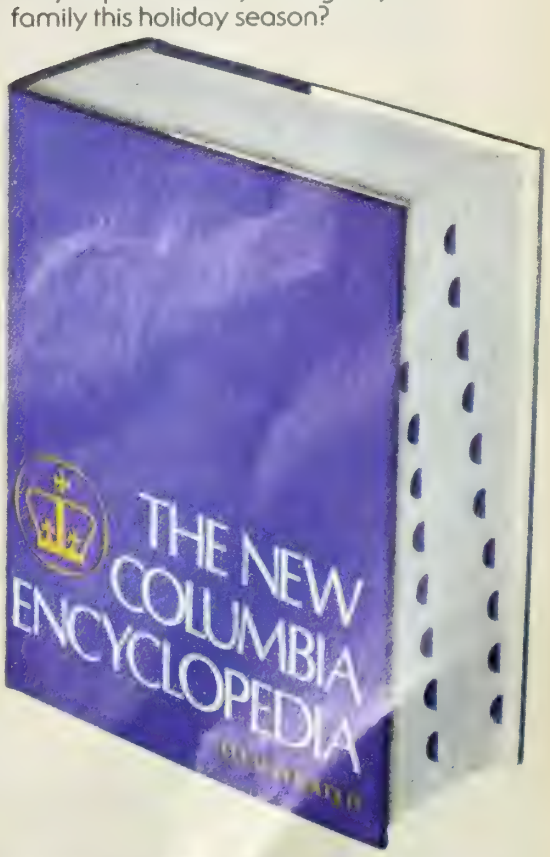
ou want a 150,000 word essay (8 eading time for most adults) on there's no substitute for a multi- e work such as Britannica. To look ecific point, though, your family refer the concise, accurate 4,700- rticle on the same subject in The olumbia Encyclopedia. That word is important. If you now own an opedia, check the date it was ed. Then consider how the world —China, for instance—has changed since then.

"The standard of excellence...

...as a guide to essential facts." That's how the New York Times described the last edition in 1963. Since 1935, in fact, The Columbia Encyclopedia has been recognized, in Isaac Asimov's words, as "the best one-volume all-round reference in the world." Now he calls The New Columbia "an endless liberal education," and says: "a purist might consider it impossible to condense the sum total of human knowledge into one volume capable of being lifted by a single human being—but even a purist would have to admit that this is a surprisingly good approximation of the ideal."

The New Columbia Encyclopedia includes more than 50,000 up-to-date articles, more than 650 illustrations and maps, over 40,000 bibliographic references, and 66,000 cross-references. For home, office, and school work right through college, its 3,072 foot-high pages provide instant, accurate, information about national and world affairs, geography, religion, history, the humanities, the physical and life sciences, the social sciences and sports—just about anything you can imagine "looking up."

Examine The New Columbia Encyclopedia now—without being pressured; with help, if you like, from the independent expert at your own bookstore. Then decide: Isn't it "enough" encyclopedia—in fact, isn't it exactly the right encyclopedia—for you to give your family this holiday season?



All the encyclopedia your family really needs.

$69.50 until December 31, 1975; $79.50 thereafter.
Published by Columbia University Press; distributed by
J.B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and New York

Randall Poe

THE ANGRY FAN

to terms with a Chicago Bull. But what is a Kansas City-Omaha King? A New England Patriot plays out of Foxboro, Massachusetts, but a New England Whaler has a Hartford, Connecticut, address. Ever-larger population pools are demanded. Hamlets large enough to make the *Mobil Travel Guide* are franchised, hinged to other hamlets, and issued jerseys—usually by a french-fry king living 2,000 miles away: "*Ladies and gentlemen, the starting lineup for the Fargo-Cheyenne-Nogales Brahma Enchiladas . . .*" Fan loyalty used to be based on sturdy community bonds, on emotional attachment. When Philadelphia becomes Kansas City becomes Oakland—which may now become Seattle, Chicago, or Mexico City—is it any wonder the team's owner, Charlie Finley, can't lure a million people into his ball park? This three-time world champion is still looking for identity.

There are those, of course, who argue that sports bloat is a short-term aberration. This school holds that hot-money barbarians from the Sixties have temporarily seized control and will soon be driven away. A shakeout is coming, announces Leonard Koppett of the *New York Times:* "The easy-money, apparently endless expansion era is over and the major league scene, which has doubled in size during the last 15 years, is now headed for contraction."

Perhaps. The message seems to have at least reached the National Basketball Association. Commissioner Larry O'Brien, dazed by $2 million-per-club payloads and the thought of spending his last days not in Camelot but in court, appears to have read it. But it hasn't yet been delivered to Pete Rozelle, Bowie Kuhn, or Clarence Campbell. When it arrives, they sh make copies and send them to the World F ball League, the World Hockey Associat and the World Boxing Association. The should be sped to the golf and tennis entre neurs and to the mad jobbers for our t peasant sports (soccer, bowling, and lacro who desperately want elite status, too. Only other day it seems, the *Times* proclaimed: " SPORT GAINING FAVOR IN THE U.S.—IT'S CR ET." Immediately, a Brooklyn cricketeer, Charles Lowe, glowed with anticipation: " goal is to one day have cricket matches vised."

TOTAL PRO ATTENDANCE

	1964	1974
Football	6,010,924 (154 games)	10,236,323 (182 games)
Baseball	21,280,341	30,025,608
Basketball (NBA & ABA)	4,772,841	10,975,256
Hockey (NHL & WHA)	2,882,086	13,616,529
Golf (PGA)	1,324,744	2,851,195
Tennis (US Open)	101,496*	153,287*
Auto racing (USAC)	N.A.	2,500,000 plus
Auto racing (all types)	N.A.	50,000,000 plus
Horse racing	N.A.	78,000,000 plus

* Total professional tennis attendance not available (N.A.).

Rotten cat

WHILE THE PRESENT sports bro hood sits in Hiltonized suites ting further ways to entertai masses, they are also discus something else: their impen bankruptcies. But even as they talk the h lines crawl under the door:

PELE TO PLAY SOCCER FOR $4.7 MILLIO

CATFISH FINALLY INKS FOR $3.5M

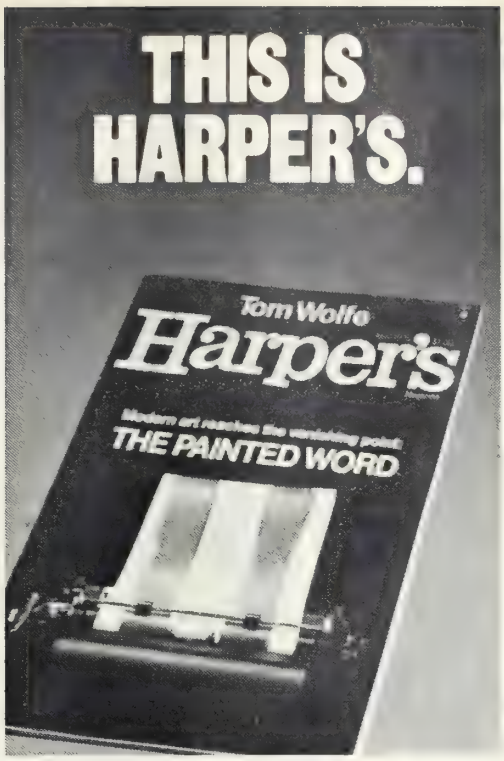
NAMATH NIXES $4 MILLION

McGINNIS TAKES $500 Gs BUT CAN'T PLAY FOR KNICKS

These are not sports bulletins or comm on a country's priorities. They are editorial cultural sanity. With imagination, they n even be viewed as threats to national secu What they don't represent is any traditi concept of sports. At a time of 8 percent u ployment, double-digit inflation, general nomic misery, and rising ticket prices, appear as doleful omens to the sports fan.

Not surprisingly, the financial licentious of supersports is vexing even the younger brackets. "Catfish stinks," says Jack, a tw year-old neighbor I play catch with. "Why ask him. " 'Cause he only cares about mor Catfish Hunter is not, of course, the villain is, in fact, a throwback to exploitive, tob spit baseball; the venom would be better di ed at baseball management. But a kid's cism has to start someplace.

Professional athletics, by definition, is cerned with money. But the persistent emp on finance has totally distorted all other as of sport—especially its fragile value syste with the brutal rationality of economics. M lief is not swayed by those so-what-else-is arguments: knowing that Greek Olympic got government grants to build monumen themselves does not soften one's displea The fact is that economics, until lately, never been the real stuff of American spo





You'd think that 125 years later *Harper's* magazine would need no introduction. That it would become familiar, predictable, comfortable. Wrong. All that's predictable about *Harper's* is its unpredictability.

It's a magazine for very special people. People who don't accept the instant formulations of history. People allergic to party lines, knee-jerk thinking, phony values. People with open minds who *won't be talked down to.* People, we hope, like you.

Harper's thrives by uncompromising attention to quality. By unflagging concern for the American condition. By seeking the truth about our national follies and vices. By deflating pretense wherever it appears, from Hollywood to Madison Avenue to the White House. By viewing how yesterday's events have shaped today's issues and what it all means for tomorrow. And you.

Each issue of *Harper's* is a surprise package. A fresh eye. You find Tom Wolfe's passionate disembowelment of the Modern Art movement. And Garry Wills' unexpected and provocative defense of the compromising nature, egotism and mediocrity of today's politicians. William Safire's portrait of Henry Kissinger as Nixon's Pinocchio turned Ford's Geppetto.

Plus month after month, you find WRAPAROUND'S unique treatment of fascinating subjects ranging from the diminishing worth of college to living without the automobile and a cornucopia of tips on which airlines are the safest to fly, how to save money traveling, things to do for free, and much more.

There's no way to predict how you'll react to each issue of *Harper's.* But you most definitely will react – sit up, take notice, and recognize new ways to perceive the world's most compelling questions. Which is why if you're that one special person, you're sure to enjoy meeting *Harper's.* Every month, for the first time.

An introduction is certainly in order to this brilliantly edited, twice-monthly newsletter for avid book-buyers and serious readers – anyone deeply concerned about the quality and direction of current literature.

Bookletter brings you original reviews of all the best sellers, new releases and significant revivals. Special sections on the good, bad and inexcusable in children's, reference and craft books. Advance notice when costly hardcover books become cheaper paperbacks. Corridor chatter from the publishing palaces: why great books nose-dive while some disasters become book of the month. Which editor-in-chief has moved where and taken which authors with him. The contentious book awards competition. Behind the scenes of the new movement to organize book publishing workers. A special issue on West Coast publishing, the Eastern Literary Establishment's upstart rival.

You'll enjoy exclusive essays like George Plimpton's cutting satire of the sports book macho mania, William Saroyan's view of Michael Arlen's bestseller, Jose Yglesias on Harriet Beecher Stowe – reversing unjust neglect. Richard Adams paying his respects to the classics of childhood in "Ingredients of Watership Down." And "discoveries" by Tom Wolfe, Evan Connell, and many other noted authors.

Plus, a special form in each issue of *Bookletter* entitles you to purchase *any book in print at great discounts.* At least 25% off every bestseller and general title; 15% off university press and reference books; up to 70% off on special super-bargains. In fact, the average reader saves $30.00 yearly on book purchases!

So if you want to read more, more enjoyably, and spend a whole lot less in the bargain, you've finally met your match.

THIS IS HOW TO TRY THEM BOTH AT TERRIFIC SAVINGS!

The "how" is THE BOOKSERVICE – a new division of Harper's Magazine Company. And here's why joining now is a smart move for readers like you.

Eight issues of *Harper's* is regularly $5.98 by subscription. However, as a member of THE BOOKSERVICE, you can get ... those eight issues of *Harper's* ... eight months (16 bi-weekly issues) of *Bookletter* ... plus the discount book-buying privileges ... all for just $10.00.

But it gets even better! Because if you join THE BOOKSERVICE *right now, you get eight months of everything at the special introductory rate of just $5.99!* The magazine, the newsletter, the discounts, all at an inflation-stomping price.

Use the postage-free card opposite this page, or the coupon at right. And send no money now, unless you'd rather. But do act today. This special offer may not be repeated.

THE BOOKSERVICE, 381 W. Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302

☐ Yes, both, quickly. Please sign me up immediately for the next 8 months of THE BOOKSERVICE – which includes 8 issues of *Harper's* and 16 bi-weekly issues of *Bookletter,* plus discount book-buying privileges – a $10.00 value. I pay just $5.99 for the whole deal!

☐ I prefer to receive 12 issues of *Harper's* only for $6.00.

☐ Double my savings. Send me 16 months of THE BOOKSERVICE for just $11.98 (a $20.00 value)! ☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

D810

Randall Poe

THE ANGRY FAN

the reason why Johnny Bench rather than Arthur Burns is pictured on bubble-gum cards.

What hurts today is that the card carriers are turning mercenary. On sports talk shows across the country, infant fans are sounding like premature owners. Kids want to be Charlie Finley rather than Sal Bando. "I'll tell you what," a kid says to Pete Franklin, who operates a sports show on Cleveland radio, "I'll give you a half mil, two draft choices, and Rick Burleson, and you give me George Hendrick. You wanna deal?" Franklin does the only thing one can do: he tells this child of his times to get back in bed. Even older fans, who lack the power to trade lima beans for carrots at their own dinner tables, are nightly trading away Dave Cowens and Bob Griese for assorted amounts of cash and securities. In this, alas, they are only like Joe Namath, whose vocabulary used to range from *groovy* to *wow*, but who now speaks of *adequate compensation* and *long-term financial benefits*.

John Sterling, a New York radio personality who probably talks to more fans than anybody on earth, has reported: "Something has definitely happened to fans. There is an absence of love and loyalty. With it has come an anger and a new kind of violence. You see it in all the parks. The fan gets up every morning, shaves, earns a hard day's pay, and drags himself home. He watches and reads about athletes working maybe three to four days a week for six months a year at $100,000 plus. The athlete may deserve what he's getting, but it doesn't matter. The constant exposure has made fans aware that this is not sports, that there aren't any sports heroes anymore."

This will come as bad news to those psychologists who have taught us all these years that selective hero worship is good mental health, creative form of daydreaming. Ultimately, course, every hero becomes a bore, as Emers observed, but lately, brilliant athletes are coming bores long before they get to be hero

COST OF COMMERCIAL MINUTE (1975)

Prime-time World Series game	$130,000
Saturday afternoon baseball	9,500
Super Bowl (1976)	230,000
Regular Sunday pro-football game	68,000
NBA Championship game	64,000
Regular basketball game	30,000
World Championship tennis	55,000
Regular tennis match	20,000
US Open	24,000
Kentucky Derby (a package deal that included 1 minute in a late-night special)	150,000
Indianapolis 500	68,000

In the matter of g

If I had my way no man guilty of golf would be eligible to any office of trust or profit under the United States.

—H. L. Mencken

IT WOULD BE EDUCATIONAL to bring ba Mencken for an inquest into the pres professional golf circuit. Nowhere do golden juices of supersports run m torrentially. The merchandising of t country-club idyll into a flaming spectator sp has led to tournaments (known as classic which are broadcast from December to Dece ber. Its players have become partners in a gu anteed-income commune; it is not just t Johnny Miller earned as much in 1974 as m of us earn in a lifetime (nearly $400,000) that sixtieth-place finishers are assured of least $40,000 a year.

As athletes of commerce, golfers are beg ning to resemble racing-car drivers, whose c and bodies are tattooed with decals from Fi stone, STP, Champion, and Viceroy. In brokering of golf tourneys, however, it is so much firms as film stars; Dean Martin, An Williams, and Glen Campbell have emerged the sport's dark angels. With all their perve ties, at least baseball, football, and basket have not yet sold their nomenclature. The Ca Burnett World Series and Colonel Sanders per Bowl are not yet upon us. Golf commer however, is such that even the golf-ball conce are fighting. Top Flite offers $250,000 to a ball that can fly farther. Omega claims tha travels longer but can't get a match. The ot thirty-five brands ballyhoo player endorseme that must be maddening to the 14 million An icans who play golf each year.

The trend lines do not trouble the golf en preneurs, but they seem to be fraying the se tivities of at least the British wing of golf wat ing. Alistair Cooke observes: "Regrettab there are golf tournaments—and mostly ones named after show-biz stars—that in past few years have elaborated to the point nausea their own forms of razzmatazz: a day public clowning to enliven the pro-am preli naries; frequent appearances before the mic phone of Mr. Big to proclaim, with well hearsed vaudeville cracks, his total dedicat to the grand game; hats and T-shirts and a co ical car advertising the drollery or glamour the idol; and platoons of busty little girls in

n flashing thirty-two teeth every time a ebrity or camera hoves in sight."

The anomaly of golf as supersport is that it ts for the sweaty presence of fans but deds they be dignified, gagged, mute. In the erican sports sense, golf's Scottish-sired regions are anti-fan.* A few years ago, at the sters, somebody yelled at Jack Nicklaus as leaned over a putt: "Go ahead, miss it, fat-" The blatant violation of golf's first law—ou shalt not display unseemly emotion"—ok golfdom. Masters tournament tickets suddly added a message warning spectators to d their golf etiquette.

The most critical selling issue for golf, how-, is transforming bland robot-golfers into resting people. Even eighty hours of teled golf a year has not worked. It appears success in golf is directly proportionate to golfer's lack of imagination. Arnold Palmer been a joyous exception, but Palmer is y-six now, and a replacement is not at hand. le attempts have been made to erect a subcture of nicknames, which have long prod the emotional scaffolding of sports. But r Jack (the Golden Bear) Nicklaus we dd quickly to Forrest (Fuzzy) Fezler. Lee ino does, however, have a tattoo.

ately, the golf announcers have given up on players and are trying to make colorful perlities out of golf holes. As best as I could rmine from TV, the par-four eighteenth at the British Open this July contained the ery deceit of Richard Nixon and the malevce of General Amin.

this golden age of Grunch Theater, I keep ing for golfers to choreograph the equivaof the touchdown spike in football. But that ld alter the sports editor's abiding concept olf drama: those three-column blowups of ers kissing their paychecks are a perfect lem of the materializing spirit of superts.

AT EVERY TURN, there is greed, huckstering, and the counterfeiting of sports, accompanied by a jabberwocky call for more and more. The fact that ABC's *Wide World of ts*, an oily bouillabaisse of auto-crashing, wrestling, and cliff-diving, lured huge TV s audiences in both 1974 and 1975 assures thrilling artifice will continue.

"The way we're going," says Curt Gowdy, a if exhausted spokesman for common , "we'll see Secretariat racing a Wyoming antelope." The possibilities seem unlimited: sports stars leaping from the World Trade Center with faded celebrities on their backs, a magical linkup of show-biz and Evel Knievelism. Or big-league team dogfights, featuring chic female trainers and charismatic killer dogs. The New York Sheps vs. the Miami Huskies would have to do 40,000 in the Orange Bowl.

Bob Wussler, the president of CBS Sports, notes: "I've got ideas for telecasts in envelopes piled as high as this building. I'll bet 25 percent of those ideas are good ones." Turning slowly on the spit of these ideas is the fan, for whom hope does not seem near. In its mammoth study of the sports business last year, the Brookings Institution said: "The present structure of sports is not likely to produce any material change in the procedures that most affect the welfare of fans. In most cases, the interests of the players coincide with the interests of the owners, and both tend to benefit from the restrictive practices that are costly to fans."

The beauty of old-time sports was that, with fewer hucksters, the venality was subdued. In concept, sports are a fugitive's retreat, a kind of hidden ball play on the real world. Now the workingman, who has always been the foundation of spectator sports, has discovered rot and rip-off. His kids find athletes willingly transformed into banal commercial objects. Junk culture. "We are all hero-ridden," said Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates" and "Steve Canyon." "Descendants of a legend, we persist in identifying with it." But in supersports the legend has been intercepted and bartered away. Sports stars have become running and jumping cans of Right Guard.

For as long as I can remember, I have announced games in my head wherever I walk. An eight-block walk is normally a two-inning game for me: *The ball is hit hard over second. Millan spins, scoops, and guns to Kranepool. The Mets win it.* In my head games, the ball is always gunned to Kranepool and the Mets always win it. Lately, I find that I am able to negotiate short walks without once mentioning Millan or Kranepool. Sadly, the answer to "Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio?" has arrived all too quickly. He's in California on a Mr. Coffee promotion. □

"It's possible to come to terms with a Chicago Bull. But what is a Kansas City-Omaha King?"

HOURS SCHEDULED FOR NETWORK SPORTS

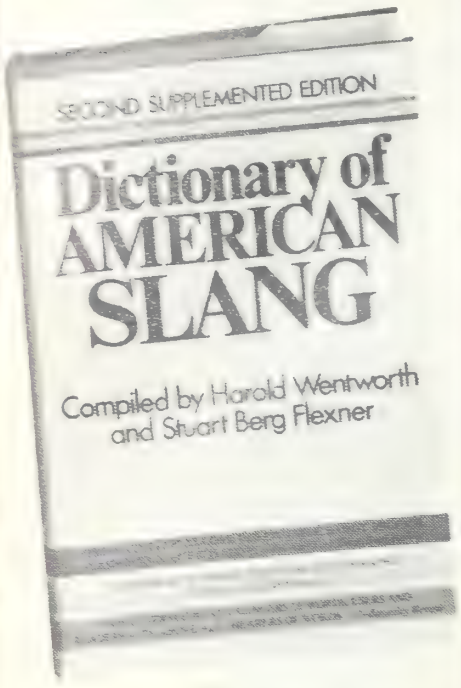
1960—	679
1970—	797
1974—	1,102

NUMBER OF TEAMS AND PLAYERS

	1959 TEAMS/PLAYERS	1974 TEAMS/PLAYERS
Football	12/432	37/1,640
Baseball	16/593	24/887
Basketball	8/96	28/326
Hockey	6/114	32/622

*Golf fans, of course, are not those jock terrorists nearly maimed Pelé in Boston and hurled Old bottles at Pete Rose at Shea Stadium. But they ot wan figures either. Fans are the rackety mud lyrics of spectator sports.

"Vulgar, disreputable, bawdy, profane, blasphemous... but alive."
—New York Times Book Review



"For lovers of words, slingers of words, users and readers and—above all—hearers of words."
—Saturday Review
$12.95

To order, send name, address, check or money order for $12.95 to T.Y. Crowell, Dept. MT-H, 666 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019

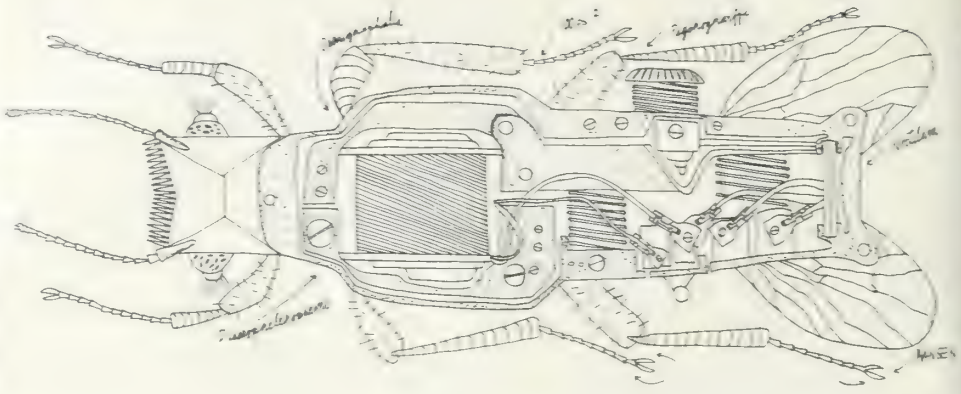
Hacker Art Books

Largest collection of art books in the world
AUTUMN SALE

Up to 70% reduction.
An incredibly fine group of art books at incredibly low prices. Books from the best publishers, here and abroad, sought-after subjects—African art, Americana, antiques and collecting, contemporary architecture, coins, erotic art, illuminated manuscripts, Oriental art, prints, limited editions, etc.
All lavishly illustrated with fine color plates and available at these prices from no one but us.
Illustrated catalogue available.

Hacker Art Books, Inc. 10
54 West 57 Street, N.Y. 10019
212-PL 7-1450
Please send me the Autumn Sale catalogue at no charge.
Name_____
Address_____
City/State/Zip_____

BOOKS



SURVIVAL BY SELF-SACRIFICE

by Lewis Thomas

Sociobiology: The New Synthesis, by Edward O. Wilson. Harvard University Press, $20.

Most of us spend our days in an anxious effort to certify, once and for all, our individuality. Our lifelong concern, perhaps more in this century than at any other time, is to identify ourselves as solitary, isolated, pure selves, distinguishable from all the rest. It should be no surprise that we do this. The biological uniqueness of each self is the second most conspicuous and spectacular attribute of human beings. Each of us is fundamentally different from everyone else. Even with the 4 billion now on the Earth, there are no duplicates excepting the identical twins among us.

The markers of self are as powerful and unavoidable as stop signs, and this is how we tend to think of them. Since they are supposed to set each of us apart, they must have some protective value, flagging the rest of life away. Not just our faces and their wildly different expressions, nor the way each of us walks or turns the head, listening, nor the sounds of our speech; these are learned items of behavior. Or are they? Are there genes determining a particular way of smiling or turning the head?

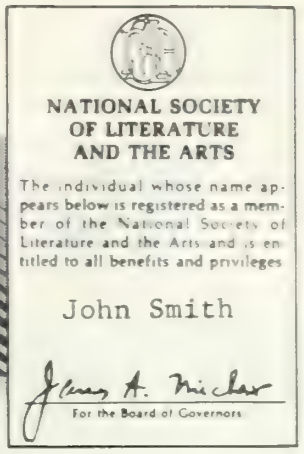
We are biochemically labeled as individuals, and our molecular co figurations are as unique as fing prints. There are antigens display at the surfaces of our cells that ma each of us as different from all o ers. We are probably also identifial by odorants, even though we are r aware of the fragrance. If you pr a man's finger on the surface of glass slide, and place the slide amo any number of other fingerpri from other people, a trained hou can sniff out with accuracy that o man, and tell his print from all t others. Tracking dogs can follow t footprints of one man across a fi walked over by crowds of othe The nature of the scent is not know but it is probably a pheromone, si ilar to the chemicals that fish, mi insects, rabbits, deer, dogs, and p haps all other creatures use for ma ing themselves not only as spec but as individual animals. If the p sonal human scent is genetica coded by each of us, from priva strands of DNA, you would expec tracking hound to be unable to d tinguish between the tracks of ide cal twins. This is so; it was predict by Galton in 1875 and confirmed Kalmus a few years ago: a train police dog cannot tell the smell one twin from the other.

A visitor from another solar s tem might very well be impressed the complexity, accuracy, and fa tastic diversity in our systems f

Now when you subscribe to Saturday Review you join a select society...

The National Society of Literature and the Arts





Saturday Review subscribers are automatically enrolled in the Society—entitled to all benefits and privileges —at no extra cost.

A subscription to Saturday Review has always been an outstanding value for everyone whose range of interests includes literature and the arts.

Today it's a better value than ever before.

Because now Saturday Review subscribers are automatically enrolled as members of the National Society of Literature and the Arts. *Without extra cost.* And are entitled to all the advantages of membership.

SR recently helped establish the National Society of Literature and the Arts, with the aim of strengthening the arts at every level—in the schools, in the community, in the nation.

Serving on the Society's Board of Governors are Agnes de Mille, Andrew Wyeth, James Michener, Leontyne Price, Norman Cousins, R. Buckminster Fuller, Richard Rodgers, Harold Taylor, Roland Gelatt, Roger Stevens, Walter Kerr, and I. Spencer Grin.

Saturday Review provides the NSLA with a strong publishing voice and powerful reading constituency to support the Society's purposes and programs. And the Society, in turn, provides SR subscribers with many tangible benefits. Among them:

• Each issue of Saturday Review now includes "Artsletter," the biweekly report of NSLA activities and important developments in the world of literature and the arts.

• Every member is eligible for a 20 per cent discount on books, records, tapes, and art prints through the NSLA cooperative buying service. (No minimum purchase required.) Information and details are noted in Saturday Review's classified section under NSLA MEMBERSHIP SERVICES.

• Every member is eligible to participate in symposia, seminars, and foreign tours arranged for the Society—as living extensions of Saturday Review's coverage of literature, the arts, ideas, and travel. For example, Walter Terry, SR's distinguished dance critic, will accompany a tour to the Soviet Union and has arranged, in addition to attendance of performances at the Bolshoi and Kirov Theatres, special visits to the famed Russian ballet schools and meetings with leading dancers and choreographers.

• Every member will also receive a Tarrytown Conference Center Club membership. This famous private conference center is located on the former Mary Duke Biddle estate in Tarrytown, New York—26 acres of glorious countryside along the Hudson River. Facilities include meeting rooms for seminars, dining and overnight accommodations, swimming pool, and tennis courts. Weekend accommodations often include special events such as conversations with Clive Barnes, drama critic of The New York Times; a weekend visit with SR film critic, Judith Crist; and another with writer James Michener. (Other special programs will be announced in the pages of SR.) The Tarrytown Conference Center is easily accessible from New York City and its airports, and reservations are available by special NSLA reservation line.

• Every member may enjoy guest privileges at a renowned New York club devoted to literature and the arts. The Club is located in the charming former Schieffelin townhouse on the East Side of New York near Central Park. (New members will be advised about reservation procedures.)

All of these membership advantages, of course, are in addition to a full year's subscription to Saturday Review—brighter, livelier, more wide-ranging and informative than ever.

What does the expanded Saturday Review *review*?

Everything that excites and lights up your mind.

National and world affairs. World peace. Books, music, records, theatre, film, fine art, dance, photography. Travel. Education. Science. The environment. Plus cartoons, puzzles, and scores of regular features to sharpen your mind and your wits.

SR articles and columns are written by outstanding authorities in every field. Men and women who write as clearly as they think. And leave you with new insights and new ideas issue after issue.

Each new Saturday Review will add to your knowledge, your range of interests, and *your enjoyment of living.*

SUBSCRIBE NOW—ENJOY FREE NSLA MEMBERSHIP

When you subscribe to SR now for a full year at $14—the lowest price available—you will be automatically enrolled as a member of the National Society of Literature and the Arts. You'll receive a personal membership card, and will then be entitled to all Society benefits and privileges.

Use the order form today to start your Saturday Review subscription and NSLA membership.

ORDER FORM

Yes, please enter my subscription to Saturday Review for one year at $14—the lowest rate available, saving me $5.50 on single copy costs. I understand that, as a Saturday Review subscriber, I'll automatically be enrolled as a member of the National Society of Literature and the Arts, entitled to all benefits and privileges, and will be sent a personal membership card.

☐ $14 enclosed ☐ Bill me

(Above offer good in U.S. only)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

ELA 5K0013

Mail to: **SATURDAY REVIEW**
P.O. Box 2118, Rock Island, Ill. 61207

individuality but he would be even more astonished by that other biological arrangement, seemingly at odds with this one, which dominates all other behavior, modulates all other interactions, and guides us through from birth to death: our existence as a social species. It must come as a surprise that we are designed to perform two such apparently conflicting functions: to be flawlessly marked as biological individuals—solitary, unique, separate—and at the same time even more compulsively attached, interdependent, and social than the famous social insects.

It is as hard to imagine a solitary human being as it is to think of a solitary, free-living termite or honeybee. Even if there were such a creature, removed at birth from human society and still able to grub around on his own, staying alive, he would surely lack the centrally identifying feature of our species, which is language; he would therefore lack as well our kind of consciousness and symbolic thought, and might as well be a dead being by our lights. Come to think of it, the single enterprise that seems to hold us together as a species, equivalent in its immense scale and perpetual state of incompleteness to the nests of ants or the hives of bees, is language; we have been compulsively and unconsciously consumed by this activity for longer than we remember, guided, it is said, by structures in our brains that are genetically made for the recognition of syntax, the generation of grammar, and the invention of metaphors.

WHY IS IT that we are at the same time the most intensely individualistic of animals, and the most ardently social? It is a strange combination, but perhaps the only really workable one if what you want is a highly social species. After all, if you are a member of such a society you need to know who is who with some precision, if only to know who is supposed to be doing what at a given time. If everyone were identical, the allocation of work and functions might result in a shambles. Minnows in a school know each other as individuals; catfish have elaborate systems of pheromones for recognizing each other; inbred identical mice can tell th difference between themselves an other lines of mice, by smell. It ma turn out to be one of the great un versal accomplishments of natu that each creature is marked as hin self alone, not so that he can be o on his own, but in order to be reco nized by the others. It would be nic to know if each ant in an anthi knows each of the others, or at lea knows the difference. Ants in a ne display differences in temperamen industriousness, personality; the are elitist ants, but can ants reco nize each other by name?

This is about the only matter plain fact about biological societi that is not to be found, one place another, in Professor Wilson's ma velous and overwhelming book. E erything else that is known seems be there. It is an ocean of inform tion, in which facts are adrift lil plankton. The only trouble is, and is not really trouble, that you cann simply reach in with a small net ar extract the single item you're afte you are swept away, awash in th surf, and then if you catch on, ridin the waves, it is enormous fun.

That is the first thing to say abo it. Obviously, Wilson must have ha a great time writing it, from his ope ing assertion of the philosophic implications of sociobiology and th new place of dominance among bi logical sciences soon to be gained b this discipline, to his final and su prisingly conservative forecast f the future evolution of human soc ety. In between he deals with iten of considerable detail and comple ity, ranging from mathematical co siderations of population genetics molecular genetics and from anim ethology to econometrics. The unde lying thread of conviction, runnin through the whole book, is the dogm of evolutionary biology. Societi emerge and persist because of th pool of genes in their possessio from which each society as a who selects the ones with greatest surviv value, and on which, in turn, the s ciety itself must stand or fall. Th preservation and fostering of diver ty within the gene pool is the wa capital is maintained for the futur to be drawn upon when environme tal changes require that new ways l found for living. The evolution animal societies proceeds under th same laws that dictate the develo



If you ever *had* to read a book, this is it!

Sugar Blues

So you think you don't eat much sugar? Soda pop. Ice cream. Canned fruit. Pudding. Ketchup. You love them. But do you know how much sugar they contain? William Dufty indicts refined sugar as one of the most lethal, addictive and damaging poisons in our diet. *Sugar Blues* is a comic shocker that lays it on the line, grabs you by your T-shirt and shakes you out of a sweet, sweet stupor. Reveals intrigue and capers that make Watergate sound like a fairy tale. And tells you how to kick the habit—how to get up and get going and give yourself a new lease on life—and sex and hair and teeth. Read and enjoy: *Sugar Blues.*

$7.95

CHILTON BOOK COMPANY Radnor, Pa. 19089

ent of individual species. Social ehaviors are as tightly specified and ontrolled by the stock of genes with- a society as are the shapes and olors of the individual members. hus, to understand the evolution of cial organizations one needs a com- rehensive background in evolution- y biology, ranging the full distance om molecular genetics to popula- on biology. Wilson provides this ckground in enormous detail, with compromised scholarship, but he ceeds in keeping things so nice- organized and amiably presented at the uninformed reader is un- kely to feel lost at any point in the ook, even when enmeshed from time time in the mathematical axioms genetic theory. In the back of the ok is a glossary of around 500 chnical terms to help the reader ng. There are over 1,000 refer- ces in the bibliography, worth ch of the price of the book to peo- e outside the field who might be nking of moving in.

JUST A FEW decades back, the discipline which has evolved into today's sociobiology was a relatively small field, almost entirely confined to consideration of social insects, st notably the ants, bees, wasps, d termites. Two ideas seemed to minate the essays and monographs tten for lay readers. First, that organization of insect societies s, in a real sense, out of this rld. The social behavior of insects s so bizarre, so compulsive, and individual creatures so tightly ked to each other that these ani- ls were thought to be absolutely que, unrelated to other creatures, ely unrelated and utterly without ning for the social behavior of gher" animals. The phrase "crea- s from another planet" recurred he prefaces to popular works on ect societies. The urgent message the day was that we should not into the error of seeing a mean- in insect social organization that ld be applied, in any way, be- d the world of the insects them- es. Most of all, the writers cau- ed against anthropomorphism: not try to understand ants as gh they were tiny people.

he second notion was that of the perorganism." The collective be-

Brother Timothy's Napa Valley Notebook

INTRODUCING FOUR RED DINNER WINES WITH SPECIAL CHARACTERISTICS FROM THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS NAPA VALLEY CELLARS. MY OWN SELECTIONS.

From time to time, nature endows certain of our Napa Valley varietal red wines with unusually splendid qualities. Because of the abundant choice in The Christian Brothers aging cellars, I have the pleasure of putting these small rarities aside for the special attention and care they deserve.



BOTTLE AGING OF WINE BEGAN WITH THE DISCOVERY OF CORK IN THE 18th CENTURY.
FRENCH LITHOGRAPH FROM THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS COLLECTION. WINE MUSEUM OF SAN FRANCISCO.

We are now pleased to offer four of these Napa Valley wines: Pinot Noir; Cabernet Sauvignon; Gamay Noir; and Zinfandel. Each was aged in prime oak cooperage and then enjoyed leisurely bottle aging in our own cellars where storage conditions are ideal. This time has given them special softness and mellowness, with a deeper and fuller bouquet. We believe you will find them to be among the finest to come out of the Napa Valley... wines to serve with your finest fare. While ready for your table now, these are wines that can be laid down in your own cellars to mature to even greater softness and subtlety.

These Special Selections are identified by lot number and bottling date on a neck label to distinguish them from our other varietal wines.

THIS DISTINCTIVE NECK LABEL IDENTIFIES MY SPECIAL SELECTION VARIETAL WINES.

BROTHER TIMOTHY'S SPECIAL SELECTION Lot 6970 BOTTLED & BINNED FEB. 1973

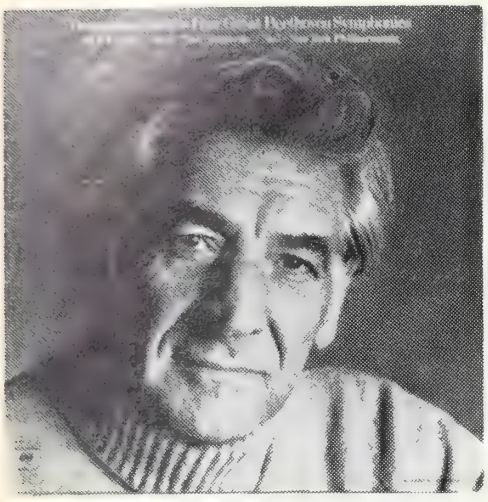
NAPA VALLEY PINOT NOIR
BOTTLED & BINNED JAN. 1973
NAPA VALLEY CABERNET SAUVIGNON
BOTTLED & BINNED FEB. 1973
NAPA VALLEY ZINFANDEL
BOTTLED & BINNED NOV. 1972
NAPA VALLEY GAMAY NOIR
BOTTLED & BINNED NOV. 1972

Understandably, they will always be in limited supply and must command a price of about $5.00 a bottle. If your wine merchant does not have them available, you may write to me.

Brother Timothy F.S.C.
CELLARMASTER
THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS
NAPA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA 94558

Worldwide Distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc. San Francisco, California

RECORDSERVICE



BERNSTEIN CONDUCTS FOUR GREAT BEETHOVEN SYMPHONIES New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, Conductor #3—"Eroica," #5, #6—Pastorale," and #7, Box Set
List Price $14.00
Our Price $10.50
CODE 1001



PHOTOGRAPHS & MEMORIES: JIM CROCE
List Price $6.98
Our Price $5.21
CODE 1014



TAPESTRY: CAROLE KING
List Price $6.98
Our Price $5.21
CODE 1011



BLONDE ON BLONDE: BOB DYLAN
Two Record Set
List Price $9.98
Our Price $7.48
CODE 1013



SGT. PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND: THE BEATLES
List Price $6.98
Our Price $5.21
CODE 1015



CHOPIN'S GREATEST HITS: PHILIPPE ENTREMONT
Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor New York Philharmonic, Andre Kostelanetz, Conductor
List Price $6.98
Our Price $5.21
CODE 1008



TOMITA: MOUSSORGSKY'S PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION
List Price $6.98
Our Price $5.21
CODE 1003



SWITCHED-ON BACH II: WALTER CARLOS
Electronic Performances
List Price $6.98
Our Price $5.21
CODE 1006



RED OCTOPUS: JEFFERSON STARSHIP
List Price $6.98
Our Price $5.21
CODE 1016



MELISSA: MELISSA MANCHESTER
List Price $6.98
Our Price $5.21
CODE 1012



CASALS CONDUCTS THE SIX BRANDENBERG CONCERTOS OF BACH
Boxed Set Marlboro Festival Orchestra
List Price $14.00
Our Price $10.50
CODE 1002



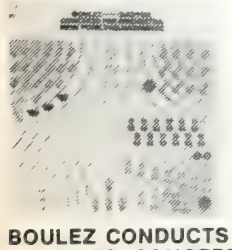
VAN CLIBURN: TCHAIKOVSKY'S CONCERTO NO. 1
Moscow Radio Symphony, Kiril Kondrashin, Conductor
List Price $6.98
Our Price $5.21
CODE 1005



THE ROAD FROM RAGS TO JAZZ: GUNTHER SCHULLER New England Conservatory Ensemble, Boxed Set
List Price $9.98
Our Price $7.48
CODE 1009



THE BASEMENT TAPES: BOB DYLAN & THE BAND
Two Record Set
List Price $9.98
Our Price $7.48
CODE 1017



BOULEZ CONDUCTS BARTOK'S CONCERTO FOR ORCHESTRA
New York Philharmonic, Pierre Boulez, Conductor
List Price $6.98
Our Price $5.21
CODE 1004



ALSO SPRACH ZARATHUSTRA: RICHARD STRAUSS
Los Angeles Philharmonic, Zubin Mehta, Conductor
List Price $6.98
Our Price $5.21
CODE 1007

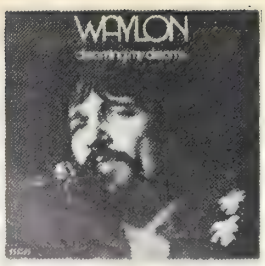


THE RED BACK BOOK: SCOTT JOPLIN New England Conservatory Ensemble, Gunther Schuller, Conductor
List Price $6.98
Our Price $5.21
CODE 1010

A feature of Bookservice, a service of Harper's Magazine Company. Records shown here may be purchased at regular prices or at discounted prices by following the instructions under HOW TO ORDER. Record offerings through Bookservice will appear frequently in future issues of Harper's Magazine.



FUNNY LADY: BARBRA STREISAND AND JAMES CAAN Original Soundtrack Recording
List Price $7.98
Our Price $5.98
CODE 1022



DREAMING MY DREAMS: WAYLON JENNINGS
List Price $6.98
Our Price $5.21
CODE 1026



BETWEEN THE LINES: JANIS IAN
List Price $6.98
Our Price $5.21
CODE 1027



E HOBBIT: J. R. R. TOLKIEN
oken by Nicol Williamson
ur Record Box Set With
ght Page Introduction
t Price $28.00
r Price $20.99
DE 1018



AMONDS AND RUST: AN BAEZ
Price $6.98
Price $5.21
DE 1019



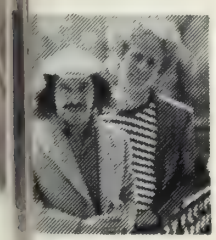
THE MANHATTAN TRANSFER
List Price $6.98
Our Price $5.21
CODE 1025



AYING POSSUM: RLY SIMON
Price $6.98
Price $5.21
DE 1020



MADE IN THE SHADE: THE ROLLING STONES
List Price $6.98
Our Price $5.21
CODE 1021



EATEST HITS: ON AND GARFUNKEL
Price $6.98
Price $5.21
DE 1024



JUDITH: JUDY COLLINS
List Price $6.98
Our Price $5.21
CODE 1023

HOW TO ORDER

You may order any of the records featured at list prices, or you may order any of them at Member's discounted prices if you check the appropriate box and enclose your check for $6, plus the amount to cover the purchase of the records you selected.

MEMBER'S BENEFITS

Bookservice Members receive 24 issues a year of BOOKLETTER, and twelve issues a year of Harper's Magazine. If you are currently a subscriber to Harper's Magazine the term of your Bookservice Membership will be extended pro rata by the remaining term of your Harper's subscription upon receipt of your first Bookservice dues.

Bookservice Members have no obligation to buy any books or records ever. (Bookservice is definitely not a club.) Members save up to 70% on special bargains, 25% on general titles including bestsellers, and even 15% on reference and university press titles. The average discount on records is 25% to 30%. You may become a Member of Bookservice and receive full record and book-buying discounts, 24 issues of BOOKLETTER and 12 issues of Harper's Magazine at just $6.00 for the next six months (and will be billed semi-annually thereafter)—instead of the regular $15.00 a year.

☐ Yes, enter my Membership in Bookservice at the special rate of just $6 for the next six months (and bill me six months later for the balance of the year) instead of the regular $15.00 a year. This entitles me to the full discount book and record-buying discounts, a year of the biweekly BOOKLETTER, and 12 issues of Harper's Magazine.

☐ I enclose $6, plus $..... for records I want at Member's Prices.

☐ I am currently a Bookservice Member.

☐ I do not want to join Bookservice but enclose $..... for records at list prices.

Send Order To:
Record/Book Dept.
Harper's Magazine Company
Two Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

Code	Title	Quantity	List Price	Discounted Price

Total Payment Enclosed $_____
(N.Y. State residents, all appropriate sales tax)
(Postage and Handling included in price.)

Name _____

Address _____

City State Zip

D821

of termites in a hill, building ...res of great size and complex... ...h the ceaseless labor of blind ... essentially brainless, witless individuals, was an achievement only ... be explained by assuming that the collection of animals, linked together, had become an intellect, a huge, crawling, thinking organism, capable of accomplishing much more than could be accounted for by simply summing the capacities of the individual members. The term "holism" was coined by Jan Smuts to describe such collective behavior, and there were eloquent meditations by Marais, Maeterlinck, and others concerning the existence of a "soul" which governed the behavior of the hill.

This line of speculation fell from favor sometime after World War II, not because of anything conspicuously wrong with the central idea, but because entomology rather suddenly underwent maturation as an effective, productive, and highly reductionist science, with powerful new technologies. The notion of the superorganism was edged to one side because of the richness of opportunities to learn new and interesting things about the physiology and behavior of individual insects.

Now, some four decades after the subsidence of interest in colonies as superorganisms, the idea is back again, a clean subject for scientific study. It is, indeed, the central preoccupation of this large book: how does the whole thing work? Not the individual bits—we know well enough, at least for the purposes of study, how the single ant gets along; now what about the hill? How does the communication system operate? Unhappily, just when the reader settles down to learn the whole story, Wilson says not yet, we need more time for the reductionist preparing of the way; we need, in fact, the deepest and most detailed information about the neurones and their circuitry, still well beyond reach, before we can begin to understand the behavior of the mass. We have a long way to go, says Wilson, but the new thing is that the way now seems, at long last, open ahead of us and approachable.

The central problem to be solved, before the behavior of any social species—including human society, most of all human society—can be comprehended, turns out to be *altruism*. How are such phenomena as givi... away or even sharing or self-destru... tion in aid of others, which a... the hallmarks identifying social ... ganizations in nature, to be explain... in Darwinian terms? How are t... genes which code out this kind ... behavior selected for survival, wh... the very behavior places survival ... self in steady jeopardy? To expla... this, you have to assume that t... society evolves in the same way th... single organisms have evolved. Thu... a society with an optimal distrib... tion of genes for altruism will su... ceed and survive, because such a s... ciety gains stability and cohesi... when it contains members who... lives are constantly being laid on t... line for the common good.

It is surprising to find a word li... altruism now used as a fully tech... cal term, almost a part of the wo... ing jargon of contemporary biolo... It has in fact become an indispen... ble term, describing a behavi... which is as near to being universal ... anything else in nature, and no oth... word will suit as well. Sociobiolo... as a developing science is found... and focused on the need for und... standing this crucial aspect of li... It is a wonder.

The book enthralls and encha... right up to the last chapter, on h... man society. Up to, but not incl... ing, for my taste, this last chapt... which reads a bit too much like ... quick, refresher review of all the ... cial sciences, including psychol... guistics, economics, anthropology ... smidgen of psychiatry, even a tou... of comparative religion. It is ov... loaded and doesn't work; also it ... somewhat spotty. Chomsky is the ... of course, and a little Skinner, a ... some Levi-Strauss, and even Tig... and Fox, even Ardrey, but nowh... Suzanne Langer, nor Cassirer. ... matter, all the rest of the book wo... abundantly well, and we should ... pleased enough and grateful, ev... if we don't come away with a "n... synthesis" of human civilization. ... you have this book, and also, alo... side it, a copy of Wilson's earl... *Insect Societies*, you can begin g... ting your mind ready for the illu... nations about human society, if a... when science begins to bring th... along.

Lewis Thomas, author of Lives of a Cell *president and chief executive officer Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center New York.*

PLATIGNUM ITALIC SET



Contains a fountain pen, five Italic nibs, and instruction manual all for only $5.00... At art material & pen shops, college book stores...or send check to Pentalic Corp., 132 West 22 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10011 Add 50 cents for handling.

Consultation with a Plastic Surgeon



Ralph Dicker, M.D. & Victor Syracuse, M.D.

The first complete question-and-answer guide to cosmetic surgery—face, nose, ears, breasts, scars, hair—that answers everything from how to choose a surgeon to costs to postoperative care. Before-and-after photographs. **$9.95**

At Your Bookseller

nh **Nelson-Hall Publishers**
325 W. Jackson, Chicago 60606

"A true find"*

THOREAU COUNTRY
Photographs and Text Selections from the Works of H. D. Thoreau by Herbert W. Gleason

"Memorably brings 'Thoreau country' to fresh life. [There] are some genuine works of photo art: magnificently composed scenes that trace the seasons from Concord to Maine and Cape Cod with the sensitivity of detail that marks the finest of etchings. The book is a true find."
—*Publishers Weekly*
Hardbound, $32.50; paperbound, $9.95

SIERRA CLUB BOOKS

One of our best sellers is child's play . . . THE NEW PHONICS WE USE is a complete word-recognition program that's part of the daily routine in elementary schools across the country. The series introduces phonics skills systematically, reinforcing any reading program. It makes learning fun through a variety of activities. Helping children become able, independent readers is serious business in our Education division. It's just one of our programs for teaching language skills; we publish reading and spelling programs, too.

RAND McNALLY

and you thought we just made maps



Bah! Humbug!

This year instead of sending still another dispensable Christmas card, send the indispensable gift for all lovers of language — a year's subscription to

VERBATIM, The Language Quarterly.

VERBATIM says "Merry Christmas" all year round. Just $2.50 to U.S. addresses, $3.00 elsewhere, for four entertaining, interesting, informative issues. Your gift card or ours. Full payment in U.S. funds with order. Money back if not pleased.

VERBATIM POST OFFICE BOX 157H ESSEX, CONN. 06426 USA

Autographed Copies!

TOM WOLFE

Through a special arrangement on behalf of Harper's subscribers, we have obtained a limited number of autographed copies of "The Painted Word," by Tom Wolfe. You may order your autographed copies at $5.95 each by returning the coupon below with your check, payable to Harper's.

THE PAINTED WORD

Autographed Books,
Harper's Magazine
Two Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

I enclose $_____
for _____ copies of
"The Painted Word," signed by
the author, Tom Wolfe, at $5.95 ea.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Please allow at least three weeks for delivery.

IDEAS AND THINGS

The painter's ear and the musician's eye

by Paul Auster

Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror, by John Ashbery. Viking, $5.95.
Tales Told of the Fathers, by John Hollander. Atheneum, $7.95.

JOHN ASHBERY is a poet who speaks to us intimately, from an almost suffocating nearness; we recognize his world as ours, and his language is that of our everyday experience. Yet few poets writing today have such an uncanny ability to undermine our certainties, to articulate so fully the ambiguous zones of our consciousness. We are constantly thrown off our guard as we read his poems, and because we are lulled by the flatness and familiarity of his tone, our sense of dislocation is all the more troubling. The ordinary becomes strange, and things that a moment ago seemed clear are suddenly cast into doubt. Everything remains in place, and yet nothing is the same.

The whole is stable within
Instability, a globe like ours,
resting
On a pedestal of vacuum, a
ping-pong ball
Secure on its jet of water.

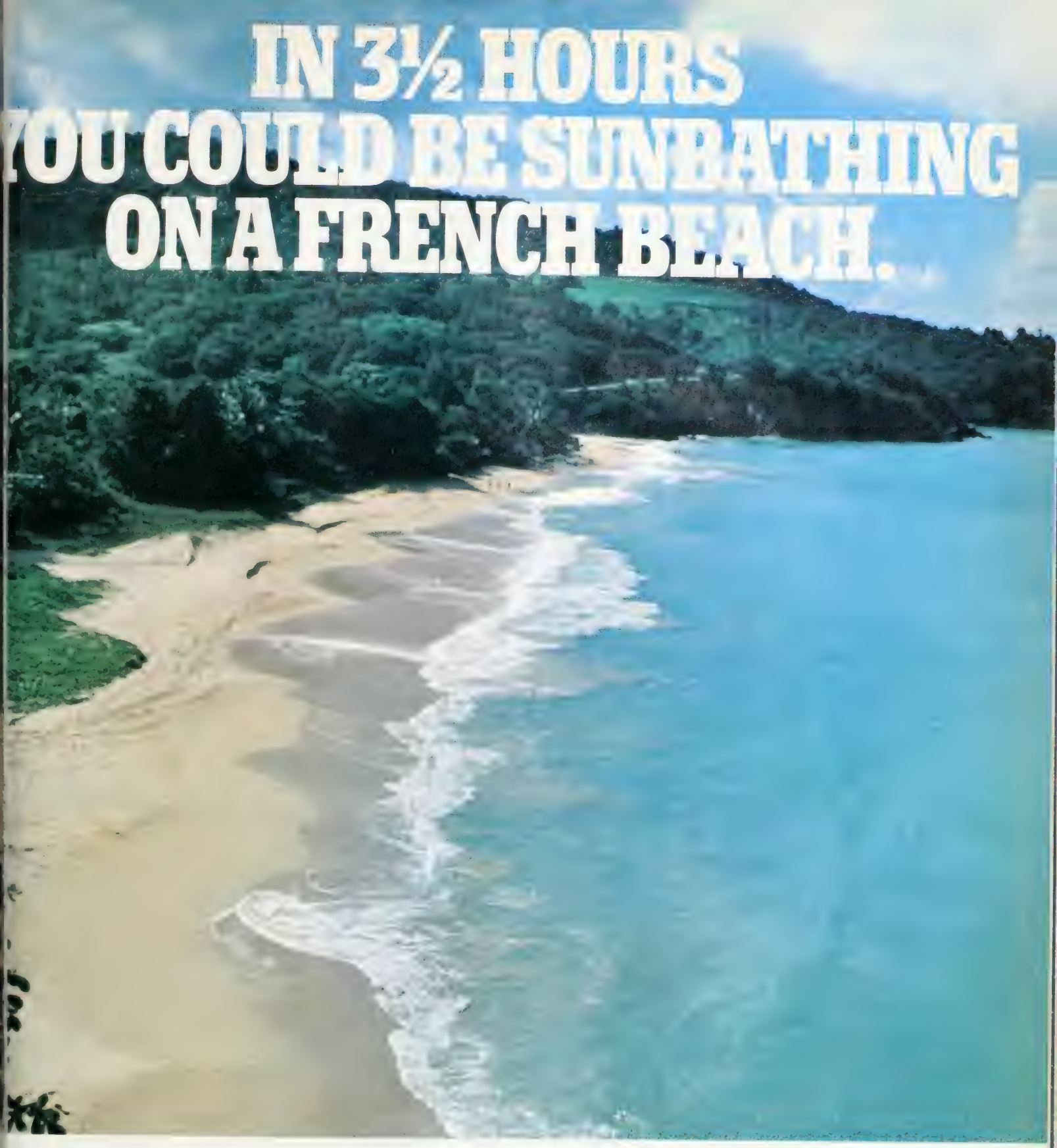
Ashbery stands to the side of most recent American poetry, and because of this many critics have seen his work as willfully obscure or abstract. But it is simply that his work is conceived within a different frame of reference from that of most other poets. In general, American poetry continues to be written from the bias of an undaunted empirical faith, and it embodies what can be called a "common-sense" view of the world. No matter what the range of possibilities within this scheme—and it is vast—the starting point is the world of things. William Carlos Williams's famous phrase, "no ideas but in things," was not a solitary call for a new kind of poetry but a manifestation of a widespread tendency i twentieth-century American thoug and literature. In Ashbery's wor however, the emphasis shifts. A though he, too, begins with the wor of perceived objects, perception i self is problematical for him, and h is never able to rely on the empiric certitudes that nearly all our poe seem to take for granted. At time in fact, it is as if he has set out t reverse the Williams formula.

What is writing?
Well, in my case, it's getting
down on paper
Not thoughts, exactly, but ideas,
maybe:
Ideas about thoughts.

Reality, for Ashbery, is elusiv and things are never what they see to be. They cannot be separated fro one another, isolated into compone parts, but overlap, intersect, and f nally merge into an enormous an constantly changing whole. "A things seem mention of themselves And the names which stem fro them branch out to other referents. Ashbery's manner of dealing wit this flux is associative rather tha logical, and his pessimism about o ever really being able to know an thing results, paradoxically, in a p etry that is open to everything. "F where a mirage has once been, li must be." Things lead to other thing and disappear into each other, an from moment to moment our sense the whole is altered. Ashbery mai tains coherence in all this possib confusion by keeping an extremel close watch on himself, and his grea est talent, it seems to me, is his utt faithfulness to his own subjectivit

I know that I braid too much my
own
Snapped-off perceptions of things
as they come to me.
They are private and always
will be.

IN 3½ HOURS YOU COULD BE SUNBATHING ON A FRENCH BEACH.



You could be eating classic French food and drinking vintage French wine.

Relaxing in a gleaming new French hotel or a quaint old French country inn

Meeting beautiful, friendly French people.

Exploring deep French rain forests and cool mountain glens.

This is the French West Indies. And it's only 3½ hours away in the Caribbean.

Our land arrangements run from $90 CP for 3 nights to $494.50 MAP for 7 nights.*

Air France and Eastern can fly you to us from New York.

So if you didn't get to France this summer, you can still get a French suntan this winter.

GUADELOUPE & MARTINIQUE.
THE CARIBBEAN ISLANDS OF FRANCE.

For more information, contact your travel agent or the French West Indies Tourist Board, Dept H, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10020

*per person, based on double occupancy

There is something in this that is reminiscent of the French symbolists of the late nineteenth century. We are made to think of Baudelaire's notion of synesthesia, Rimbaud's systematic derangement of the senses, and an important phrase in a letter written by Mallarmé at the age of twenty-two: *Paint, not the thing, but the effect that it produces.* But there are, nevertheless, certain instructive differences between Ashbery and these writers. Whereas the symbolists sought escape from the drabness of the quotidian and strained toward an evocation of the mysterious essences of things by means of a highly distilled language, it is the quotidian itself that Ashbery is after, happiness in the heart of banality, and his language is discursive, rhetorical, and even long-winded, a kind of obsessive talking *around* things, suggesting a reality that refuses to come forth and let itself be known.

Ashbery's books have all been rather uneven—as if the nature of his work was such that it had to leave room for failure—and his most recent collection, *Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror,* is no exception. There are many bad poems in it, and far too many passages in which he exploits his sensibility to the point where it serves as little more than an excuse for ironic evasion. The outpourings of words turn language into a barrier against the world, and this makes reading strenuous, at times boring. On the other hand, there are several exquisite successes in the book, and the title poem, "Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror," a work of some fifteen pages, is probably the finest thing that Ashbery has ever written.

Ashbery has become a poet of loss and nostalgia, and in his better work he displays signs of a new maturity and a deepening awareness of his own direction as an artist.

> *But it is certain that*
> *What is beautiful seems so only*
> *in relation to a specific*
> *Life, experienced or not,*
> *channeled into some form*
> *Steeped in the nostalgia of a*
> *collective past.*

The collective past has evaporated in the dispersal of the present. Ashbery laments this lack of any unified vision of the world, and his work is an elegy to this absence. At the dee level, we can see this in the re vism of his perceptions, in the common sense is denied and repl by private sense. Ashbery write an outsider, as one cut off from possibility of a sustained interac with the world, and no matter sly or humorous he becomes, th sential feeling in his poems is on homesickness.

If there is any flaw in this, perhaps that Ashbery seems too tent on maintaining this distance tween himself and the world. dealings with reality are extre passive, almost dandyish, and poems, in spite of their great ness, often come across as a kin posing, a standing still rather th moving toward. It is as if defeat been declared before the stru had even begun.

But Ashbery knows where stands. He makes no claims for self, and he never presents his etry as more than it is. The fail of the world are also his failu This awareness has yielded a devoid of pretension and a beau ease of manner that is rarely than enchanting. There is no who writes quite like Ashbery, the poetic territory he inhabit very much his own. In the end, not the dexterity of his inven that is most admirable about but this peerless gift for always resolutely remaining himself.

JOHN HOLLANDER offers a c pletely different set of p sures and problems, moving on to his wor like crossing into ano country. If in some sense Ashl can be called a visual poet, wh inspiration comes from the surf of the perceived world (it is no incidence, perhaps, that he has b an art critic for many years), lander (a professor of English primarily an aural poet, and his w is everywhere informed by a t immersion in the thickness of guage itself.

> *Intone them then:* Breadt
> Circle Desert
> Monarch Month Wisdom *not fo*
> *whatever spell*
> *They generate but for the*
> *mere*
> *Inexorable syntax.*



IMPORTED BLACK & WHITE® BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF, © 1975, HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

llander is unquestionably one of ost skillful verse-makers around, he qualities of his imagination ıost evident at the verbal level. :, in his work, is just as much ;ent of meaning as discourse, the sonorous textures of his s compel us to read with our ıs well as our eyes. Intelligent ault, rational even in his dark-oodings, Hollander nevertheless ves distinctive emotional effects gh his subtle use of the techni-sources at his command. Rhyme ıeter, wordplay and allusion, a sense of the line: these are not ıents in Hollander's poetry, but ial, binding forces, and they re-o us that language is not mere-stematic organization of signs, magic soil in which the pre-y of the human unconscious e traced.

cold shadow on the rock
aid:
ler me, unshading, lies the
leton of an Indian.
dead. The dead are not even
ngs. Nor odd beings. Stones
nd bones
away to bone and stone then
crumbling, then to part of
ight.

s a minor example, perhaps, shows the degree to which a lacement of rhyme can con-to and reinforce the work of oem. Manner, in this case, is etely at one with matter. The rhyming of "stones and bones" shes an intuitive connection n the two elements, so that hey reappear in the next line, d and reduced to the singular, mmediately understand that two things can no longer be ntiated, that they have col-into one another and become the greater erosion of death. nguage creates its effect by ng on conscious and uncon-levels simultaneously; each of y words is doing more than ng at the same time, and we each word the resonance of a ather than a single note. It is s reason that lyric poetry can e "translated" into prose, and st poems in Hollander's new on, *Tales Told of the Fathers*, me examples of this autono-oetic energy.

ander is chiefly known as a wit, learning, and charm—and these are qualities that should in no way be underestimated. With so much heavy-handed seriousness flourishing in poetry today, the delicacy of his touch comes as a soothing change. Hollander's is an art of control rather than passion, but his work is never cold or severe, and he is by no means a man of few words. From poem to poem it is a sense of playfulness that dominates, an ebullient delight in the generative possibilities of language, and he seldom allows himself to miss a chance.

Where, where, where? Where is
here? Where is Herr Haar,
Tendrils lashing across the light
his eyes
Open on, Joker of Awakening?

So begins the second poem in the sequence, "The Head of the Bed," and what Hollander is attempting in this stanza is not so much to describe the chaos of waking as to reenact it linguistically. Elsewhere, even in poems of a more somber mood, this playfulness remains, not as a method for producing an occasional stab at humor, but as a general principle, a way of being in the world. Words are what give life, and language bears the full burden of reality.

But not everything can be expressed. Hollander dazzles us with his language, but inside this sphere of human imagining he knows there is a core of void, a center that resists all utterance.

Outside,
The uncomfortable night of
Nothing: the nothing that
breath is,
The word of hushed designatum
Insisted endlessly upon
As if one waved at Doctors of
Air, again and again, an ear
Of corn, or drew the hieroglyph
For stream in flood *as a comma*
In a list of necessaries,
And then again and then again.

Hollander tries to seize the thing for which there is no word, the otherness of the inhuman. It is not a religious confrontation, but a metaphysical gesturing toward that-which-is-beyond, and more often than not his approach to the problem is ironical, even intentionally silly, as if he were saying to us: here it is again, the old question that cannot be answered, even though it is the only question that must be answered. The dilemma leads to a highly inventive kind of



HEATHER HONEY.
A BEAUTIFUL IDEA FOR A LIQUEUR.

For over 700 years we've been taking the sweetest, most natural thing on earth and making it part of a fine liqueur. Imported Irish Mist.®

We use just a touch of pure heather honey. So it doesn't sweeten, it mellows Irish Mist's deep rich taste.

Discover what a beautiful idea it is.

Antique jeweled bee. James Robinson, Inc., N.Y.

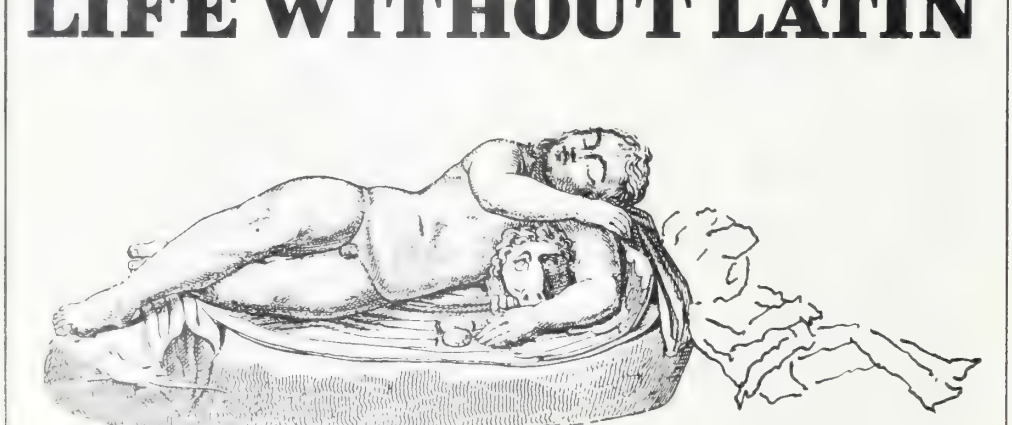
Imported Irish Mist® Liqueur. 80 proof.
©1974 Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn., U.S.A.

non-sense, and Wittgenstein, who is mentioned in several of the poems, becomes the philosopher-ghost who reigns over the book. Hollander resorts to several amusing ploys: a mock Talmudic discussion among three rabbis concerning the nature of the Ziz, a distant cousin of the whatziz and the whooziz ("What is the Ziz?/It is not quite/Written how at the Beginning,/Along with the Behemoth of/Earth and the deep Leviathan,/A third was set forth . . ."); a sequence of eight poems, entitled "Something About It," in which It, the central character, is never defined, but which (or who) keeps appearing in the poems as a kind of philosophical and linguistic black hole. In both these cases Hollander makes no attempt to say what cannot be said; but, in so doing, like the ancient Hebrews who refused to name their God, he acknowledges all the more powerfully the presence of what escapes him.

Hollander has never been what could be called a private poet, and in *Tales Told of the Fathers* we find few personal references or confessional impulses. Each piece stands so solidly by itself and is so smoothly perfected according to its own inner logic that it almost seems independent of the will of its creator. But if this prevents his work from attaining a vivid personal dimension, it is also one of Hollander's greatest strengths, for it frees him from unnecessary restrictions and enables him to roam to the full extent of his considerable talents. The self masquerades in a multiplicity of selves, and in *Tales Told of the Fathers* this has resulted in a collection of remarkable diversity. Hollander's range is enormous, and he writes in all modes with equal virtuosity and panache. Few poets have ever communicated such delight in the making of poetry, and few books in recent years have been able to make the act of reading so purely pleasurable. □

Paul Auster, a poet, is author of Unearth. *His book reviews have appeared in* The New York Review of Books *and* Commentary.

LIFE WITHOUT LATIN



A reason for the contemporary sadness

by Frederick Platt

THE WORLD IS ALWAYS in a mess, but sometimes in a worse mess than usual. The present is obviously one of those times, and there can be but one cause: the decline of Latin. Learning the language in school used to be the glue that held humanity together. Today, though, most public schools have abandoned Latin, and private schools retain it mainly to retain their image. Nearly all but the very large or very traditional colleges have taken Latin off their rosters, and even many Catholic colleges are going without. It has gotten so that vast numbers of people think classics, the study of Greek and Latin, is something having to do with Emily Brontë and Jane Austen. No wonder everything's come unstuck.

A Latinless life is totally unnatural, for children since cave days have been force-fed Latin. Well into the last century Latin was about a the best schools between the el tary and college levels had to except for ancient Greek, wh the same thing, only with a fur phabet. Then meddlers started ing geography and mathematic before long there were Frenc physics, until by now the poo are being confused with anthr gy and architecture and soc and even history.

Latin managed to hold it among these upstart subjects just recently, however, and co souls—including me—who a this side of their dotage can r ber harrowing experiences wit high school. For most of my c poraries, instruction in Latin in the ninth grade, a year learning grammar. Unvarying was done out of a tiny textb produced from antique plat tered by dozens of printings. were few illustrations, and could barely be made out. drawing of both sides of a coin was shown, as well as a graph of men dressed up lik man soldiers and huddled toge the tortoise position, an ancie tary formation.

The first sentence that pa students were taught was *Sanc ria, ora pro nobis,* meaning Mary, pray for us." Other started with less auspiciou tences, such as *Puer equum s* meaning "The boy sees the No matter what the initiation, t of inflections were always cl hind. Latin is a language that ily inflected. (When I first beg in, I used to say unknowingly was "inflicted," which was stil than most of the other kid called it "infected.") Every Latin seems to have at le forms, and the verbs an infini ety. This made for long lists flections, the changes in spe word goes through as its role sentence changes. These lo were learned by rote; that were learned in long lists. M mer Latin students will re how to decline *puella* ("girl conjugate the present active tive of *amo* ("to love") unt dying hour, although they stumped if asked to decline (which means precisely th name the two remaining p

s of *fero, ferre* . . . ("to bear"). whole approach to Latin in high ol was not as a language espe- y, but more as a code to be de- ered, a puzzle to be solved. There been attempts at teaching Latin more direct approach, but para- n and synopsis always won out, h is only right.

ntermixed with the lists were in- ibly obscure grammar rules that to do with partitive genitives and tive absolutes. Only the most ying of the kids could recite rules, except the ones that ned: "Duration of time and ex- of space are expressed in Latin ne accusative case."

ne book gathered clusters of lists rules into little chapters, called ons, each of which terminated series of sentences, some to be from Latin into English and the other way around. I am ive that throughout human his- no one in real life has actually en or written any of these sen- s, gems like "The heavy baggage ng been collected, the general the foot soldiers to hurl their ls along the shore."

SPEAKING OF GEMS, by the end of the year you had worked your way up to being able to read the story of "Cordelia and Her Jewels." Society not help going awry, what igh school graduates who never l of either Cordelia or her jew- ordelia, you see, was the widow well-to-do Roman. To support mall son and daughter, she was ne forced to sell off her bang-up tion of jewels. One day, a fel- natron came to call, and know- ne situation and being all heart, nenced to whip out all her own s and brag about them. She asked to see Cordelia's jewels. lia left the room and came with her kids, showed them to sitor, and proclaimed, "These ny jewels." On that sickening school was let out for the sum-

next year, tenth grade, was up with reading the *Gallic* which Julius Caesar dictated to cretary Labienus while the two n horseback, and which sounds everyone used to know, the begins *"Omnis Gallia in tres*

A Man Possessed
The Case History of SIGMUND FREUD
by NAT MORRIS

AT YOUR BOOKSTORE

CLOTH $7.95

PAPER $2.95

". . . the best study of Freud I have ever read explaining the events responsible for his ideas . . ." Walter C. Alvarez, M.D.
". . . an unusual and intriguing book . . . the writer has many important and interesting things to say." H.J. Eysenck, University of London

RH Regent House
108 N. Roselake Avenue
Los Angeles, Ca. 90026

Sprone da pasticiero
The Renaissance Cookbook
Dainties, delicacies, ambrosia! From that age of unequaled refinement, authentic recipes of unequaled taste: everything from Lucrezia Borgia's favorite fruitcake to Catherine de' Medici's *frittelle di carciofo* (artichoke fritters). Complete with menus, table decoration, principles of Renaissance cookery and scholarly footnotes.[1] Hard cover, 8½"x11", 112 pages. **$8.50ppd.**
Putnam Antiques,80W Hill Rd Middlefield Ma 01243
[1]By the way, the Italian Catherine, mother of 3 French Kings, was also the mother of French Cooking.



Before you choose a career, consider the kind of contacts you'd like to make.

In the Third World...in the inner city ...everywhere...there are people who need someone to help them rise to their potential or to lend a hand at moments of crisis. Maybe you'd be happier reaching out for fulfillment than pushing ahead for success.

A growing number of young people today are attracted to communities that promise a lifework rather than a lifestyle.

Find out about the good work that's being done around the country. Let us mail you our free newsletter for young people interested in social action and religion.

Just send your name and address to **WORD ONE**, Room 203, 221 West Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois 60606.

All we're suggesting is that you get in touch.

The Claretians
A Roman Catholic community of priests and brothers

divisa est." The hundreds of [illegible] that over the years made use of this line would today go ungotten, due to the banishment of Latin. The rest of the book, every bit as fascinating as the information that all Gaul is divided into three parts, tells how Caesar rode all around the provinces, getting the best of Orgetorix and Dumnorix and all the hicks throughout the sticks, and coming up with other catchy phrases, like "*Veni, vidi, vici*" ("I came, I saw, I conquered") or "*Die jacta est*" ("The die is cast"). Cheer up, Latinists: I hear Caesar met with a fitting fate.

If Caesar had not gotten to you, Virgil would. In the junior year, the third of Latin, came Virgil's *Aeneid*. This is a very long poem all about the hero Aeneas, who got vanquished in the Trojan War, went to Italy, and founded what became Rome. Like Caesar, Virgil thought up a socko opening, destined to be famous: "*Arma virumque cano*" ("I sing of arms and the man"). The *Aeneid* was the occasion for learning not only Latin scansion, but also a whole host of bizarre stories, like that of Laocoön and his sons and some snakes and the tangle they all got into, or the romance Aeneas struck up with Dido, queen of Carthage, who had a conniption when her man done gone away. All the selections came from the first half of the epic, and so strong was the devotion of the students to the poem that, to the best of my knowledge, not one ever read—even in English—the rest of the work. There, poor Turnus, unseen, fights on in dactylic hexameter.

The ancient text, sometimes more than one, for the last year both of high school and normally of Latin was not preordained by tradition, but up to the teacher. Whatever got picked, nobody liked it much.

SUCH, SUCH WERE the tribulations with which Latin students had contended year in, year out for centuries, and no one blamed the kids for hating the whole business. They were released from this particular bondage by modern educators, who claim that school ought to be fun, a distasteful idea, but fortunately also an unworkable one.

A little healthy misery never hurt any child. Only a person who at least once has been unhappy is equipped to recognize when he is happy. (This must be the reason why people who were poor are usually so delirious when they become rich, while people born rich are often so blue.) One of the glories of Latin is that it makes you unhappy harmlessly. Latin itself is so far removed from anything in the real world that the unhappiness brought on by Latin rates as mere technical unhappiness, an induced minor illness that can spare you a whopping case later on.

It is sweet and proper that most people today who once encountered Latin did so during their high-school years. Adolescence by itself is seldom a cheerful time, and the addition of Latin can help it reach the perfected state of absolute rottenness. It is better, though, to be unhappy when you are young than when you are old, and if a person has, as a teen-ager, had a sampling of Latin, what blight can the future bring that will not seem meager by comparison? In adulthood, even when your daughter has the mumps and the water heater breaks down and the new sun lamp sets your hair afire, you can look back and reflect that all this is still better than reading Cicero. (Bonus benefit: the long hours of sitting in one place and flicking back and forth between the text at the front of the book and the vocabulary at the rear have given you the discipline to endure.)

Not only was Latin painful, modern educators found, but it also was indisputably old. Although it has been going along successfully for ages, it was neither daring nor experimental nor innovative, all synonyms for "good," and so had to be done away with.

Even worse, it was useless. What in the outside world could Latin possibly train you for? Previously, the purpose of Latin had gone more or less unquestioned, a part of growing up that few escaped, like pimples. There had been some offhand rationalizations—all of them wrong, of course—but no one really bothered with them, since Latin was inevitable.

Years ago Latin was considered a prerequisite to law and medicine. The only medical training I ever picked up from Latin was the ability to guess that the O. D. on my ophthalmology prescription stood for *oculus dexter* ("right eye") and O. S. for *oculus sinister* ("left eye"). Anyone who has ever heard an attorney pronounce *sine die* or *prima facie* can see how little bearing Latin has on law.

Latin was also supposed to increase your English vocabulary. This actually might happen, but only until you forget your Latin vocabulary a few years after you stop studying the language. Besides, if you use English words that Latin teaches you, such as "verisimilitude" and "tintinnabulation," nobody will know what you are talking about.

Another purpose attributed to Latin was that it would introduce you to a fascinating civilization. Every two or three years a Latin class at one or another boys' academy in the East decides to build a full-scale catapult. When it is completed, there is a ceremony in which all the young men, clad in bed sheets trimmed with Women of Troy design, march around the football field. Now for the release of the great engine of war: usually it falls to pieces or the rock just rolls off it, but occasionally the missile is sent sailing, in which case it sails into the new electric scoreboard, shattering all the little neon tubes. That is about as close to ancient Roman civilization as any Latin students get.

Latin teachers do not get much closer. Their passion for anything Roman is so insatiable it nullifies their discrimination. If ever you go to a really terrible movie about ancient Rome—the worst imaginable movie about ancient Rome—the theater will be packed with Latin teachers. Now that I think of it, I cannot recall a *good* movie about ancient Rome. I suspect the actors and actresses in these movies look so clumsy because at least a little research has gone into the speeches and scenery, and had you been there for the real thing, it would have appeared just as clumsy. The ancient Romans had the clumsiest of all civilizations; their clumsiness is called "grandeur." If this is the kind of civilization with which you want to be introduced, you have my blessing.

This useless talk of usefulness! The important thing was not what Latin did *for* you, but what it did *to* you. All Latin students were united in a fellowship born of their mutual suffering. Latin made each of them

of a nearly eternal struggle of kind. Even if you were young had as yet felt few deep emos, you could sense the universalind timelessness of what you were g when you settled down at your each evening to pore over your homework, as the millions in y countries and many eras had before you. All of a sudden, were one in an endless proces- of those who had learned the lists, read the same stories, vn the same boredom.

atin was the commonest of com- denominators. Everyone had forced through the same mill, so, however disparate their later , had a basic understanding of yone else. When no one shares same points of reference, how we get in touch with each other?

So it was that I arrived at the grave and awesome decision to major in classics at college. Whatever you study in college you have a good ce to end up despising, and since ld never have any real need of cs, I would be unaffected if it ruined for me. I had nothing to although little to gain, except e a modicum of freedom, belegally no one who has had years of Latin can be held reible for anything he does.

e classics majors were the snobs e university, quoting our Catuld discussing the motives of Aus. Just as in high school we kids had been disdainful of the s who chickened out with Spano in college we regarded coole students who were learning ical engineering on the mere ds of one day earning a living. llege Latin was not much differrom high-school Latin, except was more of it and at that stage one had his grammar and voary down well enough so that urses could be mainly literary, nglish courses, but without the ility of ruining English literaGreek, which I studied throughllege, was potentially unnerving, se the authors, unlike their Latnterparts, were actually great. ould fool around with Horace, u would seemingly have to pay on to Sophocles. Thankfully, n, the mechanics of learning a brand-new ancient language detracted sufficiently from the brilliance flashing by and the diligent student could pretty well turn glorious Greek into just another Latin. I also had a year of Sanskrit, and would tell you all about it, if only I had understood a single thing about Sanskrit.

The outstanding event of the entire four years was the time Irene Gavin dropped the pills during Homer class. Irene had some sort of condition requiring one pill a day. She had purchased what could only have been a lifetime supply, for she toted in with her, and placed upon the chair next to hers, the biggest bottle of pills I have ever seen. Part way through the catalogue of ships in Book II of the *Iliad* she accidentally knocked the bottle over with an awakening crash. The class came to a halt while we all picked up the pills and broken glass that were everywhere. The professor went to the nearby classics office to get a large manila envelope to put Irene's pills in, then told a humorous story about his own college days and one of his professors who dropped some books. I am not the type to go to reunions, but even if I were, I could not attend mine, because when the reminiscing began, all that any of my friends and I could bring up would be, "Hey, remember the time Irene Gavin dropped the pills during Homer class?"

But that was all a very long time ago—close to a decade, in fact. To this day, I still read the ancient authors and modern works on classical topics, although I am not about to admit it. On the rare occasions someone asks me what I took up in college, I always answer, "Latin," should they not know what classics is. I have learned that if their response is "Latin! What good will that ever do you?" they are people to be avoided at all costs, but if they say "Latin! How wonderful for you!" I should play up to them. Maybe that makes one practical application for Latin, after all.

(Oh yes, one last thing: out of charity to all the former Latin students who have been racking their brains since earlier in this article, the principal parts of the verb "to bear" are *fero, ferre, tuli, latus.*) □

Frederick Platt is the author of America's Gilded Age: Its Architecture and Decoration *(A. S. Barnes).*



FRED ALLEN, JACK BENNY, AMOS 'N ANDY
PLUS HUNDREDS MORE
OLD TIME RADIO FAVORITES
OVER 13,000 BROADCASTS!

They're now available on LP record, cassette, 8-track cartridge and reel-to-reel to help you relive (or perhaps experience for the first time) the fun, the flavor, the wit and the side-splitting comedy of old time radio. . . . But there's more: Mystery, Kid-Adventure and Big Band favorites, too, including household names like "The Green Hornet," "The Shadow," "Jack Armstrong," Tommy Dorsey and many more. Send for our FREE LP and FREE catalog listing hundreds of original broadcasts. No obligation, of course.

SEND FOR YOUR FREE LP & CATALOG

Write: RADIO YESTERYEAR
BOX H-38
CROTON-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK 10520



Made from an original old style sour mash recipe by Bill Samuels, fourth generation Kentucky Distiller.

Maker's Mark Distillery, Loretto, Ky., Ninety Proof–Fully Matured.

TOOLS FOR LIVING



THE LIGHT FANTASTIC

"Ardent bicyclists have long lamented the fact that there was not one well-designed, soundly built bicycle light to be had," writes Bruce Coppola from Roseville, Michigan. "We have had to put up with drag-inducing generators or bulky, unreliable, chintzy battery-powered toys. But now the Wonder Corporation has begun distributing the Wonder Bike Headlite.

"The headlight is small, molded of high-impact plastic, and powered by an amazing little battery included in the light that puts out 4.5 volts—equal to three D flashlight batteries—which means this light shoots out a powerful beam. The switch is reliable, the strong two-piece bracket swivels to any position and stays where you put it. The light also slips out of its bracket to become a powerful palm-size flashlight."

Mr. Coppola told us that this headlight is new and might not be widely distributed yet; you can purchase one from us for $6 postpaid. (H-1)

MINI-MULCHER

The Mini-Mulcher is an organic composter, a brand-new idea from the makers of the famous Casaplanta greenhouse. If you have a garden, you probably have a mulch pile tucked away somewhere slowly turning itself into compost. The Mini-Mulcher instantly grinds leaves, roots, prunings, et cetera, into humus, which you can then use to fertilize flowers and vegetables. Because the machine is hand-operated and portable, you can use it just about anywhere. Clamp it onto a sawhorse, fix a plastic bag underneath to catch the grindings, and crank away. Available through us for $40 plus $2.50 for postage and handling. (H-2)



SACKED OUT

One of our favorite photographers, John Diele, offers this restful advice:

"If you're out in the wild, cramped in the back seat of the family car, or crashing on a friend's kitchen floor, do not entrust your body to an uncomfortable sleeping bag. Get Sportline's Blue Mountain Backpack Bag.

"Everything about this bag is appealing," Diele claims. "It's a lightweight two-and-a-half pounds, very compactible into its own stuff bag. Its tapered thirty-four-by-seventy-six-inch form will easily fit and protect a six-footer, head and all. With a temperature rating as low as fift degrees Fahrenheit, it is pra cal and comfortable for m camping and crashing situatio Weather flaps retain preci body heat and keep out dra The fill is Du Pont Dacron berfill II; the outer cover, wa repellent and soil resistant; lining, ripstop nylon, with ninety-seven-inch nylon zip and drawstring top for m imum temperature control.

"If you happen to be cau in the rain or to roll dow slight grade into a lake, yo find that this bag has an am ingly fast drying time. It's h or machine washable.

"The stuff bag can be u not only to carry and pro the sleeping bag, but also collecting firewood, pine dles, rocks, and other items interest, or it could be used haul away a dozen or so ap liberated from an orchard."

Blue Mountain sleeping is economically priced at (+$2.50) from us. (H-4)



HOW IT STACKS UP

The Museum of Modern Art uses this china in their cafeteria, no doubt for aesthetic as well as practical reasons. It is stackable, durable, and solid. The sound of the china when it stacks together is very subdued, and it is very hard to chip, even when handled carelessly. The amount of cabinet space you will need to store this china is negligible. The cups with small handles, for instance, stack right into each other so that only the handles and the rims show.

The pure white china five-piece set consists of dinner, salad, bread-and-butter plates, tea cup and saucer. Made by the Thomas division of Rosenthal, it sells for $16 a five-piece setting. (H-3)



PHYSICS FOR THE BOOKISH

Have you ever wondered why bookends never work? There hint in the fact they are called bookends rather than bookhold Even if you find a pair heavy enough to resist the weight of a n ber of books, what happens when you remove a couple from center? Right. The domino theory in action. Well, we've c across a solution that's based more on the enclave theory—an works. It's called Bookworm and is made by Pentalic Corp spring steel coil on one end pushes the books firmly against the endpiece. Take out a book or two and the coil rolls up smoot keeping the others just as securely in place as before. Simple.

The basic model costs $7 and is all steel, enameled in blue, black, or white. Fancier models—with teak endpieces, for ample—really don't look as nice and cost a lot more. Bookw is available in some stationery and department stores, or by through us. Add 50¢ postage and handling. (H-5)

oducts proliferate, it's getting harder and harder to separate of true value—things that perform as promised at a reason-ost—from the general chaff. Now that Harper's has published ls for Living section in every issue for the past two years, belatedly realized that a selection of the most popular items be in order. Here it is.



ING THROUGH TO THE TEA

can soothe the nerves, quiet an upset stomach, cleanse kin, even dye your ribbons. Its aroma is very subtle; not ou take your first sip can you really appreciate the special ice of the Darjeeling, orange pekoe, oolong, or tisane. And l flavor of the tea can't be brought out unless the water is furiously and the tea can steep properly.

Museum of Modern Art liked this teapot's appearance so hat it's been placed in the design collection there. The tea-ade out of strong, thin glass, is pure joy in its shape and ity. Tea leaves go into a glass cylinder with slits in the bot-/hen the hot water is poured through the leaves and into , a brown cloud spreads slowly through the water until it a consistent color and you know the tea is ready to drink. oblem with most pots is that the leaves stay in, making the cup too strong. With this pot, you stop the brewing instant-imply removing the cylinder.

can get the Jenaer Glas teapot from us for $25 postpaid. (H-6)

ISUAL SCHOLARSHIP AID

years back, one of *Harper's* editors won a four-year, full-scholarship—only because he was a male whose grand-had been an officer stationed in a certain part of France World War I.

of the money available for scholarships and loans today accessible, but a substantial amount is hidden behind eligibility requirements and privately endowed trust ac-which banks and trustees may choose not to publicize.

e mentioned last January, S. Robert Freede's computers lata bank of some 250,000 separate sources of money, the of which will total $500 million next year. For $39, Freede es that he will find at least five sources (or $5,000 worth) r which you qualify; failing that, he will refund your mon-ractice, Freede puts most of his clients in touch with be-n and twenty sources. One student he helped received sev-erent scholarships totaling $11,600—four years of full tu-Notre Dame. Of course, you still have to apply for the and Freede cannot guarantee that you will receive it, but make this claim: one out of every 2.5 applicants he han-ually receives a scholarship or low-interest loan, with a n of $250. With such a good chance of getting money, my the Greek might consider going back to school. Please wever, that the money is for undergraduate study only. we will send you a pamphlet describing Scholarship Search detail and an application form; then you can decide if t to enroll. If you'd rather skip that step, you can enroll tely by sending a check for $39 to Tools for Living. (H-7)

LUSH BRUSH

Put away those aerosol cans of shaving cream that chill your face into semishock, and try doing it the way grandpa did, with a mug, shaving brush, and hot lather. Get a brush made out of pure badger and natural bristles by Crabtree and Evelyn. Cold, canned lather does not compare to hot mug lather, and cheaper brushes pale in comparison to this one. One warm, wet, and silky experience will prove it. The brush is available from us for $10, postage and handling included. Ordinary mug soaps can be obtained at most drugstores for about 25 cents. For the true hedonist, we have found 6¾-ounce tubs of almond, ambrosia, or sandalwood soaps for $4.50 each, including postage. (H-8)





Hortus Eystettensis, Eichstatt, 1613

POSTER GARDEN

These two-by-three-foot plant prints have beautiful colors, faithfully reproduced by the N.Y. Botanical Gardens people, who found the pictures in one of their old books. One is a giant sunflower, one a lavender, one an assortment of herbs. The three of them look splendid together, but you can also order them separately. To keep the poster in good condition, buy corfoam—a lightweight styrofoam sandwiched between two layers of cardboard—at an art-supply store, rubber-cement the poster to it, and wrap the whole thing with acetate. Each poster is $5 postpaid. (H-9)

HOW TO ORDER

To order, fill in the coupon with the item number which appears at the end of each Tool description, the item name, the quantity of each item you want, the price. Fill in the total price for all items ordered, indicate whether payment is by check or bank card, including card number.

Send to: Tools for Living, Harper's Magazine, Department H-11
Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Item Number	Item	Quantity	Price

Total (N.Y. State residents, add appropriate tax) $_____

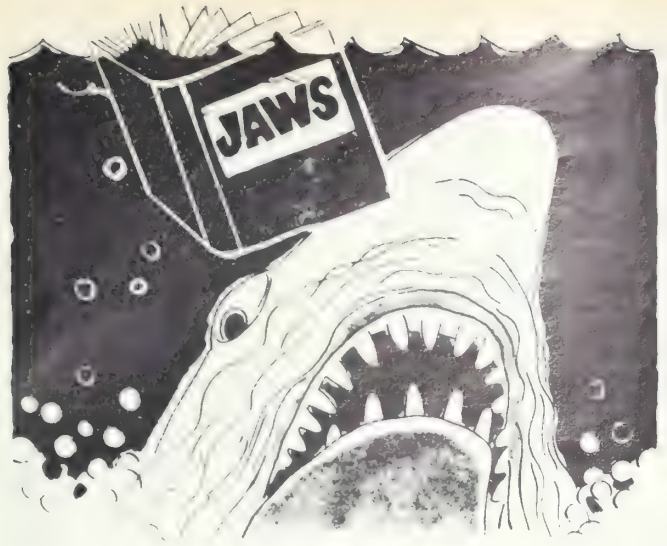
☐ Check enclosed (Make payable to Harper's Magazine)
Charge to ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard

Card number _____ Expiration date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____



It Sounds Incredible

BUT EVELYN WOOD GRADUATES CAN READ

JAWS IN 41 MINUTES

At That Speed, The 309 Pages Come Across With More Impact Than The Movie. In Living Blood, You Might Say.

Invest in your future—Faster readers earn more money—Take on more duties—Do a better job and in less time. Read faster—Wake up your mind with the Evelyn Wood Reading Dynamics Home Study Program.

This is the internationally proven system of rapid speed reading that has been successfully taught to U.S. Presidents, Congressmen, Senators, world leaders, executives in the business community and men and women in the teaching professions—and to more than 500,000 people in all walks of life who want and need to absorb huge amounts of information essential to their training, education and careers.

Over 750,000 graduates—Over 750,000 success stories!

The Evelyn Wood Reading Dynamics System works. It is the only established reading program that has produced dramatic, positive results with over 99% of the students who have completed the course, often increasing reading speed and comprehension by as much as five times. That's an increase of up to 500%, along with the ability to absorb and recall this new information easily and effortlessly. (Results do vary with students, but most important, in addition to speed, it's possible with this newly developed talent to understand every word, every paragraph, every page, at this increased speed!) Sounds amazing? Well, it is.

And, this new information will stay with you always, filed away but available for instant recall when it is needed. *Believe it!*—We prove it every day with the results our students show.

You've seen it advertised on TV! Heard it on radio! Read about it in newspapers and magazines—The authentic Evelyn Wood Reading Dynamics Course is now available for home study (with a double-your-reading skill guarantee).

Over the past 12 months, the new home-study course has been tested, and found to be equally effective and as productive as the classroom course, except without the added plus of a teacher. But results reveal that the home-study course works! Works so well we can make this unusual guarantee: "You will double your reading speed (a minimum) within 30 days, or you may return the course for a full refund, with absolutely no questions asked."

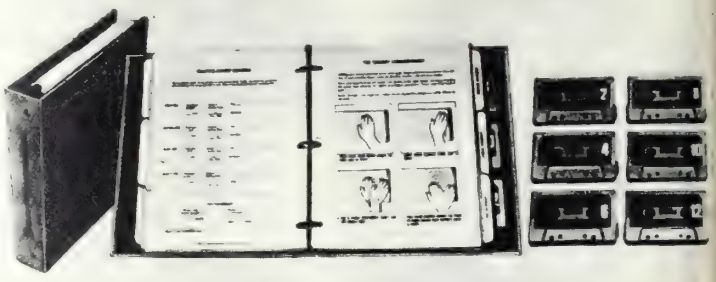
Order within 30 days and receive this free bonus!

The Evelyn Wood Reading Dynamics Home Study Course consists of both written and lecture material. The lectures are recorded on six compact cassettes that operate on any cassette player. As a limited offer to readers of this magazine ad who respond within 30 days of cover date we offer a *free bonus* with order—a high quality player-recorde (retail value $49.95) which like the home study course fully guaranteed—with the same refund and return privilege as the Evelyn Wood Course.

No risk—Money Back Guarantee from Evelyn Wood

Remember, you must double (at least) your reading spee in less than 30 days, or—return the course and playe recorder to us. Your purchase price of $195.00, plus ta where applicable will be immediately refunded, in ful With absolutely no questions asked. *(How's that for guarantee?)*

This is the very same course being taught in the Evelyn Wood classrooms for over $300 per student. Cost of home-study course *and free bonus*, only $195!



Here's how to order: Mail $195 (check or money order) to EVELYN WOOD READING DYNAMICS/Home Study Division/54 Wilton Road, Westport, Conn. 06880 or charge your credit card account.

If you wish to use your charge card, please fill out boxes below. Connecticut residents please add 6% sales tax.

Exp. Date Month/Year ☐☐☐☐ Master Charge Interbank No. ☐☐☐☐

Credit Card No. ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Double your reading skill—or money back! Invest yourself for bigger, better pay days.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED RATES

es: $1 per word. (10-word min-
m. Deduct 10¢ a word if ad is to
six times; deduct 20¢ a word if
s to run twelve times.)

ads must be prepaid at the time
send your insertion. (If you are
ering more than one insertion,
ase send full amount to qualify for
ount.) Telephone numbers count
two words, as do box numbers.
Codes count as one word.

y must be received by the 8th of
second month prior to the issue
e.

Harper's Magazine
assified Advertising Department
Two Park Avenue
New York, New York 10016

TRAVEL

stralia. Authentic information is
ly available *without charge* from
Australian Embassy in Washing-
, D.C. (202) 797-3000, and the
stralian Consulate General in New
k (212) 245-4000, San Francisco
5) 362-6160, Los Angeles (213)
-4610, and Chicago (312) 329-
0.

quiet paradise. Come to Grenada
l experience the casual elegance,
cellent food, and delightful atmo-
here of SECRET HARBOUR
UB. Call David Mitchell—collect
212) 371-1323.

orldwide freighter guide, $2.10.
tes, schedules, 700 passenger-car-
ng freighters. TravLtips, 40-21 XD
ll, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

mily of Man Tours planned with
NICEF offer thirty adults memor-
e, enjoyable world travel programs.
ite Harold Kuebler, Director, 639
rk, Huntington, N.Y. 11743.

RESORTS

cape to our private island in the
n. Enjoy that rare commodity—
nquillity. Relax in your own cot-
ge—swim on our private beach—
ve candlelight dinners with wine.
ing a book, forget your tie, un-
nd. Great game fishing, superb
orkeling and scuba diving (instruc-
ons available). Write: Marina Cay,
ox 76H, British Virgin Islands. Or
ll Tortola 4-2174.

REAL ESTATE

overnment lands . . . from $7.50/
re! Vacationing, farming, invest-
ent! Exclusive "Government Land
ayer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Op-
rtunity Review," listing lands
roughout U.S. Send $2. Surplus
nds, Box 6588-H, Washington,
.C. 20009.

ntral Ontario—Choice 640-acre
ortsmen's paradises still available—
0 plus $6.50 taxes yearly. Maps,
ctures, $2 (refundable). Information
ureau, Norval 64, Ontario, Canada.

ublic land for sale. Free informa-
on. Government Information Bu-
au; Dept. D, 332 Pine Street, San
rancisco, Calif. 94104.

creage for sale by owner—western
orth Carolina mountains—5 tracts,
7 to 155 acres. Bud Duncan, Box
06 (HM), Spruce Pine, N.C. 28777,
704) 765-4329.

owest priced lakefront in Pacific
Northwest! $6,950 for 10 acres with
00 feet forested mountain lakefront.
500 down. Free maps and pictures.
ite Carole Muth, 4419 133rd Ave.,
.E. Bellevue, Wash. 98006. (206)
46-9381.

VACATIONS

Holiday in a villa, apartment, chalet, Caribbean, Virgin Islands, Bahamas, Mexico. Villa Resorts (914) 241-3864, (212) 867-3180, (201) 842-4398, (415) 982-9374.

Expedition 'round the world. Remote places: Galapagos, Pitcairn, Easter, Tahiti, Fiji, etc. 180′ yacht. Share expenses, Shipmates wanted. Write Yankee Trader, P.O. Box 120, Dept. RW, 27 Miami Beach, Fla.

Condominium exchanges—worldwide. Executives and professionals only. Write: Vacation Exchange Club, Box 207H, Etters, Pa. 17319.

Never Pay For a Place to Stay! Eliminate hotel/motel bills . . . by *exchanging homes for vacations* through worldwide network of people eager to save by swapping homes for weeks, months, longer. Foolproof way to beat inflation, soaring travel costs! FREE information: Dept. HA-1, International Home Swappers Association, Suite 303E, 200 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Jamaica, W. I.: Low-cost family vacations. Write: Box 372, W. Nyack, N.Y. 10994. (212) 233-6161.

The seaside—Favored smaller resort. Private beach. Near Sarasota. Longboat Key (HM), Fla. 33548.

Tired of high vacation costs? Live rent-free where you choose. Write Viking Home Exchange, Box 3007-HM1, St. Paul, Minn. 55165.

GOURMETS

Tea devotees savor world's rarest select teas. Grace Teas Importers, Dept. H 115, 799 Broadway, N.Y.C. 10003. Free brochure.

Winemakers kit—free illustrated catalogue of yeast equipment. Write: Semplex, Box 12276-T, Minneapolis, Minn. 55412.

Hawaiian luau recipes $2. Spero, Box 15046, Honolulu, Hawaii 96815.

Simply the best cheesecake recipe there is. $2, 93 Melrose Street, Rochester, N.Y. 14619.

Becky's Bagels, $1, stamped envelope for the recipe. Ree, P.O. Box 701, Arcadia, Calif. 91006.

Granola recipes. $1. 3052 Georgia, Oakland, Calif. 94602.

Matzoon! Traditional Armenian "yogurt." Easy recipe $1. Bentley, P.O. Box 2418, Carmel, Calif. 93921.

Holiday meat crepes. Delicious, festive, unique. Recipe, $1. Sonia's Kitchen, 3875 Wade St., #9, Los Angeles, Calif. 90066.

Herbs, spices, teas, oils. Retail, wholesale. Universal Herbs, Box 273D, Youngsville, N.Y. 12791.

Dieters!!! Mouthwatering gourmet menus and recipes designed specially for you by dietitian and magazine food editor. Choose low calorie, low cholesterol, or low salt. Send $1 today for personal interview sheet and recipes. Money-back guarantee. Sara-Lou, Box 880, Los Altos, Calif. 94022.

STAMPS

500 different stamps, $1.50. Smith, 508-E Brooks, College Station, Texas 77840.

RADIO

Old radio shows! Complete, original broadcasts. Cassette catalogue free. Reel catalogue, $1. Virgo House, Box 1060-E, Des Moines, Iowa 50311.

GAMES

Noncompetitive games for children and adults. Play together not against each other. Free catalogue. Family Pastimes, RR4, Perth, Ontario, Canada.

Association. Improves card play while enjoying fascinating game. Elephant memory system. $3 ppd. William Taylor, Box 397 (H), Newhall, Calif. 91322.

Mother Goose game from Ideal. Thirty non-violent rhymes with gently humorous illustrations. Activities for one or more. Why not mount on wall at child's eye level? $9.95 postpaid U.S. $11.95 surface Canada and Mexico. $13.95 airmail other foreign. Lewis Games, 905 Grape, Boulder, Colo. 80302.

MOTION PICTURES

Super 8mm, 16mm, 8mm silent and sound film classics. Free catalogue. Niles, 1141-HP Mishawaka, South Bend, Ind. 46615.

MUSIC

Dulcimers—traditional mountain styles handcrafted in aged solid woods. Gotzmer Stringed Instruments, Rt. 2, Box 2286 A, La Plata, Md. 20646.

Young songwriters. Publish your own songs. Get 100% profit. Details. Send $2 to Ron Wick Music Publishers, 31 Harding Terr. (HM1), Newark, N.J. 07112.

Learn to play the recorder—Free Catalogue—Recorders, Recorder Music, Beginners Birchwood Recorder, Instruction Book $12.95. Amster Recorder Company, 1624 Lavaca (HM1), Austin, Texas 78701.

Wholesale. Musical Instruments and accessories. Allied, 573 Route 17, HM1, Paramus, N.J. 07652.

Liberace Music needs songs, poems. Free appraisal. Monthly awards. Free publishing selected material. Geo. Liberace, 6362 Hollywood, Dept. HR2, Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

RECORDS

Fuzzy Buffer—"Copesetic". A Hegman-Wright recording.

Free record album catalogue—Low prices, "many goodies," shows, soundtracks, jazz, nostalgia, classical, variety. Treasury House, Dept. H, P.O. Box 165, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11235.

ART

Linoblock Prints. Set of six w/envelopes, suitable for framing, notecards or gifts. $4.95 ppd. D. Tippery, P.O. Box 328, Gualala, Calif. 95445.

Beautiful Western Art Prints and Bronzes. Free color brochure. Trails West, Box 644C, Kalispell, Mont. 59901.

UNUSUAL GIFTS

Kaleidoscopes—finest available, delicious visions guaranteed. $3.65 postpaid. Mr. Gyro, 3500 Davis Lane, Cincinnati, Ohio 45237.

Unique pendants. Handcrafted from horseshoe nails. Copper accented. $6.50 postpaid. Barnes, 210 Church #9, San Francisco, Calif. 94114.

Potpourri in 9″, cork-topped crystal cylinder captures old-fashioned, aromatic blend of roses and lavender. A tasteful gift of long-lasting pleasure for any age or setting. $7.50, shipping 75¢. Everlasting Flowers by Alice, 8471 Lewis Road, Cleveland, Ohio 44138.

"Crayon Candles"—Now you can color in the shadows! Jumbo, scented colors. Free particulars (and other illuminating ideas)! House of Commons, Box 11278-(HM), Chicago 60611.

SCHOOLS

Florida Keys jr.-sr. high-school family. Excellent accredited prep curriculum; Marine Scubology; Biofeedback; Writing; Drama; six crackerjack teachers for 25 individuals. Abbott School, Living, Learning Center, Box 285, Key Largo, Fla. 33037. Brochure. (305) 245-4610.

Private-school placement service. Student's individual requirements primary consideration. 163 High Street, Middletown, Conn. 06457. Telephone: (203) 346-5111.

Ph.D.s., Masters, Bachelors—official nonresident college degrees easily acquired through mail-order universities. Complete directory, $2. Counseling Connection, 5495 Claremont, #BH, Oakland, Calif. 94618.

College degree at home. Your choice of subjects. Easy tuition plan. Free information. Elysion College, B.C. Box 909, San Ysidro, Calif. 92173.

Earn a British degree in Philosophy, Arts and Sciences. Catalogue $1 airmailed (refundable). Dept. H, Secretary, Sussex College of Technology, Highfield, Dane Hill, Sussex, England. RH17 7EX.

Unique college in Mexico. Instituto Allende offers full undergraduate, graduate, and serious noncredit programs in English, specializing in arts, crafts, writing, Spanish, and social studies. U.S. Office of Education and V.A. approval. Perpetual sunshine, inexpensive living. Mexico's most beautiful colonial town. Free illustrated prospectus. Instituto Allende, Box H, San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

Creative writing in Arizona. New two-year program. Write: Creative Writing, Eastern Arizona College, Thatcher, Ariz. 85552.

Ph.Ds, Masters, Bachelors—official nonresident college degrees easily acquired through mailorder universities. Revealing Directory, $2. Counseling Connection, 5495 Claremont, #BH, Oakland, Calif. 94618.

Mexico—Expand your personal creative and academic interests within the Meso-American culture. Spanish, Anthropology, Sociology, Political Science, Literature, Art History, Weaving, Pottery. Mexican and North American staff. For information: Cemanahuac, Apt. Po. 21-C, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

International college on the English-speaking Cayman Islands (B.W.I.). Small, private, higher education, liberal arts. Open year-round. Baccalaureate program. Tuition: $10 per credit hour. *Associated Stateside Program on Graduate Level.* Catalogue: P.O. Box 125H, Hamilton, Ind. 46742.

Radiesthesia, Radionics, dowsing. ESP courses and equipment catalogue, $1 (refundable). Established 25 years. Dept. HM1, Bruce Copen, Highfield, Dane Hill, Sussex, England RH17 7EX.

CATALOGUES

Free! occult-witchcraft catalogue. Books, curios, unusual jewelry, bizarre miscellany. Importers, Box 2010-HM1, Toluca Lake, Calif. 91602.

CLASSIFIED

[illegible] Catalogue Directory. $2. Box 33098, Washington, D.C. 20028.

Leaded art stained glass catalogue. Supplies. Wholesale/retail. Send $1. Nervo Studios (HM1), 7th and Ad[illegible] Calif. 94710.

BOOKS

Fiction, mysteries, war, science. Free catalogue. Sunmount Books, Box 145-H, Willowdale, Ont., Canada.

Book Searching. Prompt service. Reports [illegible] 108 Rosedale, (HM1), Los Angeles, Calif. 90026.

Complete list of books by Rudolf Steiner. Anthroposophic Press, Inc., 258 Hungry Hollow, Spring Valley, N.Y. 10977.

Forty books for $3.95. Free details. Harvest, Box 1807-HM1, Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

"Calico Papers," Children's nature stories, crafts, $3 year. HM1, Cochecton, New York 12726.

Publish your book! Join our successful authors: publicity, advertising, promotion, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for free manuscript report and detailed booklet. Carlton Press (Dept. HZW), 84 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10011.

Rare books. VanTreuren. 1950 Post, #108HA, San Francisco, Calif. 94115. Send wants.

Learn to read French, German, Italian, or Spanish *without memorizing anything.* Revolutionary new Rundle System. Send $19.95, specify language, or write for free descriptive London *Daily Telegraph* feature article. Templegate, Dept. EH, Box 963, Springfield, Ill. 62705.

30% discount on new books. Bookquick, B-3, Roseland, N.J. 07068.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

Out of Print. Send wants. Dept. AD, 39 No. Browning Ave., Tenafly, N.J. 07670.

Name the book—we'll get it! Free search service. CHICAGO BOOK MART, Box 636-H, Chicago Heights, Ill. 60411. Est. 1948.

Books located. Send wants. No obligation. Bazaar Books, Box 496, Chico, Calif. 95926.

LITERARY INTERESTS

Editorial consultant helps writers. Thorough, confidential evaluation of nonfiction articles by award-winning journalist. $10 for 3,000 words. Enclose stamped return envelope. Send for free brochure. Mark Wilbur, Stewart-Drew Building, 731 Main Street, Klamath Falls, Or. 97601.

Guaranteed sales for your poems. Free details. Publications, Box 83, Murfreesboro, N.C. 27855.

Novelists: Complete manuscript criticism. No con games, blue skies. Reasonable rates. SASE for brochure: Hubristic Associates, Box 6, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901.

Looking for a Publisher? [illegible] you can have your book published, promoted, distributed. Send for Free Booklet, HP-2 Vantage Press, 516 W. 34th St., N.Y.C. 10001.

Magazine in preparation [illegible] ty, form, meaning via short stories, poetry, and other fictions. Send manuscript and self-addressed stamped envelope to P.O. Box 728 (HM), Times Square Station, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10036.

Writers'-Publishers' Bonanza. Free booklet on profitable writing/marketing formula. Towers Club, Drawer HM2038, Vancouver, Wash. 98661.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

Scholarly treatises, writing, editing, typing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team. *Research Unlimited,* Box 300-H, Dayton, Wash. 99328.

Manuscripts, reports, academic writing, editing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team at work. *Research Unlimited.* Box 300-H. Dayton, Wash. 99328.

Computerized information retrieval. Bibliography and abstracts from online computer archive bank of over 200 journals and periodicals. Berkeley Research, Box #4241, Berkeley, Calif. 94704 (415) 848-6710.

Professional editing, revising, typing manuscripts. Marye Myers, P.O. Box 2435-D, Pasadena, Calif. 91105.

Educational research from our catalogue now as low as 90¢ per page. Send 40¢ to: Writer's Unlimited, Box #4391, Washington, D.C. 20012. (202) 723-1715.

PUBLICATIONS

High Times—only magazine dedicated solely to getting high. Dope articles, entertainment, information. Dope price index. A glossy quarterly. $3 for two recent issues. Subscriptions: $10/8 issues; $14/12 issues. High Times, Dept. HP, Box 386, Cooper Sta., N.Y.C. 10003.

The Polygamophiles, 378pp., $15. Luther, Milton, Leibnitz, etc., defending plural marriage alternative to monogamy. Loewenthal Press, Box 1107, N.Y.C. 10009.

Ecstasy—the new nonsexist erotic journal affirming the joys of sexuality. Subscription information; New Time Press, Box 921-H, Half Moon Bay, Calif. 94019.

Victoria Hamilton booklets. Perfect for giving; enjoyable collections to read and keep near: (1) "Grandma Is Another Name for Love" (2) "Being with Grandpa" (3) "Friends Make Rain Rainbows" (4) "Happiness Is a Huggy Hubby" (5) "In Search of Joy" (6) "Poems to Read to Your Plants (and Other Friends)." Order by title or number $1 each. All six $5. Send to Blue Heron Press, Dept. H-1, 1728 Herrick, N.E. Grand Rapids, Mich. 49505.

Witty, amusing, entertaining conversation! Bi-weekly humor digest, 20,000 publications, worldwide. 85% renew annually at $35. Month's trial: $2. Funny Funny World, Beverly Hills 90210.

Free booklist. Rockefeller banking conspiracy revealed. FFF-HC, Box HM1 11306, Palo Alto, Calif. 94306.

Indochina's evacuees in the United States. September *Indochina Chronicle,* 50¢. One-year subscription, $5. Indochina Resource Center, P.O. Box 4000-D, Berkeley, Calif. 94704.

Automatic transmissions eliminate [illegible] trouble, explained in my booklet. Twenty years experience. $2. Guaranteed all cars. AA Transmission, 901 E. Vernon (HM), Nevada, Mo. 64772.

Ozark access catalogue: Homestead survival in the heart of America. $5 from: OAC, Box 506 X-HM, Eureka Springs, Ark. 72632.

Montessori on a limited budget: A Manual for the Amateur Craftsman (300 pages of Montessori and original materials for early learning.) $8 plus 50¢ handling from Montessori Workshop, 501 Salem Drive, Ithaca, N.Y. 14850.

Australia—is it for you? *Australian Alternative* by Laura & Odie Faulk, gives pros and cons. $7.95, postpaid. Money-back guarantee. Arlington House, New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801.

"Suppressed inventions" (100 MPG—free energy systems principles.) $4.95. Guaranteed. Fry's, 879-M Park, Perris, Calif. 92370.

Gagwriting earns $100-500 month spare time. Professional's complete Gagwriters Guide $4. Peyser, 3955A Nemo Road, Randallstown, Md. 21133.

Women's poetry wanted for possible publication. Suha Publications, 661 Main St., Suite 100, Malden, Mass. 02148.

Why no inflation in China? For coverage of China's surprising economic developments, subscribe to *China Reconstructs* illustrated monthly airmail $3/year. *Peking Review* weekly airmail $4.50/year; *China Pictorial* monthly $4/year; *China's Foreign Trade* quarterly $3/year. Send payment to China Books, Dept. H., 2929 24th St., San Francisco, Calif. 94110. Free catalogue on request.

China Reconstructs is the monthly answer on how to keep in touch with new developments in China. Feature articles, color photos, language & stamp corners. Send $3/year for airmail sub to China Books, Dept. H, 2929 24th St., San Francisco, Calif. 94110. Free catalogue on request listing direct imports from China: books, magazines, records, posters, and greeting cards.

FOREIGN NEWSPAPERS

International Classifieds. "How to advertise in 150 English Language Newspapers in 85 countries." Complete addresses and instruction booklet, $3.98. Classifieds, P.O. Box 532, Waterville, Me. 04901.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Import-export opportunity, profitable worldwide, mail-order business from home, without capital or travel abroad. We ship plan for no risk examination. Experience unnecessary. Free report. Mellinger, Dept. A-102B, Woodland Hills, Calif. 91364.

Make more money writing fiction and articles. Advanced home coaching sessions take guesswork out of getting paid for your creativity! I tell how to give your writing professional finish, what, how, where to submit, what they pay. In-depth coaching, not generalities. Free facts by mail. Barrett's Seminars, Dept. C-518-F, 6216 No. Clark, Chicago, Ill. 60660.

How to make money writing short paragraphs! I tell you what to write, where and how to sell, and supply lists of editors buying from beginners. Small checks can add up to worthwhile extra income. Write to sell right away. Send for free facts, BARRETT, Dept. C-77-G, 6216 No. Clark, Chicago, Ill. 60660.

Complete Mailing List: purchasing managers for Toronto's major businesses, $150 prepaid. G.H. Longo & Co. Box 6041, Terminal A, Toronto M5W-1P4.

Stuff envelopes. $25/100. Free su[illegible] plies. Send stamped envelope. ISC[illegible] 3835 42nd, San Diego, Calif. 9210[illegible]

Make money clipping newspap[illegible] items. $2-$10 each. Free detai[illegible] Clippings, Box 10344-H3B, Palo Al[illegible] Calif. 94303.

$500 monthly, stuffing envelop[illegible] clipping newspapers. Rush self-a[illegible] dressed stamped envelope. Galli, 11[illegible] Pinrun Drive, Manchester, M[illegible] 63011.

Free—486 money-making opportu[illegible] ties, spare-time, full-time. Send [illegible] five free issues. Specialty Salesm[illegible] Magazine, Dept. HM-105, 307 [illegible] Michigan, Chicago, Ill. 60601.

How to make money addressing, m[illegible] ing letters. Offer details 15¢. Li[illegible] bloom, Dept. HRP (HM1), 3[illegible] Peterson, Chicago 60659.

Addressing, stuffing, clipping, m[illegible] ing. Details 25¢ and stamped, [illegible] dressed envelope. Robross, Box 8768 HM1, Boston, Mass. 02114.

Need extra income? Sell wholes[illegible] Bicentennial jewelry. Emblems [illegible] scribed with your city, name or otl[illegible] wording. Sample Kit $2 Refundab[illegible] Customcraft, 493B Main St., Ventu[illegible] Calif. 93001.

$39.60 daily. Self-employment at ho[illegible] anywhere U.S.A. - Canada. No [illegible] vestment. For free details mail se[illegible] addressed stamped envelope: Sb[illegible] harp, Postbox 4099-HM1, N. Hol[illegible] wood, Calif. 91607.

Money daily. Share income of [illegible] perienced "Report-Writer." Of[illegible] limited. Free details. Reports, [illegible] 1113 Clermont Drive, South Ber[illegible] Ind. 46617.

Earn commission securing busine[illegible] accounts. Freight Overcharge Servi[illegible] Box 17746 (HM1), Memphis, Ter[illegible] 38117.

$350 weekly possible stuffing en[illegible] lopes at home! Start immediate[illegible] Details $1 refundable. Royal/HA[illegible] 531N La Cienega, Los Angeles 900[illegible]

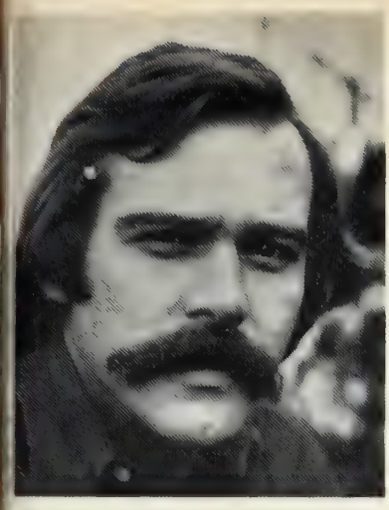
Do simple addressing-mailing. [illegible] ceive $12.95 orders. Keep $8 pro[illegible] Details—rush stamped envelope. D[illegible] tributors, Box 9-HR, East Rockaw[illegible] N.Y. 11518.

$25 daily possible! Addressing-stuff[illegible] envelopes. Typing-longhand. Det[illegible] —rush stamped envelope. Elite, B[illegible] 715-HR, Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITI[illegible]

Sales career with sales manageme[illegible] opportunities . . . throughout [illegible] country. This is your chance to h[illegible] others—while you further your o[illegible] career. If you are a thinker, a [illegible] sponsible nonconformist besides be[illegible] friendly and energetic; if you [illegible] managing now or can be trained [illegible] manage people, IDS wants to he[illegible] from you. Our managers' incon[illegible] average more than $20,000 per ye[illegible] Unlimited commissions and all [illegible] fringe benefits. We offer comple[illegible] training programs. Write Invest[illegible] Diversified Services, Unit 60-33 II[illegible] Tower, Minneapolis, Minn. 55402

Men! Women! Jobs on ships. Ame[illegible] can, foreign. Guide, $3. Seafax, De[illegible] W-3, Box 2049, Port Angeles, Wa[illegible] 98362.



Three years ago, you helped me on WRAPAROUND. Now I need you for HARPER'S WEEKLY.

My name is Tony Jones. In 1972 *Harper's Magazine* asked me to start an unusual new editorial feature called WRAPAROUND. It was to be an experiment in person-to-person communication on a national scale. A chance for you, as a reader, to interrupt this magazine with *your own* contributions—with your point of view about what's important in advancing the human condition.

It became (and continues to be) a rip-roaring success. So much so that it helped inspire a brand-new publication: HARPER'S WEEKLY. And *Harper's* tapped me to be its editor.

Like WRAPAROUND, HARPER'S WEEKLY is dedicated to human growth and survival, to knowing where we've been and where we're going—and how we can best hang together on the way.

However, HARPER'S WEEKLY is different in that it is, indeed, issued weekly. Which also permits it to be more diverse, wide-ranging, timely, and keyed to current events and controversies. But most important is the fact that . . .

HARPER'S WEEKLY is written almost entirely by its readers.

That means you. And if you come through for me—for all of us—the way you did on WRAPAROUND, we'll be making some kind of history together.

But—a publication written by its readers? A bold approach, certainly. However, nothing else would be compatible with HARPER'S WEEKLY's aims. Which are, in a moderate-size nutshell, to take issue with the monolithic establishment, the impersonal institution, the anonymous committee. To provide a village-green debating platform where the *people* take charge. To help reckon *individual* roles and responsibility in our increasingly faceless society.

To focus on *personal* accountability for our actions. In business. In politics. In our private, day-to-day lives.

HARPER'S WEEKLY doesn't, for example, report the latest public-be-damned corporate decision. But we did examine how individual shareholders can band together to redirect policy and goals. HARPER'S WEEKLY hasn't lamely joined the national chorus singing the recession blues. Instead, we have been running a penetrating, grass-roots symposium on how people around the country are coping.

HARPER'S WEEKLY doesn't simply bemoan the flow of power into the hands of bureaucrats, technocrats, and autocrats. We try to do something about it—by celebrating the truly democratic exercises of power wherever we find them.

And HARPER'S WEEKLY will not recap the oft-told and anesthetizing sociological reasons for increasing urban crime. But it could very well print a piece *you* have written, describing the moral dilemma you may have faced in deserting the city to find safety for your family.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is, then, a return to the source. People. *You.* Your views and observations. Your personal confrontations, crises, and dilemmas. Your firsthand experiences that have left you a more effective, more independent, more powerful individual . . . information that should be passed along to others, enabling them to more easily cope and perform.

Here, specifically, is the role I'd like you to play in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

1. *Write for us,* especially about things in your immediate experience that deserve sharing. In particular, brief essays and case studies about all sorts of contemporary moral dilemmas, heroes, compromises, excuses, victories, defeats, outrages, conflicts of interest, honest and dishonest lifestyles, object lessons about when the end does or doesn't justify the means. Published contributions will carry your name and earn you an honorarium of $25.
2. *Do research for us.* As an active reader, you no doubt scan many publications routinely—your local newspaper, newsletters, professional journals, small-circulation political or literary journals. We need any material you spot that coincides with the WEEKLY's purpose.
3. *Subscribe to HARPER'S WEEKLY.* Try to get all your friends to do the same.

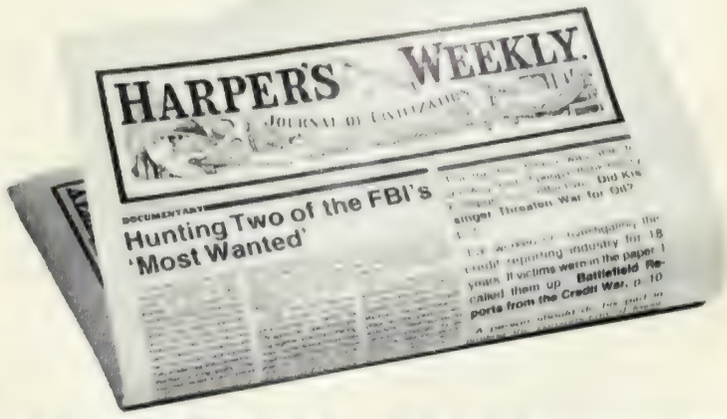
Call it a town meeting. A public forum. National dialogue. Whatever. The point is: HARPER'S WEEKLY gives *you* a chance to air *your* views . . . to learn what your fellow citizens are really thinking . . . and to hear them instead of the constant parade of experts, analysts, pollsters, and commentators.

Take a free look. Then save 50%

The coupon below invites your subscription to the next 24 issues for just $6.00. (HARPER'S WEEKLY is available at selected newsstands at 50 cents a copy—so you save half by subscribing.

What's more, you'll receive your first issue on a no-risk basis. Then if you decide it isn't for you, you may cancel your subscription and keep that issue *free.*

Send no money now. Just mail off the coupon today. I'm counting on your support. Again.



HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

☐ **I'LL TAKE A FREE LOOK**

Rush me my complimentary copy of the current issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY. If I like it, I'll send $6.00 and get the rest of my subscription (24 issues in all). If I'm not satisfied, I'll write "cancel" on my bill and keep my first issue free.
SEND NO MONEY NOW!
JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TO:
Harper's Weekly, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302

Name
Address
City
State Zip

D2068

CLASSIFIED

ASSOCIATIONS

Humanistic questions and assumptions and probes new possibilities while developing an alternative to traditional philosophy, religion, and current mysticism. Free information: American Humanist Association, Box H, 602 Third Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94107.

PHILOSOPHY

A logical and practical explanation of life linking mind, mathematics, language and name in a universal concept. Kabalarian Philosophy, Dept. A, 908 W. 7th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C., Canada, V5Z 1C3.

MEETINGS & CONVENTIONS

Speakers, conventions, all meeting occasions. 200 headliners, wide-ranging expertise. Free directory: *Success Leaders Speakers Service,* 3960 Peachtree Road NE, Suite 425, Atlanta, Ga. 30319.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT

Worldwide opportunities . . . Australia, Europe, Asia, South America! All occupations! $700-$4,000 monthly! Employment International, Box 29217-HY, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

Australia, New Zealand want you! 50,000 jobs! Paid transportation! Latest information and forms, $1. Austco, Box 3623-H, Long Beach, Calif. 90803.

Work overseas. Australia, Africa, South America, Europe, etc. Construction, sales, engineers, clerical, etc. $8,000 to $50,000+. Expenses paid. For employment information write Overseas Employment, Box 1011H, Boston, Mass. 02103.

Overseas jobs—Now hiring, 103 countries, all occupations, high pay, free transportation, tax benefits. Latest computerized reports—$2. TRANSWORLD, International Airport, Box 90302-H, Los Angeles, Calif. 90009.

Overseas—all occupations! New worldwide directory, $2. Opportunities, Box 6586-HY, Washington, D.C. 20009.

Overseas Employment. All Occupations. Latest information, addresses, forms, $2. Worldwide, 2614HC Weisman, Wheaton, Md.

MERCHANDISE FOR SALE

Headgear, Pipe gift sets from $3.25. Posters, Jewelry, etc. Free catalogue. S-T Mail order. Box 1885. Ann Arbor, Mich. 48106.

Wallpapers at wholesale. WallTex, Schumacher, Sanitas, United, Birge, Strahan, Styltex-Katzenback-Warren, Fashion-Imperials-Murals. All famous makes at lowest prices. We can supply all brands. Send for free brochures and order forms. We pay UPS. Shriber's, 3220 Brighton Rd., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15212. Call Collect (412) 766-3274 for quotes.

Yarrow stalks, for I CHING consulting. Set of 50: $10 Soltysik, Churubusco, N.Y. 12923.

The Silk Connection. Sports Shirts. Value totally unequaled. Information 35¢. 8760 Amigo, Northridge, Calif. 91342.

Chimney candle lighters—Prevent burned fingers! $1, pair. Yankee Ingenuity, Box 133, Thompson, Conn. 06277.

Quality hardwood toys for all ages. Biplane, circus wagon, trucks, train and more. Free catalogue. Eberle, Rt. 1, Hotchkiss, Colo. 81419.

Stained glass. Now make your own. Illustrated booklet. $2. Kosher Products, P.O. Box 917-G, Athens, Ohio 45701.

Christmas card samples, gifts catalogue, $1.25. Chapman's HM3, 128 E. Fourth, Roselle, N.J. 07203.

Nostalgic railroad wall calendars. Early American steam, locomotives, color $2. Modern steam locomotives, black/white $2.45. Weekly photo appointment desk type $2.95. All Pennsylvania railroad wall $4.75. Railroad Nostalgia, 5107 Shore Acres, Madison, Wis. 53716.

Shark-tooth swords from Gilbert Islands. Human hair binding. Mounted on plaque. Rare collector's item. $30 plus $2 shipping. Handmade tapa cloth. 18" x 24" specify Tonga or Fiji. $15 check or money order. John Frum, P.O. Box 482, Honolulu 96809.

Hearing aids. Wholesale, buy direct. Eyeglass, in-ear, over-ear, body. Made in U.S.A. $160 complete. Eden Wholesale Distributors, Box 112-HM1, Buffalo, N.Y. 14221.

Sample-French delicious herbal appetite control concentrate. Try before buying. Box 943H, Dania, Fla. 33004.

Selling comic books, *Playboy*s, movie and television magazines, pulps, radio giveaways, movie merchandise, etc. 1900-1976. Catalogues $1. Gail, Box HG1102, Flushing, N.Y. 11354.

Gaugin, Modigliani, Renoir on genuine postage stamps. Samples and approvals, $1. MilMed, P.O. Box 297H, Aurora, Colo. 80010.

Stationery, labels. Details free. Longwood D-7015, Fort Johnson, N.Y. 12070.

Freeze-dried food for storage, camping or convenience. Survival Center, Box 707, Ravenna, Ohio 44266.

Homestead Flour Mills: Ananda (HM1), Nevada City, Calif. from $75. Factory-direct.

Stone Home flour mills. Seven models, $75-$230. 201 L.A. Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94707.

PETS

Help us build our animal adoption shelter. Contributions to Pet Pride of Illinois, 510 Fullerton, Chicago 60614.

Custom-made, no-wobble cat trees. Brochure. The Cat Tree House, 4173 Montecito, Santa Rosa, Calif.

Australian cattledogs, Iberia, Missouri 65486, (314) 793-6255. Pups $85 up. Guaranteed heelers.

PERSONALS

Penfriends. For free information, write: Papyrus, 927-H 15th St., Washington, D.C. 20005.

Moving to Cleveland? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, integrated neighborhoods. Contact Shaker Communities, 3380 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio. (216) 751-2155.

Intensive and group therapy—Austin Institute, Inc., 5000 North Lamar Blvd., Austin, Texas 78751. Staff did their therapy at Janov's Primal Institute. $2,000 for three-week intensive; subsequent groups are $10 each.

Instant memory—New way to remember. memorization. Release "photographic" memory. Stop forgetting! ates extraordinary knowledge, , ESP. Free information. Institute of Advanced Thinking, Box 606-H, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272.

Good-natured young man available as traveling companion. Speaks five languages. Ed Lehmann, P.O. Box 11248, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

Computerized biorhythmic charts $3 per yearly printout. Send birthdate, remittance to: DATACOMP, P.O. Box 247, Shawnee MSN, Kans. 66201.

Learn professional astrology at home. Write World Astrological Services, Inc., Box 471-TP, Murray, Ky. 42071.

Eight personality traits, including original thinking, ascendancy, sociability. $5. Id Testing Service, Stewart, Nev. 89437.

Communal living magazine and utopian newspaper. Samples, $1. Storefront Classroom, P.O. Box 1174, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

Relax and laugh by dialing 108,000 onomatological combinations from the 60 unusual real names on Psteve's Psilly Pseudonym Psorter. $2.30 postpaid. Hustvedt Studios, Cardamon Dr., Edgewater, Md. 21037.

Penfriends! Lonely and sincere, 25¢. Enterprises, 1626 Walton, Oceanside, Calif.

Handwriting analysis in depth. $10 and sample to Elisabeth King, 41 E. 29 St., N.Y.C. 10016.

Biorhythms are fact. 4,440 Japanese firms charted employees and reduced accidents nearly 50%. ABA exclusive lunar cycle overcharting adds astounding precision. Your personal 23-day physical, 28-day emotional, 33-day intellectual, and 29.5-day lunar cycles hand-charted by bonded professionals $9.95 for six months. Your physical, emotional, and intellectual compatibility with any other person, $9.95 each, charted in percent. Biorhythm compatibility determined at birth and never changes. Beautiful charts airmailed within 24 hours. Just send birthdays and years. American Biorhythm Association, Box 9952, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80932.

Biomate. You don't need those complicated computer charts. Biomate is a pocket calculator that gives you anyone's rhythm at a glance. $12.95 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sidmo Enterprises, P.O. Box 96098, Houston, Texas 77015.

Personal Problems? Professional advice by mail. Confidential reply assured. Enclose $5 with letter detailing problem. A. Crafton, Box 9122, Main Station, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33310.

Play chess by mail! Information: CHESSNUTS, 25-HB Mount Vernon, Saugus, Mass. 01906.

Need help but not psychiatry? CONFIDE's innovative counseling reaches you anywhere by cassette/letter/telephone. No taboos. Free booklet on request. Also ask about our transvestite/transsexual cassettes. CONFIDE, Box 56-HMJ, Tappan, N.Y. 10983. (914) 359-8860.

Uniquely Yours. Natal chart with complete interpretation by licensed astrologer. $25. Submit birth data including month, date, year, hour, location, to Cokuri, Box 4168, Philadelphia, Pa. 19144.

Overpopulation is a cancerous disease destroying mankind and the world. Negative Population Growth needed. Free brochure, NPG, INC., Room 414(H1), 103 Park Ave., N.Y.C. 10017.

Condoms! Three samples: $1. Twelve assorted samples: $3. Illustrated catalogue free with every order. Choose from all nationally advertised brands. Promptness and privacy assured. Money-back guarantee. Poplan, P.O. Box 2556, Dept. CHA-4b, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514.

Young writer seeks contributions. Freedom. Finish novel. 1405 Boca Chica #10, Brownsville, Texas 78520.

Degrees by mail. Accredited bachelors, masters, doctorates. No course work. Surprisingly low cost. Free details. Dr. John Bear, 7350-J Highway One, Littleriver, Calif. 95456.

The Bionomic Church of Mankind teaches the premises, principles and practices of the natural, biological, ecologically established religion of all life. It teaches a complete, detailed methodology, which if followed, will permit anyone to achieve enlightenment—the instantaneous integration of all their knowledge in a single, coherent, whole concept. It presents a comprehensive introduction to anthroponomical science and it provides the scientifically valid ethical requirements for every human action. To hasten the realization of Mankind in complete harmony, and the fulfillment of every human life, the Church is soliciting donations to its education and information programs. All donors will receive literature describing the bionomic religion, its genetic origin, the obfuscating influences of myths, and enlightenment. Donors of twenty-five dollars, or more, will receive a copy of the book, *Bionomic Religion,* upon publication early next year. Donors who give substantially will be making a major contribution to the re-education of mankind. Please send donations to: The Bionomic Church, Box 265, Mount Eden, Calif. 94557.

Please help. Am about to lose everything. Send any contributions to Larry, P.O. Box 5541, Madison, Wis. 53705.

Sincerely interested in marriage? Let us help you find your mate. Social Introduction Service, Box 1547, Eugene, Oreg. 97401.

Help scientist complete preclinical research. Need donations. Details with self-addressed stamped envelope. Pope Muscle Research, 110 S.W. Gaines, Portland, Oreg. 9720

Help! Desperately need financial aid. Hard working gal (all alone) in 50 "phased out." Lost everything. Lisa Hale, P.O. Box 13412, So. Lake Tahoe, Calif. 95702.

Illinois lottery club. Free details. Ajax, Box 281 H, Danville, Ill. 61832.

Make friends worldwide through international correspondence. Illustrated brochure free. Hermes, Box 110660/H, Berlin 11, Germany.

Control people's actions from beyond the grave. Legal will form with instructions. Protect your family! $ Sierra, Box 365, Pendleton, S.C. 29670.

Financial wealth increased by a proven, step-by-step method. Send $2 for our booklet. P.O. Box 8071, Cranston, R.I. 02920.

Strawberries is no longer a plural noun; but is a deliciously beautiful singular, proper noun. *Parce que.*

GAME

nora—Queen of Red (Good) tches. If you enjoy being miser- e, a failure in love and money tters, suffer poor health, never n at anything, can't attract or hold a ed one; then ignore this message!! wever, if you wish to become one the "favored ones" that have and oyed all the better things of life t your heart desires, call (305) -4073. Or write problems and de- s, include self-addressed, stamped velope. A $5 or $10 donation will acceptable. 2347 N.W. 103 St., ami, Fla. 33147.

ver forget! Memorize this page, thing! Ten lesson course, $10. En- ment, Box 532H, Natick, Mass. 60.

ented girl desperately needs art- ool education. Please send $1 to: ice Atkins, 2924 Campbell, Kansas y, Mo. 64109.

aduate student—funds needed. Send ations. Acree, 750 Adams, #810, mphis, Tenn. 38105.

ndwriting Analysis—Certified, $10. d sample. Larkin, P.O. Box 222, dwin, N.Y. 11510.

g distance phone costs reduced. al & guaranteed to work. Com- e instructions $1 to MRM, Box X-HM, Salem, N.H. 03079.

pressive photographs of you meet- privately with famous people. ertly faked, 8x10, b&w glossies, ranteed 100% authentic-looking eturn for full refund. Select Ford, on, Kissinger, Golda Meir, Pope l, Queen Elizabeth, Fidel Castro, n John, or Sophia Loren. Send p head-shot or portrait of your- (color or b&w, 1" minimum d-size, returned unharmed), your ht, and $9.95 for each custom to. Ten days delivery. Custom phics, Inc., 605 West 47th St., sas City, Mo. 64112.

e biorhythm information. A. J. erprises, Box 2211-HM1, Peabody, s. 01960.

ertise in 50 different rural news- ers same time. Total cost under Econo Ads, Box 5073-HM1, San elo, Texas 76901.

balding. Ultra Hair grows hair. ctacular results guaranteed. $19.95. ner Laboratories, Box 10288 J- 1, Detroit 48210.

't die without a will. Protect your ily—Send $2.25 for 4 will forms instructive booklet. Satisfaction ranteed. The Source, Box 306-H9, na Park, Calif. 90621.

winning Bingo system—$1. o, 1700 Haywood Road, (HM1), eville, N.C. 28806.

ister for Christ. Lifetime ordina- D.D., church charters. Details Ministry of Christ, Inc. R4, Box D(HM1), Delavan, Wis. 53115.

t your ideal mate, computer ching, nationwide. Only $17. Free tionnaire, TEAM, 1270 Broad- N.Y.C.

t more money? Better job? Get l college degrees by mail without ving . . . legally! Revealing de- free. Write: Counseling, Box -HM1, Tustin, Calif. 92680.

thand In 4 Days! Quick, easy m uses familiar alphabet, no ols. "Abreviatrix" manual in- es practice lessons. $3.60 post- Allis, Box 23, Bartlett, Ill. 3.

Bertrand Russell Society. New. Information: Dept. HM1, R.D. 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

Amusing European Honorary fictitious degrees. For color brochures send $2. International Awards Committee. Dept. (HM1), 2350 Bean Creek Rd., Santa Cruz, Calif. 95060.

$10,000 will help me break away from the rut I've been in for 8 years. Thanks for any amount. John Heard, P.O. Box M-392, Bay Shore, N.Y. 11706.

Vacation money, possible in half hour. Information, Box 1235, Lorain, Ohio 44055.

Two very lonely men incarcerated in an Ohio prison have lost all contact with the outside world and would appreciate your correspondence. We don't care who you are, young or old. If you can spare ten minutes of your time, please pick up your pen and write to: William D. Jackson, #132-840; and Marvin Hammons, #130-488. Our address is P.O. Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

This Is not an Ad

Does McDonald's "do it all for you"? Will a Datsun "set you free"? Advertising intrudes ever more pervasively upon our consciousness, and the more sophisticated of the ad men speak enthusiastically of subconsciousness, libido, and other adjuncts of our compulsive tendencies. Because advertising is becoming such a dominant part of our culture, escaping all but the most vague controls, WRAPAROUND has decided to take a closer look at the industry. Readers are invited to share their perspectives. What are your favorite and least favorite TV commercials? Do you know any inside stories about an ad or marketing campaign? What kind of ad is most effective: straight pitch, sexual innuendo, comic routine? Any thoughts you might have will be appreciated. Address correspondence to "Soft Sell Department," WRAPAROUND, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Reprints available

The Wall Street Journal, the *New York Times,* the *Washington Post,* the *New York Post, Associated Press,* the *Chicago Tribune,* and more than forty papers have done stories on *Harper's* May feature story. In an exclusive newsmaking story, "Vietnam Cover Up: Playing War with Numbers," former CIA analyst Sam Adams presented evidence on how and why official United States government statements on the Vietcong and North Vietnamese military strength were consistently underestimated and incorrect throughout our participation in the Vietnam war. Read the story that made the news. Reprints are now available. $.40 each, $35 per hundred.

Reprint Department
Harper's Magazine
2 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

The *Harper's* GAME is being discontinued as of this issue. To those readers who helped make it a success, our warmest thanks for taking part. But . . . gameplayers, look out! Starting in December we will publish an even more entertaining and challenging diversion: THE HARPER'S PUZZLE, by Richard Maltby, Jr. Maltby's American variations on the English crossword, which appeared for four years in *New York Magazine,* have been regarded as the most imaginative puzzles published today. Prizes will be awarded each month. Look for more details in the December issue.

The winning entries for the September GAME are listed below. October's winners will be published next month.

Winners of "Postcard Personalities," the September game in which readers were invited to write postcards in the persona of famous people, are:

First Prize

A Jenaer Glas teapot:

Dear Rosemary: Pat and I have been cruising on the Delaware. Today we reached The Gap. Thought you'd like to know. Dick.

—Frances Curran
Old Saybrook, Conn.

Runners-up

A deluxe Bookworm:

Dear Susan: We really enjoyed your mother's candid remarks on the "Sixty Minutes" program. If you ever get to Dallas, my fraternity brothers and I would love to meet you. Gene and the guys at Snider Hall, SMU.

—C. M. Lynd
Mesquite, Tex.

Dear Son: Your mother and I stood on the cliff today where the Spartans threw off their children. Wish you were here. Your old man, Don Rickles.

—B. J. Cole
Williams, Ariz.

Dear Mike, Tip, Hugh and fellows: Now that you're voting yourselves a big raise, how about giving us "old soldiers" a bigger pension. It's tough coping with a fixed income—I had to lay off two Japanese gardeners and turn off the pool filter at night, and (heh heh) I've told Pat to disconnect the clothes dryer and "go the hang-out route." Your old buddy, RMN. P.S. How come none of you ever write?

—Alexander Ingham
Albany, N.Y.

Dear Queen: The people here run around without feathers on their heads. Don't tell the King, but I think we blew it. Chris.

—J. Eigenberger
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Vladimir: Don't do anything until I get there. Godot.

—Steve Hirsch
Albany, N.Y.

Dear Lonely Nation: Paul and Art tell me you've been wondering where I've been. Well, I ran into this guy with a great new way to make coffee. Look for me Saturday between "Candid Camera" and "All in the Family." Here's to ya, Joltin' Joe.

—Len Elliott
Auburn, Wash.

Dear Dr. Masters: We went on our second honeymoon, but now we're having some difficulties in post-plateau phase. Er, you wouldn't happen to have my surrogate's phone number, would you? J. D.

—Kathleen Duplantier
New Orleans, La.

BOOKLETTER/BOOKSERVICE

Bright, lively, literate and free for a month

If you love books but hate wasting money and time on bad ones, you'll want to become a Charter Member of *Harper's* **BOOKSERVICE.** Membership includes a subscription to the new Bookletter, a fascinating guide to the world of books, published every other Monday (24 times a year), and a unique bookbuying service that offers you the opportunity—but NEVER the obligation—to buy hardcover books at a 25%-40% savings.

Yes, please enter my Charter Membership to **BOOKSERVICE** at the special rate of just $10 for one year—instead of the regular $15. I understand that I may read the first two issues at your expense. If I don't like them, I'll write "cancel" across your bill, send it back, and that's that.

☐ Please send bill for $5 now (and $5 six months from now)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Harper's Magazine/**BOOKSERVICE,** 381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302. 914

A different kind of book club.

You get only the books you want... when you want them, with Readers Choice.

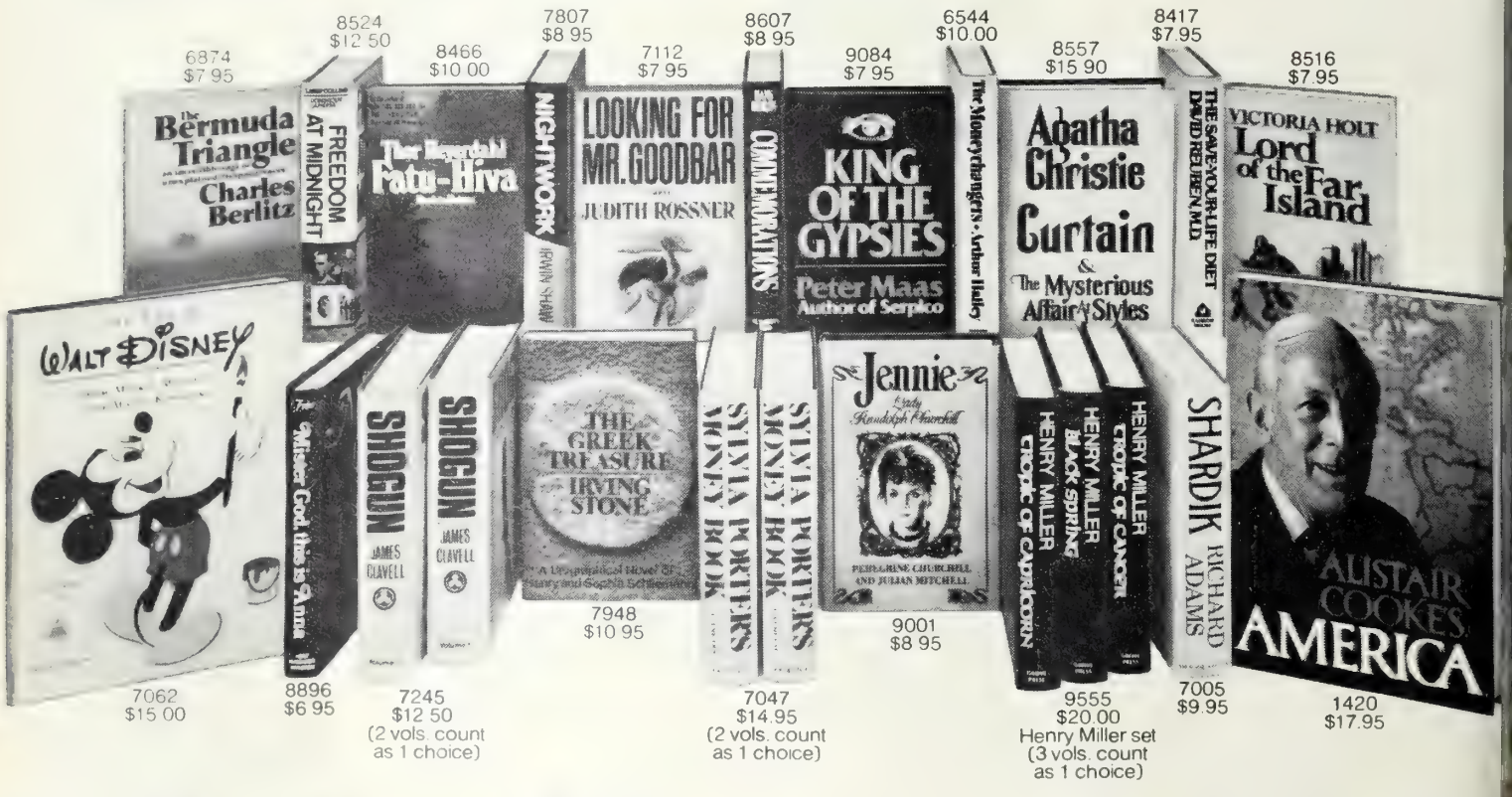
Readers Choice is a brand new way to get books. What makes it different from practically all major book clubs is the "Choice." You get the books you choose and only the ones you choose—you never get a book you don't want.

And you can make your selection from a wide range of top best sellers—the big books that are talked about everywhere.

We wait to hear from you before any book is mailed. If you say "yes," you receive the title you've indicated. And any book you select comes to you at a discount—up to 40%.

In addition, for every 4 books you buy, you get a bonus—a discount certificate worth $5.00 on the purchase of any Readers Choice title.

Any way you look at it, Readers Choice is the most convenient and economical way to buy books. Join now.



Buy 1, get 3 free when you join.

Readers Choice

Dept. HR 336, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Yes, I'd like to join Readers Choice. I would like to buy this book at the publisher's price: _____

Please send me FREE the three books whose order numbers I have printed below:

_____

I agree to the membership plan described in this ad

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss _____

Address _____ Apt _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Canadian members will be serviced from Toronto. Offer slightly different in Canada. 03-245

Here's How Readers Choice Works:

You will receive your 4 books soon after your application is accepted. Take up to 10 days to examine your package and if you are not completely satisfied, return it and your account will be cancelled. Should you decide to remain a member, pay the publisher's price for the book you've chosen to buy, and receive the other 3 books you've selected absolutely FREE. *And we pay all postage and handling for the 4 books.* Then, just buy four more books at regular low club prices anytime during your first year of membership. After that you may cancel your membership or remain a member as long as you wish.

Make your selections from dozens of exciting best sellers (with discounts of up to 40% off publishers' prices). Each of these best sellers is described in the Readers Choice Announcement, sent to you about every 4 weeks, 14 times a year. Just indicate your choices on the order form always provided and mail it to us in the postage-paid envelope.

And remember, if you prefer no book at all, do nothing. You will never receive a book you didn't choose yourself.

There will be a shipping and handling charge on books ordered.

All prices quoted are for publishers' editions. You receive complete hardbound editions—sometimes altered in size to save members even more.

America Needs an Establishment

Peter Schrag

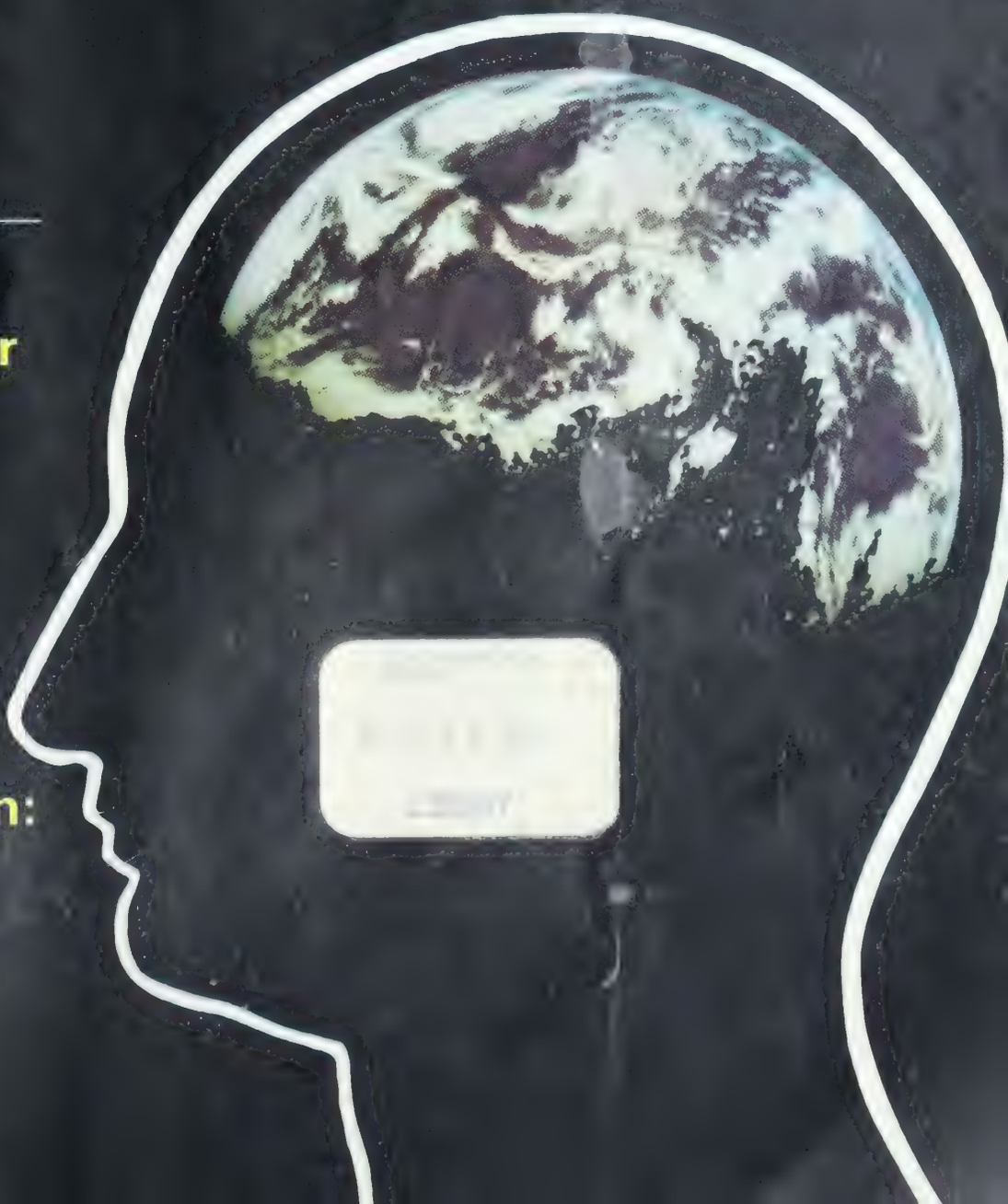
December 1975 $1.00

Harper's Magazine

THE WORLD OF THE BRAIN

How it works
What it's made of
Why it's beautiful
When it fails

A 14-page report



Robert Moss:
Portugal's Civil War

Vic Gold:
White House
Sycophants

Ward Just:
Washington
Demonology

Michael Harrington:
How to Run a
Railroad

Jack Richardson:
TV News as
Pop Religion


Come to
where the
flavor is.
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
Marlboro
100's
Warning: The Surgeon General
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dang
17 mg. tar, 1.1 mg. nicotine—
18 mg. tar, 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr.'75

"The most complete and most scholarly dictionary of the English language"

—The Christian Science Monitor

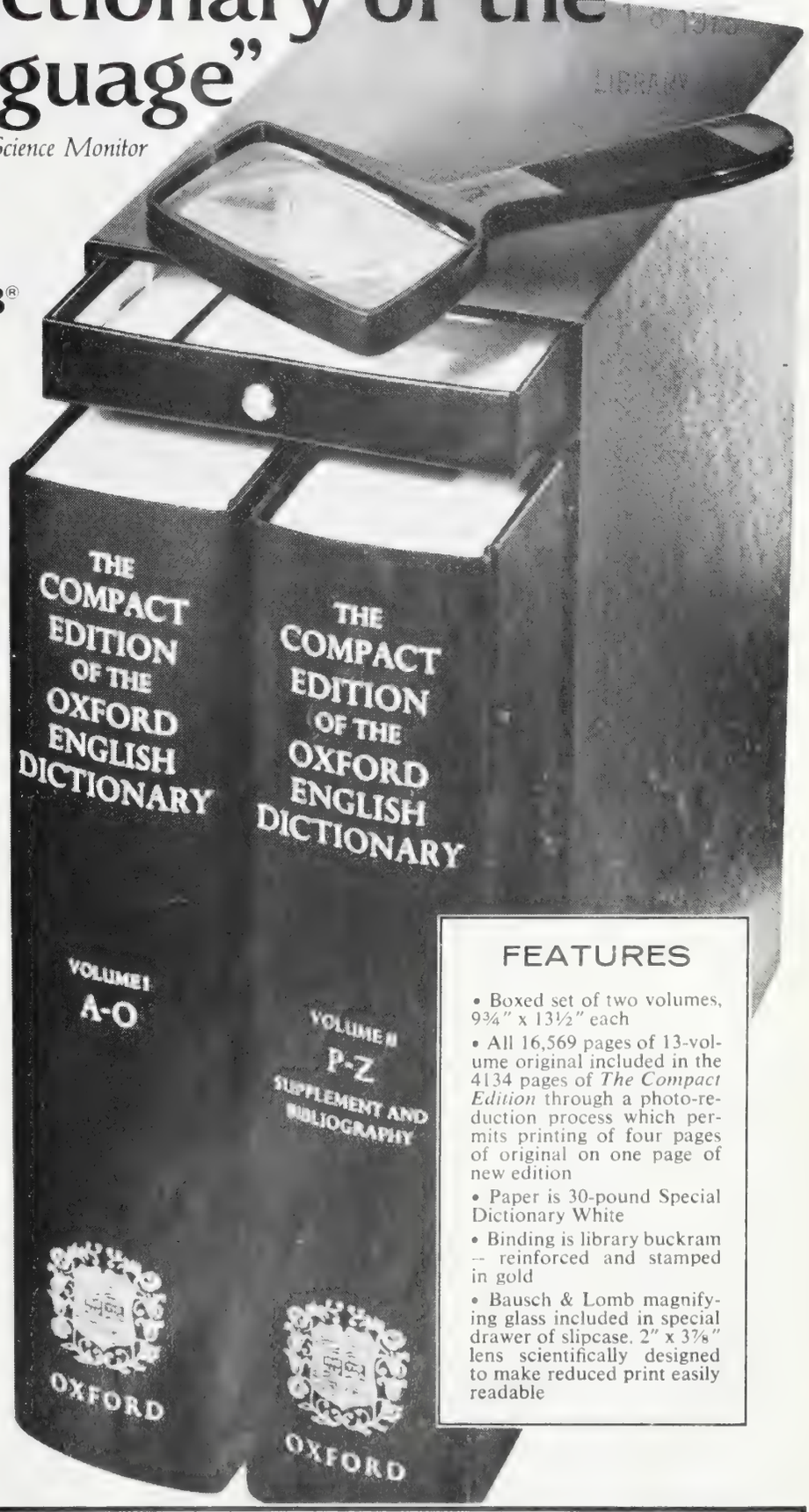
As an introduction to membership in the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

yours for only

$17.50

[Publisher's list price: $90]

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree to buy four Club choices within a year at substantial savings on most books you choose



THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY is generally regarded as the final arbiter of the English language. Until recently, it had been available only a thirteen-volume set, currently priced at $350. ow, through the combination of an ingenious thod of micrographic reproduction and a fine usch & Lomb optical lens, every single one of its 569 pages, fifty million words and close to two llion illustrative quotations appears, in easily dable form, in *The Compact Edition.*

The *New York Times* book critic Christopher Lehmann-Haupt has said of this edition: "It is something of a miracle. . . . *The Compact Edition* is easier to work with than the original with its 13 separate volumes."

en more extraordinary, as a trial member of the ok-of-the-Month Club you may obtain the two-ume set for only $17.50. And as long as you re-in a member, you will receive the Book-of-the-nth Club *News,* a literary magazine announc-the coming Selection and describing other im-tant books, most of which are available at sub-ntial discounts — up to **40%** on more expensive umes. All of these books **are identical to the ishers' editions in content, format, size and ity.**

1 continue after your trial membership, you arn at least one Book-Dividend® Credit for y Selection or Alternate you buy. These its entitle you to obtain a wide variety of , called Book-Dividends, at astonishing sav- *at least 70% of publishers' list prices.*

RS ABOUT MEMBERSHIP

vill receive the Book-of-the-Month Club a literary magazine published by the teen times a year. The *News* describes ing Selection and scores of Alternates, t be sent to you approximately every d a half weeks.

ou wish to purchase the Selection, do and it will be shipped to you automati-

do not want the Selection — or you ke one of the Alternates, or no book at ply indicate your decision on the reply ys enclosed with the *News* and mail it eceive it by the date specified.

because of late mail delivery of the *News,* should receive a Selection without having 0 days to decide whether you want it, that tion may be returned at Club expense.

FEATURES

- Boxed set of two volumes, 9¾" x 13½" each
- All 16,569 pages of 13-volume original included in the 4134 pages of *The Compact Edition* through a photo-reduction process which permits printing of four pages of original on one page of new edition
- Paper is 30-pound Special Dictionary White
- Binding is library buckram — reinforced and stamped in gold
- Bausch & Lomb magnifying glass included in special drawer of slipcase. 2" x 3⅞" lens scientifically designed to make reduced print easily readable

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC. 5-A67-12
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania, 17012

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me *The Compact Edition of the Oxford English Dictionary,* billing me $17.50 (in Canada $19 — publisher's price $99). I agree to buy at least four Selections or Alternates during the first year I am a member, paying in most cases special members' prices. My membership is cancelable any time after I buy these four books. A shipping charge is added to all shipments.

MR. / MRS. / MISS .....
(Please print plainly)

Address..... 53

City.....

State..... *Zip*.....

Harper's

DECEMBER 1975 FOUNDED IN 1850/VOL. 251, NO. 1507

WRAPAROUND	**3**	The World of the Brain	**122** Tools for Living
Michael Harrington	**25**	HOW TO RUN A RAILROAD A discussion of the inevitable nationalization of American railroads	
Alan Coren	**30**	OWING TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND OUR CONTROL 1984 HAS BEEN UNAVOIDABLY DETAINED Inefficiency as the savior of democracy	
Jack Richardson	**34**	THE FOURTH ESTATE: SIX O'CLOCK PRAYERS TV news as a form of religious ceremony	
Stephanie Harrington	**38**	LIFE IN THE IMAGINARY CITY In prime time the nuclear family comes to the metropolis	
David McClelland	**46**	TEST-DRIVING THE NEW SHOWS The network product compared to the Detroit product	
Peter Schrag	**51**	AMERICA NEEDS AN ESTABLISHMENT In the absence of a ruling class, the country falls prey to the warfare bet rapacious factions	
		WASHINGTON DEMONOLOGIES	
Ward Just	**67**	THE DOUBLE AGENT A short story	
Vic Gold	**78**	A PRIMER FOR SYCOPHANTS Notes on the practice of an ancient profession	
Robert Moss	**89**	A TICKET TO LISBON The civil war in Portugal requires a few words of explanation	
John Clive	**96**	BOOKS: FOUR BRITISH LIVES	
Anthony Tuttle	**101**	THE SPORTING SCENE: AN AFTERNOON AT THE GARDEN The manly arts of sadomasochism	
Barry Farrell	**108**	CELEBRITY MARKET On the use of famous faces as commercial posters	

VERSE			COMMENTARY		DEPARTMEN
Philip Booth	**28**	How to See Deer	**125** ON NATURAL ARISTOCRACY: Thomas Jefferson	**12**	LETTERS On human poter tial, therapeutic writing, and cookery critics
	60	LIGHTER-THAN-AIR CRAFT Compiled by William Cole		**20**	THE EASY CH
				114	CLASSIFIED

EDITOR: Lewis H. Lapham
ART DIRECTOR: Sheila Berger
SENIOR EDITOR: Nelson W. Aldrich, Jr.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR: John Fischer
WASHINGTON EDITOR: Taylor Branch
WRAPAROUND EDITOR: Michael Aron
COPY EDITOR: [illegible]
STAFF EDITORS: [illegible] Burns, Melanie Pulik
EDITORIAL ADMINISTRATOR: Angela Santoro
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Kenneth Cravens, George Crile III, Timothy Mayer, Annie Dillard, Barry Farrell (West Coast), Jim Hougan, Russell Lynes, George Plimpton, Jack Richardson, Marion K. Sanders, Earl Shorris
CONTRIBUTING ARTIST: [illegible]

Published by Harper's Magazine Company, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

PRESIDENT & PUBLISHER: Russell Barnard
EDITOR IN CHIEF: Robert Shnayerson

BOARD OF EDITORS: Sheila Berger Tony Jones, Lewis H. Lapham, Suzanne Mantell

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: Griff Ellison; ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: Ernest M. Walker, Jr., TROLLER: Louis A. Isidora; CIRCULATION MANAGER: Elizabeth Jacobsen; PRODUC MANAGER: Louis Seeger; REPRINTS/PERMISSIONS: Lucy Mattimore

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine Company, a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Com Inc. John Cowles, Jr., Chairman; Otto A. Silha, President; Norton Armour, Secretary; William R. B Treasurer. Subscriptions: $8.97 one year; $17.94 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan Am $1.50 per year additional.

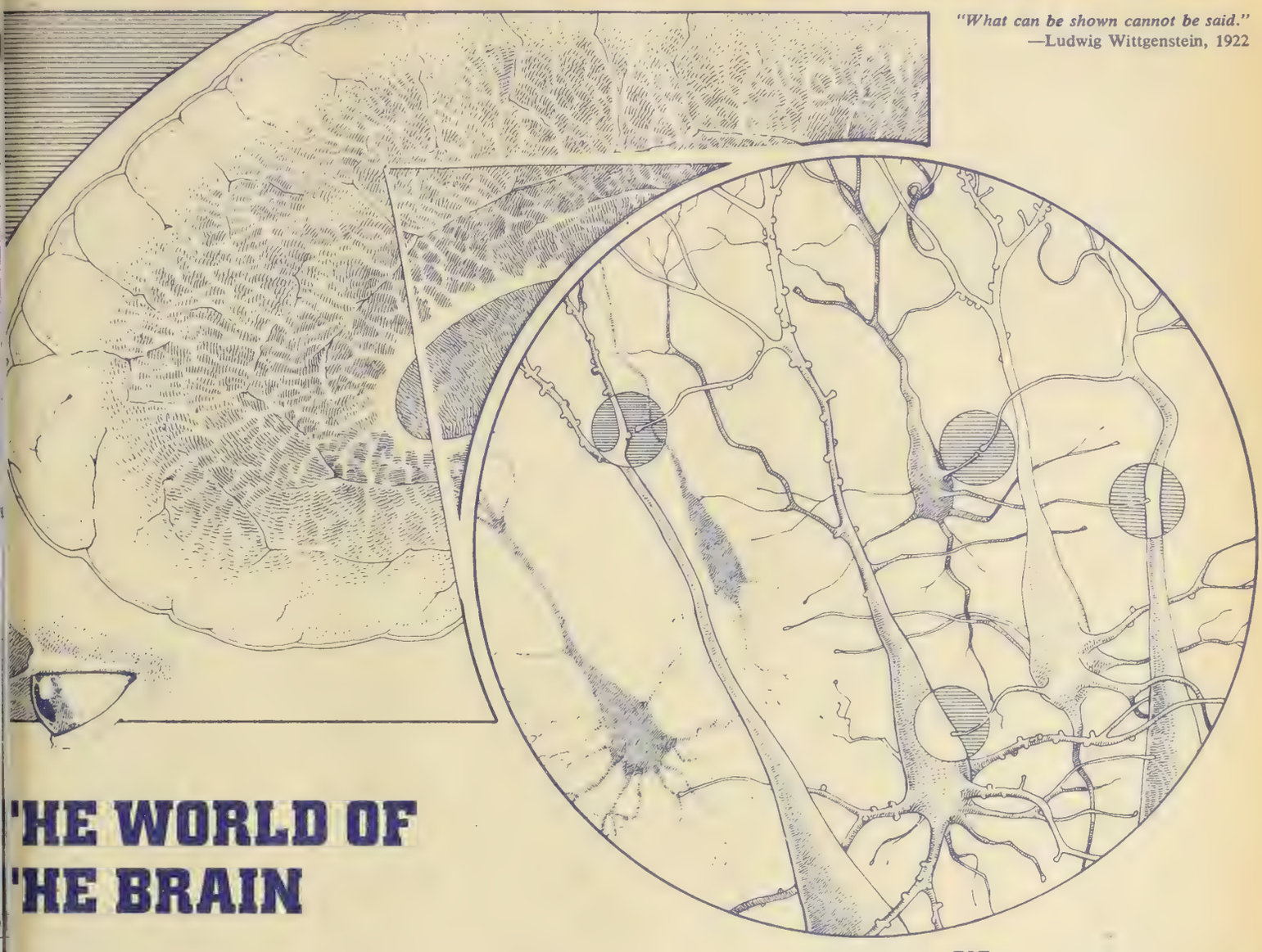
For advertising information contact Harper-Atlantic Sales, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. Other offices in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, and San Francisco.

Copyright © 19 the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is us Harper's Magazine Company under license, and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row, Publi Incorporated. Printed in the U.S.A.

Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing o

POSTMASTER: Please send Form 3579 to Harper's Magazine, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302.

WRAPAROUND



"What can be shown cannot be said."
—Ludwig Wittgenstein, 1922

'HE WORLD OF 'HE BRAIN

ıe past hundred years has)duced a handful of geniuses he brain sciences—I. V. Pav-, Sir Charles Sherrington, Sir ın Eccles, A. R. Luria, Wil- Penfield, and Karl Pribram, name the most prominent. e of the amazing things)ut these men, in addition to power of their minds, is degree to which each comes und to a religious or mys- l feeling about life after y or fifty years of probing, ecting, stimulating, and star- into the human brain. herrington wrote that the in—which he liked to call "enchanted loom"—would the last of nature's mys- es ever to make itself com- ıensible to man. Penfield year capped an illustrious er with a book in which he its being forced to conclude "mind" is somehow great- than brain, mind being a ıordial "motivator" not ac- ntable in the organic functions of the brain. Eccles's writing is full of references to "the great unknown," the "significance of creation," the "feebleness of science"; "truth," says Eccles, "can never be fully attained except at a trivial level." And none of these men has been so nearly reduced by his experience as the brilliant Karl Lashley, who spent thirty years searching for the memory trace —the fabled "engram"—and ended by laughing cynically at his own foolishness in thinking that it existed.

Oliver Sacks on Consciousness	**p. 5**
Wilder Penfield on "Mind"	**p. 6**
Conversation with Irving S. Cooper	**p. 8**
John C. Lilly on Bigger Brains	**p. 10**
Roy C. Selby, Jr.: "A Delicate Operation"	**p. 118**
Warren S. Brown: "Left Brain, Right Brain"	**p. 120**
Paul Pietsch on Memory	**p. 121**
Loren Eiseley on Craniology	**p. 121**
TOOLS FOR LIVING	**p. 122**

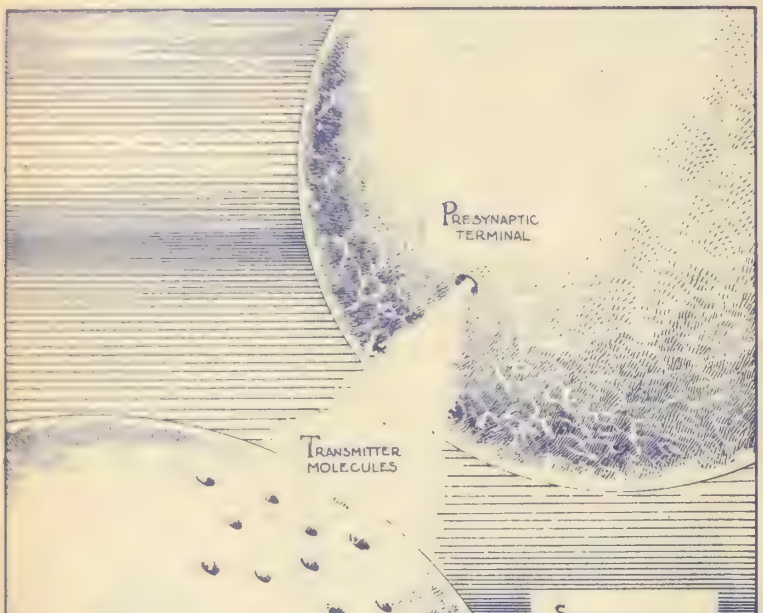
WRAPAROUND addresses itself to a single theme or subject which it seeks to illuminate by means of original writing, passages from books, quotations, graphs, and whatever else may seem appropriate. The intention is to present a compendium of useful information in a more or less raw state; the reader can make of it what he will. Although **WRAPAROUND** can be read in bits and pieces, it is edited to form a coherent whole. It does not pretend to offer a definitive treatise on its subject, but it strives to be something worth saving.

What is it about the brain that inspires such humility in men who have devoted lifetimes to exploring its convoluted landscapes? Partly it lies with that truism about science in general: the more one learns, the more one realizes how little he knows. (Einstein said, "The mystery of the universe is its comprehensibility," a remark forever endearing him to brain scientists.) But the greater reasons lie with the remarkable organ itself. Although it weighs only three pounds, and looks so unspectacular that for centuries men assumed the seat of mentality must lie elsewhere, the brain is a mystery no less vast than the universe.

The ancient Egyptians and Aztecs knew enough about the brain to open skulls, let evil humors out, and not lose everyone they tried this on. Present knowledge is more refined, though perhaps not so much greater in the long per-

(Continued on next page)

NTRAPAROUNDWRAPA



Marlim Avillez

An enlargement of the synaptic activity shown in the small circled areas on the previous page. In the brain, this is where the real action is. The synaptic cleft is forty-billionths of an inch wide. Electrical impulse crosses the synapse by triggering release of transmitter molecules, which strike receptor sites, causing "gates" to open and attract electrically charged chemical particles (ions).

spective. We know that the human brain contains about 100 billion cells. Ninety percent of these are glial cells, from the Greek word for glue, and comprise the white matter. The remaining 10 billion are nerve cells, "neurons," the gray matter, and these, in the crudest sense, are the givers of consciousness. Consider that each nerve cell contains about 20 million molecules of RNA; that each molecule of RNA is capable of converting genetic instructions from DNA (also present in the cell) into any of 100,000 proteins, and you begin to realize why the brain defies its own best efforts to understand itself.

Like snowflakes and human faces, no two nerve cells are exactly alike. Moreover, each cell is capable of linking up across special pathways with between 60,000 and 300,000 other cells. The links are possible because each cell has hundreds of branches twisting away from it; in turn, each branch has hundreds of terminals along its membrane. One branch approaches the branch of another cell. (It is that old story.) The space between branches is called a synapse. *Coded information* in the form of an electrical impulse arrives at a terminal along the membrane of one branch. Like Evel Knievel at Snake River, it needs to cross the gap in order to pass itself along to the next cell, where it will be picked up again as an electrical impulse but also transformed in some way by having passed through a different cell. *This is happening billions and trillions of times simultaneously all throughout the cerebral cortex,* day and night, from the time we are eight-week-old fetuses until we die. And the cerebral cortex is only a part of the brain, one-tenth-of-an-inch thick. In the cerebellum, which sits at the back of the brain and coordinates muscular activity, the density of nerve cells is twice as great. Individual intelligence, once thought to be a function of brain size, now is assumed to be related to the number of synaptic connections an individual brain can make and the speed with which those connections are completed. (The average estimated speed is 1/1,000th of a second, closer to the speed of sound than to the speed of light.)

Because of all these connections, the brain is sometimes analogized to a central telephone switchboard or a computer. But if it were possible to hook up all the telephones in the world and put them into simultaneous use, the brain would still be making more than a million times that number of connections. The computer analogy is perhaps more apt, except that it violates our deepest institutions to imagine any combination of steel, copper and plastic of high complexity ever transcending the animal kingdom and replicating man's most distinguishing characteristic: his self-consciousness.

Whether one is talking about intelligence, mental illness, the action of drugs, or altered states of consciousness, informed discussion of the brain frequently returns to the synapses. Part of the beauty of the brain is that it is both an electrical and chemical system. An electrical impulse crosses to the far side of a synapse by triggering a chemical reaction which "carries" it across. The branches of each nerve cell have tiny tubes called vesicles running down their centers. Each vesicle contains thousands of molecules of chemical substances called neurotransmitters. When activated by the arrival of an electrical impulse, the transmitters act on receptor sites on the far side of the synapse (i.e., on the neighboring neuron), causing them to open specific "gates" which attract electrically charged particles of either potassium and sodium, or potassium and chloride.

If the transmitter substance opens gates that attract potassium and sodium, the electric impulse is "rekindled," crosses the synapse, and continues on its way to the next synaptic appointment. If the transmitter opens gates that attract potassium and chloride, the electric impulse is blocked, inhibited and must find its way to a different synaptic connection. The integration of these excitatory and inhibitory reactions animates human life and comprises the tapestry of consciousness. The inhibitory reactions are the brain's check-and-balance mechanism against sensory overload and Total Memory. If every cell fired with every impulse, we would remember everything and our minds would figuratively explode. Mental disorders are probably a result of imbalances among certain of the reactions, and they may be caused by too much or too little neurotransmitter chemical, too much or too little protein production, all of which depend upon adequate nourishment of the brain in the form of oxygen and glucose.

This, at the most microscopic level, is how the brain "works." Correctly appreciated, it should strike the reader as both astonishing and meaningless. As the metaphysician Alfred Korzybski once wrote: "Whatever you say an object *is, it is not,* because the statement is verbal and the facts are not." But it provides a beginning to the WRAPAROUND on the brain and helps explain why brilliant men and women continue to be transfixed, and their thoughts sent heavenward, by what can be seen and surmised through the lens of an electron microscope. —**Michael Aron**

Michael Aron is editor of WRAPAROUND.

"The eyes of the dog give to him sometimes a more intelligent expression than that of his master, and there is no doubt that he uses them to very good advantage; but they are not our eyes."

—C. Judson Herrick
Neurological Foundations of Animal Behavior, 1924

The brain of a ninety-year-old may consist of only two-thirds the number of cells found in that of a twenty-year old. The average brain, however, loses about 1,000 cells per day

During the course of hominid evolution, from Australopithecus to homo sapiens, the brain size has increased threefold. No other feature of the human body has continuously expanded to this degree.

he Nature of onsciousness

"Consciousness is the feeling of negation: in the perception of 'the stone as gray,' such feeling is in barest germ; in the perception of 'the stone as not gray,' such feeling is full development. Thus the negative perception is the triumph of consciousness."
—Alfred North Whitehead
Process and Reality, 1929

There is nothing in the uni-rse deeper or more complex in the phenomenon of con-ousness. And yet there is thing simpler and, in a way, ore inevitable. Consciousness ses when life arises: con-ousness is "inner life," or inward side of being alive. Consciousness does not yield dissection or analysis. It eds to be grasped and studied a whole. Similarly, it evades finition; we can never say at consciousness *is*, we can ly suggest its nature by meta-ors and images.

We find certain images of nsciousness which recur again d again in the history of ought: images of flowing and cession and change; images an extended space or field; d dramaturgical images of ges and arenas. Thus we eak of the "stream of con-ousness," an image which illiam James brought into mmon use. Sir Charles Sher-gton spoke of consciousness a loom or a shuttle, weav-g a constant succession of er-changing patterns, each ttern different, but all re-ed in an ultimate unity of ection and style. Leibniz de-ibed consciousness as a suc-sion of flashes or "fulgura-ns." And Proust saw con-ousness as a series of Mo-nts. Visual images are cru-lly important. Leibniz speaks sentient beings as "living rrors" reflecting the world, mirroring which is active, se-tive, creative; introspecting nature of his own con-ousness he wrote, "I need no escope except my attention." e particular lens or optic of e's personal telescope may warped by neurosis or dis-se, causing systematic dis-tions in one's consciousness vision. Nietzsche compares se to optical illusions, call-g paranoia, for example, "a oral-optical illusion." Hume s the mind as essentially dra-tic; he compares conscious-ss to an inner theater, in ich we are simultaneously thors, actors, audience, and ditorium.

These images derive from ysics and poetry. Are they rely fanciful, or are they consonant with the evidence we have? Can we properly call them scientific paradigms or hypotheses? I think that they are justified by observations we can make, and that their illuminating power can be exemplified in innumerable ways. I can only indicate this very briefly, from certain observations I have made of my patients and myself.

In my book *Awakenings* I describe something of the extraordinary inner lives of a unique group of patients, all victims of the extraordinary "sleeping-sickness" epidemic of fifty years ago and their "awakenings" when given the drug L-Dopa after years or decades of profoundly altered consciousness. The effect of disease in many of these patients was to "freeze" consciousness absolutely and completely, to arrest the inner stream or shuttle at a particular point of time years or decades in the past. In such patients (whose intellectual powers and personalities were otherwise intact), consciousness might be arrested, so to speak, in a single stroboscopic-transfixed brain-flash, a single unchanging moment of being. Such patients had no true sense of the passage of time during the years or decades of their consciousness-stasis.

In others there occurred not a stasis of consciousness, but strange dynamic distortions, so that their movements, typically, would tend to be too slow, too fast, too large, or too small. Such patients might not realize that their movements were in any way abnormal; they would feel that their movements were correct in scale, when in fact they were wildly disturbed. Such patients suffered from a peculiar sort of illusion or delusion, not psychotic or moral in quality but relating only to the judgment of space and time. Seeing such patients with their strangely warped "inner screens" or frames of reference, one could not but admit the power and precision of Nietzsche's image.

An example from my own experience. Last year I severely injured one leg while mountain climbing. Following an operation, the leg was enclosed in a plaster cast, which served not only to prevent any movement, but also to cut it off from confirmation by sight or touch. In consequence of this I developed a peculiar hiatus in imagination or consciousness. I became unable to summon up any image of my leg; I felt as if I were an amputee (a condition sometimes called negative phantom-limb). The coming back of the leg, of the inner image of the leg, occurred in a most fascinating and instructive way. When, after some weeks, I was judged ready to walk again, when I was poised on the brink of my first step —but having lost the idea of stepping, and of a leg to step with—I was suddenly precipitated into a sort of perceptual delirium, an incontinent bursting-forth of representations and images unlike anything I had ever experienced before. Suddenly my leg and the ground before me seemed immensely far away, then under my nose, then bizarrely tilted or twisted one way and another. These wild perceptions (or perceptual hypotheses) succeeded one another at the rate of several per second, and were generated in an involuntary and incalculable way. By degrees they became less erratic and wild, until finally, after perhaps five minutes and a thousand such flashes, a plausible image of the leg was achieved. With this the leg suddenly felt *mine* and real again, and I was forthwith able to walk. This experience provided an astonishing example of the brain-shuttle, with its rushing, involuntary generation of perceptions, hypotheses, flashes, and guesses. It showed the essentially dramatic and inventive quality of consciousness, recreating an idea which had been destroyed by injury.

Finally a brief consideration of the physical basis of consciousness. If there is exhaustion or depression of the cerebral cortex, the level of consciousness is lowered; if there is gross destruction of the cortex, consciousness is apparently extinguished. Thus it is clear that the cerebral cortex is needed to *mediate* consciousness. But this does not mean that "the cortex is the sole organ of consciousness in man," as William James described it. On the contrary, the alterations of consciousness occurring in sleeping-sickness patients, for example, arise from damage to structures below the cortex (which itself is almost always undamaged). Moreover, our appetites and emotions and sensations of pleasure and pain, which rise into consciousness and can dominate it, are strikingly uncortical in quality, and are determined by cerebral activities below the cortex. The basic "turning-on" and "turning-off" of consciousness is accomplished by arousal-systems in the lower brainstem, many levels below the cortex. The state of all our "innards," our viscera, our glands, our blood vessels, et cetera, enters into consciousness, and alters its "tone."

And, as my own example shows, the inner images which constitute consciousness can even be fundamentally altered by disturbances in the periphery of the body. The entire organism is a functional unity: thus we are not conscious with our cortex alone; we are conscious with the whole of ourselves.

One must go further. It is not merely we who are conscious. It cannot be supposed that the origination of consciousness lies in us alone. Our consciousness is like a flame or a fountain, rising up from infinite depths. We transmit and transfigure, but are not the first cause. We are vessels or funnels for what lies beyond us. Ultimately we mirror the nature which made us. Nature achieves self-consciousness through us.

—Oliver Sacks

Dr. Oliver Sacks is a neuropsychologist at Albert Einstein College of Medicine in the Bronx, New York, and the author of Migraine *(1970) and* Awakening *(1973). He plans to write a book, to be entitled* A Leg to Stand On, *about his own injury.*

APAROUNDOWRAPARO

The Mind-Brain Question

Brain damage is often caused by a lack of oxygen. Short periods of reduced oxygen during birth may result in language disorders such as dyslexia or stammering. It may also result in left-handedness. The incidence of left-handedness among brain-damaged persons is disproportionately high. A Canadian psychologist hypothesizes that language disorders and left-handedness are both caused by slight damage to the left side of the brain, which controls both speech functions and the right side of the body, including the normally dominant right hand.

Brain scientists are joined in a common cause, and the primary duty of each of us is to give an account of his own intriguing expeditions into this undiscovered country. Throughout my own scientific career, I, like other scientists, have struggled to prove that the brain accounts for the mind. But now, perhaps the time has come when we may profitably consider the evidence as it stands, and ask the question, Do brain mechanisms account for the mind? Can the mind be explained by what is now known about the brain?

The great psychologist William James looked upon the difficulty of stating the connection between mind and brain as "the ultimate of ultimate problems." My teacher Sir Charles Sherrington, who received the Nobel Prize in 1932 for his studies of reflexes, turned in his later years from animal experimentation to a scholarly and philosophical consideration of the brain and the mind of man. In the end, he could say only that "we have to regard the relation of mind to brain as not merely unsolved, but still devoid of a basis for its very beginning." In 1947 he wrote a foreword to a new edition of his book, *The Integrative Action of the Nervous System,* the last paragraph of which expressed his conclusion: "That our being should consist of two fundamental elements (brain and mind) offers, I suppose, no greater inherent improbability than that it should rest on one only."

In the quarter of a century since Sherrington wrote these words, we have learned a good deal about man, and it is exciting to feel, as I do, that the time has come to look at his two hypotheses, his two "improbabilities." Either brain action explains the mind, or we must deal with two elements.

Before stating my own conclusion, let me recount an experience that will help illustrate the distinction. I was with an epileptic patient, a man of high intelligence, and had exposed a large part of the left side of his brain. We know that a gentle electrical current interferes with the speech mechanism. One touches the cortex with a stimulating electrode and, since the brain itself feels no sensation, the patient does not realize that this has made him aphasic until he tries to speak, or to understand speech, and is unable to do so. One of my associates began to show the patient a series of pictures while I changed the placement of the electrode. The patient named each picture accurately at first. Just before the picture of a butterfly was shown to him, I applied the electrode where I supposed the speech cortex to be. He remained silent for a time. Then he snapped his fingers as though in exasperation. I withdrew the electrode and he spoke at once.

"Now I can talk," he said. "Butterfly. I couldn't *get* that word *butterfly,* so I tried to get the word *moth.*"

The patient's simple statement startled me. He was calling on two brain mechanisms alternately and at will.

It is clear that while the speech mechanism was temporarily blocked he could perceive the nonverbal meaning of the picture of a butterfly. He made a conscious effort to "get" the corresponding word. Then, not understanding why he could not do so, he turned back for a second time to the interpretive mechanism of the cortex, which was well away from the interfering effect of the electric current, and found a second nonverbal concept that he considered the closest thing to a butterfly. But the word *moth* did not present itself in the stream of consciousness as he expected. He remained silent, then expressed his exasperation by snapping the fingers and thumb of his right hand. That he could do without making use of the special speech mechanism. Finally, when I removed my interfering electrode from the cortex, he explained the whole experience with a feeling of relief, using words that were appropriate to his thought. *He* got the words from the speech mechanism when *he* presented concepts to it. For the word *he* in this introspection, one may substitute t word *mind.* Its action is n automatic.

The point is that some age cy was directing this proces and some energy was being e pended. For my own part, a ter years of striving to expla the mind on the basis of bra action alone, I have come the conclusion that it is simpl (and far easier to be logical) one adopts the hypothesis th our being does consist of tw fundamental elements. If th is true, it could still be tr that energy required comes the mind during waking hou through the highest brain mec anism.

Because it seems to me c tain that it will always be qu impossible to explain the mi on the basis of neuronal acti within the brain, and becau it seems to me that the mi develops and matures ind pendently throughout an in vidual's life as though it we a continuing element, and b cause a computer (which t brain is) must be programm and operated by an agency c pable of independent unde standing, I am forced to choo the proposition that our bei is to be explained on the ba of two fundamental elemen This, to my mind, offers t greatest likelihood of leading to the final understandi toward which so many stalw scientists strive.

—Wilder Penfi

Dr. Wilder Penfield is honor consultant to the Montreal Neurol ical Institute and the author of merous scientific books as well The Torch, a novelistic recreation the life of Hippocrates. This arti has been adapted from his most cent book, The Mystery of the M *(Princeton University Press, 1975*

THE FAIREST BRAIN OF ALL

We can imagine that by a suitable arrangement of mirrors and automatic facilities the surgeon could investigate his own brain. This apparatus, or one similar in its essentials, has been called by Feigl and others an "autocerebroscope." Suppose that the autocerebroscope is so arranged that the surgeon is able to place an electrode into his own interpretative cortex. On turning on the appropriate voltage he might become aware of scenes from his past, perhaps even of the sky at night. Or, with the electrode placed in his post-central gyrus he might ask someone to pinch his toe. He could then at one and the same time feel the pain and observe the electrical events in his cortex on the screen of the cerebroscope.

—C. U. M. Smith

The Brain: Toward an Understanding, 1970

"Until recently we have had a split medicine. One branch, general medicine, was interested in the 'body' ('soma'); the other was interested in the 'soul' ('psyche'). The net result was that general medicine was a glorified form of veterinary science, while psychiatry remained metaphysical."

—Alfred Korzybski

Science and Sanity, 1941

Anatomy of a Brain

The human brain is a gel nous three-pound lump of f connective tissue, spinal flu veins, and nerve cells—the l generating some twenty-f watts of total power. With support from the cranium a the three membranes called meninges, it would slump l a fallen soufflé. Though brain is in constant cont with every living cell in body, it can feel no pain its

The brain is a greedy, thirs selfish vampire that guzzles

IOWRAPAROUNDOWRA

nt-and-a-half of blood a min- e. No matter what is happen- g in the body, the brain takes s nourishment first, because a inute without oxygen or glu- ose results in unconsciousness; ght minutes causes death. or some reason, the brain eds more blood when the dy is asleep than when awake. Like the brains of all higher rtebrates, the human brain is bilobed organ; the left side ntrols the right half of the dy, and the right side the ft half. Why this arrange- ent evolved, scientists can ly speculate. Some believe it d to do with orientation of e body in space, finding food, self-protection; others call it accident of evolution. In y case, the arrangement is xible, especially in children d in lower forms of animals, hose brains are not as spe- alized as a human adult's. uge portions can be removed om either hemisphere of a ild's or an animal's brain, and e remaining tissue learns to mpensate for the loss.

The brain is divided into left d right hemispheres (see page 0). But each hemisphere of e brain can also be divided om back to front into three ctions; each is a legacy from different epoch of man's evo- tion.

Closest to the spinal cord the brainstem, known as the ld" brain or "reptilian" brain. bove and in front of that is e limbic brain, or "smell" ain, or "old mammalian" ain. On top of the brain, com- etely enveloping it and dom- ating its appearance, is the avily convoluted cerebral cor- x, also called the cerebrum or ew mammalian" brain.

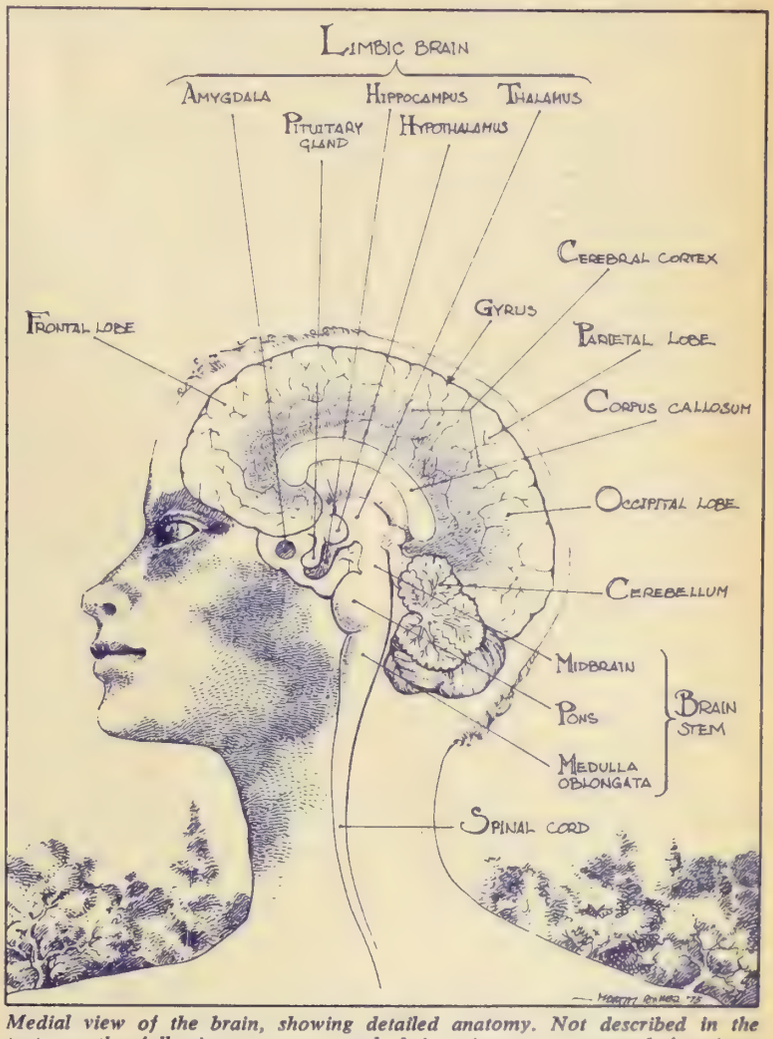
The brainstem goes back in olution some 200 million ars, and seems to have the me functions in all verte- ates: it governs "gut" reac- ns, ritual behavior, courting d mating activity, the ability find one's way home, rap- rt (or lack of it) with other imals, and the sense of be- a leader or a follower. It s even been suggested that politician's charisma is a action of his reptilian brain. is part of the brain controls icial reflexes—swallowing, ughing, blinking, saliva secre- n, and it monitors respiration, art rate, and some organs d glands.

In the center of the brain is the limbic brain, a cluster of many small, vitally important structures, all of which are left over from the phase of mammalian evolution when olfaction was an extremely important sense. This part of the brain still dominates the behavior of such animals as dogs and cats. Besides smell and taste, the smell brain regulates emotions and the autonomic nervous system. It monitors what's happening in the rest of the body, and, like a thermostat, switches different organs on and off as necessary. The limbic brain gives one a sense of balance, a sense of time, a sense of comfort or discomfort. It censors most of the impulses going to the "cognitive" part of the brain. It enables one to recognize another animal at a distance by shape alone.

Perhaps the most vital structure within the limbic brain is the hypothalamus, a tiny lump of tissue located in the center of the brain about three inches behind the nose. This organ controls the autonomic nerves, which regulate the intestines, heart, liver, lungs, and so on. It is responsible for sleep, sexual activity, sugar and fat metabolism, temperature and water regulation, and appetite. It is the center of elementary emotions. It uncorks the fight-or-flight syndrome—dry mouth, sweaty palms, rapid heartbeat. The hypothalamus is also the part of the brain to which the pituitary, or master gland, is attached.

The cerebral cortex is a structure that has evolved into the dominant part of the human brain, and is the source of our higher capabilities, such as speech, memory, and the ability to reason abstractly. Although the gray-pink cerebral cortex is only about a tenth-of-an-inch thick, it is so heavily folded and convoluted that, if it were spread out, it would cover a card table.

Each hemisphere of the cortex is subdivided by fissures into four lobes. In the frontal lobe, behind the eye and forehead, is located the ability to think about the future, make plans, and process intentions. The frontal lobe controls most of the muscles required for speech. It also contains large tracts of "associative" or "interpretive" nerve cells, assumed to be responsible for thought and consciousness, since no other function for these cells has been discovered. The temporal lobe, just above the ears, directs hearing, memory, and speech. The parietal lobe, situated on top of the brain behind the frontal lobe, is thought to be used in speech and memory; it, too, contains large associative areas. The occipital lobe, located in the back of the head, processes visual information.



Medial view of the brain, showing detailed anatomy. Not described in the text are the following structures and their primary or assumed functions: Medulla oblongata (controls respiration, pulse-rate, swallowing, coughing, and blinking); pons (links cerebrum and cerebellum); midbrain (controls eye muscles and pupils); amygdala (center of aggression); hippocampus (processes long-term memory); thalamus (regulates emotion, censors sensory input); corpus callosum (links cerebral hemispheres); spinal cord (carries nerve traffic between body and brain).

Control of the body's muscles and sensory awareness of the limbs is centered on either side of a fissure between the frontal and parietal lobes called the frontal gyrus. Motor output is initiated in front of the gyrus; sensory input is analyzed behind it. In both cases, the bulk of the neurons are connected to the most important of the external organs—the hands, lips, and tongue, the latter two because of their involvement in the speech process.

Outside the scheme of the three-part brain, is the cerebellum, a large, bilobed structure lying under the "bump" at the back of the head. The cerebellum coordinates all voluntary muscle activity, translating the cerebrum's general instructions into precise commands. It enables one to activate hundreds of muscles simultaneously, as in running, and then keep the muscles operating smoothly and automatically so that the mind is freed to pursue other things, such as devising an escape plan or guessing where the quarry is headed. Surprisingly, injury to the cerebellum does not produce paralysis; it results in spastic, uncoordinated movements in which few muscles contract with appropriate force.

—Lawrence S. Burns

Lawrence S. Burns is on the staff of Harper's.

Conversation with a Brain Surgeon

Dr. Irving S. Cooper is intimately familiar with the human brain, especially as it malfunctions. Chief neurosurgeon at St. Barnabas Hospital in New York and professor of neurosurgery at NYU, Dr. Cooper has operated on some 10,000 patients over the course of twenty years. At age twenty-eight, by a combination of luck and intuition, he accidentally discovered a surgical treatment for Parkinson's disease. He has since designed and pioneered the use of a brain pacemaker for involuntary movement disorders. In a review of Dr. Cooper's book, The Victim Is Always the Same, *C. P. Snow described him as "one of the most remarkable men alive."* New York *magazine, in its fashion, has named him one of the world's six greatest doctors. During the conversation which follows, I was reminded of my childhood doctor, whose warmth Dr. Cooper matched, and of Hippocrates, whose ideals he embodies. —Michael Aron*

What does a brain look like? I've read descriptions that say it is the consistency of very thick custard.

That's close. It is like a very thick custard.

But not like cheese, like Swiss cheese.

No, it's not that hard. It is more gelatinous.

Does the brain of a seventy-year-old person differ visibly from that of a child?

Yes, it does. The outside of the brain is divided by fissures. As one ages, one loses brain cells, and the brain substance shrinks. The fissures become wider. Just as your face changes with age, so does your brain.

What about the brain of a boxer? Would it be visibly different?

Many times it is. It is certainly microscopically different. Every time a boxer is punched, his brain reverberates against the skull. Parts of it may atrophy, but almost certainly it would have microscopic lesions. That's what being "punch-drunk" comes from.

Do you think there is anything different about the brain of a genius?

I'm certain there is. Just as there has to be something different about the brain of a mentally retarded person, there's obviously something different about the brain of a genius. Now, I'm using "genius" in a very restricted sense. I'm thinking of Newton or Einstein—someone who intuitively knows the answer to a problem long before he knows why. Their brains work more rapidly, for one thing. There are billions of connections being made much quicker than that [snaps fingers]. And they are being made chemically, as well as electrophysiologically.

We know that some types of mental retardation are due to a lack of certain neurochemicals. My guess is that there is a neurochemical difference in a genius—but it's just a guess.

Is there anything visibly different about the brains of various races?

I'm certain that there is, but it's a delicate question. If you take a pygmy who is three feet tall, he's going to have a small brain. But then, being smaller, it might work better. As far as the different races in the United States are concerned, I doubt if anyone could identify a person's racial origin by anatomic examination of the brain.

Can part of the brain be destroyed or removed without affecting behavior or locomotion?

Yes. It's amazing how much can be removed. As a brain becomes older, flexibility in removing parts of it diminishes. But, for example, if a patient is left-handed and has a tumor in his right frontal lobe, most of that lobe could be removed, and the patient would suffer no long-range, obvious motor, sensory, or intellectual deficit. Through careful psychological testing, some loss of abstract right-brain functions might be detected—but for practical purposes there would be no loss. The temporal lobe can be removed on one side if there is a tumor in it, or for certain types of epilepsy, without any sacrifice of function. Parts of the thalamus and cerebellum can also be removed.

We have read that when a person undergoes brain surgery for one problem, there is a 50 percent risk of sustaining brain damage of some other kind. Is this true?

That is absurd. If there is only a fifty-fifty chance of helping the patient, why do the surgery? Take my own work. When I started surgery for Parkinson's disease, there was no practical surgical treatment for it, and the patient just became bedridden. It was a whole new field of medicine, and we were operating on very ill, elderly patients with a new, previously untried technique. At that time there was a 10 percent risk. But in a year or two, the risk was down to 1.2 percent.

Or take the case of an aneurysm. An aneurysm is a kind of blowout in an artery, like a bubble on an inner tube. It can easily burst. It's one of the common causes of stroke in young and middle-aged people. Surgeons didn't know when to operate on them once they burst. In some of those operations at that time there was a 50 percent mortality rate, maybe more. Today, with better judgment and newer techniques, the same operation may be done with a risk of 10 percent, or less.

When is brain surgery most successful?

Tumors of the pituitary gland are usually benign, and can be operated on quite successfully, as can many tumors and cysts of the brain. We can relieve tremor and rigidity of Parkinson almost all the time now. However, since L-Dopa has come along, we don't do surgery very often because the drug is so good. We do most of our surgery on other involuntary movement disorders, such as dystonia or cerebral palsy. Another successful area is the field of trauma to the brain, where blood clots form on the brain, say, after an automobile accident or being hit on the head with a baseball.

How about the disorders we think of as being primarily psychological—depression, schizophrenia? These can't be treated surgically, can they?

Any surgical treatment in mental disease is symptomati and the indications for it ar rare.

Electroshock has come unde a lot of criticism. It is ofte painted as barbarous. Is the any justification for this?

The idea of shocking an one's brain is in itself shoc ing. The question is, What the alternative? It's now use only with those patients wh are so severely depressed noth ing else can help them.

Depression is probably th single most common disease the civilized world, maybe the uncivilized world—ar maybe we're all uncivilized. D pression probably takes mo people to the doctor's offi and is very often unrecognize People show up with hea aches, insomnia, apathy, they' unhappy with marriage or the jobs—many of these people a just depressed. But shock the apy is rarely indicated, and th reason is that a group of dru called the tricyclic antidepre sants have been developed treat depression. The trad name of one is Elavil. Anoth is Tofernil. Their developme is one of the greatest advanc in medicine of the past decad They can give depressed pe ple a whole new life.

Based on your understan ing of the brain, do you thi long-term users of alcoh marijuana, and LSD suff brain damage or memory los

Any drug which affects bra cells is potentially harmful it is used over a long perio

If you drink enough alcoh so that it has any kind of ple surable effect on you, you a doing that by poisoning son of the nerve cells in your brai usually reversibly.

When you say "reversibly do you mean that the bra cells can regenerate themselve

No. In this case, you have destroyed them, you've ju stopped their function. they're destroyed, that's irrev sible. Alcohol is like an an thetic. When a doctor puts y to sleep, he is in effect te porarily "poisoning" your brai Your brain wasn't meant to put to sleep that way. If y take a sleeping pill, you are p soning your brain.

In my opinion, marijuana in the same category. Ho much marijuana you have use before it causes permane brain damage, I can't answ

Estimates of the number of Americans receiving electroshock therapy each year range from 50,000 to 200,000.

Two of the greatest nineteenth-century British neurophysicians were Lord Russell Brain and Sir Henry Head.

i not sure anybody knows . Or how much you have to e before it adversely affects ir sex life.

Some researchers say that mory is stored in the hipcampus, and that the source love or sexual attraction is the amygdala. What value you attach to these statents?

The idea of complex functns being located in a parular part of the brain is a y primitive notion. Memory a very complex and still poorunderstood function. You speak of single cells having nemory. The reason patients velop allergic reactions against tain substances is that some their cells acquire a memory that substance and try to ect it. Memory is probably d down in very complex enms in molecules. There is obably no part of the brain t doesn't contribute to mem in some sense.

As for the claim that the rce of love or sexual attracn is the amygdala—phylogeically, smell, which was asiated with the amygdala, s very important in lower mals for sexual activity. d there are still a lot of ople who are turned on by ells. It probably has someng to do with sex, but so s everything else. There's sex center per se in the in.

There's no physical counter-t to Freud's libido?

No. It's as complex as mem or speech.

On another subject, do you nk that pharmacological thods can be used to arrest aging of the brain?

think that's conceivable. I think maturation is chemical, that aging is chemical, and that someday some of the things which cause aging could be at least temporarily replaced. You see, as long as there is a physical, chemical basis for something, then obviously the possibility exists for modifying it.

What do you think are the most promising things in the field of brain research today?

I'd say two things. One is in the area of diagnosis. I think that one of the most exciting and revolutionary things that has been developed in the past ten years, maybe fifty years, is a machine called the EMI, which is combined with a computer to record the coefficient of X-ray absorption by each different part of the brain as it passes through. The computer then gives a readout, digitally, of the density of each part of the brain, which is then transduced into a picture of the cross section of the brain.

Up until now, whenever you took an X ray of the skull, you could see the bone, but the brain didn't show up on it. In order to visualize what was going on in the brain, you had to either put air into the cavities of the brain or dye into the arteries. But both of these techniques have some dangers, and you still can't see the brain itself—only the cavities and the arteries—so you have to make suppositions about the brain itself. But this machine gives you a picture of the brain. If there is a tumor in it, you see the tumor. If there's been a stroke, you see that. The information is available in fifteen minutes. They are now developing a whole-body scanner to be used as part of an annual physical checkup; tiny tumors will be picked up much earlier. In my view, this machine is the most important and potentially beneficial advance since Madame Curie developed the X ray.

The other thing that's most exciting about brain research is what is happening in the field of neurochemistry. That's where the ultimate answers will come from. I think Lithium and the tricyclic drugs for depression could almost be compared in importance to the antibiotics. And they're just the beginning.

Is this going to make psychotherapy less important in the long run? Less prevalent?

Yes, I don't think there's any question about it. Most mental illnesses will be treated physiologically.

Let's assume that a three-year-old child sees something we would think to be psychologically traumatic—a dead body, his parents having intercourse—something that a Freudian would interpret as being important through the rest of the child's life. Is there a chemical transformation in his brain because of the incident?

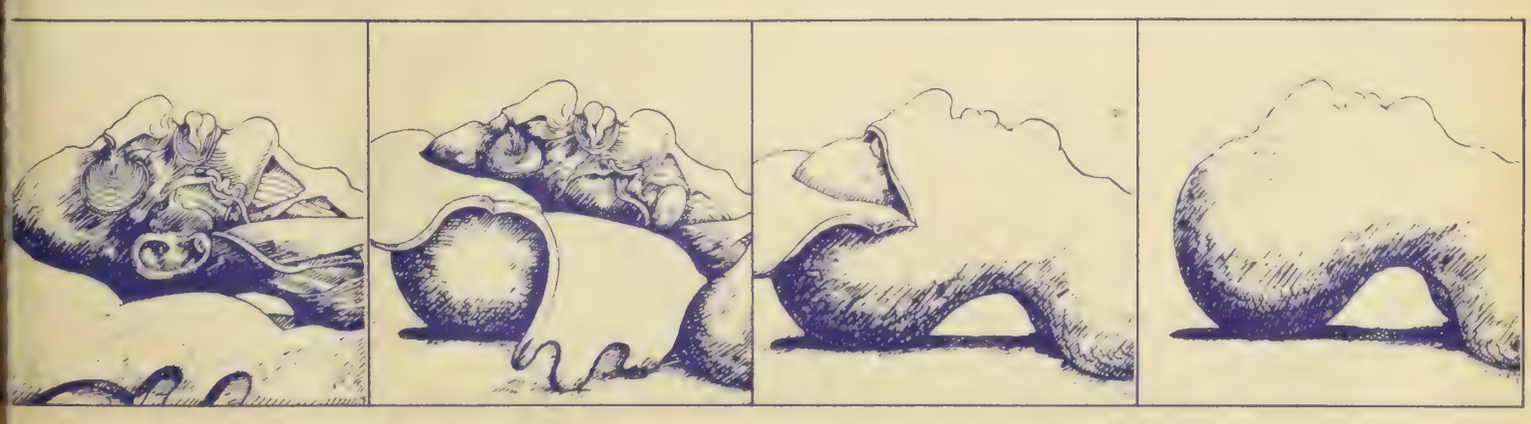
I think that anything you see that induces a memory induces a chemical change; otherwise you could not remember. A child, of course, innocent and open, is going to be impressed with anything. But I think that the idea of the primal scene—watching his parents, or two dogs, or two of his friends having intercourse—being among the most traumatic things just doesn't stand up.

I am not an expert on this, I'm just a human being. I think that Freud can compare with Joyce as far as his importance on our philosophical thought goes, but psychoanalysis as a therapeutic art has really never been satisfactorily proven and has very little use. Psychotherapy has great use, but it doesn't necessarily have to be in the medical field. The medical profession has learned a lot about psychotherapy from some of the recent paramedical things that have sprung up. Yoga and meditation have been around for a long time. For thousands of years, people in India have been slowing down their hearts to a rate of five beats a minute and controlling the anxiety of their environment, all because they couldn't lay their hands on any booze or pills. They had to learn to do it with their minds.

Encounter groups, courses in modified yoga and Transcendental Meditation have often been much more immediately beneficial for anxious psychoneurotic people than has long-term analysis.

Finally, do you think there is such a thing as mind or soul that is greater than organic brain function?

Yes, but I don't think you're going to satisfy anybody with an answer. Sir John Eccles, the Nobel Prize winner in single-cell physiology, feels that mind is something different from brain. But he is a Catholic theologian. Teilhard de Chardin would certainly feel the same way. But you're asking me, do I think thoughts are possible without the brain? I do not.



OUNDWRAPAROUND

In humans, intelligence does not seem to be a function of brain size. While Lord Byron and Oliver Cromwell had very large brains, weighing around 2,350 grams, Walt Whitman's brain weighed only 1,282 grams.

Brain Size and Language

Several lines of evidence suggest the possibility that, at least in mammals, there may be a critical absolute brain size below which language as we know it is impossible and above which language as we know it is possible and even probable.

In saying "language as we know it," I am referring not to a literal, slavish view of the human languages as they currently exist; I am referring, rather, to the ability of these languages to transmit, store, and carry from one mind to another certain kinds of information and certain degrees of complexity of information.

This information can contain data related to the past, present, and future; it expresses to the mind of the receiver, however imperfectly, the state of mind of the sender, his plans, actions, and problems.

In the case of the adult human, the critical brain size seems to be of the order of 900 to 1,000 grams. Detailed, microscopic examination of other mammalian brains of lesser and greater size than that of the human have shown the cerebral cortices of all to be remarkably alike. However, there are definite differences among brains of different sizes. Some areas are not involved in the immediate input-output computations. These are silent areas, the so-called associational or interpretive or "uncommitted" cortex, present in larger brains and not in smaller ones.

The silent areas are those that add computational abilities to the brain in such a way that language as we know it can be generated. Children born without these areas of cortex (microcephalics) are incapable of learning language as we know it.

In the primate series, the macaque monkey, whose brain weighs 100 grams, has no silent areas; all of his cortex is sensory-motor, that is, engaged in the business of seeing, moving, eating, and regulating body functions. In the chimpanzee, who is able to use his hands for a very rapid sign language, the silent areas are small. In the human the silent areas have expanded; of the 1,500 grams of brain weight, most of the expansion over that of the macaque and of the chimpanzee is in the silent areas and their related nuclei.

The Cetacea, an order of aquatic mammals whose brains range from the small brains of the porpoise at 350 grams to that of the sperm whale at 9,000 grams, show a similar pattern. In the larger Cetacea, the larger brains have large silent areas. Even as our silent areas are very much larger than those of the chimpanzee, so the silent areas of the giant sperm whale are larger than ours by a factor of four to six.

As there is a critical brain-size threshold for the acquisition of language as we know it, so there are probably other critical thresholds of brain size for languages that we do not yet know about and which are far more complex than human language. Our studies make it extremely likely that the acquisition of certain kinds of thinking, feeling, and doing involve very real limitations placed upon each species by the limitations of its own brain. From these studies it appears that man is not the preeminent thinker on this planet. There are others man slaughters whose attainments are probably greater than his. We may never know securely whether this hypothesis is true or not, as we continue our destruction of the largest brains upon this planet at the service of industrial exploitation of these magnificent creatures.

There is an old-fashioned argument about the size of the brain versus the size of the body, which says the large body requires a large brain to operate it. But let us turn the question around and ask, How large a body is needed to maintain a very large brain? What is the minimum size of the self-supporting vehicle for a given sized biocomputer, especially those of very large size? The brain of a fifty-ton whale shark is smaller than that of a macaque monkey. But the brain of a fifty-ton sperm whale weighs approximately 9,000 grams, four times the size of a human brain. All of the sperm whale's increase in size of brain is devoted to the silent, high-level computational areas of the cerebral cortex.

Who are the sperm whales? What do they do? What do they think? Will we ever be able to answer these questions with their help? Let us stop killing them and learn how to communicate with them through new research in cooperation with the Cetacea.

—John C. Lilly

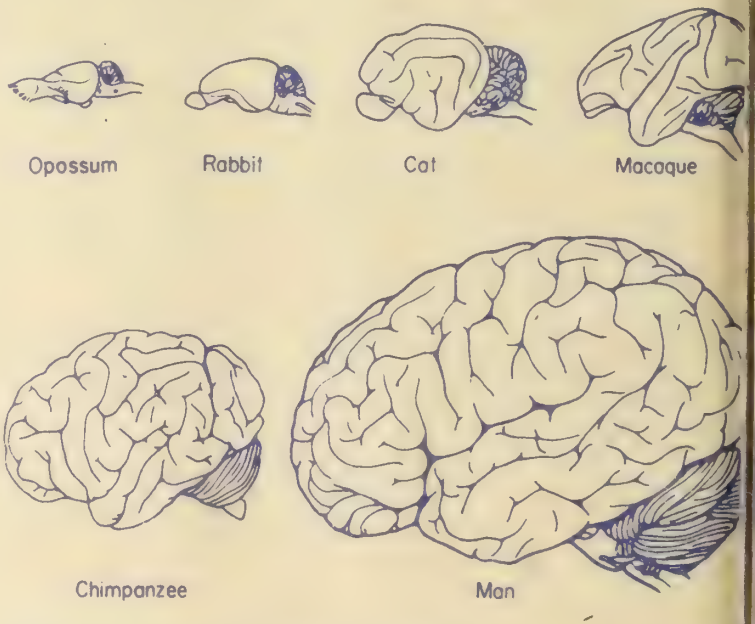
Dr. John C. Lilly's recordings of the communication of dolphins, and his work on physical isolation in a flotation tank, are well known. The author of Center of the Cyclone, Simulations of God, Lilly on Dolphins: The Humans of the Sea, *and, with his wife, Toni,* The Dyadic Cyclone, *Dr. Lilly is treasurer of Human Software, Inc., in Malibu, California, and director of the nonprofit Human Dolphin Foundation.*

BEYOND DARWI

We have reached a stage i human evolution—and I a convinced we reached it thou sands of years ago—where 10 people with smaller brains stan just as good a chance of survi ing to child-bearing age as 10 with larger brains, and are lik ly to leave no fewer childre than the others. Brain size is n longer a yardstick to survival i it may once have been. We hav used these very brains to crea conditions in which mere brai size is of negligible importanc we have used them to develo new mechanisms of adaptatio tools, shelters, clothing, fire, s cial institutions—and centr heating, air conditioning, refri eration, disinfection, mink coat and sunshades. You can hav these things with a size 5¾ h or with a size 8½, just as makes no difference what si shoe you take.

—Phillip V. Tobi

The Brain in Homin Evolution, 19



Drawings to scale of a series of mammal brains, by J. Jansen. From Facir Reality, *by J. C. Eccles (Springer-Verlag, 1970).*

Wishful Thinking

Each one of us is potentially Mind at Large. But in so far a we are animals, our business is at all costs to survive. To mak biological survival possible, Mind at Large has to be funnele through the reducing valve of the brain and nervous systen What comes out at the other end is a measly trickle of the kin of consciousness which will help us to stay alive on the surfac of this particular planet.

—Aldous Huxle

The Doors of Perception, 19

WRAPAROUND CONTINUES ON PAGE 1



Millions have already bought an SX-70 Land camera. But which model should *you* buy? Study the features, then see your camera dealer. Whichever you choose, you'll be getting not only a remarkable instrument, but an adventure in picture-taking.

Shopper's Guide to Polaroid's SX-70.

$194.95* **The Original**	**$149.95*** **The Model 2**	**$99.95*** **The Model 3**
Camera ejects picture automatically.	Same	Same
You watch the image develop.	Same	Same
Picture is hard, dry, durable, fade-resistant.	Same	Same
Nothing to peel, nothing to throw away.	Same	Same
Focuses from 10.4 inches to infinity.	Same	Same
Reflex viewing system (through-the-lens focusing).	Same	To focus, you set the distance on the face of the camera.
Precise 4-element lens.	Same	Same
10-shot color film, big prints.	Same	Same
Fresh power every time you load (battery is in the film).	Same	Same
Uses 10-shot FlashBar.	Same	Same
Genuine leather.	Brown Porvair.	Deep tan Porvair.
Folds to about 1″x4″x7″.	Same	Same
Lightweight (24 ounces).	Same	Same
Brushed chrome body.	Off-white plastic body.	Black plastic body.
Automatic time exposures up to 14 seconds.	Same	Same
Automatic film counter.	Same	Same
12,000 RPM motor.	Same	Same
Uses all optional SX-70 attachments.	Same	Will not accept lens shade or close-up lens.

*Suggested list prices. © 1975 Polaroid Corporation. Polaroid ® SX-70.™

LETTERS

One man's narcissism . . .

Peter Marin ["The New Narcissism," October] has caught us in the act and exposed that we are spiritual, emotional, and moral masturbators—the only connection we seek is with ourselves.

Yet there are times when I feel that happiness is simply having an unagitated spinal column. The solution: let's all stare at our navels—there to be reminded of our vital connection to other people.

ROBERTA B. JOSEPHO
La Jolla, Calif.

Peter Marin is in a sense "right" about *est* training, just as his dozen or so acquaintances were "right" about their individual experiences, as they related them to him. Mr. Marin heard what he thinks they got from the training, and what he thinks they got is what he heard. Unfortunately, as readers of a beautifully written and eloquent article, we cannot know what the writer himself would have taken from the *est* experience, since—by his own admission—it is something he would never open himself up to.

My own experience of the training was a little different from that of the people Marin spoke with. For example, the world is indeed "perfect," but only in the sense that, at any particular moment in time, things are precisely the way they are, and no different—grass is green, manure smells, and I love my wife, or I don't love her. Moreover, believe it or not, *est* repeatedly makes the point that we are responsible for our actions in this most real of all possible worlds, and *that* includes the effects of those actions upon our fellow men and upon the community of which we are a part.

I am pleased that Werner Erhard's more humble origins have been revealed. Perhaps this revelation will help forestall his deification by *est* converts. (What was Jesus Christ's Jewish name?) But I do wish Peter Marin had subjected his conclusions about the *est* training to the test of direct experience.

ROBERT A. MAYNARD
Oakland, Calif.

While I applaud Peter Marin's attack on narcissism and on political and social irresponsibility, it is incredible that he should locate these phenomena preeminently in the human potential or consciousness movements. It is no accident that Jerry Rubin is a leader both among political activists and in the consciousness movement, nor that the economist Adam Smith has taken both the Arica and the *est* trainings and has just published a book on consciousness. Similarly, both women's liberation and gay liberation have r
lied heavily on consciousness an
awareness techniques borrowed fro
the human potential armamentariu
in order to implement their politic
goals. The same young people pa
ticipated in the Sixties, in Californ
and elsewhere, in the creation
the political protest against the wa
in the ecology movement, and
the consciousness movements. The
movements are not antagonistic b
complementary. The assumption th
they are antagonistic is a projectio
from the old consciousness again
which they are *all* rebelling.

It is possible that Mr. Marin w
led astray by the technical use of t
word *self* among the groups in t
consciousness movement. "Self,"
used in *est*, Arica, psychosynthesi
has no connection with the acciden
of individual biography or histor
personal appearance, achievemen
or possession; it has nothing to
with selfishness. Such phenomena a
understood as not self but *ego*. T
aim of the consciousness movemen
generally is to transcend the ego a
individual attachment to its achiev
ments. There is nothing narcissist
about attempting to transcend t
things in life that lead people
narcissism.

Marin's attack on *est* (Erha
Seminars Training) is particular
unjustified, and for several reason
The information that he gives abo
est is *wholly* incorrect; *est* has
probably more than any other co
sciousness group—actively contri
uted to social causes.

To list a few key errors:

(1) *Est* training has nothing
do with "willpower" training; t

CORRECTION

In "A Conversation with Dayan" (November), a word was inadvertently dropped from one of General Dayan's answers. In reply to the question "What concessions did Egypt actually offer in this new agreement?" General Dayan said, "They [the Egyptians] should have given an end of belligerency formally declared." The word *should* was omitted from the text, which may have changed General Dayan's statement materially. We regret the error.

rd *will* is not even used in the ining.

(2) While Werner Erhard does r that guilt and shame are ineftual and unconscious emotional tes and does not recommend that rsonal actions be guided by them, certainly does not claim (as Marreports) that the poor and hunr have wished their condition on mselves or that the Vietnamese nted to be bombed! The *est* non that each individual is responle for his own *experience* does not an that he is to blame for his conion.

(3) The subjectivist and relativnotion that "whatever one thinks be true is true" is wholly foreign the *est* training and to Erhard's nking. Possibly this is a misunrstanding of the *est* notion that e creates one's own experience and t *unexamined* presuppositions and tterns have a binding and conlling effect on one, *as if* they exssed objective truth. The whole int of the *est* training is to overne the unexamined baggage of that distorts the perception of lity, and to bring the individual o closer touch with what is realso.

Several months ago, at an appearce in San Francisco, Werner Erd said the following:

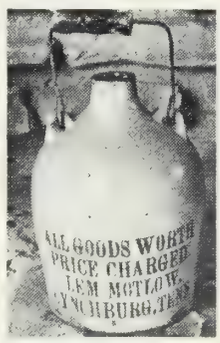
"When you have experienced your f, you will know it, because it will e you out into the world. The e experience of self takes you out o the world. Not into a cave. Not o a monastery. . . . And the way u go into the world is with comssion. . . . When you have expenced your self, it will take you t into the world to share that exrience of self with others, to serve ers, to be responsible for the conion of the world, to participate life."

W. W. Bartley III
Professor of Philosophy
California State University
Hayward, Calif.

Even the four-day adventure with (two weekends, not one as the icle suggests) contains some of the ys for some people to help them tie psychological dependencies, bef systems, other similar knots. And y observer worth his spices will, as number have already done, spend time and relatively few bucks to



IN 1907, JACK DANIEL'S NEPHEW said, "All Goods Worth Price Charged." We're still saying it in times like these.



Mr. Lem Motlow put this slogan on jugs and crocks of his uncle's whiskey. You see, he knew that no other whiskey was made with pure, iron-free water. And that no other distiller mellowed his product through hard maple charcoal before aging. Mr. Motlow knew value when he saw it. And still today, though Jack Daniel's is priced above most whiskeys, a sip will prove its worth.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

Little Maria had been hungry all her life.



Maria lives in a slum in Brazil and has suffered from malnutrition all her young life. When she was accepted into our CCF-assisted nutrition program, she was about five and a half years old but was unable to walk. She weighed only sixteen pounds—less than half her estimated normal weight for a child her age.

Little Maria's home is a four room shack made of poles, mud and partially covered with tiles, flattened tin cans and pieces of scrap lumber. Holes in the walls are patched with cardboard. She shares this home with her mother and father, five sisters, five brothers and a nephew.

While Maria's father works hard, he is totally unskilled and can only get work as a porter, carrying immense loads on top of his head. His income is so meager he cannot possibly provide for his family. Maria's mother does not have a job and stays home to care for the children.

Now Maria has a chance for a better life with help from her CCF sponsor. After she was enrolled in the nutrition project, she showed rapid signs of improvement. She became able to crawl around the recovery room. She could smile and talk. She could even draw and our report shows that her physical state was improving normally. Hopefully she will make a good recovery and the marks of malnutrition will disappear.

But there are many other youngsters like Maria who suffer from severe malnutrition and who must wait for the assistance they so urgently need. You can help such a child by becoming a CCF sponsor. The cost is only $15 a month (tax deductible) and you will have the privilege of developing a person-to-person relationship with the child you assist.

You will receive the child's photograph, name and mailing address so that you can exchange letters and cards. Most important, you will have the satisfaction that comes from sharing your love with someone who needs you. And boys and girls like Maria urgently need your help. Malnutrition can cause many permanent defects even if it does not immediately lead to disease and death.

Won't you help? Please fill out the coupon at the bottom of the page indicating the sex and country of the child you'd like to sponsor. In about two weeks you will receive your personal sponsor folder on the child who has been placed with you.

Sponsors urgently needed in Brazil, India, Guatemala, Indonesia, Kenya and Thailand.

A summary financial statement is available to you upon request.

Write today: Dr. Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.
Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I want to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country)_____

☐ Choose any child who needs my help. I will pay $15 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____. Please send me child's name, mailing address and photograph.

I can't sponsor a child now but I do want to give $_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Member of International Union for Child Welfare, Geneva. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto, 7. HP33DO

see what goes on. The major fla with the Erhard thing is that it do not release its clients into the larg world: but, for what it does, it clearly more efficient and economic than earlier, lengthier attempts. F my money, almost any book Krishnamurti can take one throug then past the self which I belie Mr. Marin is dealing with. But old K. is so fond of saying, "If w want order, which is peace, we w live peacefully. That means no n tionality, no belief, no dogma, r competition, no division of people

How many of these psychologic attachments is Mr. Marin, or anyon ready at this point to suspend, alone dissolve? We need a very cle distinction between psychological d pendencies and physical ones. M Marin's article confuses the issu his fieldwork does not seem to what it used to be. Some of us we wondering, too, why Hubbard's i age, the Arica group, and othe were included: decorations? A some of us would also like to kn whose marriage bed Mr. Marin referring to. When the duality eros and *agape* is understood, a therefore dissolved, thought m stop for a while, and even in b love may come, on its own, so th the community of two (or whateve may act appropriately: which mea in the present, not linked with t past (which is thought).

Many of the groups, systen books of the past few decades ha at least reached the beginning of understanding of the way this wor The prophecy (if you will) made Lao-tzu some time ago that "he w rules with love may rule and rema unknown" is happening. Even hard-Rosenberg will probably relea his subjects when he's made enou money. We must realize that we a on our own (that is, free of p chological dependencies of any kin so that we may work and play w anyone, anywhere. Yet the seeds there: Mr. Marin has missed son thing. The sense of play seems mi ing, without which *any* bed—anim vegetable, or mineral—is apt to a little dry. I'd much rather eat meal with the Hare Krishna peo and enjoy their chanting and da ing (for a while) than I would w some of the more traditional Pr estant groups I've encountered. of course you can't be in two pla

QUALITY PAPERBACK BOOK SERVICE

The easy, economical way to buy the best paperbacks in print



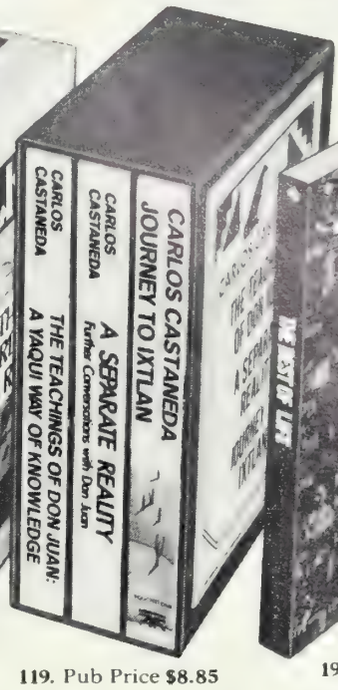
171. Pub Prices Total **$6.85**



222. Pub Prices Total **$11.35**



151. Pub Price **$8.95**



119. Pub Price **$8.85**



198. Pub Price **$7.95**

Choose any 3 books or sets for only $1 each

You simply agree to buy six more within the next year and as a member you'll immediately qualify for our Free Book Plan.

In this introductory offer you can acquire as many as seven different works and save up to $32.15.

NOT ONLY ARE MORE and more important books appearing in paperback editions, many are being published *only* in paperback. The Quality Paperback Book Service was created to keep you from missing the best of them. As a trial member of QPB, you'll receive our informative catalog, the *QPB Review*, each issue of which contains approximately 70 titles to choose from. You'll also immediately qualify for our Free Book Plan. All QPB books are large-size, durable, handsome editions printed on quality paper with modern, readable typefaces. Join QPB today.

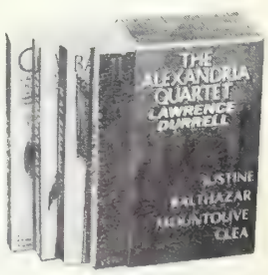
QUALITY PAPERBACK BOOK SERVICE, INC.
Middletown, Pennsylvania 17057



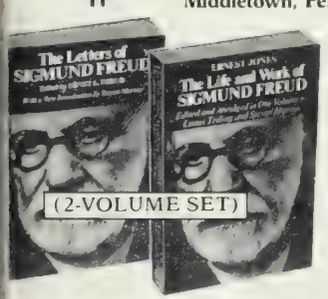
204. Pub Price **$5.95**



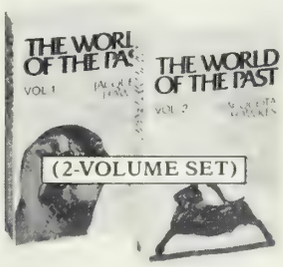
237. Pub Price **$5.20**



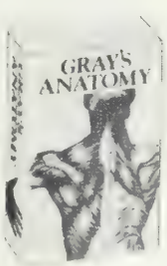
183. Pub Price **$7.95**



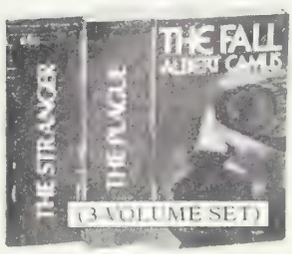
228. Pub Prices Total **$11.90**



210. Pub Prices Total **$11.90**



236. Pub Price **$7.95**



126. Pub Prices Total **$5.55**



261. Pub Price **$8.95**



31. Pub Prices Total **$9.90**



239. Pub Prices Total **$5.85**



221. Pub Prices Total **$6.45**



235. Pub Price **$6.95**

at once. How to pass through narcissism is the problem: it's just another belief, another dogma after all. And it deserves to be looked at lots more closely than Mr. Marin suggests. His article is a beginning.

FRANK MILLER
Philadelphia, Pa.

PETER MARIN REPLIES:

There is hardly any point in going over the same ground. The points I was making about *est* have to do with the underlying implications of the ideas at work in it, and not with its surface rhetoric. What I mind most about *est* is the arrogance with which its leaders ignore the real complexity and ambiguity of existence. Those salvationary zeals which deny —by the simple expedience of silence—the political and economic bases for misery are indeed tyrannous, not only to those who subscribe to them, but to the others one is in the end supposed to care for.

The fact is I have never spoken to an *est* enthusiast without asking specifically whether or not each of the German Jews might not have been individually responsible for being gassed. And every time, every *single* time, the *est* disciple eagerly told me that each one, children included, had invited his own fate.

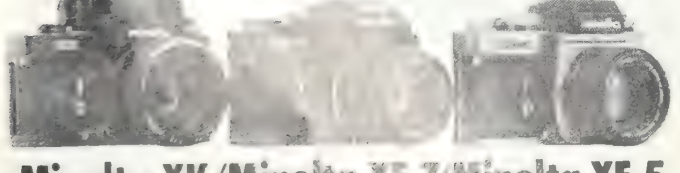
If Erhard does not mean that, he better make sure that his followers know what he does mean. But it would be better still, of course, if they could sit down and figure such things out for themselves as intelligent equals. Krishnamurti's greatest grace was his refusal to answer certain questions for his listeners, thereby allowing them to think for themselves. But *est* does not do that, and that is perhaps what I hate most about it. People who do not think for themselves will never feel or act for themselves and will always, in the end, have to be told what to do. I find the quality of *est*'s rhetoric and slogans frightening, devoid of grave truths of thought and action which mark a genuine community worthy of respect. Someone is going to say that *est*'s popularity proves the need for it, and the need for it proves its validity—but that was always true of authoritarian cults. People were always made to feel better by their association with them. And their rhetoric, of course, was always about a better world.

You can fall in love again with an electronic Minolta.



The electronic Minolta 35mm reflex makes it easy to capture the pictures that are everywhere. Its unique shutter sets itself instantly, automatically and with uncanny accuracy. So instead of worrying about exposure, you can concentrate on the picture. You can use the camera automatically or make the adjustments yourself. Either way, the finder shows exactly what's happening for total creative control.

There's an electronic Minolta reflex that fills your needs. And your budget. Each accepts interchangeable Rokkor-X and lenses, ranging from "fisheye" wide-angle to super-telephoto. For information, see your dealer or write to Minolta Corp., 101 Williams Dr., Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.



Minolta XK/Minolta XE-7/Minolta XE-5
More camera for your money.

Good medicine

If Richard Selzer ["The Art o Surgery," October] believes, alon with Emerson, that the poet is th only true doctor, then I would lik to tell him that he is therapeutic

Dr. Selzer articulates the love awe, grandeur, beauty, appreciation and hope that the study of what h terms "exuberant bloody growths excites in me.

DONNA G. POTT
San Diego, Calif

Too many cook

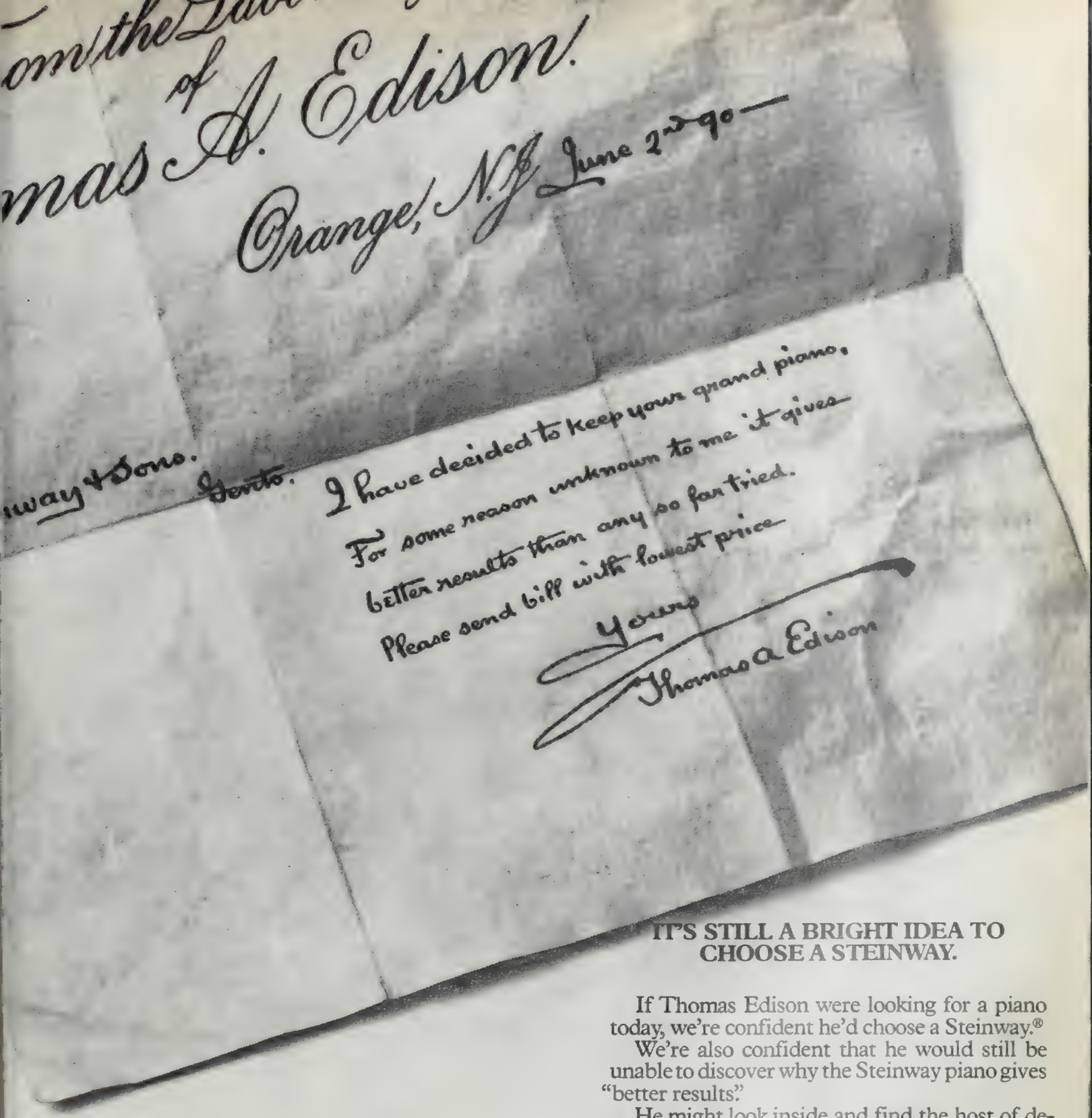
"Recipe for a Cookbook: Scissor and Paste" [October] brought int question my integrity and taste. I was written by Karen Hess, who wa identified simply as a writer "wh grew up in a Nebraska communit where every woman was a good cook Her articles have appeared in sev eral national magazines." What th credit line failed to add is that du ing a two-year period in which absented myself from the *New Yor Times*, her husband, John Hess, be came for a brief period, and, for bet ter or worse, food editor.

Subsequently, at the management' request, I returned to the *Times* a food editor, thus replacing her hus band, an award-winning reporte whose writing I most certainly re spect. It is both painful and embar rassing to question the motives an intent of a colleague's wife. It i more difficult, on the other hand, t stand silent in the face of vilifyin and vituperative prose from the han of an obviously angry and sadly bi ter woman.

CRAIG CLAIBORN
East Hampton, N.Y

KAREN HESS REPLIES:

It is sad that Mr. Claiborne di not choose to address the issue: pr tentiousness, poor scholarship, an lack of probity in food writing. I stead of defending the citations fro his work, Mr. Claiborne implies personal grudge. It is well known t him and common knowledge in th food world, especially the consume ist sector, that my husband resigne as food critic of the *New York Time* against the will of his editors an readers months before Mr. Cla borne's return, which one reader d scribed as "the dawn of an old era.



IT'S STILL A BRIGHT IDEA TO CHOOSE A STEINWAY.

If Thomas Edison were looking for a piano today, we're confident he'd choose a Steinway.®

We're also confident that he would still be unable to discover why the Steinway piano gives "better results."

He might look inside and find the host of design and construction details that set the Steinway apart. But what makes a Steinway a Steinway is more than the sum of its exclusive features.

It's patience. Dedication. Attention to detail. Work. And more work.

As for price, we still build pianos the way Henry E. Steinway built them when he set up shop more than 120 years ago–to a standard, not to a price. "Build the best piano possible and sell it at the lowest price consistent with quality," was his philosophy.

And that is still the only way to build a Steinway.

For information write to John H. Steinway, 109 West 57th Street, New York 10019.

STEINWAY & SONS



THE FIRST AND SECOND CITIES

Philippe Weisbecker

Notes on the jealous rivalry between New York and Washington
by Lewis H. Lapham

IN THE NEWSPAPERS this fall I have been following the dispute between New York and Washington with the feeling that something has been left out. Of all the cities in the United States, New York and Washington probably occupy the lowest places in the public estimation, both of them represented in the polls of national opinion as the foul haunts of thieves, confidence men, lying journalists, touts, lobbyists, bawds, and conniving politicians. And yet they have the temerity to argue with one another about the appropriation of other people's money. Almost every day another important public figure makes another important statement about the federal obligation to prevent New York from going bankrupt, about fiscal responsibility and the principles of the Constitution, even (in moments of extreme solemnity) about the differences between the liberal and conservative definitions of the social contract. Much of this no doubt pertains to the deficit at hand, but little of it makes sense without an appreciation of the subterranean hatreds that govern New York's envy of Washington and Washington's envy of New York.

Washington's resentment of New York needs no introduction. For as long as I can remember I have listened to pious bureaucrats talk about the godforsaken decadence of the city, about its cynicism, lasciviousness, and greed. This is the simplification with which President Ford (like Spiro Agnew before him) delights his audiences in Ohio; it is also the opinion of Rep. Bill Alexander (D.-Ark.) who, when asked for his assessment of the Congressional attitude toward New York, remarked, "To most people out in the heartland of America, New York is non-American." What is not so often mentioned is New York's antagonism toward Washington.

THE CHARACTERISTIC prejudices in both cities derive from a small circle of people who give coherent expression to the prevailing opinion. In Washington the circle is relatively small, consisting almost entirely of people who hold places in the government or the press. The corresponding circle in New York encompasses the national media, the advertising and fashion industries, a few eminent law firms, and the artistic and intellectual communities. The difficulties begin with first assumptions. Both New York and Washington think of themselves as the imperial city from which lines of money and light radiate into the national darkness. Each perceives the other as a provincial town, and neither city grants the other's theory of reality. From the point of view of New York the residents of Washington appear to be philistines because they care nothing for the intellect; Washington looks upon New York with equal condescension because it cares nothing for the solemn business of the state.

New York believes that power flows from the properties of mind. The corner offices belong to whoever has the talent, courage, and imagination to figure the necessary angle. A man's thought might cast itself in the form of a play, a design, a legal brief, or a merger of companies, but he defines himself by an ability to attract the paying customers. In this sense (contrary to the wisdom of Congressman Alexander), New York is the most American of cities, presupposing that a man lives by his wits.

Washington reverses the sequence. All things follow in the train of political connection. But political connection, at least in the beginning, must be conferred by somebody else (the Democratic party, an interest group, a man of influence, et cetera), and so the man who would succeed in Washington soon acquires the habit of cliency. So also the great army of functionaries supported in Washington at the public expense. Despite its pretension to the democratic virtues of the "American heartland," Washington feeds off the energy, wealth, and thought accumulated elsewhere in the country, most notably in New York. As evidence of the proposition that all things accrue to the incumbent politician, consider the magnificence of Gerald Ford. He who was stupid has become wise. The holding of office endows a man with nobility of soul, and in Washington it is said that power extends a man's purpose and vision.

THE JEALOUS SUSPICION with which the two cities regard one another arises from the attempt to control the market in images. It is the business of New York to manufacture images (whimsically transforming hairdressers and inconsequential Congressmen into national celebrities), but it is the business of Washington to trade in those images as the currency of political truth. Having made the image, New York becomes bored with it. In Washington an image becomes useful only after it has acquired some stability; the politician likes to know that when he speaks to the television camera ("hard-hat," "the drug culture," "détente," "the other America,"



The Chivas Regal of Scotches.

12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Money this kind of

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN AUGUST 1975

VW's new Rabbit is significant because it is a complete departure for Volkswagen, and also because it is the specific type of car that Detroit will be building in the 1980's.

The statistics speak for themselves: accommodation for four, a seventy-horsepower engine, fuel consumption of thirty-eight mpg and a weight of under two thousand pounds.

What they came up with was "a car that doesn't have an ounce of fat, one which provides excellent operating economy, as well as performance and value."

VW's note: The 1976 EPA estimates for the standard shift model are 39 mpg on the highway, 25 mpg in the city. Your actual mileage may vary, depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment.

Volkswagen is evidently confident in its new model, because it is covered by the VW Owner's Security Blanket, which is as good as you can get.

Personally, I think that VW's Rabbit is one very good idea ahead of its time.



APRIL 1975
Popular Mechanics

The most important new import for 1975 is the VW Rabbit.

The 1800-pound Rabbit is a mechanical masterpiece. It gets up to 60 mph in about 12 seconds—giving it the edge on some V8 subcompacts. Its hatchback design provides 24.7 cubic feet of luggage capacity with the rear seat folded.

VW got the greatest possible amount of usable interior space into the smallest possible outer shell—and an exterior with some style.

JUNE 1975
Popular Science

A totally new kind of small car, Volkswagen's Rabbit, may make things difficult for U.S. small-car makers in the coming months.

Its speed through the maneuvering courses matched or exceeded the best times of the other test cars, and the feeling of control is ever present, even at high speed and in extreme turning tests.

Economy means light weight, small engines. VW has it now. The others have a way to go.

can't buy advertising:

ROAD & TRACK

AY 1975

he winner, and not by a hare ry, couldn't resist). This car does it all: it's small, light, roomy and fast, with nimble and responsive steering, ride and handling. A modern and sophisticated car with a handsome Guigiaro-designed hatchback body, the Rabbit offers one of the most space-saving mechanical layouts we've seen yet: front-wheel drive, transverse engine and a unique, independent rear suspension featuring an integral anti-roll bar and using so little space it's remarkable.

Seats are firm in the German manner and you sit high, viewing the world through an expansive greenhouse.

The Rabbit has a solid feel and an ultramodern look to it. Best of all it is almost sinfully enjoyable to drive.



ROAD TEST

JULY 1975

The Volkswagen Rabbit should be recognized as a true worldcar; it would be as at home commuting in Los Angeles, on a ski trip in the Alps, or chasing kangaroos across Australia. It is the finest example to date of a totally integrated passenger car, useful anywhere in the world and is qualified as no other imported car of 1975 for the Road Test Engineering Award.

CAR and DRIVER

APRIL 1975

Whole populations of drivers will live for years with this car, strongly impressed by its generally nimble disposition and its sensitive feel of the road through the steering wheel and brake pedal. It slips through city traffic like a bicycle and thrives on the parking-space remnants most cars pass by. You can stuff enough groceries for a football team through the rear hatch while the back seat folds and pivots forward out of the way. The only thing you'll need a trailer for is objects too heavy to boost across the high lift-over.

Have a very merry cherry.



Cherry K[illegible]. Made with cherry wine and natural flavors. Imported by Peel Street Wine Merchants, San Francisco.

Celebrate with Cherry Kijafa. The wine specialty made with Danish cherry wine and delicious natural flavors.

Give it to good friends. Or to yourself. Enjoy it in your prettiest glass. Or over ice with soda. Or in a festive punch bowl with fruit and anything else you care to add.

Cherry Kijafa. Any way you use this most versatile wine specialty, it's the merriest.

Cherry Kijafa from Denmark. We think the world is ripe for it.

cetera) somebody out there will think him informed. Thus the resentment of Washington toward what it regards as the frivolousness of New York. "Don't they understand that these are serious things, that we are serious people, that you can't fool around with public policy as if it were a toy balloon?" The Washington representatives of the news media become absorbed by the local obsessions; if a story fails to make the network news or that week's issue of *Time*, they say that they have been betrayed by the cynical know-nothings in New York who cannot recognize the significance of a vote in the Senate. Their attitude compares to that of an American Ambassador in the Third World who forgets what interest he represents and comes to imagine himself aligned with the heroic longings of the revolution.

Because it cannot help but think of politics as a form of entertainment, New York tends to regard politicians as more or less interchangeable actors striking poses against the standard backgrounds of "the issues." Thus its delight in absurd variations (the candidacies of Norman Mailer and Ramsey Clark), and its inability to distinguish the amateur from the professional. New York still thinks of Nelson Rockefeller as a convincing politician.

Washington cannot help but think of money in the same way that New York thinks of politics, i.e., as a kind of child's magic show. Not knowing where money comes from or of what it consists, Washington tends to regard budgets as more or less interchangeable scenarios. Thus its passion for fantasy (national health insurance, Project Independence, the defense budget) and its inability to distinguish between the tipster and the man who knows how to count. Washington still thinks of David Rockefeller as an important banker.

THE MORE PROMINENT people in Washington seldom come to New York. Having little interest in ideas that do not conform to government specifications, they have no reason to concern themselves with intellectual diversions. If a subject requires their attention (i.e., once

has been submitted through the appropriate channels and translated into the bureaucratic code), somebody will come to Washington to ask for money or testify before a Congressional committee. Observing its rule of "need to know," Washington becomes interested in New York only when it presents itself as a political problem.

The prominent people in New York travel to Washington to acquire a reputation for seriousness. It doesn't much matter whether they go to a dinner at the White House or an office in the Defense Department. The fact of having been asked confers an aura of respectability. Whenever they return to New York the next morning or four years later), they can speak with the presumed authority of people who have been the public interest. "Yesterday I was told by Arthur Burns . . ." or "When I was in government . . ." Beguiled by its own talent for melodrama, New York imagines that Washington understands the art of *Realpolitik*. This is a mistake (the politics within the financial or literary sectors of New York being far more ruthless than most of what takes place in the Senate cloakroom), but it explains the starstruck enthusiasm for those people whom New York perceives as major political figures. (It also explains the decomposity of the *New York Times*. For many years I used to wonder why the *Times* was such a tedious newspaper; eventually it occurred to me that the *Times* embodies the Washington sensibility.)

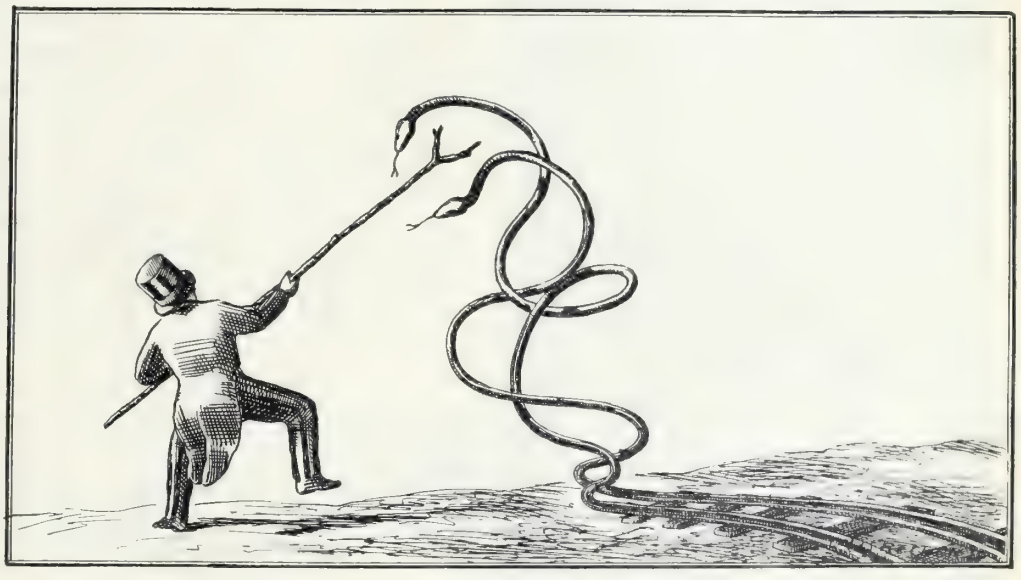
In Washington I have seen otherwise intelligent people from New York listen with dazed attention to the interminable annals of bureaucratic intrigue, imagining as they try to follow the sequence of incomprehensible events that here at last they have discovered the wellsprings of virtue. In New York I have seen the same expression on the faces of people from Washington who listen to equally tedious narratives about BS and think that at last they have discovered the roots of all evil. In New York a man goes to a dinner party with the hope of taking comfort in the artfulness of pretty women. In Washington this is impossible. The sexual must aspire to social relevance, and the women feel obliged to be well informed.

Washington has a collective memory. The government ebbs and flows through the corridors of the same buildings, and somebody always remembers what it was like in the Truman or Hoover Administrations. In New York hardly anybody can remember anything that happened three days ago. The camera follows the fashion, whether in dances or theories of government, and it is possible to say, "Oh yes, of course, one of last year's people."

When hard times come to New York, people say to one another, "What is it that we should buy?" Assuming that they must rely on their own resources, they begin to think of Swiss banks and real-estate investments. In Washington people say to each other, "Who is it that we should know?" Because they have the habit of dependence, they begin to remember friends in familiar law firms and to wonder which of their political alliances need to be renewed or abandoned. □

Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.

HOW TO RUN A RAILROAD



Philippe Weisbecker

The question is not whether to nationalize, but how

by Michael Harrington

WITHIN THE NEXT ten years, the railroads of the United States will be nationalized, in whole or in part. This may seem a strange thing to say only a few months after William T. Coleman, the Secretary of Transportation, solemnly declared on behalf of the Ford Administration that Washington would use all of its power to "prevent nationalization." And to complicate matters even more, it should be added that this writer, a lifelong socialist, is already fighting tooth and nail against a number of proposed nationalizations on the ground that they represent socialism for the incompetent rich. Still, for all the complexities, one thing is certain: nationalization is coming. The only question is how.

The reason that there will be, at a bare minimum, a partial nationalization of the railroads was succinctly put by John P. Fishwick, the president of the Norfolk and Western Railway, a company which, *mirabile dictu*, makes money. Fishwick told the Interstate Commerce Commission last March, "Admittedly, there is no way for all of the bankrupt lines in the Northeast to be restructured and operated viably as private enterprise." The issue, Fishwick concluded, is not whether some nationalization will occur but the "area within which it can be contained."

But why does a successful rail executive concede that the government



must take over part of his industry because free enterprise can't do the job? A mere glance at the shambles of that industry provides the beginning of an answer. During the past ten years, no fewer than nine railroads have gone bankrupt; over the last eleven years, the industry-wide rate of return has averaged only 3 percent. The most spectacular case in point is that of Penn Central. The United States Railway Association, the organization set up by Congress to propose a new systems plan for the Midwest and Northeast, reported earlier this year that Penn Central had used "overly imaginative accounting procedures to bolster reported income," paid out high dividends in the face of cash shortages, and engaged in a number of other practices which skirted the extremely permissive definitions of corporate criminality. In 1972 the Securities and Exchange Commission told of how Penn Central officers used "insider information" to unload their stock in the company before it fell apart in 1970. Nothing daunted, Penn Central wants billions for the assets it thus did so much to ruin.

SO PENN CENTRAL and some other railroads were cursed by singularly inept managements, to put the situation in its kindest light. That, however, only skims the surface of the catastrophe in which they were involved. The games played in the boardroom were—and are—so destructive because of the nature of the American economy today. Our "free-enterprise" system is, on its commanding heights at least, based on national economic planning for corporate priorities. Since the latter can hardly be proclaimed in public—what Congressman is going to formally move to give billions to the trucking industry?—they are determined by a secret struggle in which individual companies and entire sectors of an industry vie with one another for the government dollar. Adam Smith would be shocked to learn that this battle for federal handouts is one of the few truly competitive areas in American capitalism. Transportation is an excellent example of this process of tax-financed and antisocial public decisions.

Between 1823, when Ohio received federal money for a wagon road, an 1972, Washington paid out som $450 billion in transportation sub sidies. The railroads were the recipi ents of the first massive subsidies receiving perhaps half a billion do lars in federal and state land grant (and that in the days when a half billion was worth half a billion). Bu during the last fifty years, the ra companies failed in the decisive con petition for government aid. In 197 for instance, Transportation Secr tary Coleman put federal subsidi for the railroads at $232 millio while aviation got almost a billio and the highways half a billion.

Coleman's figures are inexact i other respects, but they document gross and crucial fact: the railroa were inefficient in the race for go ernment subsidies and were therefo unable to defend themselves again other modes, such as trucking, whi got more of Washington's money. short, it was as a result of gover ment policies which were adopt without reference to their most i portant consequences that this cou try allowed an energy-saving, rath environmentally benign form transportation to come apart at t seams. The decision in favor trucks against trains illuminates t socialized calamity.

In 1969 the Federal Highway A ministration tried to compute t "incremental cost" which vari kinds of vehicles imposed on t highway system (which, from Dwig Eisenhower to the present, has ceived more than $70 billion in f eral funds). For example, the hig the axle weight of a truck, the stur er the pavement must be. On basis of complicated calculations, study concluded that the "u charges" paid by heavy trucks 1969 were $219 million short of costs they occasioned for the syst in that year. Even though this fig is currently being challenged by American Trucking Association the ground that it is too high, it r resents a dramatic and princi understatement of the problem. does not, for example, take into count that federally subsidized ro have helped to deteriorate the e ronment, isolate the central city, increase minority unemployment making it possible to locate new j miles away from the slums. Th social costs certainly add up to n

than $219 million a year, yet they are not even counted.

But even leaving aside that crucial dimension of cost-benefit analysis, it is clear that Washington gave more to trucks than to trains and that this is a major reason for the decline of the railroads. Moreover, this same process of deciding momentous national priorities by a competition among corporate lobbyists is still going on. One could call it the Great Subsidy War of 1975. In September the bus companies mounted a national advertising campaign against Amtrak, the corporation which the government set up to carry passengers. "Amtrak. It's a vicious circle," one ad said. "Every time it comes around it costs us another $1 billion, and still it's going nowhere." Meanwhile, Amtrak was denouncing the airlines in the Northeast, the truckers were attacking the railroads, and everyone was ganging up on the companies that use the nation's waterways free of charge. Is this any way to run a country?

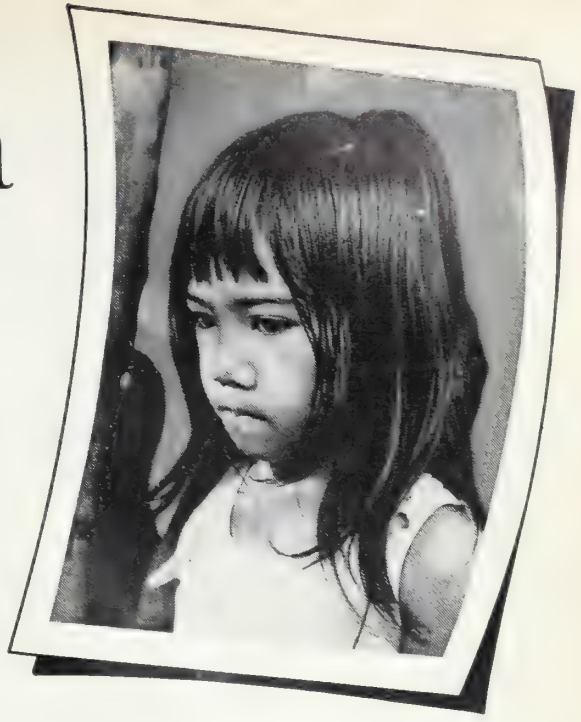
IN OTHER WORDS, despite Secretary Coleman's recent "statement of national transportation policy," the future of America in this critical area will be decided by the relative political clout of the various sectors of the industry. In the fray, the railroad men will be pushing for nationalization. To be sure, only a few blunt souls, like Mr. Fishwick, will use the dread word, but it is nationalization which is being proposed. There is, however, a catch. The public is being asked to buy up only the railroad's losses; the private owners will keep the profitable parts of the business.

If that sounds like a harsh statement, consider the U.S. Railway Association's very frank declaration: "Public policy should insist upon private responsibility for rail services which can carry their own weight in the marketplace and the provision of public financial support of money-losing services." That principle according to which the industry should pluck private plums from the public tree underlies most of the current schemes for partial nationalization.

It explains why *The Wall Street Journal*, a bastion of free-market orthodoxy, wants to extend public own-

Crispina found a friend

One who is helping her survive



Crispina Aguilar's case is typical.

Her father works long hours as a sharecropper despite a chronic pulmonary condition that saps his strength. Her mother takes in washing whenever she can. Until recently, the total income of this family of six was about $13.00 a month. Small wonder that they were forced to subsist on a diet of unpolished rice, swamp cabbage, and tiny fish the children seine from a nearby river.

Now Crispina enjoys the support of a Foster Parent in Tennessee whose contribution of sixteen dollars a month assures Crispina and her entire family of better food and health care. And, when Crispina is old enough, the help of her Foster Parent will give her a chance for an education, an opportunity to realize whatever potential she has to offer to this world.

How can such a small monthly contribution do so much in the life of Crispina's family? In the underdeveloped countries where Foster Parents Plan is at work, the need is so great, the poverty so deep, that very few dollars can make a tremendous difference. In fact, with PLAN programs and services in place, the very communities where Foster Children live are aided toward self-improvement.

To become a Foster Parent is a special responsibility . . . and a most rewarding one. You become an influence in shaping the life of your Foster Child. You come to know the child through photos and a regular exchange of letters. Progress reports show you vividly how much good your contribution is doing. Of the many fine causes that ask for your support, few can offer you such a tangible and immediate way to help others.

Today, more than ever, people like you are needed to join in this wonderful work. Hundreds of children wait in desperate, often shocking, circumstances for a Foster Parent to offer them a hand toward a decent life.

Please join us if you can . . . or let us send you more details about how PLAN is working around the world.

FOSTER PARENTS PLAN, Inc.

Box 403, Warwick, Rhode Island 02887

YES, I would like to know more about becoming a Foster Parent.
Please send me the full facts ☐.
I am ready now to become a Foster Parent to a boy ☐ girl ☐ age ____
country _____ or whoever you feel needs me most ☐.
Please send a photo and case history of the Foster Child. Enclosed is my first contribution ☐ $16 monthly, ☐ $48 quarterly, ☐ $192 annually.
I can't become a Foster Parent now. I enclose a gift of $_____.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ DATE _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

In Canada, write 153 St. Clair Ave. West, Toronto, Ontario M4V 1P8

Foster Parents Plan operates in Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Ethiopia, Ecuador, Peru, Indonesia, Korea, Haiti, and the Philippines. All contributions are tax deductible. Foster Parents Plan, Inc. is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent relief organization.

form of a Consolidated poration, a public body ould own the railroad struc- ures and rights of way in the North- onRail, the seminationalized carrier proposed by the USRA, would, planners estimate, cost $1.85 billion in public subsidies between now and 1985. Fishwick puts the bill at $10 billion, but even he may be undercounting. Penn Central was valued at $471.2 million by the USRA, and that is how much it is supposed to cost ConRail and Amtrak to take it over. Penn Central, however, says that it is really worth $7.4 billion, and if it gets anything like that for its ramshackle system, all the computations—which is to say, the public's bill—will have to be priced much higher. Even James Buckley, probably the most conservative man in the Senate, advocates a federal program for developing the right of way —but then Senators Hartke, Weicker, Ribicoff, and Hathaway are for outright government ownership of that deteriorating piece of property. There are, in short, all kinds of programs for socializing the losses of an incompetently managed free enterprise.

What is needed instead is outright and complete nationalization. The process of "cannibalizing rail systems," as Gov. Milton Shapp calls it, is an insult to the citizen's intelligence as well as a way of picking his pocket. If there were across-the-board nationalization, then the profitable portions of the national system could pay for the unprofitable but socially useful operations. Even more to the point, the railroads could function within the framework of a genuine national transportation plan designed to serve the common good rather than to bail out business failures. As Leonard Woodcock, president of the United Automobile Workers, told a Senate committee last March, the current proposals force "the public treasury to assume all the costs of physical rehabilitation and not get even a *share* of the equity it creates. Rather than implement this program, it would almost make more sense to allow the railroad corporations to go bankrupt one by one and have the public treasury buy them up cheap, as would any competent businessman."

This idea of a nationally owned rail system, it should be noted, is not a new or untried one. During Worl War I the government took over run ning the trains; the experiment wa so successful that the rail union then campaigned vigorously for pe manent nationalization. They wante a tripartite board of directors, one third from the workers, one-thir from the operating managers, an one-third from the public. That e cellent idea was rejected by a Co gress which, typically, then decide to pay the companies even more f their past services. Had Washingt accepted the unionists' proposal trains in America might even be efficient as the excellent, national owned systems in Europe. Our ra roads, in short, are, as usual, arri ing late—seventy years late—for n tionalization. Like a weary comm ter, one can only sigh, "Better la than never."

Michael Harrington's books include The O er America, The Accidental Century, *a* Toward a Democratic Left.

Winter *Quality Cruises*...

Acclaimed from New York:

S/S OCEANIC
39,241 tons

To the Caribbean in Grand-Hotel luxury



ter year, the most sought-after quality cruises from New York for the gala winter season . . . featuring Home Lines' uncompromisingly high cruise standards in the spirit of today's lifestyle. Magnificent facilities including the all-weather outdoor/indoor Lido deck under the unique retractable Magrodome roof. Exciting activities range from 4 orchestras to ship and shore golf. All accommodations have private bathrooms, all double cabins have 2 lower beds. Above all else, you'll love the gracious service of a superbly trained Italian crew. Panamanian Registry.

8 CRUISES OF 9 TO 16 DAYS, 3 TO 7 PORTS: Dec. 20, Jan. 3, Jan. [illegible] Feb. 7, Feb. 23, Mar. 8, Mar. 16

Applauded from Florida:

S/S DORIC
25,300 tons

Home Lines new star to the Caribbean



Ever since her Port Everglades debut 2 years ago, she has been recognized as the new star in quality winter cruises from Florida. Home Lines' traditional cruise flair and high cruise standards, enhanced by a dedicated Italian crew, create a feeling of intimacy and pampering luxury. Wide range of activities (including ship and shore golf) on spacious outdoor decks with 2 pools plus indoor pool . . . elegant public rooms across an entire deck and still more on another. All accommodations have private bathrooms, every double cabin has 2 lower beds. Panamanian Registry.

6 GALA MID-WINTER CRUISES, 5 to 8 PORTS: Jan. 19-28; Jan. 28-Feb. 8; Feb. 8-21; Feb. 22-Mar. 5; Mar. 5-Mar. 14; Mar. 14-24

Book Through Your Travel Agent

HOME LINES

Offices in Principal Cities

One WORLD TRADE C[illegible], Suite [illegible] New York, N.Y. 10048 Phone [illegible]

HOW TO SEE DEER
by Philip Booth

Forget roadside crossings.
Go nowhere with guns.
Go elsewhere your own way,

lonely and wanting. Or
stay and be early:
next to deep woods

inhabit old orchards.
All clearings promise.
Sunrise is good,

and fog before sun.
Expect nothing always;
find your luck slowly.

Wait out the windfall.
Take your good time
to learn to read ferns;

make like a turtle:
downhill toward slow water.
Instructed by heron,

drink the pure silence.
Be compassed by wind.
If you quiver like aspen

trust your quick nature:
let your ear teach you
which way to listen.

You've come to assume
protective color; now
colors reform



Doesn't this sound like he perfect time to make a movie?

hat you hear can be as much a rt of Christmas as what you e. So Kodak made e Ektasound ovie cameras and ojectors. They ake it easy for u to put the rols—as well as e carolers—in autiful color sound movies. Ektasound cameras don't need ovie lights. All you do is drop ound film cartridge into the mera. Plug in a mike. And put the sight and the sound of your holidays—and your everydays—right on the film. Then you can relive it all in bright sound movies with your Kodak Ektasound movie projector.



There are two models of the Ektasound projector. One even lets you record sound on your movies after they've been shot and developed.

Cameras start at less than $209. Projectors at less than $245. See them at your photo dealer's. And tell him you want to hear more about making movies you can hear.

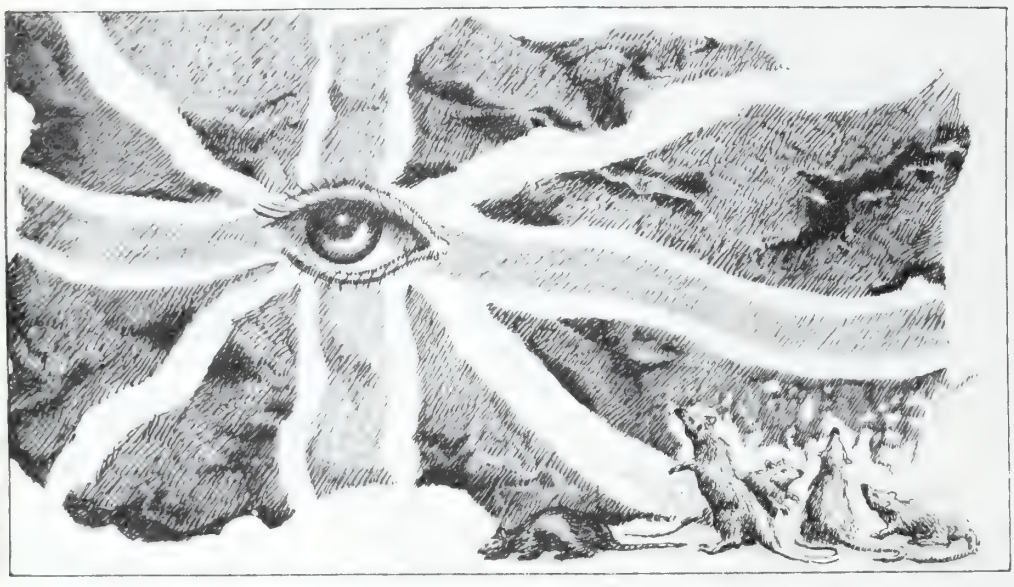


ces are subject to change without notice.

Kodak Ektasound

movie cameras and projectors.

OWING TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND OUR CONTROL 1984 HAS BEEN UNAVOIDABLY DETAINED



Michael Sean Walsh

In which I set out to prove that totalitarianism in Britain could never work. How could it, when nothing else does?

by Alan Coren

WINSTON SMITH lay on his mean little bed in his mean little room and stared at his mean little telescreen. The screen stared back, blank. Smith eased himself from the side of his mean little blonde, walked across his dun and threadbare carpet, and kicked the silent cathode. A blip lurched unsteadily across it, and disappeared. Smith sighed, and picked up the telephone.

"Would you get me Rentabrother Telehire?" he said.

"They're in the book," said the operator.

"I haven't got a book," said Smith. "They didn't deliver it."

"It's no good blaming me," said the operator. "It's a different department."

"I'm not blaming you," said Smith. "I just thought you might get me the number."

"I was just going off," said the operator, "on account of the snow."

"It's not snowing," said Smith.

"Not *now*, it isn't," said the operator. "I never said it was snowing *now*."

"Perhaps I might have a word with the Supervisor," said Smith.

"She's not here," said the operator. "She gets her hair done Fridays."

"I only need the Rentabrother number," said Smith. "Perhaps you could find it for me. You must have a book."

"I'd have to bend," said the operator.

"I'd be awfully grateful," said Smith.

"I've just done me nails."

"Please," said Smith.

There was a long pause, during which a woman came on and began ordering chops, and someone gave Smith a snatch of weather forecast for Heligoland. After that, there was a bit of recipe for sausage toad. Eventually, after two further disconnections, the operator came back.

"It's 706544," she snapped.

Smith put the receiver down, and dialed 706544.

"809113," shouted a voice, "East Asian Cats Home."

He got a Samoan ironmonger after that, and then a Frenchwoman who broke down and screamed. At last "Rentabrother Telehire," said a man.

"Winston Smith here," said Smith. "72a Osbaldeston Road. I'm afraid my telescreen seems to be out of order."

"What am I supposed to do?" said the man. "We're up to our necks."

"But I'm not being watched," said Smith. "Big Brother is supposed to be monitoring me at all times."

"Ring Big Bleeding Brother, then," said the man. "Maybe he's not suffering from staff shortages, season holidays, people off sick. Maybe he's not awaiting deliveries. Not to mention we had a gull get in the stock room, there's stuff all over, all the labels come off, broken glass. People ringing up all hours of the day and night. You realize this is my tea time?"

"I'm terribly sorry," said Smith. "It's just that . . ."

"Might be able to fit you in Thursday fortnight," said the man. "Can't promise nothing, though. Got a screwdriver, have you?"

"I'm not sure," said Smith.

"Expect bleeding miracles, people," said the man, and rang off.

Smith put the phone down, and was about to return to the bed when there was a heavy knocking on the door, and before he or the little blonde could move, it burst from its hinges and two enormous constables of the Thought Police hurtled into the room. They recovered, and looked around, and took out notebooks.

"Eric Jervis," cried the larger of the two, "we have been monitoring your every action for the past few days, and we have reason to believe that the bicycle standing outside with the worn brake blocks is registered in your name. What have you to say?"

"I'm not Eric Jervis," said Smith.



©1975 The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

to -up," said the short-

Ask him if he's got any means of identity," murmured the larger.

"Have you any means of identi- and the constable.

"I'm waiting for a new identity card," said Smith. "It's in the post."

"I knew he'd say that," said the larger officer.

"We're right in it now," said his colleague. "Think of the paperwork."

"You wouldn't know where this Eric Jervis is, by any chance?" said the taller.

"I'm afraid not," said Smith.

"Who's that on the bed, then?"

"It's certainly not Eric Jervis," said Smith.

They all looked at the little blonde.

"He's got us there," said the shorter constable.

"I've just had a thought," said the taller. "I don't think people are supposed to, er, do it, are they?"

"Do what?"

"You know, men"—the Thought Policeman looked at his boots—"and women."

"I don't see what that's got to do with worn brake blocks."

They tipped their helmets.

"Mind how you go," they said.

Smith let them out, and came back into the room.

"I'll just nip down the corner," he said to the little blonde, "and pick up an evening paper. Shan't be a tick."

It was crowded on the street. It was actually the time of the two minutes hate, but half the public telescreens were conked out, and nobody paid much attention, except for the youths throwing stones at them. Smith edged through, and bought a paper.

"COME OFF IT, BIG BROTHER!" screamed the headline, above a story blaming the government for rising food prices, the shortage of underwear, and the poor showing of the Oceanic football team. It wasn't, Smith knew, the story the government hacks had given to the printers, but you could never get the printers to listen to anyone, and, challenged, they always blamed the shortage of type, claiming that they could only put the words together from the letters available, and who cared anyhow?

IT WAS AS Winston Smith turne to go back to his flat that h felt a frantic plucking at h knee, and heard a sopran scream ring through the stree A tiny youth spy was jumping u and down beside him.

"Winston Smith does dirty thin up in 14B," howled the child. "G him, he's got a nude lady up there

The youth spy might have elab rated on this theme, had its moth not reached out and given it a rou arm swipe that sent it flying into t gutter, but, even so, the damage h been done, and, before Smith h time to protest, he found hims picked up bodily by a brace of u formed men and slung into the ba of a truck which, siren wailing, bo him rapidly through the eveni streets toward the fearful pile of t Ministry of Love.

"Smith, W.," barked the u formed man to whom Smith w manacled at the desk clerk.

"What's he done?" said the cle "I was just off home."

"They caught him at a bit of ho your father," said Smith's captor.

"It's Friday night," said the de clerk. "I go to bingo Fridays." turned to Smith. "Don't let it happ again, lad. You can go blind."

"I've written him in me book," s the guard. "It's no good saying home. I'd have to tear the page ou He put his free hand on Smit arm. "Sorry about this, son. It'd different if I had a rubber. We awaiting deliveries."

"You'd better take him up to Ro 101, then," said the clerk.

"NOT ROOM 101," screamed Sm "NOT THE TORTURE CHAMB PLEASE, I NEVER DID ANYTHING HARDLY KNOW THE WOMAN, CA ANYONE HELP ME, DON'T SEND UP . . ."

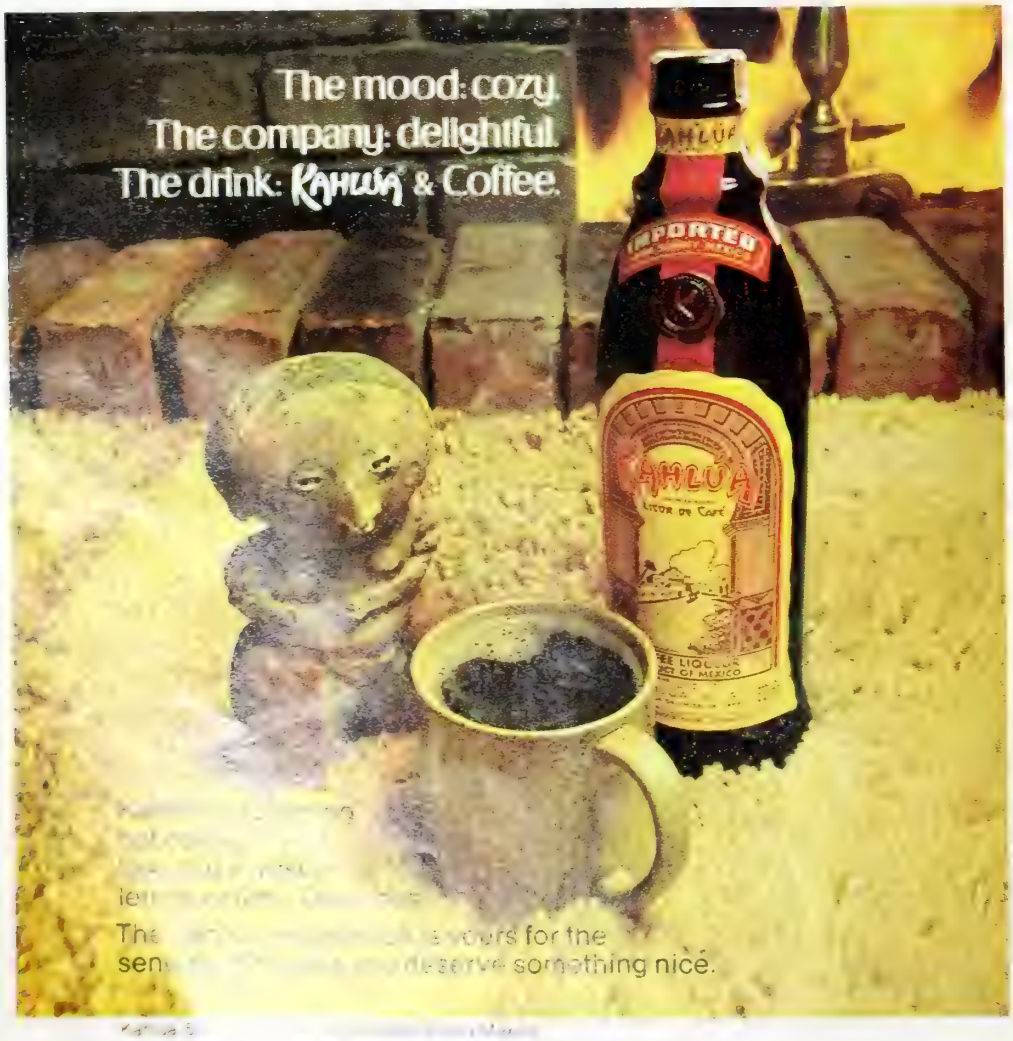
"Stop that," said the clerk, sha ly. "You'll start the dog off."

Smith was dragged, shrieking, the lift.

"Ah, Smith, Winston," cried white-coated man at the door Room 101. "Won't you come Rats, I believe, are what you, ha ha, fear most of all. Big brown r Big, brown, pink-eyed rats."

"NO," screamed Smith, "NOT R ANYTHING BUT RATS, NO, NO, NO.

"Rats with long slithery t Smith, fat, hungry rats, rats sharp little . . ."



Maidstone Im Robertson Blvd Los Angeles, Calif 90048

We mind children's P's and Q's . . . and their ABC's as well. We teach children that learning to spell is easy. And it is, with our WORD BOOK spelling series. By helping students discover and apply basic principles, the WORD BOOK program makes learning simpler and more lasting. It's one of our Education division's programs for teaching language skills; we publish reading and phonics programs, too. **RAND McNALLY**

and you thought we just made maps



"...do shut up, Esmond," interrupted his assistant wearily. "You know we haven't got any rats. We haven't seen a rat since last December's delivery."

"No rats?" gasped Smith.

Esmond sighed, and shook his head. Then he suddenly brightened.

"We've got mice, though," he cried. "Big, fat, hungry, pink-eyed . . ."

"I don't mind mice," said Smith.

They looked at him.

"You're not making our job any easier, you know," muttered Esmond.

"Try him on toads," said Esmond's assistant. "Can't move in the stockroom for toads."

"That's it!" exclaimed Esmond. "Toads. Big, fat, slimy . . ."

"I quite like toads," said Smith.

There was a long pause.

"Spiders?"

"Lovely little things," said Smith.

"If it's any help, I can't stand moths."

"Moths," cried Esmond. "Where do you think you are, bloody Harrod's? We can't get moths for love nor money."

"Comes in here, big as you please, asking for moths," said Esmond's assistant.

"I'm not all that keen on stoats," Smith said.

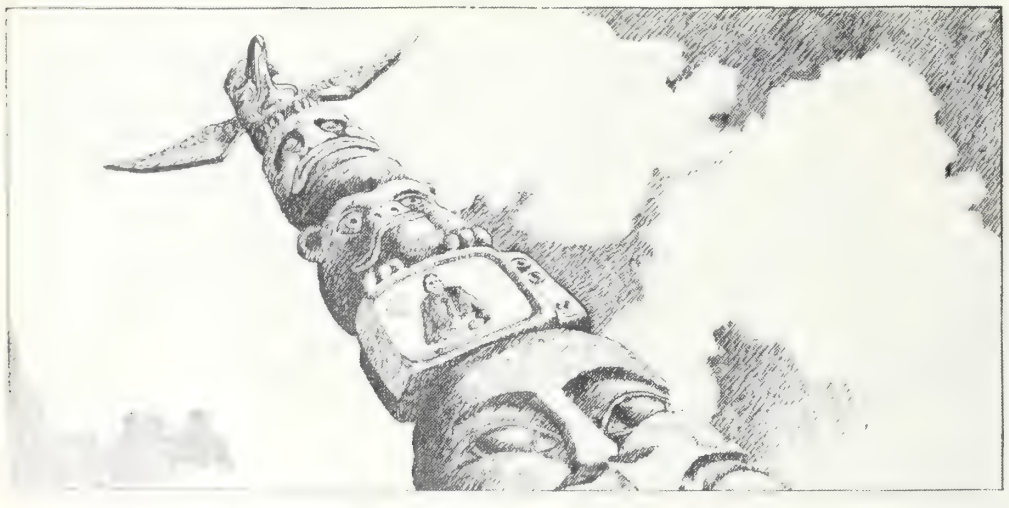
"At last," said Esmond. "I thought we'd be here all night. Give him a stoat, Dennis."

So they put Winston Smith in Room 101 with a stoat. It was an old stoat, and it just sat on the floor, wheezing, and, as far as Smith was concerned, things could have been, all things considered, a lot worse. □

Alan Coren is the deputy editor of Punch *and a columnist for* The Daily Mail *and the London* Times.

THE FOURTH ESTATE

SIX O'CLOCK PRAYERS



TV news as pop religion

by Jack Richardson

IT HAS LONG BEEN fashionable for anthropologists to stress the important function of ritual in primitive cultures and to demonstrate how totems and taboos form a communal liturgy that allows a society to come to terms with itself and its environment. Ritual, we are told, gives Bantu and Eskimo a hold on experience, a method of confronting the flux of nature and the caprice of the human spirit which is denied our secular, scientific point of view. The more didactic the anthropologist, the more sternly he warns us that without such rites we sentence ourselves to a life of fragmented purpose, to an existence patched together with random facts and disjointed opinions.

Well, I believe I've found a solution to this need for ceremony in an age out of touch with the rhythms of nature and the formalities of faith. It is the television newscast, a form of community worship that in the rigidness and constancy of its attitudes deserves comparison with the highest mass or the lowest fertility rite, and in the meagerness of its substance perhaps deserves to be rated above most of its rivals. For the successful ritual, after all, is not meant to burden the mind with facts and information or to shock it with novel observation; rather, it is intended as a respite from individual speculation, a stylized assurance that there is stability and sameness in the world on which the tribe can depend. Gesture and incantation, while providing neither news nor explanation, do offer one the chance to make a comfortable covenant with reality and to rest in the sanctuary of prescribed social duty.

For a long time I didn't understand the true nature of television news, and I wasted many hours fussing over the carefully crafted emptiness on the screen. But sometimes during one of the many reportorial litanies on the Vietnam war, in which a network shaman stood in the standard sacramental rice paddy and intoned the dogma that war is an unpleasant experience, I became enlightened. I realized that I was not supposed to be receiving from such broadcasts either startling facts or probing explanations; instead, I was being offered a display of sanctified movements and words which turned reality into a tidy, predictable companion. War, the secular world's highest moral dilemma, gradually was purged of all human intrigue and responsibility and became a comfortably vague condition of nature. I and my fellow citizens could look upon the worst techniques of slaughter and, in lieu of any evidence that human intelligence and choice were behind them, could feel that our obligations to human suffering had been discharged simply by our observing it regularly and by our feeling, until the commercial, a deep and righteous melancholy.

When I grasped the idea that television news was more an act of communion than of communication, it became easier to understand why the same categories of events were repeated over and over again, why the sequence of the ceremony rarely altered, and why one was never startled or intrigued by the questions and responses chanted between reporter and his subject. I was be-

ated to a way of looking at the rld that purported to be concerned th the hard data of reality, but ich was in fact a carefully con-ucted design in which nothing un-ward or unmanageable could in-ide that might cast doubt on the stness of Walter Cronkite's closing tement, "That's the way it is." eling painlessly informed, my task a good member of the communi-fulfilled, I could go out and meet ners who'd attended the same vi-al observances and discuss with nfidence the world the networks d given us to believe in that day. And what a stable world it was. ayhem, treachery, disaster, chaos came so smoothly stylized that it attered little if the pictures on the reen were of a terrorist bombing, Peruvian earthquake, a malfeasant esident, or an urban riot. Such, ter all, I learned, is the basic stuff serious news, and so long as the nsequences of these events could softened by the priestly analyses an Eric Sevareid or the folksy miletics of a David Brinkley, I felt ore reassured than unnerved by the ily constancy of disaster.

Of course, even the most ceremo-al societies need occasional res-tes from the prescribed order of ings, and occasionally the televi-on news would vary the sequence its secular service. A Super Bowl World Series might give sports a sition of prominence in the scheme ceremony, or an election might, e a rowdy harvest festival, infuse e newscast with a giddy sense of ange and possibility. Also, lest it er be felt that the best themes of ca-strophe were becoming too gen-alized and abstract to impress the s imaginative in the audience, ere would be occasional human-in-est interpolations, short sacrifices individual dignity in which moth-s of murdered sons and victims of minal diseases were displayed and erviewed. Prodded by reporters til they wailed incoherently or ut-ed doughty banalities, these pun-nt examples of ordinary agony re quickly turned by the reporters' rnest observations into pleasant rables of suffering that dissolved y discomfort I might have felt at serving a stranger's private an-ish. Soon these little portraits of spair and dispossession came to em like well-rehearsed liturgical

Our Gamay Beaujolais will come as a delicate surprise.

Almadén Gamay Beaujolais is a proud, classic red wine. Yet you'll find it remarkably delicate. Even white wine loyalists praise its flavor.

And oh, what a bouquet. It's complex, with a charming, fruity character.

Sip it with pastry-covered Beef Wellington. Or Chicken Cannelloni. Or Veal Cordon Bleu. Our Gamay Beaujolais is refreshingly versatile.

The secret of such a wine? It's our Gamay Beaujolais grape. A true descendant of the ancient, original French Gamay Beaujolais, it flourishes happily on our sunny California slopes near San Juan Bautista.

But enough of this. Gather a few close friends around a bottle of delicate Almadén Gamay Beaujolais. Learn the beautiful truth together.

Only a fine grape can produce a fine wine.

Almadén



Almadén Vineyards, Los Gatos and Paicines, California

Won't you buy him $240 worth of food for $10?

s little guy is one of the nicest kids you'd ever want to meet. He's one of nine children plus a mother and a grandfather living in a two room shack in an impoverished area of a small Alabama town.

His family's most urgent problem is hunger. There's simply not enough for them to eat. Not just at certain times of the year... but day in and day out. Malnutrition is endangering their present health as well as the development of their minds and bodies.

Right now. Right here in the U.S.A., there are thousands of families on the back roads of the rural South whose diets are so inadequate they are facing slow starvation.

That's why the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund is now in its eighth year of collecting money to buy Food Stamps for families of tenant farmers, field hands and seasonal workers. Under this federally sponsored program, 50¢ buys as much as $12 or more in Food Stamps. Since many families have almost no income at all, contributions are vital. Your $10 can buy $240 worth of food—enough to feed a family for a month. As one donor recently wrote—"Where else can my modest donation do so much!"

To contribute, please send as little or as much as you can to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund. Contributions are tax-deductible.

Thank you.

NAACP Emergency Relief Fund*
Dept. A80, Box 121, Radio City Sta.
New York, N.Y. 10019

*A project of the NAACP Special Contribution Fund—tax deductible arm of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People



dramas in which members of th community took turns as performer and my response to them actually be came aesthetic, a cultivated appre ciation of the artistry with which senior citizen wept over his Socia Security diet of dog food and tun fish, or a critical disapproval of th overdone pluckiness of the bandage survivor of an air crash who joke too loudly about his third-degre burns while thanking God that h was chosen out of a passenger li of more than 100 to appear on th six o'clock news.

DAY AFTER DAY, morning evenings, and nights, tel vision allowed me to tu on my set and be reassure that the world was st fixed in the same categories of inte national, domestic, and human-inte est calamity, and that the sam chiefs and holy men were confe ring, legislating, and compromisi to ensure that the world stayed th same while it changed for the bette The newspapers, what few the were left, came to seem like diso ganized bulletins from a world I le and less recognized. They were clu tered with disconcerting details an attitudes, with bothersome reports o books being written, sciences bei expanded and other examples of i dividual activity that stirred in m disquieting throbs of ambition. B worse than this, they permitted th individual his own variations of wo ship: if he found the exordium headlines not to his liking, he cou skip immediately to the sports pag if he found his need for individu drama satisfied in the chess colum he might actually toss his pap away before subjecting himself the lamentations of a rape victi or the philosophy of a mass mu derer.

Reading his paper when a where he chose, twisting it in pub into antisocial folds so that no o could share the news over his sho der, the newspaper votary fou that, left alone with a printed vie of the world, he faced a compl environment in which events such stock market prices and racing r sults threatened him with person harm and involvement. The freedo he had to skim the front-page c umns on the Middle, Near, or F

"I'D RATHER TUNE A YAMAHA."

Francis Mehaffey, P.T.G., Claremont, California

"When you ask most any tuner about pianos, I'll bet like me he says he enjoys working on a Yamaha best.

"They don't need hours and hours of tinkering and regulation to make 'em sound right.

"When you work on a Yamaha you can see they use the finest materials, no matter what the cost. Like the pick of the finest Sitka spruce for the soundboards.

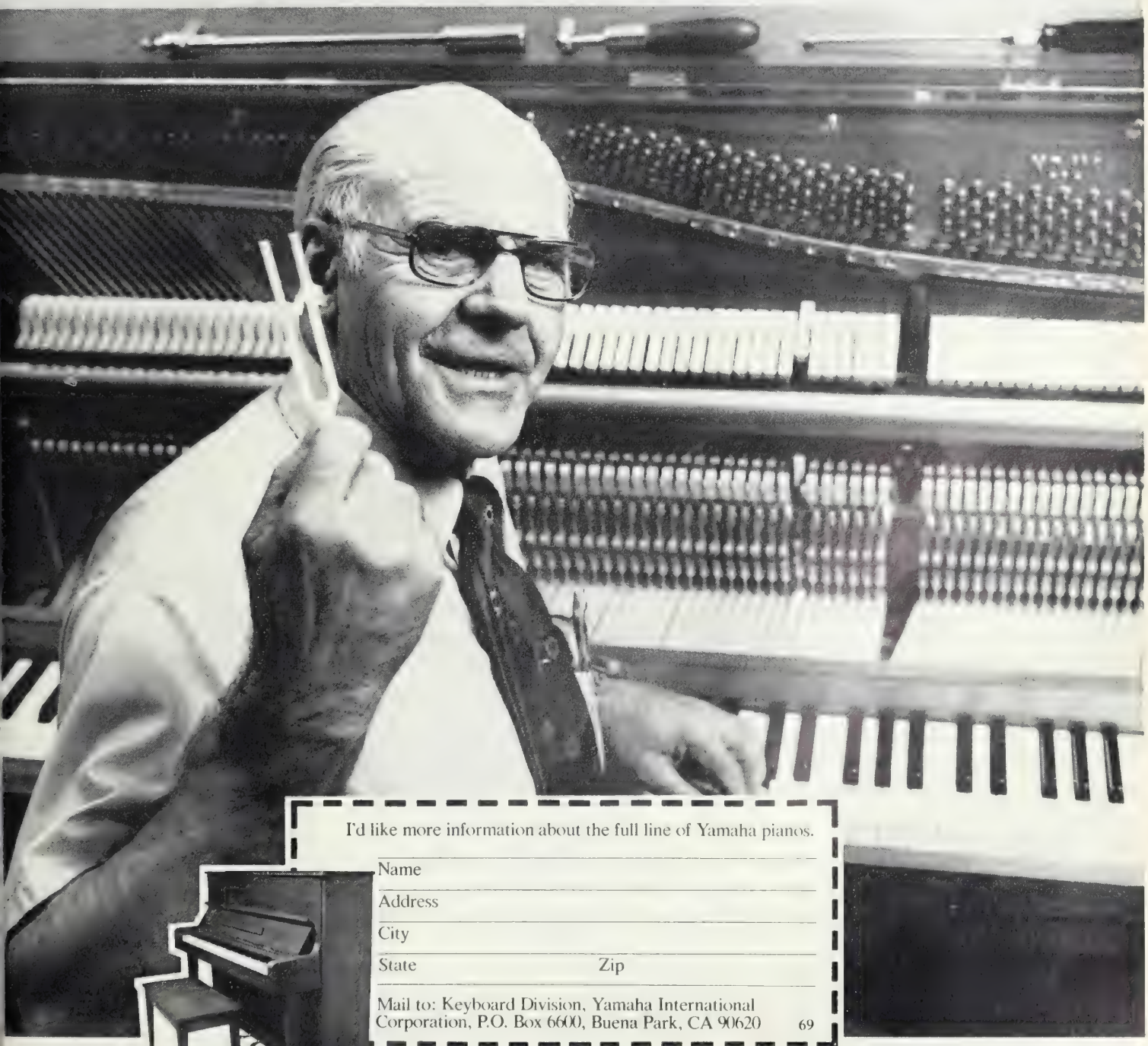
"Yamaha's scale designs are the best, too. They sound mellow without being mushy, and bright without being harsh.

"And when you're talking about modern piano design, Yamaha is the leader. They've got a great research department that's constantly experimenting, redesigning, and improving their instruments.

"The exclusive Yamaha Service Bond provides that every new Yamaha piano gets a complete regulation by a professional plus two free tunings.

"No wonder Yamaha produces the best instrument you can buy today for the money."

YAMAHA



I'd like more information about the full line of Yamaha pianos.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

Mail to: Keyboard Division, Yamaha International Corporation, P.O. Box 6600, Buena Park, CA 90620 69

When there's a better piano to be made, Yamaha will make it.

ces was paid for by a feeling gement from community se- ss, and if he tried to make up his lapses he found himself floundering among contradictions, ambiguities, and the subtle shifts of details that television had learned to smooth out of its depictions of the world. But most disconcerting of all for the newspaper reader was the gnawing suspicion that even a single day in the life of this planet could not be grasped and shaped for easy comprehension; indeed, sometimes between the printed lines he seemed to glimpse alternative possibilities to the facts and tone of stories he read, and with no one except himself to rely on as an arbiter of truth, with no "That's the way it is" to signify an authorized version of reality, days passed by in doubtful outline making him feel that some extraordinary personal effort was demanded on his part in order to be fairly confident that a connection existed between the events of his time and the news they were turned into.

Confronted with a choice between this ragged *Weltanschauung* of print and the ceremonial blandness of television, who wouldn't prefer the latter? To be bound at a prescribed time to millions of others, to share with them an identical image and text, to be shown again and again the same polished day divided into the same neat sections of significance, to be assured by the traditional sign-off of the on-the-spot network subaltern who gives his name as testimony to the truth of what we've witnessed, to be convinced by immediate and portentous comment that we have participated in a day of deep and novel events and fully understood their meaning—what more could one ask for in the way of ritual than all this? Well, perhaps one thing more. A reasonable length. When I sought the image of the world in newspapers and worshiped information in my own way, there was no end to the devotional duties demanded of me. Anything less than three hours on the *New York Times* seemed a sin of omission, and, even if three times that amount was spent on the day's Scriptures, I always felt that I'd left undone some important act of devotion, and that I was remiss to cease studying the high [illegible] of the day and take to the frivolous pleasures of my personal life. But now I am told exactly when devotion has ended. The same voice that speaks the newscast's thematic envoi also grants me permission to enjoy the game show or nature program that will immediately follow. After such a clear dispensation, I can then, in good conscience and with an emp ty mind, watch a herd of anima threatened with extinction or the hy teria of a housewife as she wins matching bedroom set.

Jack Richardson is a literary critic and com mentator on cultural matters.

THE NEW SEASON I

LIFE IN THE IMAGINARY CITY



You can take the show out of the country . . .

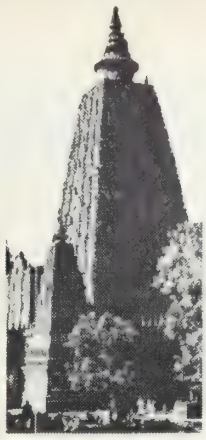
by Stephanie Harrington

ALTHOUGH New York City's major afflictions can be traced to national carelessness, it has, in its agony, been excoriated as somehow un-American. Reluctance to come to the aid of large cities seems to be viewed by the Republican Administration as a politically attractive stance. And yet television, alleged to be the mirror of our national psyche, becomes more and more urban. Nearly three-quarters of the current prime-time network shows are either set in a large metropolis or clearly infused with an urban sensibility.

Now, instead of the simple slapstick of Lucy, we have the fast-talking, wisecracking, urban political ironies of *M*A*S*H* and the big-city, show-biz camp of Mel Brooks's new Robin Hood parody, *When Things Were Rotten,* with its homosexual jokes, Yiddishisms, and Freudian takeoffs. The strong, silent ma culine authority of Marshall Ma Dillon and the buttoned-down, mon tone law-and-orderliness of Sgt. J Friday and of Efrem Zimbalist, J of *The FBI* have been replaced the ethnic, emotional downtown fur of Baretta and the Tough Cit tongue-in-cheek cool of Kojak. Tel vision confronts us with the cru proletarian bewilderment of Arch Bunker instead of the gentle sma town predicaments of *Father Know Best.* It is no longer giving us Gom Pyle but a suburban cross betwe Bette Davis and Rocky Marcia who goes by the name of Maud not the Beverly Hillbillies, but Sa ford and his son in a Los Angel ghetto and Joe and his sons in a re sonable facsimile of Pittsburgh; n Andy Griffith of Mayberry, but D Bogert of New York. And Doc, t lovable old New York Irishman

's new Saturday-night series, is closest thing left on television to untry doctor or small-town GP. , while the Republicans were ng that New York and Chicago Pittsburgh would not play in ia, and while what is politely vn as the financial community insisting that the cities stew in own melting pots, the three ma- elevision networks were invest- heavily in urban shows. They motivated by a simple fact of omic life: the most active con- rs among television viewers are g-adult and middle-aged resi- s of cities and their suburbs. the networks are in the busi- not of selling shows, but of sell- collections of consumers to ad- sers, using programs as the bait. amount a network can charge onsor for a commercial minute nds not only on the size of the ence it can deliver but on the ographic profile of that audi- . So during the past few years major broadcasters have been mbling to attract audiences of n and suburban consumers by ing shows with metropolitan con- And the networks' profits have rising steadily and substantially.

BUT WHAT IS THIS urban image on our television screens? For all its surface sophistication, it is still a traditional family-centered In ten of the twenty urban sit- n comedies, the generations are ing together—indeed, living to- er long after it's necessary. Af- having lived with Gloria's par- for years, Gloria and Mike, in *the Family*, have finally moved xt door. Lionel, in *The Jeffer-* is old enough to be living in wn apartment or, at least, in a ge dorm. But he is still home the folks, despite the running e between him and his father his half-white girlfriend. Clif- in *That's My Mama*, not only with mama but has his barber adjacent to the house. San- s son, Lamont, is still living him, and the widowed Joe and wo sons are pulling through to- er, with the help of relatives and bors who are always dropping Iaude, who has gone through as divorces as Kojak has lolly-



1st complete English translation. 43 photographs.

From the Caves and Jungles of Hindostan

[Iz peshcher i debrey Indostana.]

by Radda-Bai (Helena Petrovna Blavatsky)

Mysterious 19th-century India—a collection of the articles Mme. Blavatsky wrote between 1879 and 1886 for two Moscow journals. Not a Baedeker, but a wide-ranging exploration of India's antiquities, landscapes, gods, peoples, traditions. Romantic travel writing of style and evocative power, arranged in the sequence of an extended journey. Translated, annotated by Boris de Zirkoff. 774pp + 43 photo pages. Cloth, $12.50.

BOOKSTORES—or postpaid from QUEST BOOKS Dept. HM, 306 W. Geneva Rd., Wheaton, IL 60187
The Theosophical Publishing House WHEATON, IL LONDON MADRAS

The intimate wilderness.

Even a small patch of green—a backyard, a vacant lot, a small city park—can boast an intriguing array of wildlife. This imaginative, beautifully illustrated celebration of "doorstep ecology" tells how to discover and enjoy it.



A CLOSER LOOK Michael A. Godfrey

With 45 color photographs. $14.95 at all bookstores

SIERRA CLUB BOOKS

What your home could have in common with the Met, the Tate, and the Louvre.

Beautiful, original works by artists who are represented in the world's great museums and galleries can be yours for very reasonable prices.



SALVADOR DALI'S "Emperor"

We offer original etchings, lithographs and serigraphs signed by Baskin, Calder, Dali, Delacroix, Renoir and other important artists.

(Salvador Dali's majestic lithograph "Emperor" is just one of the many fine prints we've recently made available.)

Our expert advice and full money back guarantee are your assurances that the art you buy will have lasting value and beauty.

Send for our colorful, descriptive brochure, without obligation.

Original print collectors group, Ltd.

120 East 56th Street, Dept. HM, New York, N.Y. 10022

☐ SEND ME YOUR FREE COLOR BROCHURE.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

seems finally to have settled down into a stable matriarchal household that includes not only her husband, but her daughter (also divorced) and grandson. Doc's daughter and son-in-law have moved back to New York from Philadelphia and into the apartment right above his.

Rhoda has come back to New York from Minneapolis, gotten married, and set up housekeeping, in the same building with her sister and within dusting distance of her mother. The widowed Phyllis (this season's spin-off from *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*) and her daughter have moved to San Francisco to live with her in-laws, which stretches the family premise but still capitalizes on it. Even *Fay*, which made a precedent-shattering debut on NBC this fall, offering television's first prime-time divorcée, turned out to be another family show. Even though Fay had left her husband and set herself up in her own apartment, the action in her life seemed to depend on the persistent visits by members of her family—a straitlaced married daughter, a mother who flew in from New York, and an ex-husband who feigned heart attacks in her living room—all of whom made it clear that she should give up all that divorce nonsense and go home. (*Fay* got its cancellation notice after only three episodes. NBC's chief programming executive suggested that one reason Fay was not popular was that, since it was she who had left her husband, who violated the code of the family, viewers did not regard her as a sympathetic character.)

CLEARLY, THEN, the characters in this urban vision are not the sophisticates of New York or Philadelphia society who peopled the escapist films of the depression years. Most of them are proletarian or just a generation or two into the middle class. They are Old World—emotional, effusive, warm—and they conduct their relationships with earthy directness. In short, they personify our fantasies of the lovable, colorful, tough urban characters who, as immigrants, met the challenge of strange and hostile cities. Their accents are more than adequate to the stereotype of New York neighborhood diction. Rhoda sounds like Leo Gorcey. Archie Bunker says "youse" for you and delivers blue-collar malapropisms that suggest he studied with the late Casey Stengel. The black characters indulge in just enough street jive to satisfy the audience's preconceptions. And what they tell us in this rich Babel is that they believe in the traditional values of home, family, and hard work. Social change that seems natural to the younger generation and frightening or confusing to the older may provoke occasional confrontations, but it does not break the family connection.

And television is ladling all of this out (and we, according to the ratings, are lapping it up) at a time when families in the real world are disintegrating; when children are moving out earlier and going farther away, sometimes to communes or pseudo-religious communities; when young people are picking apart the traditional fabric of home, family, and the work ethic and retreating into mystical meditations on themselves and their connections, not with people, but with the universe; when they are dropping out and consider panhandling a respectable means of supporting their individual trips. It is unlikely that television writers and programmers are unaware of this reality. But it is just as unlikely that they could attract audiences by reflecting despair. So, instead, they have profitably invested in the other side of the coin—in our nostalgic yearning for the old social devices, such as ethnic and family solidarity, that enabled our parents and grandparents to cope with the alienation of urban life.

The mood of the urban situation comedy connects with the suppressed paranoia of actual city dwellers in only one way: almost all of the action takes place within the four walls of someone's home, totally cut off from the streets outside. We never see the urban landscape. And this reinforces the sense of the apartment as family fortress, so chillingly caricatured several years back in Jules Feiffer's play, *Little Murders*. The urban fantasy no longer runs to *Breakfast at Tiffany's* or the Doris Day-Rock Hudson view of New York—taxis pulling up in front of gleaming modern buildings, elegant shops, Muzak everywhere. The only city street action on television occurs on the private-eye and police shows, t urban heirs to the Western, in whi lawmen, instead of chasing outla on horseback, chase them in ca So, on the one hand, we have scen of insulated security behind lock doors, and, on the other, stre where people are pursuing or bei pursued.

Of course, there are reasons f this split vision that have nothing do with an aesthetic rendering of r ality. Quite simply, although elev of the situation comedies are s in the New York area or in N York-like cities, they are all tap in Los Angeles, within the artifici walls of a studio set. And it is mu cheaper to stick to one or two livi rooms or kitchens for each sho week after week, than to film o doors on location—particularly that location happens to be N York. And if you have to film o doors, as in the automotive co and-robbers series, it makes sense do so in the freeway capital of t world. (One has only to rememb Popeye Doyle in *The French Co nection*, racing against the subwa his automobile careening throu the crowded street beneath the evated track, to realize the frighte ing absurdity of a car chase in t middle of New York City.)

Thus, through a mere accident cost accounting rather than any c ative insight, television has plugg into the uneasy, disjointed way which we, in fact, live in the city the increasing disconnection betwe life at home and life in the stree And the better police shows, li *Kojak* and *Police Story*, do co close to the reality of the dark si of this divided picture. The situati comedies, however, with their op mistic fiction of the enduring fam muddling through the urban cri together, are little more than the d of wishful thinking we need to to sleep at night. Nevertheless, t television industry, unlike the Pr ident, has noticed that the Am ican population has been shifting metropolitan areas and understan that the city is where the action The networks still can't afford to c the pitches as they actually are (l cause most of us couldn't stand i but at least they are playing in t right ball park.

Stephanie Harrington has written about t vision for many publications.

New Times.
The mouse that roars.



Superman we are not.

But that doesn't mean NEW TIMES isn't busting evil in the chops, fighting for the little guy, stripping the pants off phonies and generally shaking hell out of the establishment.

Like a mighty mouse, we are small but powerful feisty. Out of all proportion to size, we make waves. Strike fear in evil hearts. Give the tremble to fat cats. Shake the rafters. The Mouse that Roars, that's us.



Some recent roars.

Every two weeks, NEW TIMES comes along with a stick or two of dynamite in its fist.

There was our story on "The Ten Dumbest Congressmen," with NEW TIMES' nomination for King of Dumb. You should have heard the screams on that one, including a well-attended press conference called by the King himself. There was "The CIA and the Mafia" concerning the inevitability with which gentlemen who wished to be killers gravitated to killers who wished to be gentlemen. There was our "Rendezvous with Abbie Hoffman"—a trip on the underground railroad that really caused an uproar.

In "The Greatest Cover-Up of All" we looked at the new evidence in the JFK assassination and concluded it was a conspiracy. In "Under Control," we got inside Silva Mind Control. Is it just the latest psycho-chic or can it really give you the power to look inside other people's bodies? In "The Divine Recline of Miss M" we sought an answer to that heavy question—Has Bette Midler shot her bolt? In "The Prisons of Our Freedom," we visited a nightmare called Camp Pendleton where a lot of South Vietnamese were starting to ask, "When can we go home?"

"Women Who Murder" showed how male sexist attitudes can work to the benefit of women—especially if they shoot or stab somebody. "Not with a Bang but with a Pssst" asked what's being done about those killer aerosol cans. Answer? Absolutely nothing. "Selling the Black Vote" made a lot of blacks and whites mad with its unblinking look at some new ethnic hustlers. "Victims of a Desperate Age" examined evidence that the Rosenbergs could have been framed. "Prisoners of Psychotherapy" was the last word on escaping from your analyst.

Is NEW TIMES mad all the time?

Golly, no. Don't get the idea we do nothing but dredge up embarrassing facts and tweak important noses. NEW TIMES is *the magazine of what's happening* and that's a spectrum that includes love and music and lifestyles and movies and all manner of rare





new ideas. For instance, we reported on Erhard Seminars Training (est), one of the most fascinating of the new life experiences. We got inside the world of bisexuality. We published our *own* medical research on pot—"Attention: Smoking Grass May Be Good for Your Health."

And of course we continue to report on the eternal battle of The Little Guys vs. The Big Guys. Like the story on Sam Lovejoy, who toppled the big bad nuclear tower. And the young hillbillies of Mendocino County who were damned if they'd let their houses be torn down for lack of city plumbing.

Our bright, brash, talented writers and columnists—like Robert Sam Anson, Jesse Kornbluth, Marcia Seligson, Larry King, Amanda Spake, Jim Kunen, Mark Goodman, Frank Rich, Janet Maslin and Nina Totenberg—have one thing in common. They're unafraid. They'll plunge into anything, take chances and stands, crawl way out on limbs. Sure, NEW TIMES may fall on its face sometimes. But never on its knees!

We're plugged into *now*.

Whether you like it or not, you're living in a time of shattering transitions. Nobody knows where the world is heading and if they claim to, they lie!

NEW TIMES—more than any other magazine on the American scene, we think—is plugged into this difficult, exhilarating age. Do we understand what's going on? Do we know The Answers? Hell, we consider ourselves lucky when we know The Questions

But we don't lie. We don't pretend impossible knowledge. Our minds and eyes are open and our promise to you is firm: we'll pin as much of the truth to the page as we know how.

Does NEW TIMES sound like your kind of magazine? If you've read this far, you're probably NEW TIMES' kind of person.

You can have 17 issues of *the magazine*



of what's happening for only $4.97. That's $4.84 less than the regular subscription price—$7.78 less than the newsstand price. Or save even more! Take 26 issues—one year—of NEW TIMES for only $7.50, half the regular subscription price—$12.00 less than the newsstand price. The attached order card will do the trick. Or write to NEW TIMES, P.O. Box 2948, Boulder, Colorado 80302.

Join us. Start to roar a little.

For immediate service 24 hours a day

CALL TOLL FREE 800-327-8912

NewTimes

The Mouse that Roars

CALENDAR ART 1976

OUR COLLECTION OF SOME OF THE BEST CALENDARS FOR '76

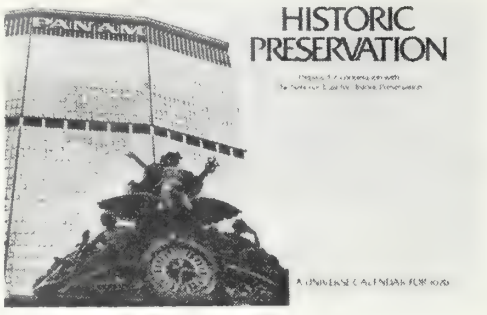
As an everyday reference helper and constant companion, calendars have taken their place as one of today's most popular and appealing art forms. An excellent gift idea.



THE AMERICAN VISION:
Selections from the National Collection of Fine Arts

John Sloan, Winslow Homer, Andrew Wyeth, and other masters who have shaped America's unique artistic styles and traditions are represented in this calendar. The artistic visions reflected here—whether of fishing boats in Gloucester, Mass., or a carnival in Santa Fe, skaters in Central Park or an Indian chief on horseback—are among those that have strongly influenced our own images of ourselves as a nation. Cover illustration: Henry Boese's *Landscape with Stagecoach.*

14½"x21" *Cat. #661* *$5.50*



"What is past is prologue."

HISTORIC PRESERVATION

Old theaters, arcades, courthouses, stations, homes—these and many other structures that have been successfully recycled for contemporary use demonstrate the reality of Shakespeare's observation. 16 dual-impression halftones depict facades, interiors, and structural details. Quotations from Felix Frankfurter, Carl Sandburg, John Ruskin, T. S. Eliot, and others further accentuate the importance of enriching today with the best of yesterday.

14½"x21" *Cat. #657* *$4.50*



PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION:
Selections from the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden

Twelve superb reproductions of outstanding works in the celebrated collection donated to the nation by Joseph H. Hirshhorn. Larry Rivers, Adolph Gottlieb, Jean Dubuffet, Arthur B. Davies, and John Marin are among those artists whose works were chosen for this deluxe calendar. Produced under exacting standards throughout all stages, each print is on heavy coated stock and presents offset color reproduction at its finest. Each is bound into the portfolio independently of its respective calendarium page and is ready for framing at the end of the month.

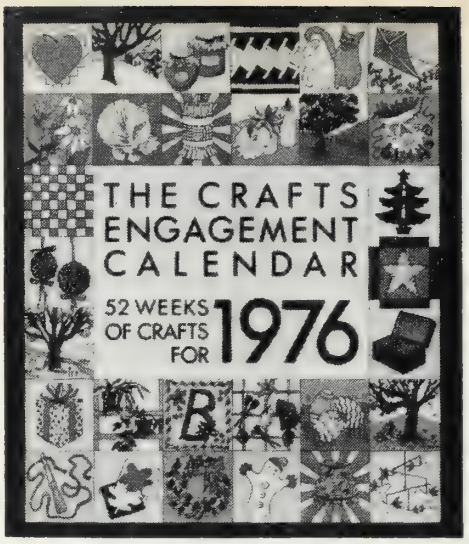
14"x15½", decorative cord hanger, shrink-wrapped *Cat. #619* *$10.00*



SIERRA CLUB WILDLIFE CALENDAR

Twelve striking full-color photographs facing the months of the year. Introduction by Joan McIntyre.

Spiral bound 10¼"x8¼" *Cat. #612* *$4.95*



THE CRAFTS CALENDAR 1976

An idea and how-to book with dozens of projects both practical and entertaining. Each week brings an original design—precise drawings and instructions for shell ornaments, wallhangings, rug braiding, fruit preservation, sachets, terrariums, rubbings, drying flowers, and much, much more. There are also dates for important crafts fairs and exhibitions.

8"x9", 116 pp.; over 50 drawings; spiral bound *Cat. #643* *$3.95*



SAILING 76

Eric Schweikardt, whose work in *Sports Illustrated* and other publications places him among the most distinguished photo-interpreters of the sports world, presents a new collection of full-color, poster-size works devoted principally to American sailing. Here are renowned American boats —*Courageous, Intrepid, Adversary.* Schweikardt captures the excitement and tranquility, the exhilaration and frustration. His portfolio has become the standard annual for yachtsmen, chandlers, and armchair sailors.

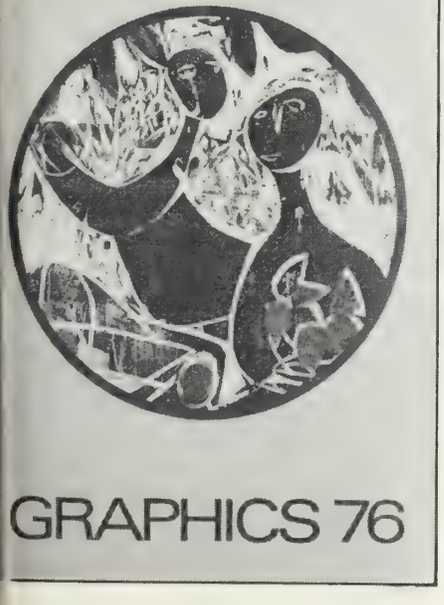
15½"x22½" *Cat. #609* *$8.95*



CIENCE-FICTION CALENDAR

irteen full-color paintings by the world's ost famous science-fiction artists, many otographed from the original art, se-cted by one of America's foremost au-orities on the history of science-fiction. intings with informative captions are by ank R. Paul, Virgil Finlay, Alex Schom-rg, and Ed Emshwiller. Each suitable framing.

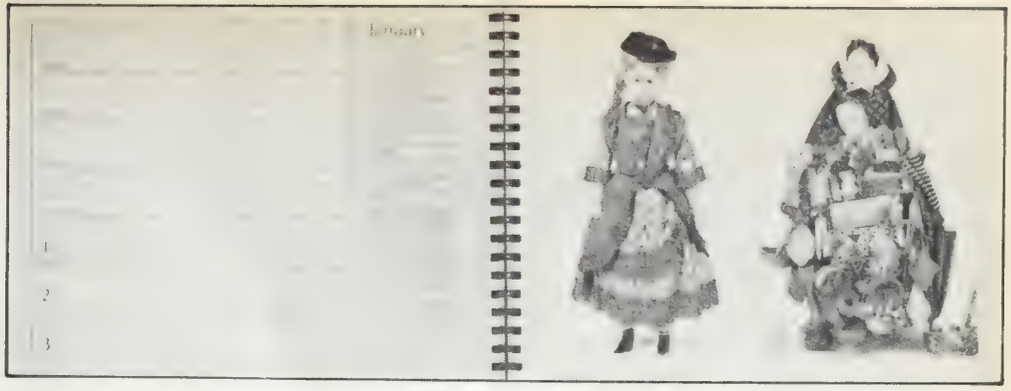
iral bound 10¼"x13¼" *Cat. #610* *$4.95*



VERSE GRAPHICS 76

stunning compilation of graphics by e of Europe's superb draftsmen. 13 a-large color reproductions illustrate expressive powers of such masters as es, Baumeister, Nay, and Grieshaber. noisseurs will especially appreciate unusual collection of woodcuts, lino-, aquatints, and lithographs. Featured he cover: Grieshaber's color woodcut, *umn.*

"x26¾" *Cat. #626* *$17.50*



THE SMITHSONIAN ENGAGEMENT CALENDAR

This delightful and informative almanac, filled with nearly 100 illustrations (40 in color), is devoted to the ingenuity, wit, and craftsmanship of early Americans as reflected in their domestic pastimes and pleasures. Quilts, dolls, toys, household gadgets, folk paintings, greeting cards, magazine cartoons, daguerreotypes, and many other objects were selected for illustration from the Smithsonian's vast collection of Americana.

9"x7", 128 pp.; spiral bound *Cat. #640* *$4.50*



THE INDOOR GARDEN

Full-color photographs illustrate the myriad uses of indoor plants in city apartments, country homes, sun porches, rooms of every kind. Detailed descriptions of specific plants—with accompanying drawings—discuss how to best choose and care for your plants, and how to make a garden in most any interior.

6"x9", 120 pp.; 52 illus. (26 in color); spiral bound *Cat. #645* *$4.95*

Send to: HARPER'S MAGAZINE, 2 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016
(prices include postage).

Cat. #	Quantity	Price	Total

(N.Y. state residents add appropriate sales tax) $_____

☐ check enclosed (make payable to *Harper's Magazine*) charge to ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard

card number_____ expiration date_____

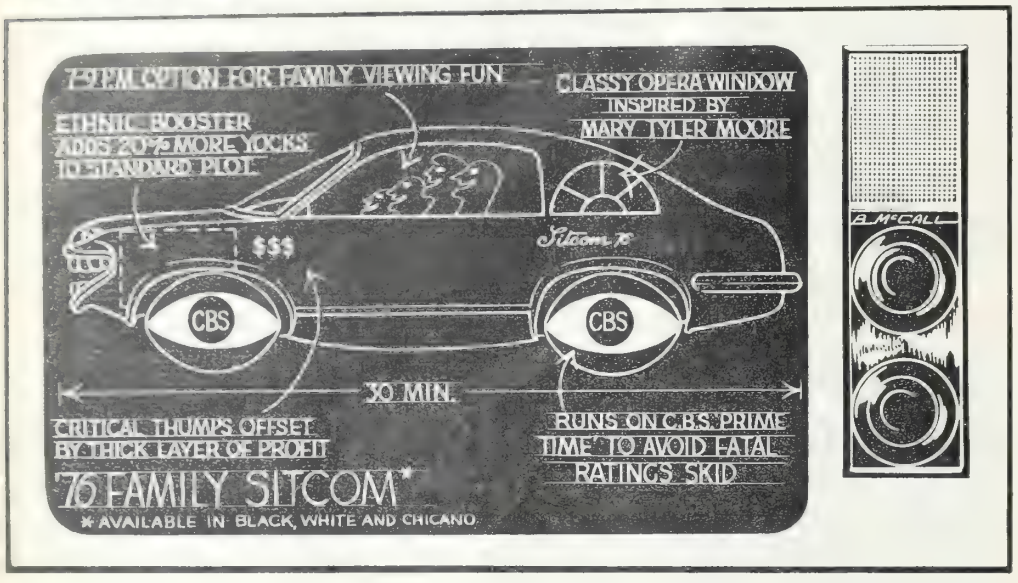
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ zip_____

X-26

TEST-DRIVING THE NEW SHOWS



Bruce McCall

The Detroit point of view
by David McClelland

GOOD MORNING and/or afternoon and/or evening. This is F. Lance Ryter speaking to you from the timeless realm of the printed word. With me, to discuss the recently launched new season of television programs, I have a man who almost certainly needs an introduction, Mr. Detroit Consciousness.

DC: Call me DC, Lance.

FLR: Thanks, DC. Before we begin our examination of the new season, could you explain something about your profession to our reading audience?

DC: It's quite simple, actually, Lance. It is my job to look at all phenomena from the Detroit point of view.

FLR: So you're something like a translator, is that it?

DC: More or less, Lance. You see the people in Detroit are not, as is sometimes assumed, totally isolated from the rest of human culture. They read, write, and speak the English language—well, some do. They listen to radio, go to the movies, watch TV, look at pictures in magazines—why, some have even traveled to other states. So you might say that, down on Level One, Detroiters are like everyone else in the country. But from the point of view of point of view, there's definitely a difference. I like to think of it as a "local cosmology"—an all-encompassing view of life and the universe. And that's where I come in. Now, take the new TV season for example. Hundreds of thousands of words have been written about it, am I right? *Time*, *Newsweek*, *The New Yorker*, *The Village Voice*, the *New York Times*, not to mention *TV Guide*, et cetera—a great and inspiring chorus of opinion and dissent. By now you'd assume that everything there was to say about the new season had been said. *But*—as far as Detroit is concerned, not *one word* of it has made *any sense*!

FLR: What do you mean by that?

DC: Well, it's all been written by people in New York or Los Angeles, people with a different cosmology altogether. They tell us about actors, producers, writers, liberals, network affiliates, programming strategies, the Bronx—from the Detroit point of view it's all so much arcane nonsense. It leaves out the only important thing in the new season. In *anything* for that matter!

FLR: Which is . . . ?

DC: *Cars!*

FLR: Yes—well, there are a *lot* of them on the new shows.

DC: Beauties, aren't they? Y'know, I counted over 250 *featured* cars on prime time last week—not counting traffic. Cars and cops—that's 40 percent of your new season right there, and Detroit is proud, Lance. But there's more to it than that, more to it than even the important business of who drives what kind of car. Cannon drives a Mark IV, so Detroit respects him even though he's a schlep. What I'm talking about is bigger than that, Lance, a lot bigger.

FLR: Could you elaborate?

DC: That's my job, Lance. First of all, from the Detroit point of view, there is *no such thing* as the new season. It's just model changeover, which, as you know, is the major holiday season in Detroit. Bigger than Christmas in its own way. And the people of Detroit want to know: what are the new model TV programs like this year? And they tune in to look at the '76s and the first thing they see is—opera windows.

FLR: Opera windows?

DC: Right! You know, those little round, oval, or rhomboid windows set in the side of the roof just behind the rear side window. A mark of true class. The '57 T-Bird was the first car with an opera window. Nowadays, many models, including Cannon's Mark IV, have them. Detroit notices they are also standard equipment on several of the new '76 situation comedies. The TV equivalent of an opera window is an apartment with a big arched window overlooking the city. Mary Tyler Moore moved into one. A couple of other sit-coms have them, too. Snappy. Class. Detroit likes it.

FLR: I guess I'm starting to get the idea, DC. Now, there's been a lot of controversy about the so-called family hour from 7:00 to 9:00 P.M. Some have called this FCC censorship, others claim it doesn't go far enough. Could you give us the Detroit point of view?

DC: Certainly. Detroit just sees mandatory pollution-control devices. A pain, a real pain. They cut mileage, they cut performance—Detroit sympathizes. And then, of course, there's the fuel problem.

FLR: Do you mean with cars or TV shows?

DC: Both—or, rather, they're the same thing. Operating-cost crunch, am I right? How can you run a car when gas is 75 cents a gallon? How can you run a TV show when actors



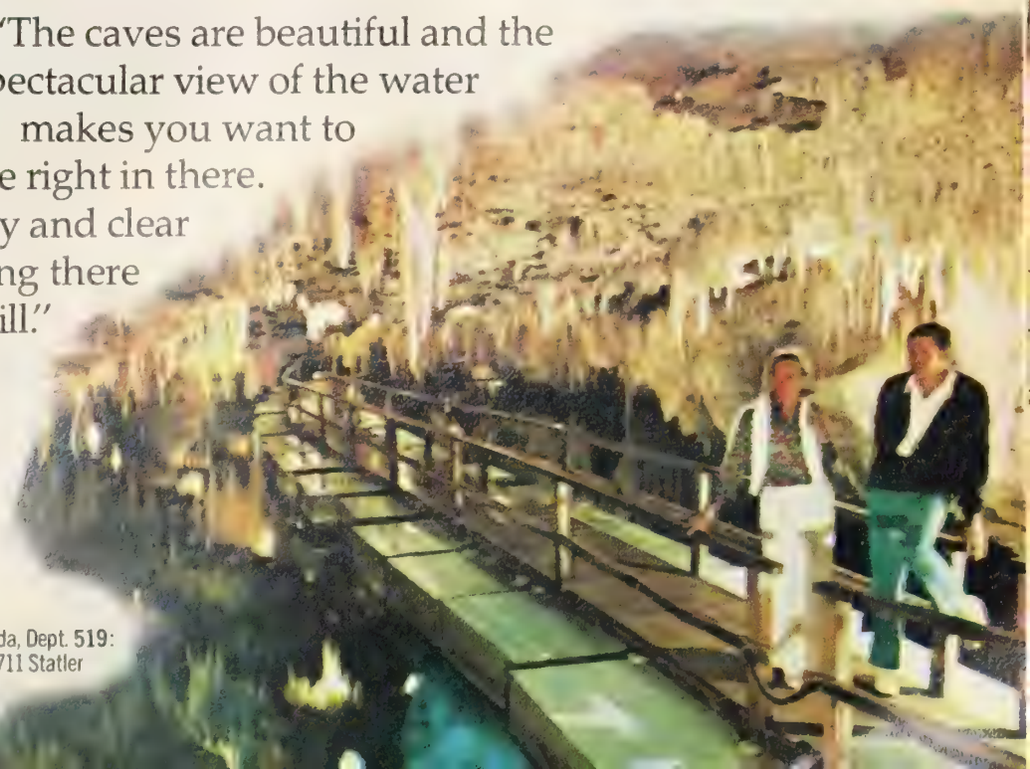
"The shopping is fun. You're free to look as long as you wish. And you always find yourself wanting to go back."

Paul and Hope Forsman on the Forsmans' second visit to Bermuda.



"I guess for a man and wife to come to Bermuda to play golf is about as relaxing as anything could be."

"The caves are beautiful and the spectacular view of the water makes you want to dive right in there. It's pretty and clear and blue and laying there absolutely still."



One of the highlights of Rendezvous Time!

BERMUDA FESTIVAL 1976

anuary 6 to
ebruary 7

See your travel agent or write Bermuda, Dept. 519: 610 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10020 or 711 Statler Office Bldg., Boston, Mass. 02116

$35,000 an episode? Detroit and frustration, Lance. id we get your opinion on the more unusual of the new

mean models, Lance.

Right, models. Well, anyway, what about *Space: 1999*? As you know, it's a British-made series that none of the networks would buy. Now it's being distributed independently to affiliate stations . . .

DC: You mean dealerships.

FLR: . . . er . . . and many dealerships are showing it in time slots that would normally have a network show.

DC: Heh. Well, Detroit is not surprised, Lance. This is the VW effect. It's murder. Detroit tried putting out weird little cars—the Nash Metropolitan, for example—years before the Volkswagen. But they got low ratings, so they were canceled. Just like *Star Trek*. Then along comes a foreign job, like *Space: 1999*, superficially interesting but no real *pizazz*, and suddenly the public is all for it. Little cars, sci-fi, you name it. It's murder, and, believe me, Detroit has been there.

FLR: And speaking of foreign competition, what about *Beacon Hill*, the American *Upstairs, Downstairs*?

DC: Ah, yes. An "international-size vehicle" like the Cadillac Seville or the Ford Granada. European styling adapted to American needs. Well, the Granada, which looks like the Mercedes sedan, is doing very well, so there's merit in the concept. But I doubt that *Beacon Hill* will survive. The styling is sharp as hell, but your average Detroiter test drives it and realizes the engine is just some leftover straight-six. Detroit looks at a *Beacon Hill* and says: "Okay, it's got classy lines, but I've never seen one do more than thirty-five miles an hour." Now, maybe *Kojak* only goes fifty—after all, that's the law now—but you just *know* from the way it accelerates that it could do a flat-out 145 if the feds allowed it. Styling isn't everything. Detroit knows people want performance.

FLR: What about *The Little House on the Prairie* and *The Waltons*—shows like that?

DC: No dealer ever went broke on his station-wagon sales, Lance.

FLR: And the doctor shows?

DC: Mid-size. You'll notice that Westerns and big cars had very similar case histories: first, many years of solid popularity; then, a gradual decline and replacement by other models; finally, pfffffft! Doctors are mid-size cowboys. Marcus Welby? A mid-size Matt Dillon. Our changing response to suburbanization seems to be a factor in this, Lance—how big a factor, I can't say. Big cars and Westerns amount to a denial of the harsh realities of suburban life. Doctor shows present real-life problems as do mid-size cars. Detroit knows the dream is over, Lance.

FLR: Do you see any other big forces at work from the Detroit point of view, DC?

DC: Conglomerate mentality is creeping in, Lance. Detroit hates it, but it has to reflect it. In the 1950s each model of car that GM produced was competing with all the other GM models—Chevy versus Olds, Olds versus Buick. That's why they had so much personality—just like TV in the Fifties, the so-called Golden Age, am I right? Now you've got all these different subspecies of Chevies and they all look just like the different subspecies of Oldsmobiles. Same thing with TV. But in the Fifties—tail fins, crazy chrome work, *Burns and Allen* . . .

FLR: Which is now being rebroadcast with great success.

DC: And which Detroit *adores*, Lance. Groucho Marx's show was not only sponsored by DeSoto; from the Detroit point of view, it *was* a DeSoto!

FLR: DC, what does Detroit think of experimental television?

DC: What does Detroit think of Buckminster Fuller's three-wheeled automobile? Detroit says, "Thanks, but no thanks, weirdo!"

FLR: And educational programming?

DC: And carburetors that give you eighty miles per gallon? Detroit says "Buy the patent and throw the plans into the Detroit River!"

FLR: Well, DC, I see we're just about out of space here, but I think we have room for one last sweeping generalization.

DC: Which I just happen to have, Lance. Listen, my friends out there in Literate City, when you read next year's crop of articles on the new season, remember this: the only place in America with a higher murder rate than Detroit is right there in your living room. Happy motoring.

David McClelland is managing editor of The Real World: A Bimonthly Magazine of Special-Interest Consciousness.



IMPORTED BLACK & WHITE® BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF, © 1975, HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

was·sail



From Merriam-Webster, America's best-selling dictionary. It's where the words live.

Merriam-Webster's newest desk-top dictionary doesn't just define words. It brings words alive. So anyone can get the tangy taste of "wassail". And the full impact of "chopper". And at last make sense of "cryogenics".

How does Webster's New Collegiate accomplish such a feat? With over 3,000 quotations from poets, comics, critics and presidents. With over 24,000 phrases showing you how a word is used in context. And with scores of illustrations, charts and tables.

Altogether, over 150,000 words spring vividly to life.

Including 22,000 new ones like "bummer" and "dashiki" as well as the grand old Melvillian polysyllables.

In short it's the dictionary that makes all other dictionaries obsolete. Which makes it about the most up-to-the-minute gift you can buy for just about anyone on your list. Only $9.95 thumb-indexed, wherever books are sold.

Merriam-Webster Dictionaries, Springfield, MA. 01101

After kicking around everything I'd heard about smoking, I decided to either quit or smoke True.

I smoke True.



King Regular 11 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine; 100's Menthol: 13 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

The low tar, low nicotine cigarette. Think about it.

© Lorillard 1975

Harper's

Peter Schrag

AMERICA NEEDS AN ESTABLISHMENT

The absence of a ruling class gives rise to aimless rebellion

The final protector of freedom . . . may very well be a unified establishment from within which the leaders of at least two parties are chosen, who, in turn, compete for the people's votes of confidence, from differing points of view and differing standards of judgment, yet both assuming the absolute necessity of using fair means. . . . An establishment, in other words, may be the best protection against a conspiracy theory of history.

—E. Digby Baltzell
The Protestant Establishment, 1964

IT SHOULD BE ABUNDANTLY CLEAR by now that there is no effective Establishment in America, and that if there ever was one—a subject of some debate—it turned belly up just when it was most needed. am not talking about the disparate "establishents" of everyday rhetoric—the military "eslishment," or the "establishment" within the cal plumbers' union or the PTA—but of the stablishment, that mythic entity which, despite l evidence to the contrary, is still said to be charge of nearly everything. Somewhere bend the events and the headlines, according to e conventional wisdom—behind the rustling ages of *The Wall Street Journal,* in boardoms and clubrooms, around the squash courts the Harvard Club and the luncheon tables at e Century, in the recesses of the Committee r Economic Development and the Council on oreign Relations—a small, powerful elite is id to control America. There is no such group; ore important, in the coming months the coun- may have more and more reason to wish ere were.

The great camarilla

BELIEF IN THE EXISTENCE of an Establishment has been part of American folklore for more than a generation. Almost fifteen years ago, Richard H. Rovere, tongue partly in cheek, wrote an article in which he described the Establishment as:

> *. . . a more or less closed and self-sustaining institution that holds a preponderance of power in our more or less open society. Naturally, Establishment leaders pooh-pooh the whole idea; they deny the existence of the Establishment, disclaim any connection of their own with it, and insist that they are merely citizens exercising citizens' rights and responsibilities.*

Its power, Rovere wrote, is not always decisive, but its influence is pervasive; it has connections in the higher reaches of banking, the foundations, and the universities, though its most representative—its penultimate—institution is the Council on Foreign Relations, an organization once described by a right-wing writer (Dan Smoot) as part of "a great camarilla which manipulates our government." The council, located in New York and composed of 1,600-odd members, was often said to have been a source of personnel and (occasionally) of influence for the government. John J. McCloy, its former chairman and Rovere's onetime candidate for chairman of the Establishment, once told a reporter how the council functioned. "Whenever we needed a man [in the War Department in

Peter Schrag, a writer living in California, is coauthor, with Diane Divoky, of The Myth of the Hyperactive Child. *In April 1970* Harper's *published his article "The Decline of the Wasp."*

AMERICA AS AN ESTABLISHMENT

World War II] we thumbed through the roll of council members and put through a call to New York." The current chairman of the council's board of directors is banker David Rockefeller, the council's members include Henry A. Kissinger, Nelson A. Rockefeller, and Treasury Secretary William E. Simon, and its most touted program is the "1980s Project," focusing (in council language) on "those new components of international relationships that appear to be emerging as parts of a world system."

All that lofty talk, however, is less impressive to those on the inside than it is to those on the outside looking in. "The discussion," one member said, "is bland. Nobody ever raises his voice. They're polite but unresponsive." Another member, John Kenneth Galbraith, resigned, as he put it, "out of boredom." As a consequence, the council has been groping for a touch of Youth and Diversity—always a sign in such organizations that there's trouble. Women are now being admitted—50 of the 1,600 members are female—and the membership also includes a handful of people on the fringes of the intellectual and political Left: Daniel Ellsberg, Richard J. Barnet of the Institute for Policy Studies, Prof. Richard Falk of Princeton, Robert B. Silvers, editor of *The New York Review of Books*, Ramsey Clark, and Sen. George S. McGovern. (Rovere himself is now a member.)

The writers who follow in the footsteps of journalists like Rovere and sociologists like C. Wright Mills (*The Power Elite*) have added other organizations to the Establishment list, most notably the Committee for Economic Development, an organization which has been called by a writer in the *New York Times*, "the heart of the economic establishment." The CED issues periodic papers and statements, among them some of the most turgid expressions of the conventional wisdom ever put into print, on economic and social policy issues, and claims in its literature that its statements are sometimes influential in government, a fairly safe sign that they are not.

TO UNDERSTAND what's happened to the great camarilla, it's necessary to understand the style with which those who are said to be leaders of the Establishment tend to operate. One member of the Council on Foreign Relations once complained about feeling "hemmed in by the Groton ethic." The style is polite—not too much noise, nothing too testy or scruffy—and it assumes that everyone in the club is a fine fellow from a good family. In the old days, if there was a little snaggle in Beirut or Caracas, Cal would call old Jack, and Jack would call old Bill (who knew everybody out there), and they'd fix it up. A few months ago Whitney North Seymour, Jr., former U.S. Attorney in New York (now a partner in Simpson, Thatcher and Bartlett, etc.), was complaining how poorly both the Justice Department and the *New York Times* had handled their differences over the publication of the Pentagon Papers. What, I asked him, would have been the proper way to do it? "Mitchell should have called Punch [Sulzberger, publisher of the *Times*] and told him, 'Look, there's a few things in those papers that might cause problems.' They could have talked it over and worked it out." The assumption is that we are all reasonable gentlemen, and that a little restraint all around is all that's necessary. When a fight developed at the Council on Foreign Relations over the appointment of William P. Bundy as editor of its magazine *Foreign Affairs*—largely over Bundy's involvement in Vietnam policy and his alleged insensitivity to the moral issues of the war—board chairman David Rockefeller explained, "Why, I know all the Bundys, and they're a fine, upright family."

The Council on Foreign Relations



Now all of that may seem quaint in the age f Watergate, as passé as the starched collar nd the antimacassar. No one ever heard Nixon r Haldeman talking that way. Yet usually sober cholars continue to insist that that is the way ings work. Take, for example, G. William omhoff, a professor at the University of Calornia at Santa Cruz and perhaps the most rolific worker in the field. A few months ago, omhoff wrote a letter to *The New York Review Books* in which he argued:

> *The owners and managers of large banks and corporations, with a little help from their hired academics, lawyers, and public relations people dominate everything in this country that is worth dominating—foreign policy through such organizations as the Council on Foreign Relations, Council of the Americas, and Trilateral Commission; economic policy through the likes of the Conference Board, Committee for Economic Development, and Brookings Institution; population policy through such groups as the Population Council, Population Reference Bureau, and Planned Parenthood; environmental policy through Resources for the Future . . . and educational policy through such entities as the Ford Foundation, three Carnegie Foundations, and the Carnegie Council for Policy Studies in Higher Education.*

This, of course, is patently silly. Clearly there a vast amount of corporate and institutional wer in America (about which more later), t anyone who examines the events of the past cade must be struck by the fact that the forhes of the Establishment—the power elite, or hat Domhoff sometimes calls "the higher cirs"—have been in precipitous decline, that orale, influence, and confidence are sagging, d that they have yet to show signs of recovery. e Ford Foundation's attempts to control nerican education (to use a minor example m Domhoff's catalogue) have been a disaster. what was perhaps its most significant effort "dominate"—the attempt to impose decenlization and community control on the schools New York City—the foundation and its presnt, McGeorge Bundy, were left comatose on mat while the United Federation of Teachers, der Albert Shanker, closed down the system h a strike and, in the ensuing years, took r control of the "community" school boards mselves. In what was no doubt the major eign-policy issue of the past decade, the Vietn war, it was the Establishment universities l the intellectuals, presumably controlled by owners and managers of those banks and porations, which erupted in protest, and the er-middle-class cops who went around spray- the children of those same owners and manrs with Mace and beating them over the head.

No list of members of the Council on Foreign Relations or trustees of the CED—indeed, no study of the Establishment—includes Shanker, Mayor Daley of Chicago, George C. Wallace, Ronald Reagan, George Meany, the late H. L. Hunt, J. Paul Getty, Richard M. Nixon, Armand Hammer, H. Ross Perot, Howard Hughes, or Frank Fitzsimmons, not to mention Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Mitchell or, most curious of all, John B. Connally. Indeed, if one contemplates the almost unmitigated chain of national disasters of the past ten years—Vietnam, Watergate, inflation, recession, energy—one can only conclude that the Establishment dominates very little, or that it is unfathomably stupid (even in protecting its own short-term interests), or that it is suicidal.

The end came with the election of 1968. Any number of writers have observed that Richard Nixon was the creature of something other than the "Eastern Establishment," and several, most notably Kirkpatrick Sale (in a book called *Power Shift*, published this November), talk about the ascendancy of the "cowboys"—new-money power from the South and Southwest—at the expense of the "Yankees." (There is a lot to be said for that argument; indeed, it is probably easier to talk about sectional politics in America by drawing a line from Richmond, Virginia, to San Jose, California—east-west straight across the country—than it is with any other simple distinction.) Nixon was inaccessible to the gang in New York; Cal could call old Jack, but when Jack called Washington no one returned the calls. In 1970, on the very day that construction workers in New York, in support of the Cambodia invasion, were marching and blessing the Establishment (meaning Nixon and the Defense Department), Francis T. P. Plimpton, former deputy ambassador to the United Nations, president of the New York Bar Association, partner in the law firm of Debevoise, Plimpton, Lyons and Gates, trustee of half a dozen educational institutions, director of two financial institutions, member of the Council on Foreign Relations and the Foreign Policy Association, member of the Society of Mayflower Descendants and the Colonial Society of Massachusetts, member of the Union, Century, Brook, Down Town, Coffee House, Piping Rock, and Metropolitan clubs, joined several hundred other New York lawyers on a well-publicized trip to Washington to call on members of Congress—just like ordinary folks from Peoria or Ashtabula—to stop the Cambodia invasion. No phone calls, no friendly chats to work things out. John N. Mitchell did not call Punch Sulzberger about the Pentagon Papers; he sent him a curt, threatening telegram, and then dragged the *Times* to court—the paper of record, the Establishment newspaper. "The Establishment," said Richard Nixon to John Dean early in 1973, "is dying."

"In the past decade the fortunes of the Establishment have been in precipitous decline, and they have yet to show signs of recovery."

The Century Club



Peter Schrag

AMERICA NEEDS AN ESTABLISHMENT

Civilities and civil liberties

THE CONSEQUENCES OF that dying are enormous, and they are mostly bad. Neither Nixon nor Watergate nor Gerald Ford would have been conceivable had there been an effective Establishment. In the past five years the country has fumbled through a string of what have been called "constitutional crises"—most notably the Nixon impeachment—and has congratulated itself, with a great sigh of relief, that "the system works." Yet it was precisely because there was no Establishment, no extraconstitutional mechanism, that the system *had* to work. The impeachment crisis, as everyone acknowledged, was a near thing, perhaps the most frightening moment in a century, and there was no assurance—there is none now—that the system will ever work again.

Establishments obviate such crises: their function has always been to mediate, to negotiate, and to temper, if not eliminate, the extremes. They are inevitably elitist and often suspicious of the general population, fearful, as one Council on Foreign Relations statement put it, of "violent fluctuations in public opinion." (In the view of many establishmentarians, of course, public opinion, by its very nature, always fluctuates violently.) Almost as inevitably, they also tend to be conservative, though rarely as reactionary or rapacious as the organizations from which their members are drawn. If they often suffer from a genuine inability to distinguish the public interest from their own, they also seem to make an equally genuine effort to take a larger view of time and space, to be internationalist on the one hand and to think of the long run on the other. Their mission, at its best, is to preserve some version of civility, and if that often sounds like a modern rendition of the white man's burden—civilizing the savages—it can also have important didactic functions within and without. It was attorney Joseph Welch, proper Bostonian that he was, whose hurt and outrage helped to put down Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy almost a generation ago; it was attorney Archibald Cox, another proper Bostonian, who taught Nixon and the nation that somewhere there still resided standards of incorruptibility which could not be violated, no matter who was involved; it has been the federal courts (perhaps the ultimate Establishment institution in America) which have, with certain obvious exceptions, preserved civil rights and civil liberties against those who claim to be the spokesmen of the people. (Curiously enough, students of the Establishment rarely discuss the federal judicial system when they attack the power elite; they prefer to deal with regulatory agencies or with other, relatively modern institutions, most of which were created by liberals. In the case of Nixon, Agnew, and Watergat there was no Establishment to mediate and ten per, no one who could call the President and te him to behave himself.

In a review of Domhoff's most recent book Andrew Hacker pointed out that analyses of th Establishment neglect the real sources of powe in America—corporate institutions:

> *By concentrating on families, clubs, personalities, the criticism of contemporary capitalism is in deeper confusion than its target. Blaming "the rich" or a "ruling class" no longer makes much sense. People have sometimes shown themselves ready to direct their resentments at institutions.... Even so, it has yet to be demonstrated how deeply one can hate American Cyanamid or Rockwell International. The class struggle is easier with an enemy of flesh and blood, as we know from countries like China and Cuba, where local landlords were an everyday sight. Our own capitalism's demise seems slated for yet another postponement until its attackers find ways of rousing mass anger against an edifice whose power depends neither on the personal qualities of those who hold it nor on their membership in a ruling class.*

If they have any effect at all, establishmer tend to temper that corporate power, not to e hance it; no one wants to be regarded as a ro ber baron among his colleagues at the Centu or the Cosmos. It may even be possible th however myopic the programs at the Council Foreign Relations, an occasional address by t Polish Ambassador or the consul-general Rumania will generate at least a glimmer of lig in those corporate boardrooms. The CED its was created in part as a response to the far mo reactionary stance of the National Associati of Manufacturers. Is détente a good or a b thing, and, if it is good, do we owe more to internationalists at the Council, or more to George Wallaces and to corporate, right-w cowboys like the late H. L. Hunt? The last ti the great populist, Wallace, ran for Preside his running mate was a general who wanted nuke the Orientals back to the Stone Age.

One can be deeply sympathetic with th who argue that there is a powerful Establ ment in America; it is not the secret wish t is misguided, it is the analysis. The people v believe in the existence of the Establishm are optimists: the genuinely fearful idea is t there is no such thing, that the innermost ch ber, the paneled room, is vacant. In a few m months the abysmal lack of intelligent natio leadership, and the general chaos in the eco my and in foreign policy may make a g many people wish that an Establishment wa charge, that someone could fix things up.

The Links Club



The Ford Foundation



There are times when only the very best will do.

A birthday.
Happy homecoming.
Welcome to fatherhood.
The Holiday season.
Bon voyage.
Welcome to the neighborhood.
Thank you.
Father's Day.
An anniversary.

...these are just some of the times you instinctively feel the gift should be equal in every way to the thought. You wish the best; you give the best.

What is best?

We'd like to give you an easy answer. We'd like to say that Maker's Mark is the finest whisky to come out of Kentucky.

But Bill Samuels, our president, won't let us say it.

He says there's no such thing as a universal "best" in whisky — that it's always a matter of personal taste.

We do know this, Bill set out to make the very best whisky he knew how — and as a fourth generation Kentucky distiller, he knew how.

And in his own eyes, he succeeded. In other words, he believes Maker's Mark is the best Kentucky whisky to be had at any price. And we can say that there's a large and steadily growing number of people who agree with him.

There is no way our little distillery can put up enough Maker's Mark to go around everywhere. So you may not be able to find it the first place you try — but that's another reason why those who receive a bottle will value it all the more.



Made from an original old style sour mash recipe by Bill Samuels, fourth generation Kentucky Distiller.

Just for giving?

So far, we haven't touched on those times when you yourself might feel especially deserving. All we can say is this: Try a bottle of Maker's Mark. There's a good chance you will consider it the best you've ever tasted. And if so, you'll be all set for those times when only the very best will do.

You're invited...

...to visit our little restored distillery on Star Hill Farm. It's the only one in Kentucky to be entered in the National Register of Historic Places. We think you might enjoy "discovering" it in the rolling Bluegrass countryside near Loretto. Meanwhile, our full-color folder offers you an armchair tour. Write for your free copy.

Maker's Mark Distillery, Loretto, Ky.,
Ninety Proof - Fully Matured.

AMERICA NEEDS AN ESTABLISHMENT

Increasingly there are signs that the country is sliding back to a blatant sort of individual and corporate rapaciousness not seen in America for seventy-five years. The ascendancy of the "cowboys" of the Southern tier—real-estate operators, aerospace people, agribusinessmen, oil men, construction men—seems to signal a fundamental change in ethics, a reversion back to the robber baron style, entrepreneurs not yet cleansed by the proper schools and clubs, organization men who buy people more or less outright as they need them. No fussing around with the Council on Foreign Relations, no study commissions, no reports. The Watergate money was laundered through banks in Florida and Mexico, the milk deal was arranged by Texans, the corporate contributions to CREEP came disproportionately from the South and Southwest: 60 percent of the money, Sale estimates, came from the Southern "rim." All that appears to be accompanied by a general increase in social looting, a wave of white-collar rip-offs unmatched since the Gilded Age: grain deals, oil leases, stock swindles, insurance swindles, franchise swindles, real-estate swindles. What was new about this round was the spirit. These were not the rapacious excesses of exuberant industrialization and Western settlement; they appeared to be the last desperate attempt to grab whatever was available before the whole thing collapsed in some economic, social, or military apocalypse.

AMERICAN CONDITIONS and history have never been very hospitable to establishments; there is no formally acknowledged class structure, no feudal tradition or established church, no monarchy, titled nobility, nor genuinely conservative party—no one who is, at least in theory, exempt from the forces of social mobility and reclassification, no one who is genuinely secure in position. Yet there have been moments in American history—perhaps the most celebrated moments—when certain people appeared to rise above conventional self-interest and above the limits and requirements of their formal roles. The constitutional period (1787-1791) may have been one; the Depression of the 1930s was another; World War II was a third. In each instance some men of power and privilege seemed to function on behalf of interests transcending their own, within or without the government, and usually in areas that fell beyond the institutional bounds and structures of their times. No one elected the Framers of the U.S. Constitution, nor did the dollar-a-year men of the Roosevelt era fill narrowly defined bureaucratic slot



Susan Meiselas

thin government. What seemed to distinguish em were their transcendent roles, their special tus as nonprofessionals, as citizens, as am- urs and, more important, what at least ap- ared to be their concern for something called public interest.

The claim that it serves "the public interest" hardly sufficient to give an establishment le- imacy, nor are calls for self-restraint by oth- s. What legitimacy requires is collusion in f-restraint, a shift from advocacy on behalf special groups to a demonstrated record of vice *pro publico bono*. In that sense estab- hments run for office just like politicians; a ferent kind of service is expected, and a dif- ent style is honored, but in an open society establishment survives without such legiti- acy. When the leaders of the civil-service ions in New York recently worked out an reement with city officials and others that in- ded a willingness to modify demands for ge increases and new benefits—thus mitigat- New York's financial crisis—they behaved, a moment, like members of a real establish- nt. If that sort of behavior (by union leaders, y officials, bankers) became routine they uld become a genuine establishment

There is no certainty that an Establishment ld control the new robber barons—it would have to include some of them and domesticate them, and it may be too late for that—or that it could effectively mediate between corporate power and demagoguery. In many instances, moreover, establishments merely find more polite ways of doing what the robber barons did before them. Yet none of the alternatives seems much better. Given the American economy and American society, there will always be great concentrations of power; the question is only how they can be tempered and controlled. The advantage of establishments is that they enjoy the sort of legitimacy that makes the system function without repression and with a minimum of ugly confrontations, a penultimate resort when the going gets really sticky. (The people who wrote the U.S. Constitution may have assumed that there would always be some sort of establishment to help ease the machinery through crises; that gentlemen, however self-interested, would be in charge; and that what Madison called factions would deal with each other honorably.) The essence of that stickiness nowadays has to do with a new set of limits, psychological limits, limits on resources, limits on national power, and limits on possibilities. Through example and real leadership, an establishment could do a great deal to enable the country to come to terms with those limits.

"If one contemplates the national disasters of the past ten years—Vietnam, Watergate, inflation, recession, energy—one can only conclude that the Establishment dominates very little, or that it is unfathomably stupid, or that it is suicidal."



Rockefeller Foundation

AMERICA NEEDS AN ESTABLISHMENT

Broken promises

THE OLD ESTABLISHMENT was simply unprepared for more limited national possibilities. Its influence—whatever there was—always depended on the apparent success of its management which, in turn, depended on the growth and confidence of the country. It fostered the assumption that all the curves would inevitably go up, that national wealth and influence, among other things, would increase year by year. Once this assumption was seriously challenged (in Vietnam, in the emergence of the Third World, and through a variety of forces, natural, cultural, and political), the Establishment's confidence began to go. The decline was further exacerbated by the discovery that the Establishment could not honor its escalating promises, could not do what it was supposed to do or what it said it would do. (Racial integration, the war on poverty, and Vietnam are examples.)

The assumption was omnipotence, and the fact was frailty. No one can blame the Establishment for that frailty, only for its fatal inability to comprehend what was happening. Every charge on every barricade against Establishment power was, in a sense, based on its weakness and lack of confidence, and with each charge that weakness and lack of confidence grew, as did the confusion. In the White House, Lyndon B. Johnson thought that "the best and the brightest" were using their brains when, in fact, what they were most often doing was trying to prove that they were tough, that despite all the Harvard and all the Foundation in them they, too, knew how to nail the coonskin to the wall. The point, simply, is not that they were accustomed to power but that too often they weren't. They were used to sitting on boards and commissions and writing reports, activities which Domhoff confuses wth control.







The most recent bastion to go was the CIA, an organization which, under Allen W. Dulles, John A. McCone, and Richard M. Helms, was dominated by members of the Council on Foreign Relations and other Wasp Establishment people from the right schools, and which, in its clandestine fiddling in other governments, perfectly reflected the Establishment style. (The FBI, by contrast, was run by upstart Southerners and Catholic graduates of St. John's and Fordham who only knew how to harass liberals and socialists.) The ascendancy of outsiders such as William Colby and the inability of the Rockefeller commission to protect the Helmsmen is an indication of how low Establishment fortunes have sunk. Recently Tom Braden, operator of one of Washington's leading political salons, and himself a former CIA operative, proposed liquidation of the Agency, an almost certain indication that it has become an embarrassment, or worse. "The house that Allen Dulles built," he said, "is divided and torn." Rather than managing, the Establishment now increasingly resembles a pension and retirement fund, finding sinecures for those fine fellows from fine families, even creating them as needed: foundation jobs for former White House advisers, study commissions for deposed university presidents.

IN THE PAST DECADE there have been a number of efforts at restoration, commissions on national goals and critical choices, projects on the future of one thing or another, and, most significantly, the creation of Common Cause, former HEW Secretary John Gardner's "citizens' lobby" to restore "responsiveness and accountability" in government. It is often hard to know which of these efforts are merely retirement programs for worthy Establishment members and which may represent something more ambitious. Probably even the creators don't know. Not surprisingly, however, they have generated no end of confusion, particularly among people unable to tell weakness from strength.

Clearly the social and political tremors of the past decade were not merely the consequence of Vietnam or of the unfulfilled hopes created by the New Frontier and the Great Society, but more basically of a decline in the legitimacy and authority of power in America. These, as already suggested, arose from the most basic of American expectations, an American future in which, inevitably, things always got better, a time when it was assumed that everyone believed and that everyone wanted to join up. By the time Nixon was elected, and partly as a cause of his election, that future had become doubtful. The American century proclaimed by Henry Luce just after World War II lasted twenty years. Allegiances which once could be taken for granted now had to be coerced; hence the cops, hence the snoops, hence the Plumbers. "Today," says George F. Will, "the very idea of an elite is suspect."

The problem now is to restore some semblance of legitimacy and authority under a wholly new and more limited set of conditions, conditions where tomorrow may not be better than today, not much anyway, where the future is gray and flat, where tragedy, mortality, and social inequities can't be evaded, and where it's increasingly hard to get a mortgage on tomorrow. No American politician has ever been able to talk about those things; indeed, there is no political language in America—not yet—in which they can be discussed, no language not founded on premises of growth and expansion, and the country desperately needs such a language. Now there's a job for an establishment. □







In Ethiopia, we speak many languages. But our smiles are universal.

From Massawa on the Red Sea to cosmopolitan Addis Ababa, from the Arabian Nights marketplace of Harrar to the lakes of the Rift Valley, you hear the music of many tongues. Amharic, Tigrinya, Gallinya, Italian, French, English. More than 70 languages and nearly 200 dialects are spoken in Ethiopia.

But our universal language is the smile. It is the warmth of all Ethiopia.

We are proud of our country. Of its green valleys and cool plateaus. Of its crisp air and comfortable climate. We are secure in our heritage. In our 30 centuries of recorded history and in the comfort of our customs and traditions.

And we are confident of our present. Confident that today's Ethiopia rewards its visitors with natural beauty and man-made marvels. From the churches of Lalibela, hand-hewn out of living rock in the 12th century, to the medieval castles of Gondar. From the monolith steles thrusting to the skies of Axum, to the majestic plunge of the Blue Nile over Tisisat Falls. Our Ethiopia is adventure and discovery and modern amenities.

Pride, security, confidence. These are the reasons we smile. We like you. We feel that you will like us and our Ethiopia.

Come. Visit us. Talk with your Travel Agent. Fill out our coupon and we will send you more information about Ethiopia. Our airline is an integral part of modern Ethiopia. We fly Boeing jets from London, Paris, Frankfurt, Rome, and Athens to Ethiopia and other African places. We also fly to India and China. Our service is impeccable, and has been for more than a quarter of a century. And our smiles are Ethiopian, too.

Ethiopian Airlines. Our world is Europe, Africa, Asia.





Ethiopian Airlines
200 East 42nd Street
New York 10017
Telephone: (212) 867-0095

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP



ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES

Going to great lengths to please

LIGHTER-THAN-AIR CRAFT

Compiled by William Cole

A. A. Milne married his wife because she laughed at his jokes and shared his passion for well-turned light verse. I dare say those are as good reasons as any. That was in the days when light verse flourished, and any well-educated Englishman could take a turn with a sonnet or do a graceful translation from Horace. Light verse has fallen upon heavy times. Not that poets don't write it; it's that nobody publishes it. Now that Ogden Nash has taken up a different lyre, it has all but disappeared from the magazines. But poets write it; I know they write it. So I asked a dozen aficionados to let me see some examples, and here they are. I like the variety: a charming sonnet, a little touch of Dorothy Parker, some pleasant vulgarities, sophisticated musing on Proust, and even a double acrostic that's fun to read even if you don't realize that it's a double acrostic. E. V. Knox once wrote in Punch: *"It's not enough to write elegantly and rhyme cleverly. You've got to have something to say that's worth saying." Well, I won't hand out any prizes for profundity, but surely something is said, and said amusingly. That's what light verse is all about. Have fun. Loosen up. Amuse the folks. What we need is more play, more gaiety. As Goethe was heard to say, "More light!" —William Cole*

ON THE IMMINENT DEPARTURE OF AN AILUROPHOBE

by William Jay Smith

I
will
arise
and
go
now,
and
go—any damned place
just to get away from
THAT
chair
covered
with
CAT
hair

BEAUTIFUL ARE THE FEET

by George Starbuck

Couple hundred year ago
Handel's oratorio
rendered George the Second, oh,
infinitely glum.
Said he, pianissimo,
"This becomes a bit *de trop.*
Me for me nightcap, me for rum!"
and he rose to go.
Seems he couldn't leave at all.
Everybody in the hall
stood there, looking shifty.
Was it the Handel or the cup,
or was it 50-50?
With one accord they had stood up.

God's ways can be mysterious but nifty.

TWO "THERE WAS A LADY" POEMS

by J. A. Lindon

I

There was a lady dressed in gauze
Who kept a ferret in her drawers.
There is much pain and little merit
In such attachment for a ferret.

II

There was a lady, light as ether,
Who seemed to have no groove beneath her.
Though Mrs Grundy mayn't approve,
All proper ladies *have* a groove.

(Continued on page 64



The American answer.

We knew we were creating one of the finest production cars built anywhere in the world. A car complete—with almost every luxury feature standard, including an Electronic-Fuel-Injected Engine. A car women would love for its ease of parking and maneuverability—men, for its efficiency and responsiveness. Apparently, America agrees. For Seville is already outselling every luxury import sedan.

Seville
BY CADILLAC

What one company is doing to help support America's colleges



Ken Katen earned $2,500 for his alma mater. After graduating from Pennsylvania State University, Ken decided to join Bethlehem Steel and enter our management-training program. Because of his decision, Penn State received a $2,500 contribution from Bethlehem. (If Ken had attended a privately endowed university, our contribution would have been $5,000.) Under our aid-to-education program, established in 1953, Bethlehem has made unrestricted contributions to more than 250 colleges and universities.

Ken Katen is a systems engineer for the Beth-Elkhorn Corporation, Jenkins, Ky., a coal-mining subsidiary of Bethlehem.



Brown University is using part of a special, unrestricted grant from Bethlehem for undergraduate counseling. Some 8 per cent of Brown's enrollment is made up of minority students, admitted on the basis of their demonstrated ability and future promise. Dean John M. Robinson advises a special program of peer counseling and tutoring, and other activities, for these students. Objective: to help ease their transition into a predominantly white educational environment, so that they may fully realize their potential at Brown. This is an excellent example of how colleges and universities meet special needs with unrestricted grants.



Ed Snowden wanted a college education. We helped pay his tuition. Bethlehem's educational assistance program encourages our full-time, salaried employees to continue their education. The program provides full reimbursement for tuition costs of approved courses of study. Since its start 13 years ago, 4,220 employees have taken advantage of the program. Ed Snowden, for example, earned his Bachelor of Science degree in science-education from Morgan State College while working full time in our Sparrows Point, Md., steel plant.

Ed Snowden is a community affairs representative in our Baltimore district office.



When Lucile Haas gave Occidental College $250, so did we. Bethlehem's Program of Matching Grants to Education encourages our employees to contribute to colleges and universities. For each dollar an employee gives (up to $2,000 in any calendar year), we make a matching grant of one dollar. In the past two years, 1,450 Bethlehem employees gave to 325 colleges and universities. Mrs. Haas, whose son Stephen is a graduate of Occidental College, was one of them.

Lucile Haas is a secretary at Bethlehem's Torrance, Calif., Fabricating Works.

Bethlehem

Many colleges desperately need contributions. We hope you will consider their needs.

LIGHTER-THAN-AIR CRAFT

A TRICKY TONGUE

by Paul Curry Steele

When the Dalai Lama fled to India, reporters
Meeting the airplane on which he arrived
Sought in their common English to ascertain
How he was after the flight and the strain.
Shy but obliging, he answered in precise
British tones: "I am very nice."

AUTHORS' RESIDENCES

After Visiting Hartford

by John Updike

Mark Twain's opinion was, he was entitled
To live in style; his domicile entailed
Some seven servants, nineteen rooms, unbridled
Fantasies by Tiffany
That furnished hospitality
With tons of stuff, until the funding failed.

The poet Wallace Stevens, less flamboyant,
Resided in a whiter Hartford home,
As solid as his neighbors', slated, *voyant*
For all its screening shrubs; from here
He strolled to work, his life's plain beer
Topped up with Fancy's iridescent foam.

And I, I live (as if you care) in chambers
That number two—in one I sleep, alone
Most nights, and in the other drudge; my labors
Have brought me to a little space
In Boston. Writers, know your place
Before it gets too tiny to be known.

A BELLOCIAN BEAST

by H. A. C. Evans

The wasp's a busy, buzzy thing
Equipped with an efficient sting
To pierce the epidermis;
So if, as an experiment,
My charming little Millicent,
A wasp you venture to torment,
He'll strike and make you squirm, miss.

SONJA HENIE SONNET

by Edward Field

In high school we danced the lindy white-style
like Sonja Henie on her skates
curvetting her way around the rinky-dink
back first, front first, leaving a trail of scars.

Splitting in air or dissolving in a spin,
she came out holding her muff to cheeks
dimpled and rosy under bo-peep bonnet
as snowflakes starred her blond and marcelled head

and curtsying, her little behind
peek-a-booed under fluffy skirt
when she braked to a stop before the cameras
in a cloud of powdery ice.

Below, blunt feet in leather with blades of steel
dug in their points and held.

FOG by William Jay Smith

FOG COMES ON HUGE ELEPHANT FEE
RISING UP FROM THE RIVER SWING
ING DOWN EACH BLACK ABANDONEI
STREET CRASHING THROUGH TREE
CRUMPLING STEEL GATES AND TELE
PHONE POLES UPROOTING RAILROAI
TIES AND BILLBOARDS WRAPPING IT
TRUNK AROUND THE DOOMED CIT

NON-SUBJECTIVE ART

by Michael Braude

People, too, were on exhibit at the opening—
I was looked at appraisingly by a visiting collector
but, being unsigned, he passed me up in disdain.
Another could be heard complaining
I was too representational, not abstract enough;
two ears, two eyes, a mouth and nose
and all where, by divine decree or bourgeois convention,
they properly belong and should not be moved.
A big-city critic examined me as searchingly
as he might have a Kandinsky or Klee
and, concluding that I was probably derivative,
promptly lost interest and went home.
On the brink of utter self-abnegation,
despondency closing in on all sides,
salvation came, sudden and unexpected,
in the guise of a nearsighted, oft-divorced lady
who stopped and, pointing at me, said, "Isn't he cute?"
I am hanging in her bedroom now
where, from time to time, we exchange views on life and a

(Continued on page

The 900 million dollar man.

This is *homo sapiens* in 1975.

Immunizations can add 10 years to his or her life expectancy.

He or she can mature without the threats of polio or measles or diphtheria.

Many maladies that used to kill or cripple can now be controlled.

So much so that past generations would call him or her superhuman.

But are all those breakthrough medicines enough?

The member companies of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association don't think so. Not with complicated diseases like arthritis and cancers and cardiovascular illnesses still very much with us.

Because of that, we're investing something like 900 million dollars of our own money this year to find new medicines and improve existing ones.

A considerable figure, especially when you realize it's been increasing at an average rate of nearly 60 million dollars a year for the last ten years.

More important than money is our people investment. Right now in our companies there are 23,000 highly-trained scientific and support people working in pharmaceutical research, half of whom have advanced scientific degrees.

With an investment like that, you have reason to expect results.

Because if a new medicine can help, we're working on it.



The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association.

We'd like to tell you more about pharmaceuticals. Send for our free booklet, "When it Comes to Rx Medicines, There Are a Lot of Questions You Should Ask." Write the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dept. HA-512, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.


Perth sends you its Best
for the Holidays
White Label
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
DEWAR'S
"White Label"
Dewar's never varies.
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • ©SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N. Y., N. Y.

THE DOUBLE AGENT

A story by Ward Just



ON THE LONG TABLE back of his desk at the office were the usual pictures of wife and children, carefully posed and professionally photographed. There was a photograph of the justice, now dead, and one of himself and two others with Anastas Mikoyan in the Kremlin in 1968. There was also a black-and-white print in a plain frame, a drawing by Francisco Goya titled *Lo Peor Es Pedir* ("The worst thing is to beg"). His wife had found this drawing in a print shop in Georgetown. It was Goya's idea of famine and its causes, six skeletal figures huddled together in misery and despair; back of the six, obscure in half-tones, was the figure of a soldier standing easy.

His wife said good-naturedly, This is to keep you honest.

It'll help, he said.

She said, And it's for your office. Not here at home.

He nodded, she was dead right about that. The drawing was in its own way an anchor, and belonged in his office in the D Ring.

OFFICES IN THE PENTAGON were arranged concentrically—"the five circles of heaven," as his friend Horne described it. The innermost ring, the E Ring, was the habitation of the Secretary of Defense and the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Generals and very senior civilians in the E Ring looked out on a stark courtyard. Lesser officials were located in the outer rings, D through A. His office on the third floor of the D Ring was as comfortable as he could make it, though not so comfortable as his old office in the EOB or his most recent office in the State Department. In the State Department he'd had a commanding view of the Lincoln Memorial, and of aircraft drifting down over the Potomac River to land at National Airport.

Mills was an in-and-outer, a lawyer by training, a bureaucrat by temperament. In fifteen years he'd been in and out of the government a half-dozen times, always on special assignment. His expertise was narrow but valuable, a special understanding of certain aspects of international law as it related to military commit-

Ward Just, a former Washington correspondent for Newsweek, *is the author of the novel* Nicholson at Large.

ments through treaties. Mills was knowledgeable in the three branches of the American government, having clerked for a Supreme Court justice in the last year of Eisenhower's second term, and then gone in and out of the Executive and Congressional bureaucracies. He was careful never to ally himself with any particular bureau or department, nor to acquire what are called "line" responsibilities. He was a man on contract, special assistant or consultant. He'd return to his law firm every few years and devote himself to making money. The law firm was large and well connected, and he had a special arrangement with it. His expertise was as valuable outside the government as it was on the inside.

Mills did not intend to work for the government forever. He drifted into it after his clerkship. Because he lived in Washington he felt he had to be part of the culture, in the same way that one who lived in Hollywood had to know something of the movie business. Mills was essentially apolitical but in the nature of things was vaguely aligned with the Democrats. His success lay partly in his anonymity. Special assistants did not have large staffs; nor were they exposed to public or Congressional scrutiny. He found that he thrived inside the bureaucracy, a mole in the system. He had esoteric and valuable knowledge and understood the uses of discretion. Over the years he'd acquired a number of contacts in the government —Army generals, Congressmen, AEC commissioners, foreign diplomats, lobbyists—and a few special friends in the press. But his profile was low and low by choice. Mills reckoned that he did his best work in the shadows of the government.

Hence, his wife's gift of the Goya.

Just so you don't forget what it's all about, she said. You're working *for* something, it isn't just details and technique. She said, I want to see you up there where you should be. Where you deserve to be.

In time, he said.

His wife was ambitious and an activist on a number of levels.

TWICE OR THREE TIMES A WEEK Mills checked in with his friend Horne. They'd been friends for twenty years, Horne worked for INR (intelligence and research) in the State Department and was as well connected in the government as Mills. They were very close friends and had worked on a number of projects together, not always harmoniously because they had different interests to protect. There was a single difference between them professionally: where Mills was a specialist, Horne was a generalist. Where Mills preferred to work behind the scenes, Horne liked to move up front. Horne was fascinated by the federal bureaucracy; a lover of intrigue and an expert at maneuvers, he believed a bureaucrat's most effective weapon was sensitive antennae, meaning a knowledge of the graveyard—where the bodies were buried. It was once said of Horne that if the situation were interesting enough, he'd enthusiastically plot against himself.

They'd talk by phone and once a fortnight have a long lunch at the Mayflower. Horne always had a new conspiracy to describe, some bureaucratic anomaly. Horne's revelations usually came at the entrée. He'd pour the wine and look at Mills and say, "Well." That was the prelude. He was an excellent raconteur, with a raconteur's talent for making something routinely straightforward absurdly complex. But this time he did not wait for the entrée. Horne plunged right into it, after the waiter had brought Mills's Dubonnet and his own double Scotch.

Horne said, "As the children say, I'm getting bad vibrations." He paused, looking away, watching the other tables. "Something very odd is happening, and I haven't been able to isolate it. But as of a week ago, I'm off the distribution list."

Mills looked at him. He'd expected an amusing anecdote, but this was serious. The reference was to a transaction that, for a number of reasons, was delicate politically. Mills had been working on the details for six weeks in secrecy. The proposal was moving paragraph by paragraph first to Horne at State, then to Chiti at CIA. After everyone had signed off, an agreed position would be presented to the Secretary of State. Mills said, "It must be a mistake," knowing that *mistake* was not the right word.

"No, it's not a mistake. The last three pieces of paper have gone by me and straight to the director. Or I assume they've gone to the director. It's possible he's being bypassed, too."

"Tom, that makes no sense."

"It damn well doesn't make any sense. It's completely outside the agreed procedure."

Mills said, "The paper has got to go to you. From you it goes to Chiti. That's the way it's set up. That was the setup from the beginning." Mills looked at him, silent because the waiter was hovering. Horne made a circular motion with his finger, and the waiter retreated to fetch them a second round of drinks.

Horne said, "Clarify something for me. When are we going to the table?"

Mills lowered his voice, leaning across the space between them. "The schedule's been slightly revised. You remember the original timetable?" Horne nodded. "All right. Perhaps a delay of thirty days. There's been a snag in my shop. I believe that's fixed now, though I

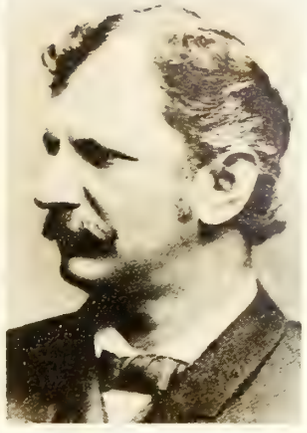
One of a series of reports on the first hundred years of the telephone.

The Bell System didn't just happen. It was planned, right from the start.

Thanks to Alexander Graham Bell, all nations have telephones. Thanks to Theodore Newton Vail, the United States has the world's best telephone system.



Alexander Graham Bell



Theodore Newton Vail

Theodore Newton Vail was the first General Manager of the Bell Telephone Company. He was hired in 1878, when the telephone was two years old, and 10,755 sets were in service, most of them in the Northeast. His vision of what the new invention could become equaled Bell's own.

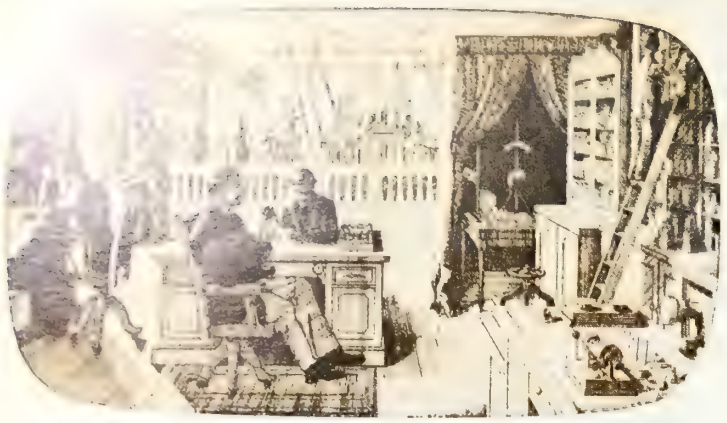
Both men saw that the success of the infant telephone industry depended on offering customers an integrated nationwide telephone system. The goal, as Vail later phrased it, was "one policy, one system, universal service." "The strength of the Bell System," he wrote, "lies in this universality."

Vail's economic insight was remarkable for his day. He was managing a new kind of enterprise, one of the first of what we now call technological industries. He saw that technology gave birth to the telephone, and that technology also imposed new requirements on the managers of the business. Manufacturing telephones required a large commitment of capital, for specialized factories. Improving the telephone required coordination of research efforts, plus more capital for laboratories. Marketing the telephone successfully required reasonable assurance that supply and demand would keep pace with each other. Vail realized that the only way those requirements could be met was for management to plan every step of the enterprise, from sources of supply to customer orders.



Vail's ability to plan turned Bell's invention into the best telephone system in the world.

Contrast the case of the manager of a simpler business—a small bakery, for instance. The manager has great freedom. If cake doesn't sell, he can bake bread. If white bread doesn't sell, he can bake rye. There is no need to commit large sums of capital, since the same ovens serve for all three products. No research effort is required, since the recipes are well known. If the price of flour goes up, the manager can raise the price of bread immediately. If demand varies, he can bake more bread or



The predecessor of Bell Telephone Laboratories: the Bell company's Mechanical Department in the 1880's.

less. The technological industry, by its very nature, lacks such flexibility.

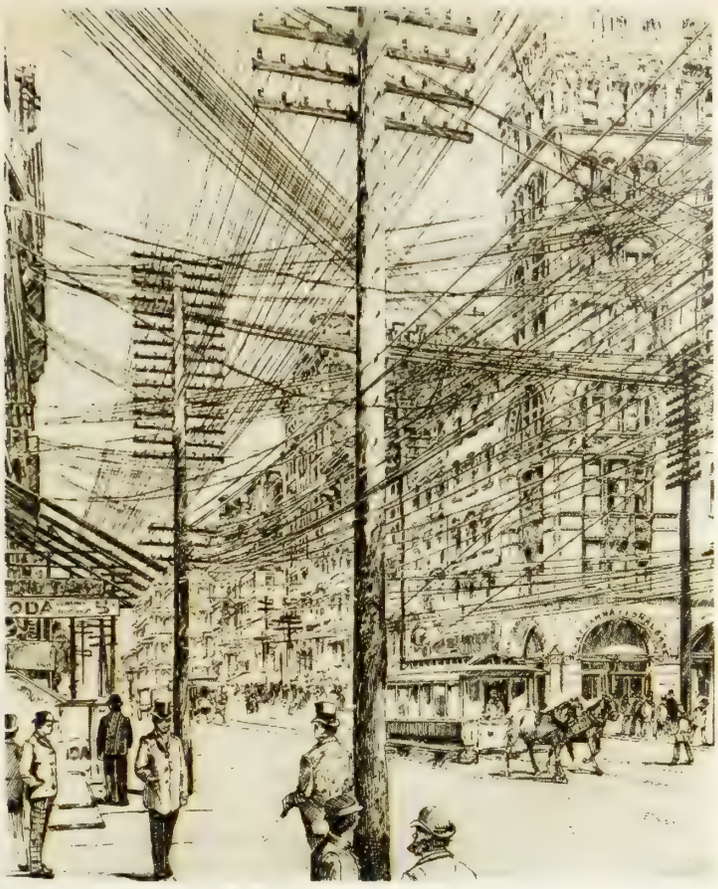
The first telephones were made in a Boston machine shop. Demand soon outstripped capacity, and firms in several cities were licensed to make sets under the Bell patents. Vail wanted closer integration of manufacture, to assure the company's service objectives. In 1881, the Bell company acquired controlling interest in the Western Electric Company of Chicago, and in 1882, made that company the manufacturer of Bell equipment.

This arrangement was desirable for a number of technical reasons: quality, reliability, standardization. Vail also had a strong managerial reason. The Bell company's business was providing telephone *service*. Success depended on having a dependable supply of quality equipment needed for the service, at a reasonable cost. By integrating manufacturing within the Bell company, Vail took a long step toward that goal.

At this point the groundwork was laid for a nationwide network. In 1884 the first Boston to New York line proved that commercial long distance telephony was possible—and profitable. Vail and his associates organized an additional company, whose corporate charter put Vail's dream in black and white. Its business was to be "constructing, buying, owning, leasing or otherwise obtaining, lines...and equipment, using, operating or otherwise maintaining, the same....The lines of this association...will connect one or more points in each and every city, town or place, in...the United States, Canada and Mexico, and also by cable and other appropriate means with the rest of the known world...."

Despite all the progress made, Vail saw a basic threat to the industry. Although it was growing, the quality of the service it provided was deteriorating. Some of the earliest equipment needed to be replaced. Rapid expansion was causing growing pains. Vail knew these service problems must be dealt with. But the Boston financiers who determined company policy felt their primary duty was to maximize profit for investors. The financiers represented the thinking of the day; once again Vail's ideas were decades ahead of his time. In 1887, Vail felt compelled to resign. For the next twenty years, he followed telephone developments as an interested outsider.

In 1893 and 1894, the Bell telephone patents expired. New telephone companies sprang up almost overnight, many of them in cities already served by Bell companies. Since the wires of the new companies did not connect with Bell wires, their subscribers could not talk with Bell subscribers. In order to be in touch with all the telephones in town, stores and offices had to have two telephones. That meant two directories, two sets of wires—and two bills. Nevertheless, demand for all telephones was soaring.



Broadway and John Street, New York City, 1890.
Vail succeeded in getting the city's wires put underground.

The new companies grew, the Bell affiliated companies grew, the confusion grew.

Growth brought financial problems. Earnings, handsome as they were, were insufficient to finance such rapid expansion. (The telephone industry is a capital intensive industry.) Bell management borrowed more and more money from big banks. By 1907, lenders were getting hard to find. Then came the Panic of 1907. To protect their interests, the bankers demanded that telephone management invite Vail back to run things. Vail accepted the invitation. That year there were 3,132,000 Bell telephones in service.

Vail's return to command restored the financial community's confidence in the Bell company, so towering was the reputation he had built. Improving the quality of the service was his first concern. He made sure that concern was understood by Bell people throughout the land. Thanks to their efforts, and investment in needed equipment, service improved.

Further improvement depended on improving telephone technology. Research was going on in various parts of the company, in various cities. To encourage better planning and coordination, Vail unified the research effort. And he directed the researchers to examine at once a new device, the audion tube invented by Dr. Lee De Forest. Working with De Forest, telephone researchers developed the vacuum tube electronic amplifier, which greatly extended the range of long distance service, and led in time to commercial radio and television.

Duplicate telephone companies in various towns were incompatible with good service. Waterworks and electric companies were recognized as "public utilities," granted exclusive franchises for geographical areas. Vail believed that same reasoning applied to the telephone industry. He set out to eliminate the duplication by buying out the rival companies where that was possible, or selling out to them in some towns if that was the only way. In 1913, as a step toward universal service, he agreed to allow the independent (non-Bell) companies to use the Bell long distance lines.

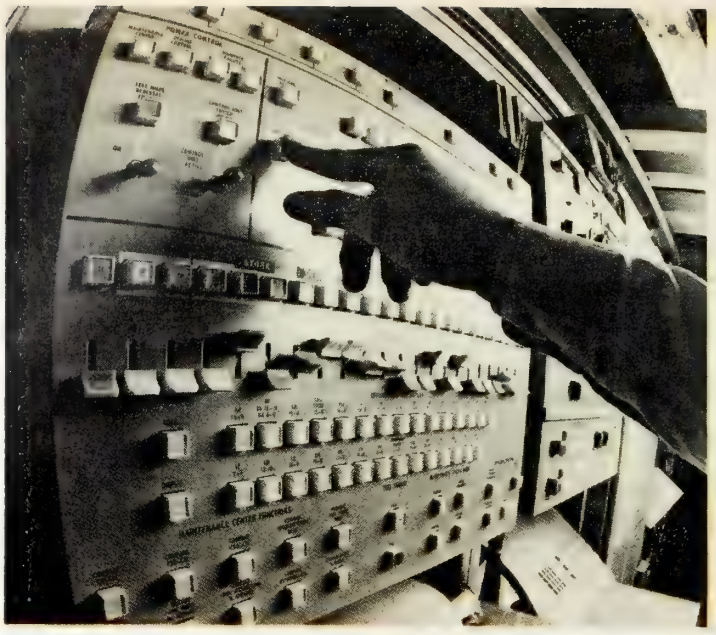
Now Vail could speak confidently of a *telephone system* rather than a large number of isolated, unconnected telephone companies. He was the first to use the phrase "Bell System." He could look to the day when telephone service would be well within the means of the average American. And that gave him the final element in his planning: he could make long-range estimates of the needs of his customers.

complete: research and ... an efficient source of supply ... Western Electric Company and ... responsibility for installation, maintenance and repair in the local companies.

Because Vail could plan in this way, the company could invest the necessary millions in equipment for current needs, and in research for predictable future growth.

The Bell System continues today in the pattern Vail set. Not as a matter of tradition, but because the concept works. We are planning today American telephone service for the 21st Century. Western Electric and the associated Bell Companies are installing new electronic switching systems nationwide, which make possible many additional telephone services. Scientists and engineers at Bell Laboratories, birthplace of the first electrical digital computer and the transistor, are working now on new technology to transmit telephone calls on a beam of light, to handle calling volumes expected by the year 2000.

Research, manufacturing, operations —one Bell System, a planned approach that works. Efficiency and productivity are well ahead of the average for all other



Electronic switching systems, a thousand times faster than the equipment they replace, are now being installed across the nation.

industries, the system is the best in the world. There are two tests you can make yourself to see if the Bell System really works: Compare telephone prices to the price of almost anything else over the past twenty-five years. Long distance service is one of the few things that have hardly gone up at all. Other telephone services have gone up far less than the price of almost anything else you buy. The economics of a planned telephone system have surely been to the customer's benefit. What about the service? Well, just pick up your telephone. Call any number in the United States.

The best telephone system in the world didn't just happen. It was planned that way.

One Bell System. It works.

Bell System

ɔn't know for sure for a week. The problem the sign-off. You've got to sign off. Langley es. My people do. Langley came back with me objections . . ."

"Reasonable?"

"Mostly nit-picking. Some technical probns. Their objections have been dealt with. think that the JCS problem is all right now, o. I hope to God it is, because that's the ll buster."

"But that was the problem."

"Was," Mills said. "Isn't now."

Horne said quietly, "Why?"

Mills smiled. The waiter was back and he ıited for him to set down the drinks and ıve. "They trust me. I told them it was all ght. Explained to them why it was all right. plained about the numbers and about the port licenses. Which firms have which rights. ıd where. *And what it might lead to.*" Mills ɔked at his friend and then spoke very rapidly in French. "I worked very closely with them, was the only way to do it. It was a problem at had to be neutralized in the first instance. e had to get agreement from the Chiefs bere we could go to you or to Langley. You ow, sometimes it's the other way around. ıt my best judgment was, Not this time. It ıs more intelligent to go to the JCS first, then u, then Langley . . ."

Horne moved his fingers, a gesture of dissal. He said in English, "Idiots. They ven't a clue. Chiti's dumber than whale shit. ɔu don't have to worry about them."

"Well, that isn't what the Bomber says." 'he Bomber" was their nickname for a senior my general.

"Odd. Very odd."

"Why?"

"I can't imagine the Bomber being conrned with those people. A, he's thick as eves with them. B, they're in this only for rm's sake. They understand that. It was exıined to them in that way. They look at the mbers and the numbers only. They look at only in terms of the hardware."

Mills was silent a moment. "That wasn't my derstanding. I thought they were wired into all the way. As a matter of fact, the Bomber ıd that I wasn't to deal with them at all. Not en Chiti. He said he would handle it from the S. He and his people. I was to stay out of ıt and spend my time on the options . . ."

"Don't you think that's strange?"

"Not really. I'm rarely out front on this ıd of thing. I come in at the end, make the esentation to the Secretary, and then join e team when we sit down with the other side. we ever do." Mills paused. "I don't go in at e first instance. That's not what I'm there ."

Horne said, "Let's review the bidding."

The entrée arrived and they commenced a meticulous reconstruction of the negotiations. Mills did most of the talking. A stranger would not have known the subject of the conversation. If he'd overheard them, a stranger would have taken them for two businessmen; however, they took care not to be overheard.

"The Bomber is playing some strange game," Horne said at last. "See, there's another oddity. I shouldn't be cut out of this. I'm the only one at INR, or anywhere else in the department, who understands it. The director doesn't understand it and the Secretary doesn't care. And if it doesn't leak, *which it shouldn't,* there's no problem politically." He looked at Mills and smiled. "But I suppose we ought not to lose perspective. It isn't as if this little deal is going to stop World War III."

"Or start it, either," Mills said.

"One small step for mankind," Horne said, laughing.

"One giant step for General Dynamics," Mills muttered.

"But it might lead to something else. It's the first brick in the wall. I agree it's insignificant enough in itself. But if we can establish the principle it might lead to something serious and very damn useful." Horne leaned back, his eyes patrolling the dining room. It was nearly empty now; they'd talked for almost two hours. "That's the strange thing about it. There are only a couple of dozen people in the government who know about it and only a few of those understand it. Pull it off, and it makes page 12 of the *Times.* After the fact. But in five years, if it works, it'll be known as the agreement that established . . ."

Mills interrupted quietly. "You think it's being sabotaged."

"I think the Bomber is a double agent," Horne said.

"What am I supposed to do? Walk up to him and ask if he's working for the opposition? That would be the end of my work on this project, probably the end of my career in government."

THAT NIGHT, Mills was preoccupied during dinner. His wife understood his moods and did not press him. She waited, knowing that sooner or later he'd be obliged to speak. He worked in his study for an hour after dinner and finally emerged to wander aimlessly around their living room. She watched him from her desk. When he went to the window and stood silently watching the street, she rose and joined him and proposed a walk around the block.

In fifteen minutes she'd pried the essentials from him. She understood that he could not talk about specifics—what they were negotiating for, and with whom—but she had the essentials of the bureaucratic problem: the Bomber behaving strangely, Horne cut out, a mysterious atmosphere surrounding the various

options. They were walking toward Wisconsin Avenue, she said she wanted an ice-cream cone. He'd been talking in low tones, as much to himself as to her. He sorted the problems in a lawyerlike way, attempting to establish the sequence of events, the priorities, and the motives of those involved.

At last he said, "Tom thinks the Bomber is a double agent."

She was startled but said nothing.

"It's the only explanation that fits. Or, anyway, *seems* to fit. Motives aren't always clear-cut." She nodded, pressing up against him in the dark; she was following him with difficulty. "Tom thinks he wants to sabotage the agreement. That's in the long run."

"And the short?"

"Well, his knowledge could be useful on the Hill. To the opposition. It's delicate, damn embarrassing if it should leak *before* signing. Afterward it's all right. The odd thing is this. If we get the agreement, it's small beer; minor-league stuff. But there's a catch in it. They know it and we know it. The principle that we're establishing—never mind what it is—could be very important. It's a principle that will not be acknowledged in any communiqué or press conference, even if we were to have one, which of course we won't. Still, they'll know it and we'll know it. We'll try it and see if it works. Then in a few years' time we'll negotiate again and specifically acknowledge what's been understood all along."

"And the Bomber?"

Mills shrugged. "I don't know what game he's playing."

"But you think he'll leak it . . ."

"Not that simple. It's what Tom meant when he called him a double agent." Mills looked at his wife and wondered how much of this she truly understood. "Sal, this is *so* sensitive . . ."

She smiled woodenly. "I have been known to keep a secret."

"Be sure you keep this one. You know, we've used the Bomber as liaison to our friends in the Senate, particularly the one who's running for the Presidency. *Comprends*?" He felt her impatience, but he was determined to spell everything out. "They are friends. He likes the Bomber, the Bomber likes him. That's why when something particularly sensitive comes along we use the Bomber for a little missionary work with his friend the candidate, who is also the chairman of the committee. They get together and, uh, 'belt a fifth,' as I believe the Bomber puts it. Well, wouldn't it be funny as hell if the Bomber is doing double duty?" Mills paused, listening to their footsteps on the brick sidewalk. "If he's working *against us* on the inside for his good friend the candidate . . ." He shrugged again.

She looked at him, solemn enough, but with a hint of amusement in her eyes. "What can you do about it?"

"Me?"

"You," she said.

"Nothing. Not one damned thing."

"But you're at the center of it."

"As a *lawyer*, Sal. I'm the one drawing up the options because I'm the only one in the government who understands the . . . legal modalities. The way it has to be written. This other business, that's out of my league. I'm not touching that with a ten-foot pole."

"But you're at the center of it," she said again.

"Maybe. But in government you understand limitations."

"I don't understand that."

They'd stopped, pausing under a street lamp, speaking now in whispers. A taxi pulled up to the curb, then slid away. "There isn't anything I can do about it," he said. "What am I supposed to do? Walk up to him and ask him if he's working for the opposition? That would be the end of my work on this project, probably the end of my career in government. The single disadvantage of anonymity: if no one knows you're there, no one knows when you're gone." He lit cigarettes for them both, cupping the match though there was no breeze in the silent street. "And I have no evidence. What I have is Tom Horne's hunch. His suspicion. And as you know very well, Tom wrote the book on conspiracy theory."

"And Tom is not always wrong."

"By no means," Mills said.

"You'll just let it go, then. You'll walk away from it."

"Absolutely."

She said, "What can Tom do?"

"More than me."

"Why?" she asked. "Why more than you?"

"He's more visible," Mills said wearily. "He's a member of the Foreign Service. He understands the politics of it. I can be more useful to Tom on the inside than breaking dishes on the outside." He paused. Then, "Tom's protected. There's no way they can get him."

She said nothing for a moment. When she spoke, her voice was loud, almost strident. "Is it worth it to you? The way you've run your life in the government, always on the inside . . ."

"Perfectly satisfied," he said stubbornly.

"Well, at a time like this . . ."

"Christ, Sal—these aren't the Geneva Accords. If it goes down the drain this year, we'll just try it again next year."

She said, "If you only . . ." Then, "I thought you said it might lead to something important."

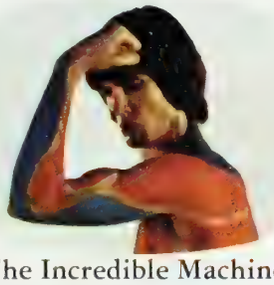
"*Might*, Sal. The word is *might*."

"It's a possibility, though."

"That is right."

Last year, Gulf made a commitment to the National Geographic Society and PBS which you'll be enjoying for the next three years.

For the first time, starting this year, you'll have the opportunity to enjoy the exciting National Geographic Specials on Public Television.



"The Incredible Machine"
Shown Tuesday, October 28.



"This Britain: Heritage of the Sea"
Tuesday, December 9, 7:30 p.m. EST.



"Search for the Great Apes"
Tuesday, January 13, 7:30 p.m. EST.



"The Animals Nobody Loved"
Tuesday, February 10, 7:30 p.m. EST.

We've decided to underwrite the production and promotion of these specials, 12 in all, because we feel they promise a lot for everyone.

Certainly the National Geographic Society and the Public Broadcasting Service hold very special places in our culture.



We saw an opportunity to bring two great American institutions together.

Both have reputations for producing fine programs that are as entertaining as they are informative. And the four specials this season are no exception.

There's a journey through the human body via amazing cameras that actually made the trip. A look at the Britain behind the traditions. An expedition with two remarkable women who have searched for the great apes. And an objective look at a controversial subject—the varmints of our own changing West.

PBS

The National Geographic Specials, presented on Public Television by WQED/Pittsburgh, promise exceptional viewing for everyone.

But our commitment to them goes beyond that.

The National Geographic Specials will introduce a lot more people to PBS.

We want the millions who have watched and enjoyed the National Geographic Specials in the past to watch them this year on PBS.

Then to stay tuned to enjoy the other fine programs offered only on Public Television.

And that's what we're committed to.

Gulf

"Or was," she said. "It isn't any longer." They'd begun walking again and when they approached the ice-cream parlor they saw it was closed, the interior dark, the marble counter bare. Silently they turned and walked up N Street to their house. Their house, this street; two familiar things, as familiar as an old suit of clothes. He turned first to climb the stoop and she remained on the sidewalk, lost in thought. He stood in the hallway, his back to her. She looked at his back, then at the city sky. She said, "You know, I must be getting out of touch. When you said 'double agent,' do you know what I thought you meant? For a moment, I thought you meant he was a Communist. Until you explained it, I thought you meant he was a foreign enemy." She smiled wanly. "That means one of two things. Either I have been too long in this town, or you have."

HE CHARACTERISTICALLY left his house at six, to be at his desk in the D Ring at six-thirty. He'd drink half-a-dozen cups of coffee before eight-thirty, when the morning conferences began. Military people were always up at first light and the civilians were obliged to follow. In that early-morning period, Mills read and thought. And reviewed the bidding.

He and Sal, they had come to Washington in a different time. Washington was different, they were different. Or perhaps it was only that they hadn't understood the town. When she'd given him the Goya it was to remind him of their early dreams. And to remind him of her, too; her presence. Not that he'd needed reminders; they were very close in all ways. *And they'd endured.* Through all seasons, and that was a fact more important than any other. They'd arrived in the capital a year before the idealistic multitudes; it seemed an eon ago. An officer of the court, Mills saw himself as part of a continuing process and tradition. Working for that old man was like working for a national monument. The justice had said once, *Responsibility, an interesting legal concept. A man is drowning. You are standing on the beach, a life preserver in your hand. You are under absolutely no legal obligation to throw it to the drowning man. On that point, the law is indifferent. However, if you do throw it you'd better damn well be sure you don't hit him on the head with it. If you choose to assume responsibility, then you're obliged to proceed with prudence, all reasonable care and caution.*

He understood her dilemma and her uncertainty. How simple it must seem to slice through the pink ribbons to reach the heart of the problem. Except the pink ribbons, the bureaucracy, the maneuver, *was* the problem. And one did not "slice through" it, either; one dealt with it as delicately as a lapidary with a diamond. Hit it too hard, and it disintegrated and you were left with nothing. Stand fast she'd said. And the truth was, he had an urge to run. It was an urge that he kept under strict control because if he ran it would be from everything. Every single thing. In the bottom drawer of his desk he'd collected scores of travel folders; they were concealed as other men might conceal French postcards.

No question, he'd been very careful with drowning men.

But he'd said to her the night before, "I understand what you mean . . . about this thing with Horne. I'll talk to him tomorrow. I don't think it's possible, but perhaps together. . . . I just want you to know that it won't be easy. One hardly knows where to begin." He'd described to her the practical difficulties, laying them out with precision. At the end of it she'd moved closer to him. There was something strange in her voice, and he was surprised to realize that it was fear. She'd whispered, "Of course."

He brought his mind back to the present. She'd not been entirely wrong. There were times to stand fast. God knows he did not need the government, his law practice flourished in all seasons. He swiveled in his chair and stared at the lime-green walls behind him, and the table with the pictures. His wife and children grinning into a professional's camera. He and the two others with Mikoyan. The old man in his soft black robes, a cigarette incongruous in his right fist. Mills smiled broadly, comfortable among his photographs. He stared at the Goya, entirely familiar with it; he looked at it every working day of his life. Six figures with the soldier in the background, the soldier obscure in half-tones.

The white light on the telephone winked and then burned steadily. His secretary answered, surely it was Horne. Presently he heard the buzzer.

"I didn't mean to interrupt," his wife said. Her voice was strained, as it always was when she called him at the office. She'd called to remind him of a party that evening. They were due at seven-thirty; their hostess had asked that they not be late. Was that all right with him? He said that would be fine; he would be home at the usual time. Tentative laughter in her voice, she asked him if Horne had called.

No, Horne had not called.

Well, all right, she said. Just curious. Just curious as to the state of play.

The white light was winking again. His secretary hurried in and slipped a piece of paper in front of him. *Mr. Horne is holding.* He held up his forefinger—one minute.

"He's here now," Mills said.

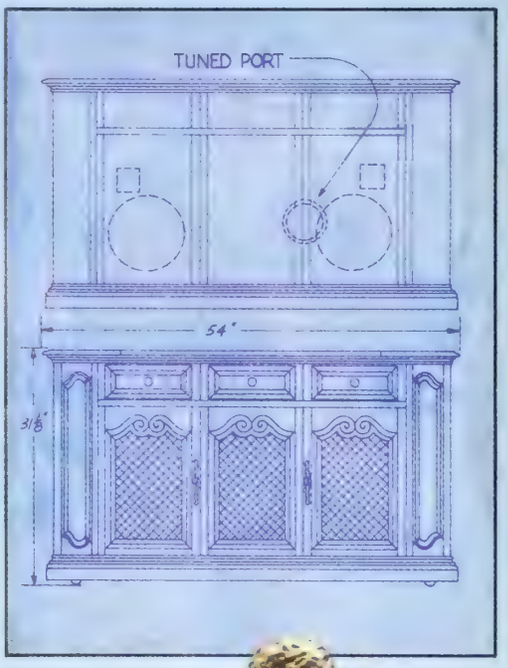
"In the office? Say hi."

You have every right to expect extraordinary quality when you pay your good money for a stereo console. So, let us assure you. That's what you get in a Zenith. Inside and outside.

Inside, the unique Allegro sound system. It delivers a clear, rich, natural sound. With the specially designed tuned port that frees much of the deep, rich bass often trapped inside many other systems. You are embraced by a full, pure sound that can be compared to what you enjoy in a good concert hall.

Such sensitive equipment deserves superbly crafted furniture. Cabinets rich with detail, like the elegant look of intricate hand carving on the Country French design shown here. All the Allegro cabinets display the warmth of genuine and simulated wood, in fine grained finishes. In a variety of Country French, Mediterranean and Early American styles.

There's no skimping on the other components, either. Solid-state AM/FM/stereo FM tuner-amplifier. Precision record changer with the Micro-Touch® tone arm. Built-in 8-track tape player/recorder.
And everything else you must have to hear the music right. With all the quality Zenith is famous for. And that's your best assurance that a Zenith Allegro will give you your money's worth.



A tuned port speaker system. Fine furniture detailing.

Just two reasons why a Zenith Allegro gives you more for your money.



ZENITH Allegro
The quality goes in before the name goes on.®

"He's on the phone," he said. "Holding."

"Well, say hi anyway." She paused. "I'm sorry about all that last night. I don't know what got into me. I have this messiah . . . complex, sometimes. I just want you to know. I wasn't serious." She laughed and he smiled. "Except about the double agent, *that* shook me up a little. But don't take any of the rest of it seriously. I mean"—she laughed again—"I don't think we've been here too long. Our life, yours, is entirely satisfactory to me. Completely. This is where we *live*, after all. . . ." She waited.

"No," he said. "You have—had—a point. He heard the buzzer, his secretary remindin him of Horne. Horne holding. Horne no doul impatient.

"Well, I didn't want you to think . . ."

"I don't," he said gently.

He could feel her relax, her voice easy an fluid now. She said, "We've done well." Ther in fun: "You talk to Horne. Give him hell."

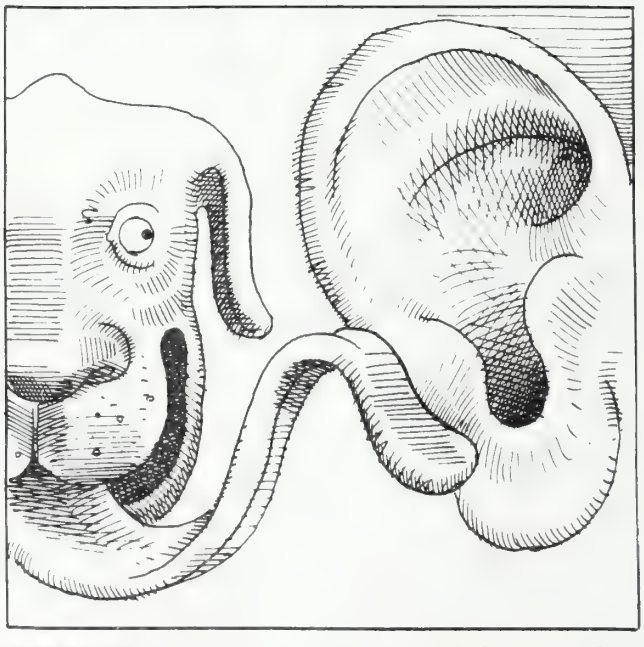
"You bet. The Bomber, too?"

"Absolutely."

"Sal, it's *so* sensitive," he said wryly.

"My hero," she said, laughing.

A PRIMER FOR SYCOPHANTS



He was the same human being with th same faults and virtues with whom I ha worked, joked, argued, and travelled almo night and day, for eight years. Yet my att tude was instantly characterized by a greate degree not only of deference but awe . . . I noted a similar alteration in the attitud of his other staff members, his old friend his seniors in the Congress, and even h political enemies. —Theodore Sorense Watchmen in the Nigh Presidential Accountability After Waterga

Theory and method, from one who knows

by Vic Gold

Vic Gold, a Washington-based journalist, served as press secretary to former Vice-President Spiro Agneu until January 1973. He is the author of I Don't Need You When I'm Right: The Confessions of a Washington PR Man.

EMPERORS AND KINGS are born to hubris; American leaders have it thrust upon them. Until recently, we believed that this exaltation of politicians could be traced to their own insatiable lust. Now we know better. With Just Plain Jerry we see that even the most humble (or humble-seeming) *primus inter pares* of the Republic, exposed for any time to the psychological fringe benefits of the Oval Office, will come to accept the synonymity of his destiny and that of the nation.

Or haven't you noticed the symptoms? Concealed, they are sometimes hard to detect. It takes an expert's eye. But examination time is almost upon us—next November, to be exact. A short course in sycophantology* is in order.

* From *sycophant*, Gk. *sykopantikos*, a servile, self-seeking flatterer; the study of the subtlety and nuance of toadyism. (Course optional, no credit.)

AS MONEY IS SAID TO BE the mother milk of politics, so sycophancy the Godfather's brandy of power—the spirit that sustains the megal maniac lurking behind the eyes of e ery political leader. Not that the spirit is tosse off in goblets anymore, as in the days of er perors and kings. Modern American leaders being of, by, and for the people—sip the sycophancy discreetly, in snifters. Moreove they do so for medicinal purposes only, to su tain them through those lonely, agonizing nigh during which (while we sleep better) th wrestle in the Lincoln Room with their aw some burden.

To illustrate: in the Nixon White Hous "Mr. President" and his staff were known squander inordinate amounts of taxpayers' tir contemplating RMN's Place in History. Ho would Our Leader be ranked? Alongside Fath Abraham? Up there with Teddy Roosevel As a Great—or merely a Near-Great?

We who worked, joked, argued, and tra eled with Spiro Agnew had a smaller pro lem. All we needed to resolve was the questi of whether Spiro Agnew had charisma. The c

SIMPLE ARITHMETIC

THIS IS HARPER'S ($8.97 per year)

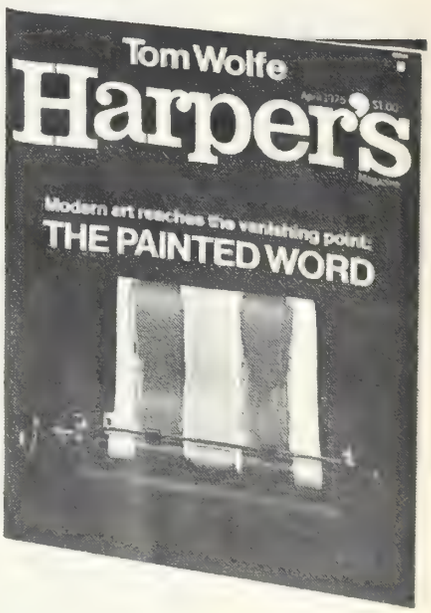
You'd think that 125 years later *Harper's* magazine would need no introduction. That it would become familiar, predictable, comfortable. Wrong. All that's predictable about *Harper's* is its unpredictability.

Each issue is a surprise package. A fresh eye. You discover Tom Wolfe's passionate disembowelment of the Modern Art movement. Garry Wills' unexpected and provocative defense of the compromising nature, egotism and mediocrity of today's politicians. And William Safire's stunning portrait of Henry Kissinger as Nixon's Pinocchio turned Ford's Geppetto.

Harper's thrives on relentless pursuit of quality. Unflagging concern for the American condition. Seeking the truth about our national vices and follies. Deflating pretense wherever it appears, from Hollywood to Madison Avenue to the White House. Viewing how yesterday's events have shaped today's issues and what it all means for tomorrow. And for you.

Plus month after month, you'll find WRAPAROUND's unique treatment of fascinating subjects – ranging from the diminishing worth of college to living without the automobile and a cornucopia of tips on which airlines are the safest to fly, how to save money traveling, things to do for free, and much more.

There's no way to predict how you'll react to each issue of *Harper's*. But you most definitely will react – sit up, take notice, and recognize new ways to perceive the world's most compelling questions. Which is why you're sure to enjoy meeting *Harper's*. Every month, for the first time.



THIS IS BOOKLETTER ($15.00 per year)

An introduction is certainly in order to this brilliantly edited, twice-monthly newsletter for avid book-buyers and serious readers – anyone deeply concerned about the quality and direction of current literature.

Bookletter brings you original reviews of all the best sellers, new releases and significant revivals. Special sections on the good, bad and inexcusable in children's, reference and craft books. Advance notice when costly hardcover books become cheaper paperbacks. Corridor chatter from the publishing palaces: why great books nose-dive while some disasters become book of the month. Which editor-in-chief has moved where and taken which authors with him. A special issue on West Coast publishing, the Eastern Literary Establishment's upstart rival.

You'll enjoy exclusive essays like George Plimpton's cutting satire of the sports book macho mania, William Saroyan's view of Michael Arlen's best-seller. Jose Yglesias on Harriet Beecher Stowe – reversing unjust neglect. Richard Adams paying his respects to the classics of childhood in "Ingredients of Watership Down." And "discoveries" by Tom Wolfe, Evan Connell, and other noted authors.

Plus, a special form in each issue of *Bookletter* entitles you to purchase *any book in print at great discounts.* At least 25% off every bestseller and general title; 15% off university press and reference books; up to 70% off on special super-bargains. In fact, *the average reader saves $35.00 yearly on book purchases!*

So if you want to read more, more enjoyably, and spend a whole lot less in the bargain, you've finally met your match.



TRY BOTH AT TERRIFIC SAVINGS— JUST $5.99 Introductory price for 8 months.

A year of *Harper's* (12 monthly issues) is regularly $8.97 by subscription. A year of *Bookletter* (24 bi-weekly issues) is regularly $15.00. However, as a member of THE BOOKSERVICE, you can get... those issues of *Harper's* ...and *Bookletter*... plus the discount book-buying privileges... all for just $15.00.

But it gets even better! Because if you join THE BOOKSERVICE *right now, you get eight months of everything at the special introductory rate of just $5.99!* The magazine, the newsletter, the discounts, all at an inflation-stomping price.

Use the postage-free card opposite this page, or the coupon at right. And send no money now, unless you'd rather. But do act today. This special offer may not be repeated.

THE BOOKSERVICE, 381 W. Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302

☐ Yes, both, quickly. Please sign me up immediately for the next 8 months of THE BOOKSERVICE – which includes 8 issues of *Harper's* and 16 bi-weekly issues of *Bookletter*, plus discount book-buying privileges – a $10.00 value. I pay just $5.99 for the whole deal!

☐ I prefer to receive 12 issues of *Harper's* only for $6.00.

☐ Double my savings. Send me 16 months of THE BOOKSERVICE for just $11.98 (a $20.00 value)!

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

D815

Vic Gold
A PRIMER FOR SYCOPHANTS

bate raged, with fluctuating intensity, over pre-dinner drinks in hotel executive suites from the Park Lane, Manhattan, to the Holiday Inn, Minot, North Dakota. In two-and-a-half years, neither side gave an inch.

In RMN's case, let it be said that, with a modesty befitting the leader of the world's greatest democracy, Mr. President would compare himself only to T. Roosevelt—a Near-Great. It was left to loyal White House staff men to hold out for Lincoln. So, too, with Spiro Agnew. With his staff, the Vice-President argued (vehemently, since he despised the word as an excrescence of the Kennedyphile news media) that he did *not* have charisma; his traveling staff, to the last sycophant, kept insisting, yes, you do, Chief.

And why are these bits of pre-Watergate trivia worthy of special seminar note? For several reasons: (1) because there is a strong case to be made that large delusions of infallibility from little obeisances grow; (2) because, although I can only guess who started the Nixon-Place-in-History Debate, I know firsthand that Spiro Agnew never opened any segment of the Great Charisma Debate, i.e., the man himself did not overtly encourage the sycophancy he received; and, finally, (3) because it was the cardinal conceit of Agnew's staff—as of RMN's (and LBJ's and JFK's)—that while other leaders might demand yes-persons for aides, our chiefs were paragons of democratic instinct who neither sought, nor would they for an instant abide, sycophants around them.

Games sycophants play

JUST AS THE ART of upper-level political sycophancy did not originate in the Nixon White House, neither did I, as an accomplished practitioner, learn it working for Spiro Agnew. The truth is that I committed my first act of sycophancy at the pliant age of twenty-four, just outside a hotel suite occupied by a gubernatorial candidate. The name and place are irrelevant, since my story is universal to all political animalcules that choose, of their own free will, to snuffle the corridors of political power.

What I did was participate in a round of "He." "He" is simply a transactional conversation game played by political hangers-on waiting their turns to be ushered into the presence of a President/Governor/Mayor, or a candidate for any of those offices. Vice-Presidential anterooms, I later learned, can also serve as game areas; but seldom the corridors of mere Senators, Congressmen, or members of the judiciary (unless they happen to be candidates for President/Governor/Mayor). It seems that the *Führerprinzip* in America—to the extent that it is reflected through deferential allusion to "He"/"The Old Man"/"The Skipper"/"The Chief"—applies exclusively to politicians who either hold or seek executive power.*

In any event, "He" is one of two major conversational games played by working American sycophants. A game of nuance, it both sharpens and displays the finer professional skills. Indeed, there is a direct correlation between the proficiency an aide shows playing "He" and the degree to which the Old Man is comfortable when that aide is around—discomfort here being defined as any word, gesture, or querulous look in an aide's eye that might lead the Old Man to think of himself as the same human being with the same faults and virtues he was before moving into executive circles.

Gerald Ford, for example, is said to feel comfortable around his old friend Donald Rumsfeld, from which we may infer that, in the corridors outside the Oval Office, Donald Rumsfeld plays a fair round of "He." Pre-Watergate, H. R. Haldeman was the premier "He" player in the Nixon White House, while Herb Klein, I recall, could never quite master the precise inflection of not only deference but awe when referring to RMN outside the Presence. Klein would invariably sound as if he were talking about his old friend Dick. It was a small matter, but one that encapsulated all the various reasons why Mr. President was never completely at ease when old friend Herb was in the room. ("Klein," RMN once complained to Haldeman, "just doesn't have his head screwed on right.")

Anyway, back to that first act of sycophancy. On that morning of my political youth, there were six of us outside the candidate's hotel suite. As spokesman for a group of Young Turks, I carried in my coat pocket a list of four grievances involving the conduct of our candidate's campaign: three lesser organizational irritants (negotiable), and one of ideological significance (nonnegotiable)—a matter of principle. Not once, in thirty minutes of waiting did we allude to that Entity behind the door by other than the third-person singular pronoun, upper-case inflection. The analogy that came inevitably to mind at the time was the ancient Judaic injunction against uttering the name of Y———h.

"How does *He* feel this morning?"

"Well, *He* was in a good frame earlier, but then Frank talked to *Him* about next week's schedule and *He* wasn't too happy about it."

"Too bad. If you ask me, I think *He* ought to get more rest. I told *Him* so yesterday, and *He* said . . ."

Now, Young Turks do not listen to that sort of heavy-breathing colloquy for more than ten

* With a few exceptions: (a) the old-fashioned political boss, an endangered if not dead species; (b) Robert McNamara, in Sorensen's day; and Henry Kissinger—both pre- and post-Watergate models.

minutes without feeling a strong need for fresh air. I felt such a need, yet stayed. There was a mission to be completed.

"So?" I suddenly heard someone ask the campaign manager as he stood guard by the sanctum door. "How does *He* feel now?"

"Oh, fine. Had *His* morning coffee and that makes all the difference. *He's* looking forward to seeing you."

I glowed. My fellow sycophant turned the knob. The door opened. I entered. Twenty minutes later I left the temple, having won three of our four points. Back at campaign headquarters my fellow Young Turks sneered. But then, as I explained, they had not been there.

The game of "They"

A dictator, as a matter of psychological necessity, must never be reminded of his own errors—in order to keep up his self-confidence, the ultimate source of his dictatorial force.

—German Chief of Staff Alfred Jodl, Hitler's military adviser during the Battle of Stalingrad

In time I learned to play "They" as well, in both versions—conversational and tactical. The conversational version, a mirror image of "He," is based on the ultimate axiom of political sycophancy, whether practiced in a dictatorial or democratic environment: the Leader can do no wrong.

During my thirty months of operating around the upper-level corridors on Pennsylvania Avenue there were, let me confess, a few occasions when I had reason to doubt the wisdom of some crucial executive decision, e.g., Why Carswell? or, Why wasn't my name on the manifest to Palm Springs? Thus troubled, I was able to overcome my doubts by thinking the problem through and concluding that, yes, somehow the Old Man, bowed by the weight of His awesome burden, had come under the influence, this one time, of malevolent and/or stupid advisers. Sinister Forces. In brief, They.

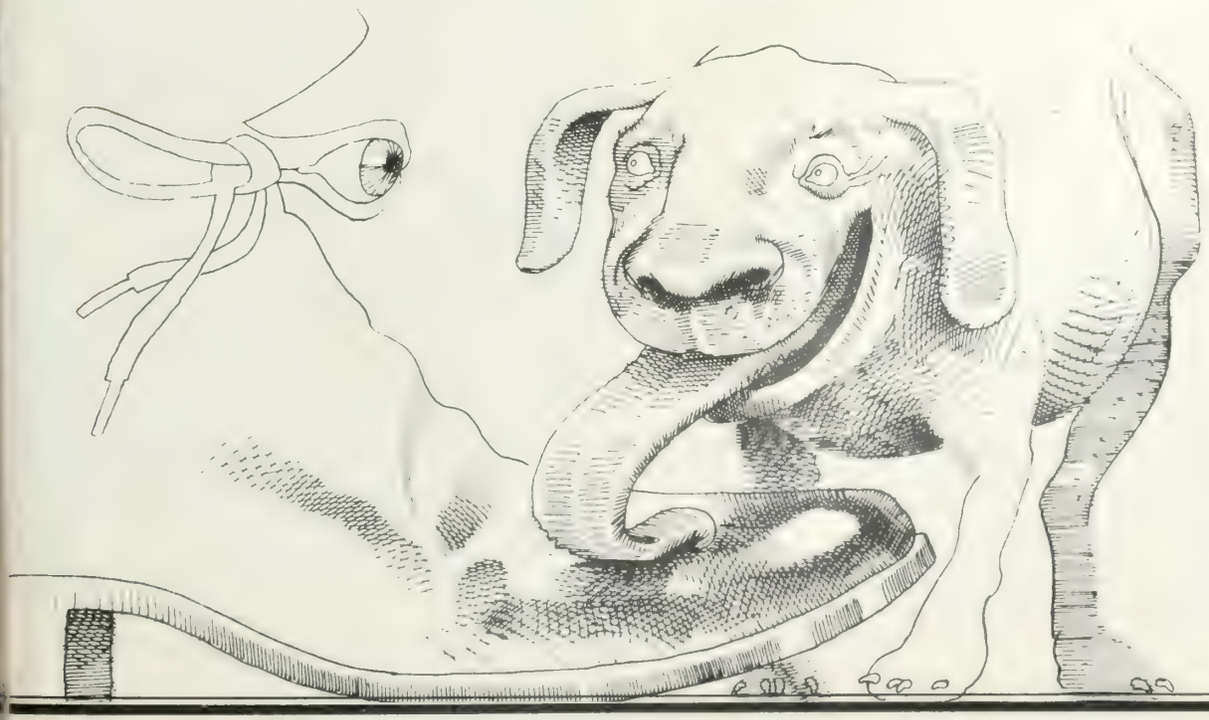
"They," also called "the people around Him," are standard characters in every White House. Say, for example, that one of Gerald Ford's old friends on Capitol Hill is troubled by one of His crucial decisions, e.g., Why Helsinki? or, Why weren't my wife and I on the invitation list to last night's state dinner? Who is to blame? Why, *They* are—Rumsfeld, Kissinger, Buchen, Hartmann, Marsh. *Their* identity may vary, depending on the issue, but the rule remains constant: a good sycophant never faults his Leader, never utters Y———h's name in vain. To do so and be overheard is a crime punishable, upon apprehension, by loss of perquisites and reassignment to a lower corridor.

So it was that whenever I puzzled over some Nixon/Agnew decision and a friendly colleague drew me aside to explain that They had led Him astray, I would gratefully accept that good news, despite an inner voice (that stifled Young Turk still trying to get through?) which persisted in reminding me that neither of my Leaders could ever be persuaded—least of all by a subordinate—to permit that which He did not really want done.

Never say "never"

Which brings us to tactical "They," featuring the Old Man himself as an unwitting participant. The sycophant's challenge here goes to the viscus of his trade: how do you say no to the man who has everything?

"Sycophancy is the Godfather's brandy of power—the spirit that sustains the megalomaniac lurking behind the eyes of every political leader."



To the sycophant with his head screwed on right—your run-of-the-grovel practitioner—the answer is, as might be expected, *you don't.* But as RMN's aides are here, there, and elsewhere to testify, that practice can prove shortsighted. For while a Leader must be made to feel secure in his cocoon of self-confidence, the more enlightened—indeed, public-spirited—sycophant can often foresee undesired consequences should certain executive whims be taken literally.

The Old Man, in the jargon of the trade, must be protected against Himself.

Not that you tell him "No," or "That is a stupid idea," or "I wouldn't try that if I were you," unembellished, just like that—unless, of course, you are prepared to resign on the spot. That is the terHorst option, out of the question for anyone whose metabolism has become adapted to the rare atmosphere of the upper level. No, a middle course is dictated.

Option A: Known as Amber Flagging, this course has been recommended by such disparate White House types as Clark Clifford and H. R. Haldeman. It works like this: the aide nods his head, then disregards the Old Man's order, hoping that whatever mood inspired it will pass in the next twenty-four hours.

Clifford says that Harry Truman, on the eve of leaving office, called him into the Oval Office to express thanks for his chief political aide's having thwarted the Presidential will on occasion by Amber Flagging decisions that Mr. President might later have regretted (which tells us that even Just Plain Harry had His days). Haldeman also claims to have exercised independent judgment in certain cases, deferring direct Executive commands which would have proven "counterproductive" if carried out. (I will, for old times' sake as a fellow corridor dweller, take Haldeman's word for this; though, in light of the orders that went *un*flagged, it is difficult to imagine a point—short of RMN's ordering a military incursion into the Caucasus—at which his chief of staff might have dallied on a directive from his Commander-in-Chief.)

Option B: Amber Flagging has its obvious limitations. The mood does not always pass. Next day, in fact, the Old Man may call you into the sanctum to ask for a progress report on his counterproductive idea. Alternative methods must then be available to protect megalomaniacs against the compulsion to harm themselves. The most effective of these is to involve him in a round of "They."

To illustrate: whenever Agnew directed some action in the press area which, in my opinion, might have proven damaging, I would point out that while the idea per se was a stroke of pure political genius, the Vice-President's Enemies in the News Media (euphemistically referred to as "those bastards") were sure to bury or otherwise distort the story. True, four-fifths of the time Mr. Vice-President would tell his press secretary that he did not give a damn what "They" wrote or said, and that would be that. But occasionally my tactic worked. Given reason to believe he might simply be providing the *Times* and *Post* with editorial grist, the Old Man would decide to sleep on his idea and, with the luck of the sycophant, I would hear no more of it. The list of my victories playing tactical "They" with Spiro Agnew is brief, I admit, but it is impressive. At least *I*, having been there, remain impressed.

Our President, the joke-teller

LIKE GOD IN THE SIXTIES, the imperial Presidency in the Seventies has been declared dead. For whatever the power intoxication of his predecessors, Jerry Ford came to the Presidency neither asking nor expecting any alteration in the attitudes of staff, old friends, seniors in the Congress, or even his political enemies.

Nevertheless, our President, it appears, has his own singular whim: he thinks he is one boffo joke-teller. More, the audiences before which he plays out this delusion are not intimate gatherings, but masses of one, ten, twenty thousand. Sometimes 40 million.

Yet, as you and I know, Jerry Ford, whatever his other qualifications for President, is cursed with a tendency to mangle punch lines beyond recognition. Once, I recall, when Spiro Agnew visited Grand Rapids during the 1970 campaign, our host set the evening off on a cow-pasture course with a tortuous introduction consisting of horrific jokes so badly received that even the chitinous Washington press entourage winced in sympathy.

Back then, however, there was an excuse. Congressman Ford did not have at his fingertips a large staff of political pros and public-relations experts to advise him that, as a stand-up comic, he made a good Congressman from Grand Rapids. But what possible excuse can there be now? The man is surrounded by experts who do nothing but study the game films of his daily activities. Surely an aide, old friend, or random summer intern would have cleared his throat at some point during the past eighteen months, when Just Plain Jerry called for another batch of one-liners to insert in a speech, and told the man what he ought to hear:

"Mr. President, a word. Some people can tell a joke. Some can't. Nothing personal, but . . ."

Surely, wouldn't you think? Just one voice, speaking up. You would if you were there, wouldn't you?

Instead, this is what Jerry Ford hears from his experts:

"He will stand up before an audience," ef-

Sixty reasons why you need Book Digest magazine.



Can you talk intelligently about ten of the books pictured on this page?

If you wish you could keep up with all the reading you'd like to do, BOOK DIGEST is the answer.

With sixty books in eight issues.

Every issue of BOOK DIGEST contains selections and carefully edited excerpts from 7 to 8 books.

Many are best sellers. Others are of prime importance.

All material is in the author's own words and style. Nothing is added or rewritten. And we clear it beforehand with the publisher and/or author.

Slip an issue of BOOK DIGEST in your pocket. It's like taking along several books at a time. Books such as:

¶ **Sylvia Porter's Money Book**
¶ **Conversations with Kennedy** *by Benjamin Bradlee*
¶ **Total Fitness** *by Morehouse and Gross*
¶ **Humboldt's Gift** *by Saul Bellow*
¶ **Here at The New Yorker** *by Brendan Gill*
¶ **The Ascent of Man** *by J. Bronowski*
¶ **TM* Transcendental Meditation** *by Bloomfield/Cain/Jaffe*
¶ **The Pleasure Bond** *by Masters and Johnson*
¶ **The Great Railway Bazaar** *by Paul Theroux*
¶ **Shogun** *by James Clavell*
¶ **WW II: A Chronicle of Soldiering** *by James Jones*

Sixty books in eight issues for just $6. Or 10¢ a book.

ORDER YOUR COMPLIMENTARY COPY NOW.

To introduce you to BOOK DIGEST, we have a no-risk, no-obligation trial offer. Let us send you the current issue of BOOK DIGEST. If you aren't pleased with it, write "cancel" across your bill, and you can keep this issue as a complimentary copy. If you do decide to become a subscriber you will receive a total of 8 issues for $6—a substantial saving.

It comes to less than 10¢ a book.

Return the card or call toll-free, 24 hours a day:

800-228-9700



Book Digest magazine

P.O. Box 2451, Boulder, Colorado 80302

TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

Please send me my trial complimentary copy of the current issue of Book Digest and enroll me as a subscriber at a cost of $6 for a total of 8 issues.

I understand that if I am not fully satisfied with the current issue, I may cancel without obligation within 14 days and keep my complimentary copy. [No need to send cash. We will be happy to bill you later.] 6198

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

In Canada $7.50. Other countries $9 (cash only).

A PRIMER FOR SYCOPHANTS

fuses Bob Orben, the nation's first full-time in-White House gagwriter, "and show all the courage and savoir-faire of a Bob Hope." Ford, he continues, is not simply *good,* as Presidential raconteurs go, but, if the truth be known, has the sharpest one-line delivery of any contemporary politician. Indeed, the only modern public figure remotely comparable to Ford as a joke-teller was John F. Kennedy. . . .

But if, beyond Orben's assessment, the Old Man should even feel the slightest twinge of self-doubt about his talents in this area of Leadership, all he need do is reflect on his experience with live audiences since moving into the White House. Take, for example, that boffo performance rendered at last spring's White House Photographers Association banquet.

Now, it is common knowledge around Washington that of all the members of the White House press corps, the ones who work with cameras are least likely to be impressed with the exalted subjects they cover. Yet, when Jerry Ford took the microphone at the WHPA dinner, something magic happened. Within minutes that assemblage of hardened cynics was in the aisles.

Orben had worked up a short and simple bit for the occasion. A series of quick one-liners having to do with Ford's introduction that evening to Bernie Boston, who heads the association.

"President Boston," Ford began, "that has a nice ring to it."

A warming ripple of laughter rolled across the banquet hall.

"When we came in," Ford continued, "we exchanged a few words, and I asked him, 'Do you ski?' and he said no. I said, 'Do you play golf?' and he said no. So I asked, 'Do you play football?' . . ."

Inexplicably (to all save those who have experienced the phenomenon of mass sycophancy), the ripple became a small wave. Ford was working on what experts like Orben call a "building" joke. But built on what?

"And he said no. And I asked, 'Do you make your own breakfast?' And he said no."

If by now you are not laughing, Presidential one-liners must lose something in transcription. Because, at the banquet, the White House photographers were by then beside themselves. Our President, the joke-teller, paused, milking the moment. Then, summoning all the courage and savoir-faire of a Bob Hope, He delivered His punch line:

Now, I ask you, ladies and gentlemen—is *this* a President?"

Mass convulsion. A photographer in the front row nearly fell off his chair.

So much for why Just Plain Jerry Ford is more than ever convinced that he is quite a raconteur. And why "They" do not take pains to disabuse the Old Man of that delusion. But, of course, you would if you were there, wouldn't you?

Like hell you would.

The abominable no-man

When he returned to Michigan last week for a music festival the youthful audience welcomed him with cheers and leaps that made them seem like the "jumpers" in the Kennedy days. —Time, July 28, 1975

OURS, YOU SEE, is a nation of sycophants: why else would we support, without complaint, a Presidential jest-writer on the White House payroll when, had we truly learned any lesson from our recent past, the call would be out for a Presidential jester, an abominable no-man to keep Him and his upper-level toadies down to earth.

Having been there, however, I will not hold my breath on that appointment. For our habit, I am afraid, is confirmed. Not to argue that the practice of political toadyism is unique to the American character, on the order of our penchant for underarm deodorant or hand guns. Far from it. Sycophancy, like all other infirmities of the spirit, recognizes no boundaries.

Yet, for a people who cherish a self-image as Just Plain Folks and nurture the legend of the Log Cabin Presidency, a deviant indulgence in the foreign vice of being obsequious toward those whose very existence we deny—i.e., Our Betters—does pose its irreconcilable contradictions. These we paper over, as people everywhere have always done when their base indulgences belie their high ideals. We lie to ourselves in awesome words and phrases. We speak in solemn tones of Respect for the Office, Awe, and Deference. Or, among the select few with access to the inner sanctum, of Loyalty: that vintage, aged-in-prime-wood euphemism.

But Sycophancy? Oh, we concede that somehow the practice did find its way across the water during the past 200 years. And, unfortunately, it has acquired its adherents—though no one we know, of course. Certainly not you or me.

Thus, my fellow sycophants—yes-persons, jumpers, hypocrites—our secret is well kept. Rejoice: rumors of its death notwithstanding, our imperial Presidency, like Y———h, lives in its little obeisances. Nor all our false piety, lectures, treatises, statutes, and election-year reforms, can cast them out. For there are, as a recent Old Man was fond of saying, certain profound matters of the heart that cannot be legislated. And we have come to expect, indeed enjoy, the exaltation of our Leaders in just these small (but not insignificant) ways. □

Robert Moss

A TICKET TO LISBON

The civil war in Portugal

THE PORTUGUESE SOCIALISTS who were greeted by much of the Western media in September as a great white hope (and have been the beneficiaries, if we are to believe the *New York Times*, of the CIA's largesse) are neither social democrats nor anti-Communists, at least not in the conventional sense. Nor are they pluralists, in any rounded sense of that much misused word, since this would imply that they accept the need for economic as well as political pluralism. But as the Socialist leader Mario Soares has observed, the Socialist party's aim is not confined to correcting the injustices of capitalism; it is bent on destroying the capitalist system. The party is, in short, what it says it is: a Marxist party bent on the socialization of the means of production, distribution, and exchange. It has no serious equivalent in the United States, and it stands well to the left of the West European social democratic parties that support it. While it is clear that many, and probably most, of the Portuguese who voted for it on April 25 did so because they saw it as the most effective line of resistance against the Communists, a significant element within the leadership is far more sympathetic to the CP than to "bourgeois" parties like the Popular Democrats (PPD) or the Social Democratic Center (CDS).

If, despite all the obstacles, the Lisbon coalition manages to restore order in the barracks and clear the way for the free elections that have been promised for next February, I shall be the first to applaud it. The hope is worth clinging to, but it is plain self-deception not to recognize that there are now very long odds against a peaceful solution in Portugal. You can take your pick among the rival estimates of the number of guns in private hands in Portugal, and the number of left-wing militants who have been trained to use them. Some 20,000 weapons are reported to have been stolen in the past few months. A conservative estimate of the number of men in the Communist militias is 20,000; there are said to be some 2,000 full-time gunmen in the Communist guerrilla group, Accao Revolucionaria Armada (which was discreetly reactivated earlier this year), alone. A confidant and lifelong friend of Gen. Otelo de Carvalho, the colorful chief of Copcon—the internal security force—and the would-be Fidel Castro of Portugal, told me last month that there were 300,000 armed Communists in the country. The figure is clearly absurd, but its acceptance by such an influential man gives a taste of the climate of wild rumor and semihysteria that now prevails in Portugal. (The same man, significantly, asked me about his chances of gaining political asylum in a Western country in the event of a Communist or right-wing takeover.)

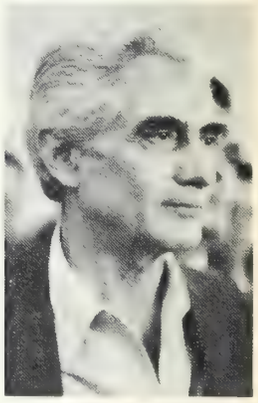


Mario Soares, head of the Socialist party

A privates' revolution

THE IMPORTANT THINGS, as Trotsky said, are extremely simple. No government can govern without clear military supremacy—if not a monopoly of force—within its country. Thus the bitter dilemma for the moderate officers and Socialists who, in September, put into office the provisional government of Vice-Adm. José Pinheiro de Azevedo. The factionalism and indiscipline of the Portuguese armed forces had reached such extremities that no one could be sure that *any* orders issued to the troops would actually be carried out. By the time Azevedo was sworn in, Portugal's conscript army had long ceased to be an army in any recognizable sense. It had turned into a sort of pop festival.

No better example of this could be found than the young officers who could boast openly of how they had pilfered large quantities of arms from their regimental arsenals and handed them over to extreme Left groups, without suffering more than a muffled rebuke from their superiors—and, often enough, not even that. Only the tough commando battalion under Col. Jaime Neves showed any willingness to carry out orders that involved clamping down on the left-wing paramilitary groups. When the effort



Alvaro Cunhal, head of the Communist party

Robert Moss is foreign editor of The Economist.

was made to set up a new internal security force (the Military Intervention Group, or AMI) under Brigadier Egidio, many of the soldiers assigned to it refused to carry out their duties, and key figures in the Armed Forces Movement (AFM), jealous of this potential threat to their power, publicly abused it as a "repressive force."

What began as a captains' coup seemed to be on the brink of turning into a sergeants' or even a privates' revolution, as new radical front organizations like the United Soldiers Will Win (SUV) staged mass demonstrations in which the other ranks turned out beside Communists, Trotskyists, and Maoists to protest the dangerous "social democratic" leanings of the new government. Meanwhile, the very existence of the coalition Cabinet was placed at risk by the open defiance of left-wing units like the First Light Artillery Regiment (Ralis), which is stationed out by Lisbon, and is commanded by the broody and erratic Maj. Dinis de Almeida, who is sometimes found in the morning swilling Scotch by himself at the bar of O Botequim.



Keystone

Gen. Antonio de Spinola, former president of Portugal

Even if they had the power, it was debatable whether the moderate Marxist leaders of the Armed Forces Movement—Maj. Ernesto de Melo Antunes and his celebrated "Group of Nine"—had the will to take measures to restore discipline that would involve the risk of a shooting match with their erstwhile comrades on the ultra-Left. Their hesitant steps, interspaced with long, nervous looks over their shoulders, seemed to be leading to a cul-de-sac. And while the basic problem of power remained unresolved, the government's only solution to the gathering economic crisis and the storm that was brewing over Angola seemed to be to avert its gaze and hope that its tentative promises of democratic reform would induce the Western governments to produce a kind of Marshall Plan program for Portugal.

The coalition also had to take account of groups like the Revolutionary Brigades, whose leader, Isobel do Carmo—La Pasionaria of Portugal's civil war?—claims to maintain thirty commando groups in constant military preparedness across the country, and of the army of foreign extremists in Portugal. There are at least 3,000 armed revolutionaries from countries such as Spain, Chile, Brazil, Uruguay, and Bolivia in Portugal today, many of them the veterans of failed guerrilla campaigns in their own countries who have resolved not to fail again, and are widely regarded as the most effective hit men available to the extreme Left if it attempts a coup by assassination. The most formidable figures at left-wing rallies in Lisbon tend to be stern-faced South Americans and the guerrillas of the Basque ETA, in their hoods and berets.



Francisco da Costa Gomes, president of Portugal

The revolutionary Left in Portugal is not going to go down without a fight, and the doubt remains whether enough officers in the AFM are able and willing to take them on—and whether their troops will obey orders if they are. Azevedo's recent admission that it is "not fully possible to govern" Portugal today understates the grim reality of the present situation. If no government based upon the AFM is capable of governing against the wishes of the Communists and the New Left groups, one of two things seems bound to result. Either the Marxist Left will mount a successful bid for total power, or the country will slide into a full-scale civil war, in which conservative forces that have been widely neglected by the press will assume the leadership of the anti-Communist cause.

The casual newspaper reader might be forgiven for thinking that the political choices before Portugal are confined to pro-Soviet Marxism, anti-Soviet Marxism, and a gang of knuckle-dragging fascists over the border in Spain. But there are a great many Portuguese who do not see things quite this way. Portugal is still a deeply conservative country, and beneath the crazy fireworks of Lisbon politics there is a widespread mood of frustration and disenchantment with the AFM and the Left as a whole.

IT IS FASCINATING TO SPECULATE what the KGB *rezident* in Lisbon was advising the local comrades to do late this year, as the tide finally started to turn against them. Among all the possible outcomes for Portugal, there are two that the Russians are clearly determined not to allow to come to pass. The first is a return to real democracy, which would leave Alvaro Cunhal's Communist party washed up like dead seaweed on the shore. The second is a takeover by the New Left revolutionary groups.

My suspicion is that the Russians would much rather see a takeover by the Right—so long as the right-wingers involved were sufficiently red in tooth and claw to be depicted to the world as nasty "fascists" like Pres. Augusto Pinochet Ugarte of Chile, and had to fight their way to power through a bloody civil war that would polarize political opinion in Western Europe as a whole. In losing Portugal, the Russians might then hope to reap the same kind of propaganda advantages that they wrested from the much misunderstood coup in Chile.

But it would be overoptimistic to assume that the Russians are reconciled to the loss of what they have hoped to turn into the Cuba of Western Europe. They have made a very substantial investment in Portugal; Western intelligence sources now calculate the amount of Russian money that has been channeled covertly to Portugal's Communists at more than $10 million. They have indulged in increasingly

strident advocacy of revolutionary violence in situations like Portugal, although this has stirred hardly more than a ripple on the Sargasso Sea of détente psychology. They are not likely to concede defeat until it is irreversible.

I cannot read the mind of Mr. Kalinin, the Soviet Ambassador in Lisbon—an old Cuba hand identified as a KGB career officer—but I know what I would have done in his place. I would have advised the Portuguese Communists to pursue a dual tactic: to work through a "popular front" in order to keep the non-Communist Left in a state of division and disarray, while simultaneously preparing for armed insurrection in collusion with the left-of-Left revolutionary groups that make up the United Revolutionary Front (FUR). This is indeed what the Communists proceeded to do—although not without internal stresses and strains—after Azevedo's government came into office on September 19. The next step in the game plan would be to set a match to a new Reichstag fire: in other words, to invent, or provoke, a right-wing plot that would scare many Socialists into joining forces with the Communists against the "fascist peril" and provide the ideal pretext for a thoroughgoing purge of non-Communist officers in the AFM.

It is easy enough to see how this strategy was starting to be applied in September and October. The euphoria that greeted the setting up of a new coalition government in which the Communists were left with only one seat in the Cabinet (the labor ministry) was, to put it politely, premature. For one thing, the Communists could count on the support of Pres. Francisco da Costa Gomes—who came back from Eastern Europe in October praising the "discipline" of the Soviet and Polish armed forces—and of the prime minister, who dismantled the pro-Communist agitprop section of the AFM, the notorious Fifth Division, but proceeded to

"By the time Azevedo was sworn in, Portugal's conscript army had long ceased to be an army in any recognizable sense. It had turned into a sort of pop festival."



lack Star

Air Force Gen. Carlos Galvão de Melo, the charismatic, much-decorated leader of the Social Democratic Center.

appoint its key men to his private office. For another, there was absolutely no indication that, even if this "moderate" government was prepared to promote "moderate" policies, it had the power to carry them out.*

The non-Marxist option

THE POINT THAT NEEDS TO BE MADE is that there is a viable, and intelligent, non-Marxist option for Portugal. It is represented, among the parties that are still legal, by leaders like Prof. Freitas do Amaral and Adeline Amaral da Costa of the CDS or Francisco Sá Carneiro, the gifted young lawyer from Oporto who heads the PPD. These men are liberal democrats in an almost biological sense, deeply committed to the restoration of true democracy. They are also men who are fed up with the windy rhetorical effusions of the Left, and who see the need to take urgent measures to head off an economic disaster that could produce 700,000 unemployed (in a society of 8 million) this winter. In the international sense, none of these men is on the Right, although the whole political spectrum in Portugal has been dragged so far leftward—and produced such a fantastic degree of semantic confusion elsewhere—that anyone to the right of, say, Herbert Marcuse tends to be depicted as a quasi-fascist.

The trouble is that the Marxists are not going to let people like Freitas do Amaral or Sá Carneiro come to power through the ballot box. So the dilemma posed by the sharpening confrontation in Portugal has to be faced squarely: who has the military strength to stop the Communists? The answer may be the paramilitary Right. During a number of recent visits to northern Portugal and Spain, I spent many hours with the leaders of the underground army that has been preparing for an eventual civil war in Portugal.

There are two separate organizations involved. The first, and less important, is the Portuguese Liberation Army (ELP), which is politically aligned with the Salazarist Right and whose operational chief is believed to be Barbieri Cardoso, the former deputy chief of Caetano's secret police. Its commando squads have shown some capacity for staging efficient hit-and-run operations, but its leaders have displayed no capacity for strategic thinking. The ELP is distrusted by the leaders of the rival—and much more powerful—group, the Democratic Movement for the Liberation of Portugal (MDLP) because of the mercenary and neo-fascist elements that have been drawn to it.

The directorate of the MDLP is largely composed of close supporters of Gen. Antonio de Spínola, the former president, who is suspected by the old Right as the Kerensky of the Portuguese revolution, by the Lisbon Left as its Kornilov, and by cynical observers as a two-time loser who allowed himself to be duped by the Communists in the past and could have the wool pulled over his eyes again. But Spínola is still a name to conjure with among many Portuguese, and it is hard to think of another figure who combines a broad political appeal with what seems equally indispensable for a future conservative president—a uniform. There is, of course, one: Gen. Carlos Galvão de Melo, the dashing air-force officer who has aroused tremendous popular fervor during his appearances in the north, and who currently sits in the constituent assembly as a CDS delegate. Like Spínola, Galvão de Melo has pledged himself to free elections but is skeptical about whether the Marxist Left will allow them to take place. Under a conservative scenario, it is likely that Spínola would be put forward by the MDLP as interim president, but would resign within a year in favor of Galvão, who would then offer himself as a presidential candidate in new elections.

IN MY TALKS WITH THE MDLP, I was struck by three things: their leaders' insistence that they are genuine democrats who are willing to share power with all non-Marxist groups, their military preparedness, and their commitment to Angola as well as Portugal. The three operational chiefs of the movement are Cmdr. Alpoim Calvão, Col. Dias de Lima, the former chief of Spínola's military household, and Col. Santos e Castro, who has raised a force in Angola that is fighting beside Holden Roberto's FNLA. Alpoim Calvão is a tall, stocky man of thirty-eight with a jutting chin and a ready laugh, an amateur opera singer and a passionate collector of Chinese porcelain. He became one of the most celebrated counter-guerrilla fighters to emerge from Portugal's wars in Africa, the man who helped to found the *flechas* in Mozambique—black commando squads that fought the Frelimo guerrillas with their own methods—and the man who led the Portuguese invasion of Sékou Touré's Guinea in 1970. Today, he is the man who is most feared by Portugal's Communists.

He has slipped back and forth across Portugal's northern and northeastern borders with Spain several times to supervise the setting up of an impressive network of local militias and logistics teams inside the country. The MDLP chief of one northern district told me that he could count on about 1,000 volunteers organized as a general headquarters, a political section, a supply and logistics section, a medical

*Moderation can take many forms. Most of Portugal's so-called moderate government officials are actually Marxists of one shading or another.

team, an auto-defense group, and a small militia. There are also *grupos de choque* in many northern districts, many of them recruited from returning soldiers and settlers from Angola, who have fanned out across the country despite the government's efforts to keep them cooped up under semi-concentration-camp conditions in camps like Caparica, Barreiro, Santarém, and Quinta Grande.

Many northern officers (and priests) are sympathetic to the aims of the MDLP, and I was told, early in September, that as many as forty of them had crossed over the border in a single week to join up with the strike force that is being assembled in Spain. The MDLP and the ELP together have more than 1,000 armed ex-soldiers on call in Spain, and many more could be assembled within the space of a few days by recalling committed exiles from Brazil, South Africa, or Angola. The real importance of the military buildup by the Right in Spain—to which the Spanish authorities have turned a blind eye—is that it provides a mobile reserve and a strike force in the event of civil war; a body of well-armed, well-disciplined men whose effect could be devastating in a situation of near-total confusion.

Alpoim Calvão and other MDLP leaders are fully aware that no anti-Communist movement will be able to assert its control over the whole of Portugal overnight, however favorable the circumstances turn out to be. They accept that a realistic plan for a counter-coup would involve, as a first step, the seizure of a large "liberated zone" in northern Portugal. This might be, for example, the swath of territory to the north of the Douro River. That would be followed by a battle for Oporto, which the Right would probably win without too much trouble, and a messier struggle for Lisbon, which could well be turned into a shooting range. Meanwhile, the Communists would continue to cling to their strongholds in the south, where their armed militias are well organized and the support of farm laborers has been bought by a program of rapid expropriation of large estates and governmental bankrolling of the new cooperatives.

The coming civil war

THIS IS A PRETTY GRIM prospectus for civil war, but I am beginning to despair of any alternative to civil war in Portugal. It should be clear from what has already been said that Portuguese society as a whole now seems to be organizing for this kind of confrontation. While the government is unable to get its orders accepted by the 60,000 ragged conscripts who now make up the armed forces, there are up to a million civilians—as a result of compulsory service in the African wars—who have been trained to bear arms, and there is no want of arms with which to supply them.

The MDLP is not a band of marauding mercenaries with Stone Age political ideas. Many of its leaders would be delighted if political developments in Lisbon led to the eclipse of the Communist party and the revolutionary Left and so made their movement redundant. Nor is the MDLP another murky creation of the CIA. On the contrary—like other groups of the center and Right in Portugal—it seems to have been largely ignored by the Agency and its sister services in Western Europe. Leaders of the movement tell me that their most enthusiastic foreign backers are the Spaniards and—surprise—the Chinese, whose current policy line in Europe suggests that they have come round to thinking that, since Maoism as such has little chance of catching alight in this part of the world, the people who are most worth backing are those who are most consistently anti-Soviet.

It would be sad to have to conclude that there is no hope of a relatively bloodless return to democracy in Portugal. But it is no use adopting an ostrichlike posture toward the sinister developments that are now in train. And there is even less point in breaking out the champagne to celebrate apparent victories for "moderation" like the setting up of the Azevedo government so long as the power bases of the Communists and the insurrectionary Left remain largely intact. The conditions for a viable political settlement in Lisbon include not only the restoration of discipline in the barracks and the suppression of the left-wing paramilitary groups but (arguably) the appointment of a new president who will be less ambiguous in his dealings with the Communists and, a solution for Angola that will amount to more than the simple handover of the territory, lock, stock, and barrel, to the Marxists. These conditions do not exist now.

If they cannot be fulfilled, then you can tell the bookies to lever the odds against the civil-war scenario I have sketched out in this article, which would inexorably lead to the temporary dismemberment of Portugal. And if events are moving that way, as I started out by arguing, our KGB friends in Lisbon will be searching for ways to pre-empt a counterattack by the Right—by exploiting the divisions of the non-Communist Left, and by stoking up a new Reichstag fire. But after all that has passed in Portugal in these past nineteen months or so, and with all that has been learned about Communist tactics, and with the tide of public opinion that is running against the Marxist Left, I have a strange suspicion that, in the next showdown, the Right is going to win. □

"The revolutionary Left in Portugal is not going to go down without a fight, and the doubt remains whether enough officers in the AFM are able and willing to take them on."

LIGHTER-THAN-AIR CRAFT

A CHOOSY WOLF

by X. J. Kennedy

"Why won't you eat me, wolf?" I asked.

"It wouldn't be much fun to.
Besides, I'm into natural foods
That nothing has been done to."

THE PERSONNEL DEPARTMENT INTERVIEWS THE MUSE

by Pyke Johnson, Jr.

Would you tell us about your job as Muse?
What kind of equipment do you get to use?
Do you have to furnish your own afflatus?
Or other similar apparatus?
Are you satisfied with the company lyre?
Have you often wished that your pay were higher?
Do your invocations come by phone?
Do you share an office, or have your own?
Do you start on time? Are the hours right?
Do you customarily work at night?
Must you do your job in that negligée?
Or are see-throughs at work today outré?
Is there ever trouble finding a rhyme?
If there is, are you offered overtime?
Are you given thanks for the pains you take?
Are you usually granted a nectar break?
Do you want to be the Onlie Begetter?
If you had some help, would you like it better?
Are you ever credited in reviews?
Or mentioned, with praise, in *The Muses' News*?
If the task's too tough, can you just refuse?
When things go wrong, do you turn to booze?
Would you change your work, if you had to choose?
To improve this job, we need your views:
So—what is required to amuse a Muse?

PROUST AT THE RITZ

by Howard Moss

Sometimes he went out at 2 A.M. to see if anyone was still attending a dinner party he had ordered to be given at the Ritz.
—Milton L. Miller, Nostalgia, A Psychoanalytic Study of Marcel Proust

Some say
The *pommes soufflées*
Produced by Proust
At the Ritz one day,
Along with the broiled *langoustes,*
Were devoured (to many *mots justes*)
By the *crême de la société.*

"It is all much too *de trop*—
Even my *quiche*
Seems *nouveau riche,*"
Said a guest when Proust didn't show.
"Our nervous, asthmatic host
Is a genius, and here's a toast . . .
But the person he cares for most

(The affair will never last)
Doesn't give one *sou*
And won't get through
A la Recherche du Temps Perdu—
Or how you say,
In good *anglais,*
The *Remembrance of Things Past*?"

PARADOX FOUND

by Mary Ann Hoberman

I'd say
We mesh well
In the flesh
But don't come near it
In the spirit.

Michael Braude, a retired businessman, is the author of a forthcoming autobiography and a first book of poems.

H. A. C. Evans has taught the classics at schools in England and elsewhere. He is now retired to his home on Peppercorn Lane, Brecon, Wales.

Edward Field's latest book is Eskimo Songs and Stories.

Mary Ann Hoberman is a writer of children's books and poetry. She lives in Greenwich, Connecticut.

Pyke Johnson, Jr., is an executive with a large book publisher. He lives in Old Greenwich, Connecticut.

X. J. Kennedy has published four volumes of verse and a text on poetry. He teaches at Tufts.

J. A. Lindon lives in Surrey. His light verse has been widely anthologized.

Howard Moss's eighth book of verse is Buried City.

William Jay Smith is a poet, critic, and teacher. His books of children's verse are popular.

George Starbuck is a widely published poet. He teaches at Boston University.

Paul Curry Steele is a West Virginian, educated at Virginia, Harvard, and Iowa. His poems have appeared in numerous little magazines.

John Updike's latest book is a collection of criticism, introductions, et cetera, titled Picked-Up Pieces.

William Cole has edited some forty poetry anthologies, among which is The Fireside Book of Humorous Poetry. *He writes "Trade Winds" for the* Saturday Review.

JUSTERINI & BROOKS
Founded 1749

Jingle Bells

A great way to ring in the holidays.



The gift of rare taste.

J&B RARE SCOTCH

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1975 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

FOUR BRITISH LIVES



Michael Hostovich

by John Clive

George IV, Regent and King: 1811-1830, by Christopher Hibbert. Harper & Row, $15.
Cardigan: A Life of Lord Cardigan of Balaclava, by Donald Thomas. Viking, $12.50.
Shaftesbury, The Great Reformer: 1801-1885, by Georgina Battiscombe. Houghton Mifflin, $15.
Robert Louis Stevenson, by James Pope-Hennessy. Simon and Schuster, $9.95.

THE SUBJECTS of these biographies are, needless to say, very different—a monarch, a soldier, a philanthropist, a writer. In trying to find connections and common threads one must tread warily, lest superficial resemblances tempt one into hasty and inaccurate generalizations. It is certainly the case, for example, that both Shaftesbury and Cardigan were members of the English aristocracy. The former was descended on his mother's side from the great Duke of Marlborough, on his father's from Ashley, the seventeenth-century politician satirized by Dryden in *Absalom and Achitophel.* Cardigan, destined to be "the last of the Brudenells," was des[illegible] country squire [illegible] by Charles II as a [illegible] loyalty to the Stuarts. But [illegible] ence between the fearless ho[illegible] and inflexible martinet who [illegible] fame (and a poem by Tennyson) for leading his men into what appeared to be certain death, and the devout Evangelical who spent his life in attempting to better the conditions of life for the poor and downtrodden of England, could hardly have been greater.

As another example of an apparently fruitful resemblance, one could point out the lasting and significant influence on Robert Louis Stevenson and Lord Shaftesbury of their childhood nurses. Both were intensely religious women, but whereas Stevenson's "Cummy" created terror with her teachings, Shaftesbury's Maria Millis instilled love. Stevenson became an agnostic, Shaftesbury a devout Christian.

Any good contemporary biographer knows that fathers and sons tend to disagree, and that the shaping forces of childhood last into later life; and, unlike his Victorian predecessors, has no qualms about dealing with these things. Once the sample of Victorian lives available to us is large enough—and, at the rate biographies even of minor and obscure nineteenth-century figures are being produced, it soon will be —it may well be possible to draw from it some valid general truths about the period. But that time is not yet; and, in any event, the lives of [illegible]ur random figures cannot yield such [illegible]ights. What does clearly emerge from these volumes, however, is [illegible] welcome disposition on the part [illegible] some of today's biographers to a[illegible] jure reductionist techniques, Freu[illegible] ian or otherwise, and to set fort[illegible] rather than to explain away the com[illegible] plexity and contradiction usually [illegible] be found in any human character.

The biographer of Lord Cardiga[illegible] points out that his subject combine[illegible] arrogance and philanthropy, bra[illegible] ery and self-indulgence. He was [illegible] duelist, an adulterer, a man wh[illegible] sought self-advancement by mone[illegible] and influence, and a supporter [illegible] savage punitive measures against so[illegible] diers guilty of transgressions again[illegible] military law. At the same time, h[illegible] was a generous and loyal friend, t[illegible] tally without guile, and, like othe[illegible] of his class, believed very si[illegible] cerely in the doctrines of the Chur[illegible] of England "while tolerating the a[illegible] parent evils of adultery and dueli[illegible] as an inevitable concomitant to t[illegible] imperfect world of human affairs[illegible] All these things were true of Car[illegible] gan, and Mr. Thomas wisely leav[illegible] us with the mixture.

Mrs. Battiscombe shows simil[illegible] restraint. She notes, time and agai[illegible] the discrepancy between Shafte[illegible] bury's outward behavior and t[illegible] opinions expressed in his diary, a[illegible] is quite aware of what she calls "h[illegible] very curious psychological makeup[illegible] But she does not simply accuse hi[illegible] of hypocrisy or label him manic-d[illegible] pressive. "To diagnose the physic[illegible] ills of a person who lived a centu[illegible] ago," she writes, "is difficult enoug[illegible] to diagnose the mental ones is [illegible] most impossible." This seems to [illegible] to be very true; and I am glad [illegible] see signs that we have entered t[illegible] post-psychoanalytic era of biog[illegible] phy, marked by writers sophisticat[illegible] enough to know what to look f[illegible] but at the same time sufficiently co[illegible] scious of human and historic[illegible] uniqueness and complexity not [illegible] draw rash and unwarranted conc[illegible] sions.

WHY DID THESE four [illegible]ographers choose th[illegible] subjects? Only th[illegible] can reply fully to th[illegible] question, and one [illegible] them, Pope-Hennessy, is no long[illegible] alive. But a good way at arriving [illegible] part of the answer is to make use [illegible] what one might call the "prose th[illegible]

Give somebody a good start on a great library.

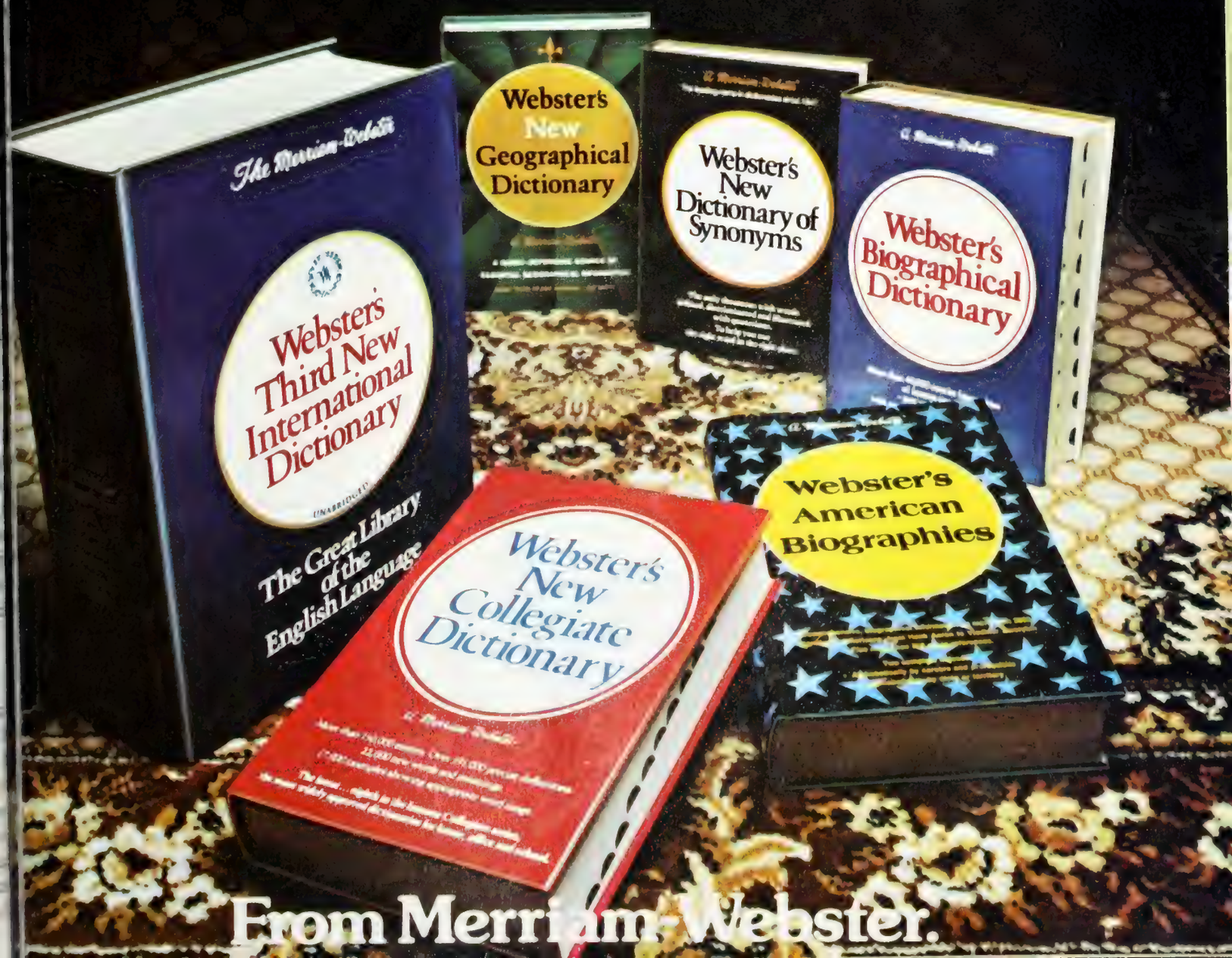
Give a book or two from Merriam-ebster. More than just great ristmas gifts, these books form the ndation of a reference library ery family should own.
Start at the cornerstone, Webster's ird New International Dictionary. e leading Unabridged Dictionary contemporary American English. 36 pages. At $59.95, the ultimate that will last a lifetime.
Webster's Biographical Dictionary. e important dates, facts and omplishments in the lives of 40,000 nificant men and women from all over the world. An indispensable, quick reference. 1,679 pages. $15.00.

An absorbing guide to the English language and an essential tool for anyone who's ever wanted to find just the right word at the right time—Webster's Dictionary of Synonyms. More complete and precise than any other reference work of its kind. 942 pages. $8.95.

Webster's American Biographies. A new and fascinating reference work that recaptures the lives of 3,000 people who have made this nation's history and headlines from Hank Aaron to Vladimir Zworykin. 1,248 pages. $15.00.

Around the world in 1,408 pages! Webster's New Geographical Dictionary is the most complete, up-to-date source of geographical information you can get. More than 47,000 entries take you from the River Aa to the town of Zywiec. $14.95.

No library is complete without America's best-selling dictionary, Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary. 150,000 entries including 22,000 new words and meanings. 1,568 pages. $9.95, thumb-indexed. You can find all six wherever books are sold.



From Merriam-Webster.



This rolling research lab is helping America take advantage of an energy source that's been around for years.

The energy resource is coal. Right now, our country has nearly one-third of the world's coal reserves. This is twice the energy of Middle Eastern oil reserves.

However, burning coal presents some potential environmental problems. One of these is from pollutants known as oxides of nitrogen or "NOx" emissions.

Research against pollution.

To help industry and electric utilities reduce these pollutants, the U. S. Government awarded a research contract to Exxon Research and Engineering—a company with many years of experience in the science of burning fossil fuels.

This research is intended to help operators of electric power generating plants burn coal more cleanly. It will also help equipment manufacturers design new power plant boilers which will produce less pollution in the future.

The TIGER Van.

To help collect the data needed, Exxon designed and built the rolling research lab you see above.

It's called the "Traveling Industrial Gaseous Emission Research" vehicle—nicknamed "TIGER" van by the Exxon researchers who operate it.

Traveling from power plant to power plant, the TIGER van conducts on-site tests.

The five-man team of Exxon engineers and technicians aboard the van uses sophisticated probes to look inside power plant boilers and stacks. These probes collect emission samples and send them back to the TIGER van where they are analyzed and recorded.

The data is used to test new and different methods of burning coal to reduce pollution.

Some results are in.

Over the past four years, field tests have been conducted on 25 coal-fired plant boilers in these studies as well as on oil- and gas-fired boilers. Exxon engineers have been able to reduce NOx emissions from coal-fired boilers by as much as 60 percent in short-term tests. Longer term tests are needed to confirm these results.

The published findings of this research have been made available to utility operators, boiler designers and others working in environmental and energy research.

The TIGER van—it's one way Exxon, the government, the electric power companies and boiler manufacturers are working together to help bring you more energy with less pollution.

EXXON

mometer" in order to establish just where, when, and why the stylistic temperature rises even by the fraction of a degree. There is no doubt that it rises by much more than that in Pope-Hennessy's *Stevenson* when he has occasion to comment on what Henry Adams thought of Valima, the Stevensons' Samoan residence that was in the process of being built while Adams and John La Farge visited Samoa in 1890. "Adams," Pope-Hennessy writes, "found the Stevensons' 'shanty' disgusting and attributed the squalor to what he judged, in his sneering, finicky New England way, to have been Stevenson's lack of a good education." The Bostonian had singled out the "Scotch eccentricities and barbarisms" of Stevenson. "Such," Pope-Hennessy continues, "was the sadly provincial judgment of Henry Adams on the most popular member of the Savile Club, the chosen friend of Sidney Colvin, the Henry Taylors, the Percy Shelleys, John Singer Sargent, and Henry James." It is time to remove the thermometer, lest it explode.

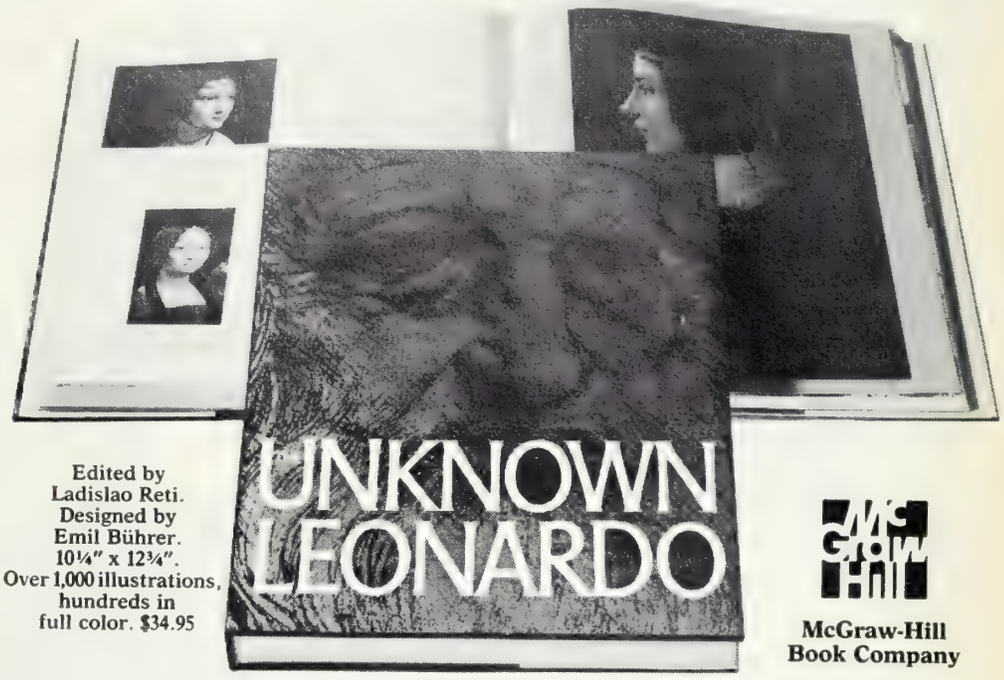
Let us shake it down, and apply it to Mrs. Battiscombe's *Shaftesbury* at the point where she records the judgment of two previous biographers, J. L. and Barbara Hammond, upon Shaftesbury's sponsorship of the so-called ragged schools, schools for poor children, mostly in city slums, established and run by voluntary effort. Some religious instruction usually formed part of the curriculum, along with the three R's, cleanliness, and (sometimes) training in a handicraft. The Hammonds, New Liberal social historians who regarded nineteenth-century English religion as a means employed by the paternalistic governing classes to help preserve the status quo, had written of "the pious and dutiful twilight of the Ragged Schools." Mrs. Battiscombe's comment is that while what the ragged schools taught "may seem an inadequate educational achievement to a generation that sets no undue store by either cleanliness or godliness" (the thermometer is rising . . .), it did represent, not unfairly, the Victorian ideal. "It would be ridiculous to suppose that a Ragged School could have been run in accordance with twentieth-century ideas, and follow the same principles as a modern comprehensive. Of course the Ragged Schools were paternalistic; noth-



"Truly a book of wonders..."

—Edmund Fuller, *Wall Street Journal*

Ten of the world's leading Vincian scholars illuminate all aspects of Leonardo's brilliance—his paintings, literary legacy, artistic theory, designs for musical instruments, military architecture, weaponry, clockworks, etc.—from the fresh perspective of *The Madrid Codices,* the recently discovered notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci also published by McGraw-Hill.



Edited by Ladislao Reti. Designed by Emil Bührer. 10¼" x 12¾". Over 1,000 illustrations, hundreds in full color. $34.95

McGraw-Hill Book Company

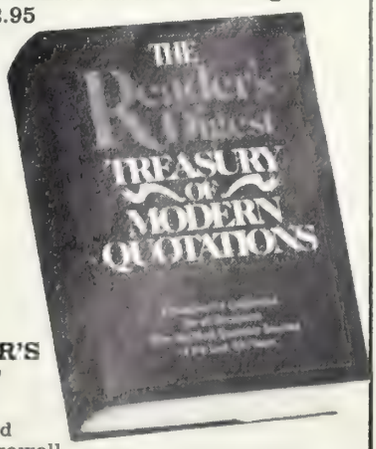
THE Reader's Digest TREASURY OF MODERN QUOTATIONS quotes

EARL WILSON: "Invaluable."

MARYA MANNES: "A much needed addition to the shelves of all who treasure the right word at the right time."

A Selection of Quotations for all Occasions from the Most Quotable Sources of the Last 100 Years.

100 humorous line drawings
$12.95



READER'S DIGEST PRESS
Distributed by T. Y. Crowell
666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019

If you have a special little niece, a grandson or other favorite child



Give the gift that turns on a child's mind.

Give HIGHLIGHTS, the world's most honored magazine for children 2 to 12. Eleven big issues a year, each at least 42 pages and illustrated in color. Stories, games, articles, crafts, hidden pictures . . . fun. But fun with a purpose: to help pre-readers to pre-teens learn to read and reason.

Gift rate (gift price guaranteed only to Jan. 1): 1 year (11 issues), **$9.95**

Highlights® for Children
2300 W. 5th Ave., P.O. Box 269, Columbus, Ohio 43216
Please send HIGHLIGHTS as my gift to:

child name(s) and age(s)

address

city *state* *zip*

Sign gift card "From _____."
11 • GSZN

your name

your address

your city *state* *zip*

$_____ enclosed ☐ Bill me (no need to pay till Jan. 1)

• • MH-N • GDZ 45

...else was to be expected in that ...nalistic age. Paternalism was in ... no bad thing for children who ... never known a father's love and care and discipline."

It is when Donald Thomas delineates the code of honor that required Cardigan to obey the order to charge the Russian guns with his light cavalry that one seems to detect some heightening in prose style: "The code of honour required that he should place himself at the head of his men and ride for the barrels of the enemy guns. Significantly, honour did not require him to kill Russian soldiers or even to defend himself against them in the mêlée at the battery. It required that, if necessary, he should allow himself to be killed. For all his pugnacity, he lived through seventy years without killing a single man in peace or war. It was his less arrogant and more professional successors, the builders of Empire in the later nineteenth century, who shed the blood of conquest across Africa and Asia."

Mr. Hibbert's prose rarely, if ever, loses its cool, even when he chronicles such scandalous matters as the evidence presented about Queen Caroline's licentious conduct in the course of her trial before the House of Lords in 1820. Indeed, he relishes the more humorous touches, such as Lord Norbury's reply to the question of how the Queen had enjoyed herself in Algiers: "She was as happy as the Dey was long." But perhaps it is just possible to detect a bit of unaccustomed warmth when the biographer shows that the picture so often drawn, then and since, of the Prince Regent as "a constant sot" is grossly distorted; when he depicts ... as a patron of literature and the arts; or when he cites with approval Talleyrand's tribute to George IV as the last of the species of *roi grand seigneur*.

What, then, do the thermometer readings add up to? To the conclusion that today's biographers generally do not write books about people they despise, and that they tend to rush to the posthumous defense of their subjects? That is only partly true. None of these four biographies is really uncritical. It is good to know that we have entered a phase where neither Victorian hero worship nor its successor, Stracheyite debunking, reigns, and where the biographer seriously tries to see his or her subject whole. When Mrs. Battiscombe addresses the question of why Shaftesbury was more shocked by the probability that the climbing-boys (who cleaned chimneys) should grow up without the knowledge of the love of God and the hope of heaven than by the fact that they were beaten, starved, and exposed to a horrible death; or when Donald Thomas points out that Cardigan, while greatly disliked and disparaged by most of his fellow officers, was admired and made much of by the rank and file, they are trying to help the reader to see these men in the light of their own period and of the values prevalent at that time.

PERHAPS IT IS mere coincidence, but it is certainly the case that these four books are concerned with currently unfashionable aspects of the nineteenth century. Scholars and biographers have recently tended to focus on rebels and radicals, on figures who, from our point of view, could justly be considered pioneers. In similar fashion, literary historians have looked for pre-echoes of twentieth-century critical and stylistic preoccupations. These four books serve to remind us that if we want to understand the age, we must try to understand all aspects of it. George IV, in spite of his patronage of the arts, may still strike some readers as an old bore. Nonetheless, his court, while he was regent and king, set the tone for much of society, and he was deeply involved in the politics of the age. While Jekyll and Hyde will never lose their power to attract readers of all ages, adventure stories such as *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped* are not at present much in fashion among doctoral candidates or (more important) the young. But Pope-Hennessy's book points out not only that Stevenson's lesser-known works, such as *The Weir of Hermiston* and *The Ebb Tide*, are still very much worth reading, but also that English literature would be much the poorer without the kind of romantic narrative that Stevenson handled in such a masterly manner. Shaftesbury, to be sure, was a reformer, perhaps the greatest of the century, but as he himself put it in 1867, he had long entertained the belief that "whils... making the welfare, physical, tem... poral, and spiritual, of the working... classes my primary object, a second... ary one might be obtained in th... contentment of the people, the re... pression of democracy, and the main... tenance of our ancient constitution. That combination of aims may seem odd to us, but it by no means ap... peared strange to the nineteenth-cen... tury Englishman. We may not ap... prove of it, but that does not mean that we should remain unaware o... it. As Mr. Thomas points out in hi... preface, there has recently develope... a fashion for unearthing the "othe... Victorian" way of life, one that fu... tively repudiated the social and se... ual morality of middle-class conve... tions. But there was a quite differe... "other Victorian" way of life, "mi... itary and sporting, patrician and ga... lant," one typified in many respec... by Lord Cardigan. To know abo... life in the Eleventh ("Prince Albert... own") Hussars or in the hunting s... ciety that made up the Quorn or th... Pytchley is, it need hardly be stresse... nowadays, far from knowing nin... teenth-century English social histor... Still, the gaps of knowledge at th... present time tend to occur in this r... gion rather than in that encompas... ing Chartists and Free Traders.

Is it, then, the case that these h... ographies can only be recommende... as gap-fillers to those professional... involved in the study of British hi... tory or literature? I suppose Mr... Battiscombe's biography of Shafte... bury comes closest to putting fo... ward new interpretations that w... have to be taken account of—for i... stance, the millennialist character... his thought and the crucial impo... tance of that strain for his imme... sion in social reform. But her boo... like the others, is not just for studen... and scholars. All four are readab... and entertaining and, in differe... ways, testify that we are living in ... age of able biographers.

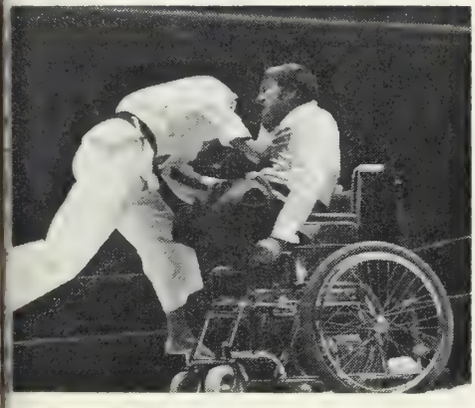
Why this should be so, especia... in England, remains a subject f... speculation. A substitute for fictio... Perhaps. But that is only part of t... answer. A sense, shared more pa... ticularly by the members of the u... per and upper-middle class fro... which most of the biographers con... that as England declines in econom... and international power, it becom... all the more important to preser...

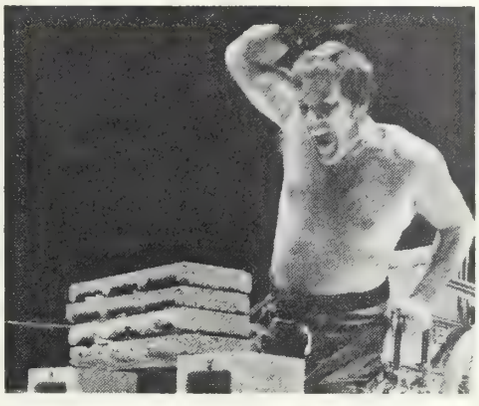
he values of its civilization, as reflected in the lively and multifaceted panorama of the nineteenth century? That may be another part of the answer. To assure oneself that a talent or writing tellingly about other people is one widely shared by many English men and women one need only look at the obituary pages of the London *Times*, not merely at the formal obituaries, but also at the letters subsequently written by those who knew the deceased and felt that the formal obituary needed to be supplemented. In reading those letters one is struck by the thought that in some ways, perhaps, biographies are the most extended and legitimate form of gossip. That, too, may be part of the answer. In any event, the volumes keep pouring from the presses. One continues to wish for masterpieces of the art. But those always have been few and far between. And, while waiting for the next to appear, one can do much worse than occupy one's time in reading one or more of these four books. □

John Clive, professor of history at Harvard, is the author of Macaulay: The Shaping of the Historian, *which won a National Book Award in 1974.*

THE SPORTING SCENE

AN AFTERNOON AT THE GARDEN





Bruce Curtis

elf-defense as a spectator sport
y Anthony Tuttle

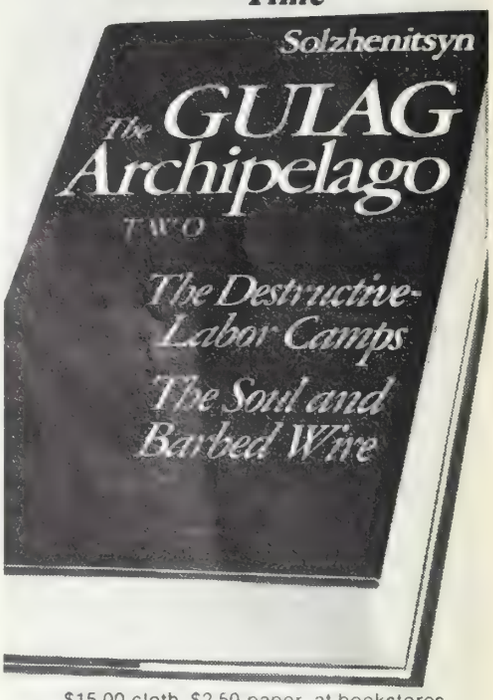
AS THE CUSTOMERS began to approach the Garden, some milling about it for a while, others immediately producing their tickets nd wandering inside, there was uickly noticeable an unsettling difference to the rhythm of the gathering. Perhaps it was only that it was fternoon, a Sunday, and not night. r maybe it was the weather, a close, estless spring day, the sky bulging, ie air thick with impending summer. But there was not the usual irectness involved, as with a prizeght or a crucial basketball game, o urgency of anticipation manifest quickness of step or in a keen ght in the customers' eyes.

Instead, there was only a kind of stlessness to the slow assembling. It was as if people weren't really sure they wanted to go inside. One had imagined streams of dedicated followers and practitioners pouring into the Garden, their bodies made supple and slightly scary by the philosophy of their art, one wrong look enough to kindle a wise, calm, beatific look returned: I am capable of rendering you helpless—but I prefer not to. Or there would be fans nervous with expectant awe, a chance to see the best doing what they do best:

Madison Square Garden Productions
in Association with Aaron Banks
present
1975 ORIENTAL WORLD OF SELF-DEFENSE

But there was only this vague quality of confused mingling, blank, inturned expressions in the eyes of so

The book that "may well be Solzhenitsyn's most stunning achievement." –Time



$15.00 cloth, $2.50 paper, at bookstores
Harper & Row
10 E. 53rd St., New York 10022
1817

China's Imperial Past

An Introduction to Chinese History and Culture

Charles O. Hucker. Unique in its scope and diversity, this panoramic survey offers a creative, scholarly synthesis of the vast course of Chinese civilization from prehistory to 1850. In a flowing essay style, it balances the complexity of China's political and institutional history against the full range of her literary and artistic achievements, and includes translations, many of them new, of the poetry, fiction, and philosophical writings of every age. Illustrated. $17.50

Stanford

1925-1975
Fifty Years of Scholarly Publishing

he black youths, fathers
urning toward the Garden
use it seemed a magnet to
once they finally, and almost
without choice, had to yield. Even
on the escalators which carried them
up and into their designated tiers,
there was a strange silence that, like
the day itself, seemed slightly out
of whack.

Within the arena, however, there was a bit more life. The show had not yet begun, but the enormous cavern of the Garden, as it began to fill, boomed with the amplified romantic ache of "Kung Fu Fighting," the primal, lyric chant and sensual rhythms causing one's blood, like the sun coming out, to go quickly on fire. This was not exactly Jo Stafford singing, "See the pyramids along the Nile" (the afternoon would have nothing to do with Jo Stafford or things wet with rain), or Artie Shaw's "Frenesí" either; this was "Kung Fu Fighting," baby, this was "Kung Fu Fighting," man! A very essential song, so in touch with its time. Thus, from high up in the Garden, the ring down below a fragile square of light monumental with memory, one could only settle back and wait for the show to begin.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, the mayor of East Orange, New Jersey!"

In the honored custom of the Garden, it was time for the prefight introductions. Seated at ringside and at the microphone was Aaron Banks, a very mod-looking actor turned martial-arts promoter and the owner of an exceptionally mod voice, which he seemed constantly in awe of, as if it had been borrowed.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, direct from the Coast, Mr. Kung Fu himself, David Carradine!"

David Carradine, star of the TV series devoted to that particular martial art, climbed quickly through the ropes, raised one hand in awkward salute and said into the microphone dangling down at him, "Thank you and goodbye."

"Turn that light off!" said Aaron Banks. A sudden angry booing had erupted beyond one corner of the ring. From high in the stands, the trouble was not discernible.

"The light must go," Banks instructed again.

Pain was in the booing now, a call for help.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I now see what the problem is. We're honored to have with us here this afternoon *Wide World of Sports*. The light will go, I assure you. The light will go. All this will be on next Saturday afternoon. ABC."

The light was a spotlight present to illuminate a small corner at the base of the ring. There, *Wide World of Sports* was interviewing David Carradine and would interview the contestants all afternoon. The problem, apparently, was that the spotlight was blinding customers on the other side of the ring, who were forced to look directly into it.

"Get that light out of here!" Banks was hollering. "This show will not proceed with that light on!" And to the vast arena: "I assure you, ladies and gentlemen, the light goes."

Finally, after several minutes more, the light flicked off. Cynical cheering greeted the darkness.

ALL THE PROGRAM said was "TED VOLLRATH—Self-Defense for the Handicapped." As Banks introduced him, in he rolled in his wheelchair, the light off now, the crowd hushed, the deep quiet suddenly echoing with Banks intoning phrases about Vietnam and Ted Vollrath.

What came crawling into the ring was what was left of a man. There was nothing left of him below the waist. No legs or thighs. Not even passable stumps. From a position high in the Garden one wondered exactly how much was left. Aides squeezed his wheelchair through the ropes and Vollrath went at it, unfolding it himself. With his powerful arms, he brought himself to an erect position in the chair.

Then five men appeared in the ring. They took up stances around him and made threatening gestures with their hands and clenched fists. But Vollrath wasn't having any of this. His wheelchair a glistening pirouette of motion, he spun this way and that, chopping at the men, catching them in the throat, giving them the elbow—down they fell one by one—until only one was left, whom Ted quickly dispatched by thrusting what was remaining of himself out of the chair and butting him with it. Down he went and up hopped Ted Vollrath, back in tl saddle again, brushing off his palr with a deadpan look, as if he'd ju taken the garbage out.

Then, a triumphant battle cry- *Baroom! Baroom!* Flame explod from the wheelchair, the Gard thundered.

"And that, ladies and gentleme will be seen in the film Ted's ju completed. Those were actually t shotguns mounted into the arms his chair. The chair is in the mov Let's have a wonderful hand for T here—what can you say?"

The crowd's answer was poli almost dainty applause, the ki that has a lot of coughing at the e of it instead of a release of spi The same feeling carried over af Vollrath had smashed a stack boards in two. We didn't come h to see one-half of a Vietnam veter chop away at things, seemed to the mood of the crowd.

"Can we have the man with t broom to clean this up?" Banks quested.

The man swept the ring clear splinters, and the crowd was th treated to various examples of wh the martial arts people are all str ing for, a state of being called *m shin* in Japanese and, loosely tra lated in English, "no mind," in whi that bothersome duality of the ph ical and the intellect completely d appears.

"You'll notice that Americans a always slightly off balance," said lean, studious youth seated behi me. Specifically, he was referring an exhibition of *bando* now in pr ress. By the look in his gentle, telligent eyes, one could see t from the very outset he had b pained by the sloppy nature of demonstrations.

"You've heard of William T folks," Banks was explaining n to a still restless and distracted dience, "well, meet Sang Soo (Tig Kim."

Sang Soo (Tiger) Kim began attempt to kick an apple off an sistant's head.

"This could get pretty sticky, dies and gentlemen, if Tiger K misses."

The audience seemed to like th roared its understanding. The p sibility of gore had finally b mentioned.

The assistant's head did not co



The gift that projects a beautiful image.

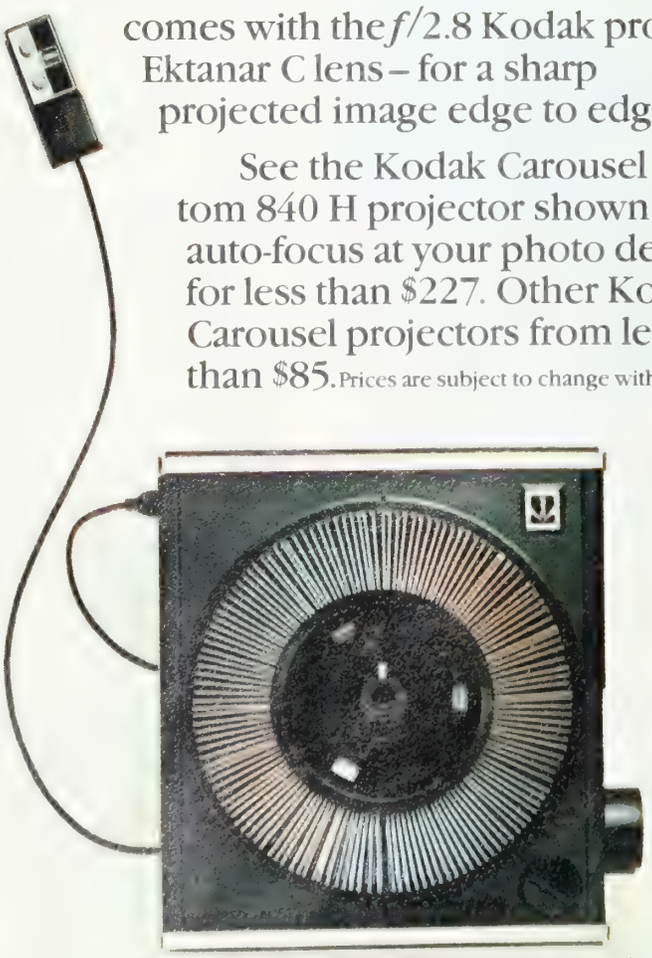
Good-looking on, good-looking off. That's how we designed the Kodak Carousel custom H projector series.

On duty, the Carousel custom H projector uses dependable gravity to drop each slide into place. There's no pushing or pulling. Just one beautiful slide after another.

Off duty, it has a handsome smoke-tinted dust cover that snaps on in place of the 140-slide tray. So you don't have to hide the projector away somewhere between shows.

And like all Kodak Carousel H projectors, the custom H series now comes with the *f*/2.8 Kodak projection Ektanar C lens – for a sharp projected image edge to edge.

See the Kodak Carousel custom 840 H projector shown with auto-focus at your photo dealer's for less than $227. Other Kodak Carousel projectors from less than $85. Prices are subject to change without notice.



Kodak Carousel custom H projector

KODAK GIFTS. FOR THE TIMES OF YOUR LIFE.



off. The apple did. Then, after slashing two more apples to bits in mid-air with his feet, Tiger Kim stretched out on the canvas and allowed two swords to be placed on his bare stomach. An assistant placed a board on top of the swords.

"Can we have absolute quiet, please?" Banks asked. "This can be a very dangerous demonstration."

The assistant climbed on the board, and the audience was completely still. The swords pressed into Kim's flesh. This was an example of *ki chi*, which translates as "inner power."

"There are sword marks, yes," Banks announced, "but there is no blood. No blood, ladies and gentlemen, see for yourselves!"

Kim bounced to his feet to huge applause, his stomach red where the swords had pressed in. The audience had come alive now, was warming up.

But just as quickly it lost interest, became restless again as William Chen and his troupe came into the ring, about twenty people in all. They stood in rows, demonstrating *t'ai chi ch'uan*, a martial art that cannot be called flashy. Softness and complete understatement of motion are two of its tenets. What William Chen wanted to show the audience were a few simple warm-up exercises that might give it a look into the essential philosophy of *t'ai chi ch'uan*. But this afternoon, not by his own doing, he had made the wrong choice. Customers gaped bewilderedly down at the ring as Chen's pupils went through what looked like a primer in the art of hula dancing, all motions soft and willowy, hands and wrists playing a large part.

Banks tried to save the moment. "This, ladies and gentlemen, is a form of contact with one's own being." But the customers were quickly falling asleep. Titters, like a soft wind, caressed the silence. "Could we have the broom, please?" Banks said as Chen and his fine troupe were leaving the ring.

The man with the broom, a busy fellow all afternoon, entered the ring again and swept it clean. Moments later, Aaron Banks was announcing, "For the first time ever, ladies and gentlemen, a 150-pound rock will be broken over the stomach of a woman."

ON IT WENT. Rico Mercad broke twenty pieces wood in two with his i sistent forehead, in a kin of kneeling guillotine pos tion banging again and again an again and again with his head un the stack of boards finally broke an poor Rico toppled over, sper knocked silly by his own resolv Win Chi Min had shimmering s ver rods put at his throat, had bend them or perish. "These ro are placed at the throat, ladies an gentlemen, and recently one of the slipped. You know what happene If they don't bend—what can say?" Peter Chow, a rather dign fied fellow, brought a giant silv dummy into the ring, a huge met man resembling a Hollywood Osca and demonstrated 108 *wing chu* moves on its towering, equally dign fied presence.

Then Beth Bussey came into t ring. She had a drama to unfo She was Young Mother Out Wa ing with Her Child. As five or s male assistants assumed a crap-gam position in one corner of the rin she strolled nonchalantly by the with a little boy and tried to d regard their whistles and innue does. Suddenly one of the cr shooters leapt from the game an began to throttle the boy. All h broke loose as the rest of the sho ers began to attack, not only t boy, but now the innocent moth

Instantly Young Mother becam Superwoman. In a blur of kick elbow jabs, and leaps, she knock all of the burly attackers comple ly unconscious. All except one, w stirred groggily from his flat-on-th back position. But she would ta care of that. As the curtain fell her play, as the customers roar their loudest approbation so far, s stood above the dazed, feebly st ring fellow and, in triumph, as t coup de grace, drove one foot a grily down the V of his raised le and deeply into his groin. And h it there delightedly as the custom continued their cheering.

Thereafter, groins became a n jor focus of the afternoon. Flam groins, blood, and a near race ri

"He will set himself on fire, lad and gentlemen." Joe Mystic sto at center ring, dousing his arm w lighter fluid. A match struck, arm exploded into flame—but

Now... for a very limited time only... SPECIAL SAVINGS on the "sleeper" gift of the season...

The Bundler™

... our famous cold-weather fashion for ladies!
Now exclusively ours in men's styles, too.

only **$15.88** each
(Men's or Ladies')

EXTRA SPECIAL: any 2, only $30.00
Reg. $19.95



BUNDLER SALE™

For the first time ever ... a SALE on the most popular, most imitated gift garment of its type in America today! THOUSANDS sold at higher prices — good value THEN, an even BETTER BUY now!



Yes, from Unique Products, substantial savings on the *original* — the *only* Bundler™. It's our famous grown-up version of the classic favorite for children. The snuggly fashion that will make *any* "big kid" a beautiful baby all over again! Deliciously sexy on *her*, and — in our great, new (and exclusive) men's version — ruggedly good-looking on *him*.

Bundlers are soft and comfortable always. Wonderfully warm. And unlike the light, flimsy "imitations" you may have seen around, our Bundlers are tailored in fuzzy, *blanket-weight* 100% Acrilan® acrylic (same good fabric as the well-known children's model) ... Wear-Dated® by Monsanto for construction, detailing and durability.

The Bundler™ by Unique is made for lounging, for sleeping, for daydreaming, for almost anything in the way of just plain luxury. Ladies' Bundler features a full-torso nylon zipper that matches the color of the garment; Men's Bundler has a full-torso nylon zipper with fly front. There's a rope waistband and ankle rope-ties (for extra warmth) on *hers;* a sturdy self-fabric belt on *his*. Both Bundlers have stretch-knit wristlets and anklets, plus detachable slippers. In sum, everything to keep a couple cozier than they've been since who-knows-when.

For ski-goers, college dorms, winter vacationers, low thermostats and warm hearts ... for any smart lady or gentleman you may know (including you!) ... and for *savings of up to five dollars per garment* ... order The Bundler™ today. *Prices will go up again after this sale.* Machine washable and dryable — and quality-made in the U.S.A., of course.

The UNIQUE Guarantee
Unique ideas, unique quality, unique value—accurately described and promptly shipped. Plus a promise: you must be pleased with your purchases *always* (a month from now or a year from now) or your money back fast. That's a UNIQUE guarantee!

unique Products Co.
Hanover, Pa. 17331

ORE COLORS!
ORE SIZES!
ID THE ONLY
EN'S BUNDLER
ANYWHERE!

adies' Colors

Pink Lady	Orange Burst	Yellow Glow	Blue Bird	Red Signal	Chocolate Bear	Camel Tan	Navy Night

Men's Colors

Ladies' Sizes height is:	Choose:
to 5'2"	S
2" to 5'4"	M
4" to 5'6"	L
er 5'6"	XL

Men's Sizes If height is:	Choose:
up to 5'6"	S
5'6" to 5'9"	M
5'9" to 6'0"	L
over 6'	XL

his garment is warranted for one full year's normal ear. Refund or replacement when returned ith tag and proof of purchase to Monsanto.

FULL ONE YEAR WARRANTY
WEAR DATED
Monsanto

UNIQUE Products Co., Dept. Z-5210, 340 Poplar Street, Hanover, Pa. 17331

Please rush **Bundlers** as indicated, at the **special price** of **$15.88** each (or any 2 for only **$30.00**) plus $2 per garment for shipping and handling. Specify Men's or Ladies'. Md. residents add tax.

- ☐ I enclose check or m.o.
- ☐ Charge my Credit Card:
- ☐ Carte Blanche
- ☐ BankAmericard
- ☐ American Express
- ☐ Diners Club
- ☐ Master Charge

Bank No. _____

Ladies' (Z-230243A)		Men's (Z-240044A)	
Quantity	Color	Men's or Ladies'	Size

Account # _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

PRINT NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

©Unique Products Co. 1975

CREDIT CARD CUSTOMERS... CALL TOLL-FREE (800) 228-2049

Harper's Magazine
subscriber
service

Magazine Address Label
affix
here

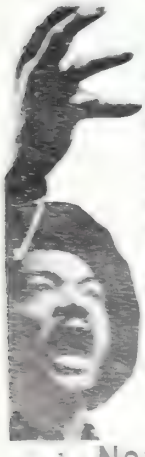
CORRESPONDENCE
Please include your address label when writing about your subscription in order to serve you promptly. Write to: Harper's Magazine Subscription Dept., 331 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302

CHANGE OF ADDRESS:
Please let us know you are moving at least five weeks in advance. Affix your magazine address label in space above and print new address below.

TO SUBSCRIBE: check boxes below
☐ New ☐ Renewal
☐ 1 year $8.97 ☐ 3 years $17.94
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later
Add'l postage $1.50 per year outside U.S. its possessions, Canada & Pan America

name
address
city state zip code

"I AM SOMEBODY!"



The first biography of Jackson explores the multidimensions of [illegible] and in the process [illegible] Reynolds takes the reverend from his national public persona to the clergyman and reveals the ugly warts and reluctantly finds beneath the robes. —Washington Post $9.95

Jesse Jackson
THE MAN, THE MOVEMENT, THE MYTH
Barbara Reynolds
Nelson-Hall Publishers
325 W. Jackson, Chicago 60606

Bah! Humbug!

This year, instead of sending still another dispensable Christmas card, why not send a dispensable gift for all lovers of language — a year's subscription to
VERBATIM, The Language Quarterly
VERBATIM says Merry Christmas all year round. Just $2.50 to U.S. addresses, $3.00 elsewhere, for four entertaining, informative issues. Your annual [illegible] payment in U.S. funds with order. Money back if not pleased.
VERBATIM POST OFFICE BOX [illegible] ESSEX, CONN. 06426

had poured too much fluid on. He hopped frantically about the ring, swatting at his arm with a towel, the audience bewildered, until finally he had extinguished the flames.

Banks was impressed. "Could you show *Wide World of Sports* this?" Banks requested. "The arm is not damaged. Singed but not damaged." Mystic, confounded by the sudden, unexpected pain, turned toward where he thought the camera was, realized his mistake, then followed the direction of Banks's gesturing arm and let the world see that his own arm was only singed.

But finally there was a real show-stopper, in the person of Prof. Frank De Felice.

"Ladies and gentlemen, he will accept full-contact blows to the throat, the chest, and, yes, ladies and gentlemen, to the groin." Banks's voice rang with quiet respect, echoed with awe.

De Felice stood alone in the center of the ring. He was now joined by martial-arts heavyweight Joe Hess, who would deliver the blows.

"No, no," Banks said quietly into the microphone, watching De Felice, uncertain of the exact order in which the blows would come. "He wants one in the throat first."

Hess delivered. De Felice, staggering, accepted. The crowd gasped.

"And now the chest."

Hess struck again. De Felice reeled, then accepted. A larger gasp from the crowd.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, a full kick into the family jewels!"

Hess released himself, his leg a ramrod. De Felice buckled, then straightened, the silence tremendous. Then up shot De Felice's arms in triumph. He had again accepted.

It was the spookiest kind of applause, thunderous yet almost nostalgic, as if the heads attached to all the roaring, clapping bodies were turning affectionately to one another and saying, "Wasn't that something, wasn't that delicious?" It almost seemed as if the customers, to get really close to the proceedings, wished they could take one, too.

Banks had a hit on his hands. His voice knew it. "And now," he said, "four people striking him at the same time. This is what you call sandwich time."

Three more men had climbed into the ring. Along with Hess, they crowded around De Felice, arra ing themselves, picking their sp snuggling up close to get the ri angle. The throat, the chest, the h ney, the groin—De Felice would cept all at once!

He did, all of them, not a p out of him, and the customers w simply wild again, rose to their f affection and sugary love glowing the eyes of all those who gazed do

"I know nothing about th Banks suddenly said.

Ted Vollrath had come tear down the aisle again in his wh chair.

"This is a complete surprise me," Banks said.

In the ring now, Vollrath reac for the microphone above him a with Banks standing quietly al side his chair, told the Gar "This man has done more for manity than anyone else I kn And in appreciation, I am pror ing him to seventh-degree bl belt."

Banks accepted the award w great humility.

IT WAS TIME FOR the full-c tact matches. Which seer the only logical next step. first was karate v. *kung f* Little John Davis v. Sifu Ja Lowe.

"This might be interesting," lean, studious youth behind me s denly said. "The argument ra among these people—which is ter, *kung fu* or karate. A dumb gument really."

Little John Davis represer karate, Sifu James Lowe, an inte tubby little fellow, *kung fu*. Full tact meant exactly that—no pun pulled. Except blows to the hea

This was suddenly serious b ness. The hush was immense. wondered where each specta heart was quartered—*kung fu* karate? It had a history. Mantl Mays. Fangio v. Clark. And t whether the customers knew it not, suddenly there was a kind purity involved.

The blood was a shock.

Sifu James Lowe couldn't bel it either, backed off a moment, t took another blow to the head. M blood. From his nose, his mouth

Lowe stormed about the ring dignant, bleeding, seeking Ban

ention. Blood is not supposed to ppen here, cried his silent Oriental es. After the two scheduled unds, blood still coming from we, Banks announced, "The win- r is Sifu James Lowe. Davis is dis- alified. There weren't supposed to shots to the head."

This enraged the audience. The os were nasty and derisive. ouble was brewing.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, full-contact match between José sado and Sam Jones. Boxing ver- s kick-boxing." Both men were avyweights. Sam Jones, the kick- xer, was huge and blond and, like s name, very American in appear- ce. José Casado was equally as ll proportioned but was black and Hispanic. (This particular Sun- y, one remembered, was Puerto can Day in New York City. A pa- le was at that very moment en- ening Fifth Avenue.)

The match itself, best described a brawl, was quite refreshing be- use of the lack of pretension in- lved. But all during it most of the ectators were on their feet, seek- g release, calling for devastation, arning for gore. It was a remark- le thing to see because afterward, t on the street, if any of them had en stopped and questioned— ere you yearning for gore?"— answer probably would have en an incredulous "Are you kid- g, man?"

From high in the stands it was dif- lt to tell who had won. Perhaps frantic roar of the crowd owned out objectivity, blurred eful distinction. But when Sam es was declared the winner peo- began to fear for their lives. awls, like cresting waves, swept ough several sections of the Gar- n; cops came running, their billy bs raised. Remarkably, only one ck man was seen to be arrested l the police took him quickly ay.

"No, no, hold it, everybody," nks tried to explain. "Hold it. The lges—yes, the judges have re- mined their ballots, and there has n a mistake. The winner is José sado. Seventy-eight points to ½."

There was still so much to come, l so much, a 1,500-pound ice ak with an iron gauntlet, Ron rbert attempting to break a 900-

Told for the first time—the amazing, full story of the war of deceptions that hid the secrets of D-Day from Hitler



"The most important book on World War II in a quarter of a century... a triumph of revelation and presentation."
—Charles B. MacDonald, U.S. Army Historian

"An extraordinary book... absolutely fascinating."
—James M. Gavin

BODYGUARD OF LIES

by ANTHONY CAVE BROWN

947 pages, photographs, maps
$15.95 at bookstores

Harper & Row
10 E. 53rd St. New York 10022
1817

From "Mr. Television" to "Archie Bunker," from John Cameron Swayze to Senator Sam Ervin, "Television's Memory Lane was never so crowded with telltale ghosts as is this one-volume encyclopedia." — Robert J. Landry, *Variety*

TUBE OF PLENTY

The Evolution of American Television

ERIK BARNOUW

With 125 photographs,
$14.95

"An eminently readable guide to the forces and personalities, both on and off the air, that developed this nation's system of broadcasting... required reading for all those interested in modern television." — Fred Friendly

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
200 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP
AND CIRCULATION

August 12, 1970: Section 3685, Title 39.

2. Date of filing: October 1, 1975
3. Frequency of issue: Monthly
3A. Annual subscription price $8.97
4. Location of known office of publication:
Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016
5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers:
Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016
6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor:
Publisher: Russell Barnard
Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016
Editor: Lewis H. Lapham
Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016
Managing Editor: None
7. Owner: Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Minneapolis, Minn. Stockholders owning 1 percent or more of the total amount of stock are: John Cowles; John Cowles, Jr.; Sage Fuller Cowles; Russell Cowles, II; and Otto A. Silha, all care of Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Minneapolis, Minn.; Howard Mithun, Minneapolis, Minn.; Joyce A. Swan, Rapid City, South Dakota; Mrs. Morley Cowles Ballantine, Durango, Colorado; Mrs. Sarah Cowles Doering, Cambridge, Mass.; David Kruidenier, Des Moines, Iowa; MTC Properties, Inc. (Clarence J. Mulrooney, nominee), 50 South 9th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.; Des Moines Register and Tribune Company, Des Moines, Iowa; Kingsley H. Murphy, Jr., Clarence J. Mulrooney and Northwestern National Bank of Minneapolis, as Trustees under the Will of Kingsley H. Murphy, c/o Trust Dept., Northwestern National Bank, Minneapolis, Minn.; and Kingsley H. Murphy, Jr., Wayzata, Minn.
8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None
9. For optional completion by publishers mailing at the regular rates (Section 132.121, Postal Service Manual). 39 U. S. C. 3626 provides in pertinent part: "No person who would have been entitled to mail matter under former section 4359 of this title shall mail such matter at the rates provided under this subsection unless he files annually with the Postal Service a written request for permission to mail matter at such rates." In accordance with the provisions of this statute. I hereby request permission to mail the publication named in Item 1 at the reduced postage rates presently authorized by 39 U. S. C. 3626.
10. Extent and nature of circulation:

	Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 mo.	Single issue published nearest to filing date
A. Total no. copies printed (net press run)	414,215	413,057
B. Paid circulation		
1. Sales through dealers, carriers, street vendors and counter sales	36,691	37,131
2. Mail subscriptions	304,891	296,432
C. Total paid circulation	341,582	333,563
D. Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means, samples, complimentary and other free copies	17,393	17,732
E. Total distribution (sum of C & D)	358,975	351,295
F. Copies not distributed		
1. Office use, leftover unaccounted, spoiled after printing	8,876	8,553
2. Returns from news agents	46,364	53,209
G. Total (sum of E & F—should equal net press run shown in A)	414,215	413,057

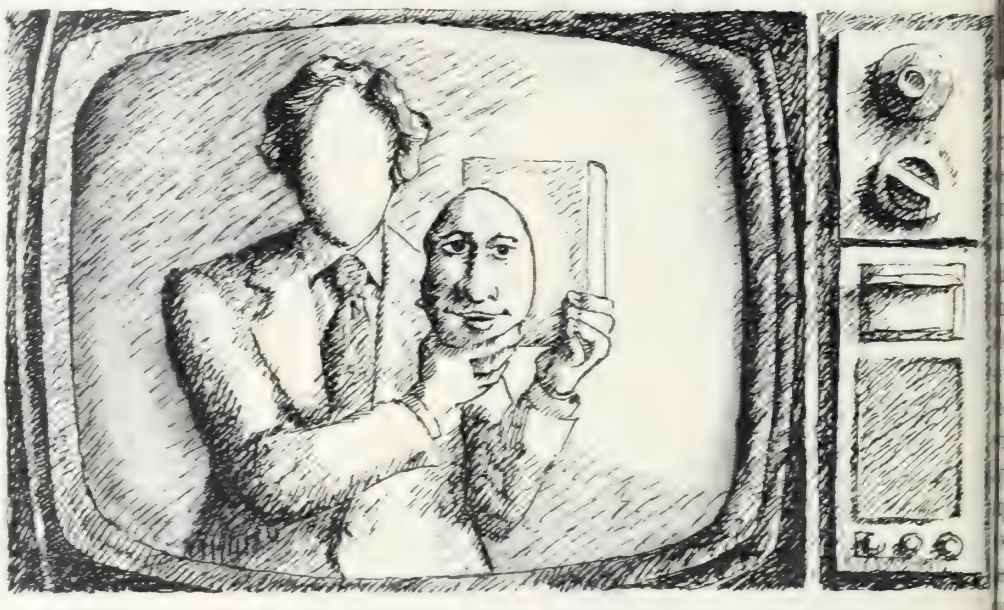
I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signature) Russell Barnard, Publisher

pound block of ice with his head. But nothing was the same after the decision had been reversed. Even though the crowd greeted the reversal with a tremendous ovation, it soon became as restless as it had been at the beginning. A lot of customers even got up and left. Who knows if they heard Banks's imploring voice: "The show isn't over by a long shot, ladies and gentlemen. We still hav Ralf Bialla, from Germany, who wi attempt to catch a bullet in his teet And, just as a reminder, next ye in this very arena we have for you- now, listen to this—a man who wi attempt to stop a bullet with his ba skin."

Anthony Tuttle is a novelist whose most r cent book is Songs from the Night Befo

CELEBRITY MARKET



A brief for mendacity in advertising
by Barry Farrell

I HOPE IT WON'T SOUND like bragging if I say that I happen to be a person of exceedingly strong brand loyalties. I can look back over the years and see a bright thread of coherence in the way that my addictions have endured. I don't go larking around with competing coffees. I have no interest in the other fellow's cigarette. Yet I have never given a thought to doing a celebrity endorsement. Neither has Newman or Brando.

So far obscurity of name and face has spared me the nuisance of being greatly importuned. Sponsors who cater to mass tastes want to see a readout, and mine is weak on viewer recognition, aura spillover, and the glamour-sex-excitement curve. I'll admit that, if someone came along who really believed in me, who thought I could deliver for the product, who offered me the kind of package that kisses your worries goodbye, I might be tempted to go on TV and tell how this wonderful crutch or elixir keeps on improving my morale. They could show me and a bunch young women horsing around ou doors, my hair sort of bouncing, n shirt unbuttoned to the waist. Yo would sit there thinking, What's l got that I haven't got? Then it wou dawn on you.

For the moment I can only s that inviting the world to copy n secret tastes and hungers hasn't be consistent with the type of image I' been trying to project; Newman a Brando won't do endorsements f exactly the same reason. We s nothing but compromise in tying o personae to a bottle or box of som thing you can buy. We don't ne the exposure. We don't need t money, either, I guess.

The touching thing is that so ma celebrities do appear to need t money. No matter how great the i come of one's heroes, one must nev be surprised to see them on TV, a suming the humble stance of the pa enthusiast. Nobody here is a sho business innocent. I used to be, b I grew up around the time that W

e Mays quit baseball to become a ıll-time armpit. Now I am beyond mbarrassment or shame. I won't leny that Dorothy Provine lost a hint f mystery for me when I first ob-erved her boasting coast to coast of hospital-fresh vagina. But much f her allure has returned with the ıought that she might have been aid to lie.

PERHAPS I SEEM NAIVE in my belief that celebrities are lying when they claim to be the satisfied consumers of products that everyone can buy. In real life, I know, elebrities give much of their time nd attention to the search for costly lternatives. A single Vegas booking an make it almost impossible to find ıirts and pajamas that fit. When in ome one shops for shoes, as in Par- for neckties. Eventually, one learns ıe name of a little man in Zurich ho can make a decent wristwatch. ying on TV is an excellent way to ıpport indulgences of this kind, and would like to encourage all celebri-es who have done so in the past to ontinue lying now in the face of the ecent FTC ruling that "endorse-ıents must reflect the honest views the endorser."

I need hardly point out that this lly ruling discriminates against ce-brities who refuse to traffic in ady-made goods, not to mention roducts that may be lacking in ce-brity appeal. When a celebrity ad-its to a special weakness for a cer-in brand of wart-removing paste, e is addressing his admirers on the riest levels of mass consciousness, ıd neither side profits from a spu-ous insistence that his claim be true. he competent television watcher oes not ask if Joe Namath is in fact reliable authority on popcorn pop-ng—he only dreams of resembling im vaguely through the purchase of e popper of Joe's choice. It is an oen-and-shut case of *caveat emptor*, ıd the FTC ought to stay out of it.

Endorsements give the most plea-ıre when taken only as frank and casionally charming confessions of rsonal greed, of a willingness to ırter what one is or used to be for fistful of dollars more. The public ould be better assured that every ıdorsement is a useful little fiction at does not reflect the tastes or mental imbalance of anyone involved. For while the false enthusiast is merely turning a well-paid trick, the person who actually believes that his status as the leading actor in the English-speaking world or the top rebounder in basketball makes his personal choice of flea collar a matter of public concern is suffering from serious delusions and is someone the law should punish, not reward.

A distressing case in point is the ubiquitous commercial in which Patricia Neal comes on to say that her husband, a writer, is terribly fussy about his coffee and won't drink anything but Maxim. Unhappily, this is all too true, as I can attest from having spent the summer of 1965 hanging around the kitchen of Miss Neal's house in Great Missenden, a small town an hour north of London. Maxim was a novelty in England at the time. It had to be flown in. We would drink it in front of the English and remark to them on the freeze-dried character of the crystals in our cups. Every so often the writer would bound in and be terribly fussy about his coffee. It was a fabulous summer, and when I saw it played back on TV I was alarmed that such a privacy had been so thoroughly invaded —one's kitchen, one's cups, one's husband's tempers, all traded up for a mess of freeze-dried pottage.

THIS SENSE OF ALARM, of Faustian danger, became all the more acute a short time later, when I happened to witness Peter Ustinov appear on behalf of Gallo wines. The soul of urbanity was saying that when last in California he had paid a visit to the winery of "my friends Ernest and Julio Gallo," whose "passion is to create fine wines." For those who have never seen it, the Gallo Winery in Modesto needs only a seagull dying in the goo to complete the image of a vast petrochemical plant, and I found it delightful to picture Peter there, sipping a chilled glass of Ripple with his friends Ernest and Julio.

Although the wines Peter was praising were the company's new line of varietals (and not Ripple, Boone's Farm, or Thunderbird, of which the Gallos create about 90 million gallons a year), I was at first amused by his pretension in claiming a fond-



TALK U.S. UP

Add your voice.
Share your thoughts.
Join in the American Issues Forum,
a national Bicentennial program designed to
get Americans talking about America.

AMERICAN ISSUES FORUM

A public service message of this magazine and the National Endowment for the Humanities.

S BEST SELLING SEX MANUAL!

UIDE TO SEXUAL INTERCOURSE. A step-by-step specific course through clear, concise full-color photographs of how to engage in the many forms of physical love and sexual intercourse. Turn dull, confused routine "quickie" sex into exciting sexual episodes, which continue to improve each time and provide greater degrees of pleasure than you ever thought possible. Thousands



old at $12.95. Now available in soft cover for just $4.95. 223 pages. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

Send $4.95 to: Adam & Eve ©
Dept.DHA-5Z, 105 N. Columbia, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

Autographed Copies!

TOM WOLFE

Through a special arrangement on behalf of Harper's subscribers, we have obtained a limited number of autographed copies of "The Painted Word," by Tom Wolfe. You may order your autographed copies at $5.95 each by returning the coupon below with your check, payable to Harper's.

THE PAINTED WORD

Autographed Books,
Harper's Magazine
Two Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

I enclose $_____
for _____ copies of
"The Painted Word," signed by
the author, Tom Wolfe, at $5.95 ea.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Please allow at least three weeks for delivery.

ness for these naive domestic *ordinaires,* assuming, of course, that he was being paid to lie. Why else would the owner of a fifty-eight-foot ketch, an apartment in Paris and a country house in Switzerland, a large collection of original drawings by Daumier, Tiepolo, Forain, and Toulouse-Lautrec, 6,000 classical phonograph records, and, I believe, an English sheepdog—why else would such a marvelous spendthrift and sybarite confess to practicing the small and comparatively painful economy of drinking Gallo wine?

I did feel, however, that Peter had gone a step far in revealing his friendship with the Gallos. It was precisely the sort of intimate detail I have always believed celebrities should never put up for sale, especially since in this case it had the charm of such beguiling incongruity. Ustinov and the Gallos were as unlikely a group of merrymakers as one might expect to find in a year of table-hopping. Where had they met? Gstaad? Fresno?

I called Peter with the intention of disguising my voice and passing myself off as another old friend from the valley—"Ernest said to be sure and call." But Peter was off cruising the Mediterranean on his fifty-eight-foot ketch. So I called Modesto instead and spoke to a Gallo executive who said he had been present at the meeting where Ustinov's name first came up. Someone had suggested Johnny Carson, but Carson had been blackballed as lacking the transatlantic sophistication the Gallos had in mind. Then someone else thought of Ustinov—"who it was shall remain ever nameless, unless you want to say it was Ernest Gallo"—and within a few months Peter had been brought up to Modesto to taste the wines and shoot the ads.

Naturally, I was relieved to learn that Peter was only lying when he claimed to be the Gallos' friend. He hadn't given away anything he ever really owned. It was just another small act of prostitution—feigning affection for money—a victimless crime, as it were. Still, it struck me as a lapse of taste on Peter's part. There are rules to every game, including this one. And everyone knows you're not supposed to kiss the customers on the mouth. □

Barry Farrell is Harper's *contributing editor for the West Coast.*

GAME

Herewith, the winning entries of the October GAME. Starting in January, we will publish THE HARPER'S PUZZLE, by Richard Maltby, Jr.

Winners of "Bicentennial Burger," which invited readers to supply our "Burger Boutique's" menu entrées based on the names of famous Americans, are:

First Prize
William Shakespeare: The Complete Works, edited by Alfred Harbage (Penguin):

The Benedict Arnold burger (sorry, sold out). —C. M. Williar
Lawrenceville, N

Runners-up
We're Going to Make You a Star, by Sally Quinn (Simon and Schuster):

The Truman venison burger—the buck stopped here. —Sarah Menz
Urbanna, V

The Woodrow Wilson pie—every piece a lasting piece. —Lynn Spiv
Rosalie, Ne

The ITT taco—red chili and capers.
—J. Renat
Socorro, N. Me

Hancoq au vin—your choice of Bill of Rice, Minuteman Rice, Equal Rice, or Rice Pilafayette. —Hyams Talla
New York, N.

The Cesar Chavez salad—hold the lettu
—Douglas Swans
Austin, Tex

The Lizzie Borden burger—Lizzie Borde took an axe, and gave her chopped meat forty whacks; when she saw what she had done, she put it on a sesame bun. —Miles and Judith Kl
East Brunswick, N

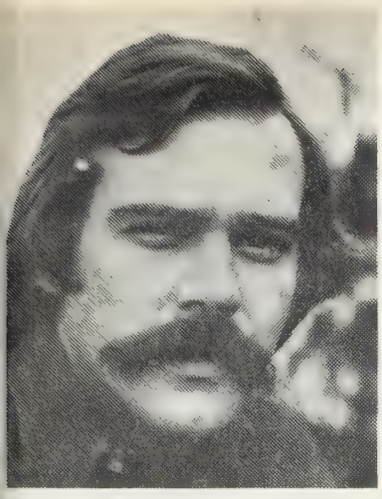
The Teddy Roosevelt San Juan Hill burger—you may charge this.
—Mrs. Paul Hust
Crawfordsville, I

The McGovern burger—1,000 percent beef. —Putt C. Petri
Northridge, Ca

The Nixon alphabet soup—it speaks for itself. —A. B. Morten
Miami Springs, F

The Rockefeller sundae—rich ice cream with a Jerry on top. —J. Yanot
Montreal, Cana

The Albert Anastasia submarine sandwich—still our biggest hit.
—Philip Van Vl
Norman, Ok



Three years ago, you helped me on WRAPAROUND. Now I need you for HARPER'S WEEKLY.

My name is Tony Jones. In 1972 *Harper's Magazine* asked me to start an unusual new editorial feature called WRAPAROUND. It was to be an experiment in person-to-person communication on a national scale. A chance for you, as a reader, to interrupt this magazine with *your own* contributions—with your point of view about what's important in advancing the human condition.

It became (and continues to be) a rip-roaring success. So much so that it helped inspire a brand-new publication: HARPER'S WEEKLY. And *Harper's* tapped me to be its editor.

Like WRAPAROUND, HARPER'S WEEKLY is dedicated to human growth and survival, to knowing where we've been and where we're going—and how we can best hang together on the way.

However, HARPER'S WEEKLY is different in that it is, indeed, issued weekly. Which also permits it to be more diverse, wide-ranging, timely, and keyed to current events and controversies. But most important is the fact that . . .

HARPER'S WEEKLY is written almost entirely by its readers.

That means you. And if you come through for me—for all of us—the way you did on WRAPAROUND, we'll be making some kind of history together.

But—a publication written by its readers? A bold approach, certainly. However, nothing else would be compatible with HARPER'S WEEKLY's aims. Which are, in a moderate-size nutshell, to take issue with the monolithic establishment, the impersonal institution, the anonymous committee. To provide a village-green debating platform where the *people* take charge. To help reckon *individual* roles and responsibility in our increasingly faceless society.

To focus on *personal* accountability for our actions. In business. In politics. In our private, day-to-day lives.

HARPER'S WEEKLY doesn't, for example, report the latest public-be-damned corporate decision. But we did examine how individual shareholders can band together to redirect policy and goals. HARPER'S WEEKLY hasn't lamely joined the national chorus singing the recession blues. Instead, we have been running a penetrating, grass-roots symposium on how people around the country are coping.

HARPER'S WEEKLY doesn't simply bemoan the flow of power into the hands of bureaucrats, technocrats, and autocrats. We try to do something about it—by celebrating the truly democratic exercises of power wherever we find them.

And HARPER'S WEEKLY will not recap the oft-told and anesthetizing sociological reasons for increasing urban crime. But it could very well print a piece *you* have written, describing the moral dilemma you may have faced in deserting the city to find safety for your family.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is, then, a return to the source. People. *You.* Your views and observations. Your personal confrontations, crises, and dilemmas. Your firsthand experiences that have left you a more effective, more independent, more powerful individual . . . information that should be passed along to others, enabling them to more easily cope and perform.

Here, specifically, is the role I'd like you to play in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

1. *Write for us,* especially about things in your immediate experience that deserve sharing. In particular, brief essays and case studies about all sorts of contemporary moral dilemmas, heroes, compromises, excuses, victories, defeats, outrages, conflicts of interest, honest and dishonest lifestyles, object lessons about when the end does or doesn't justify the means. Published contributions will carry your name and earn you an honorarium of $25.

2. *Do research for us.* As an active reader, you no doubt scan many publications routinely—your local newspaper, newsletters, professional journals, small-circulation political or literary journals. We need any material you spot that coincides with the WEEKLY's purpose.

3. *Subscribe to HARPER'S WEEKLY.* Try to get all your friends to do the same.

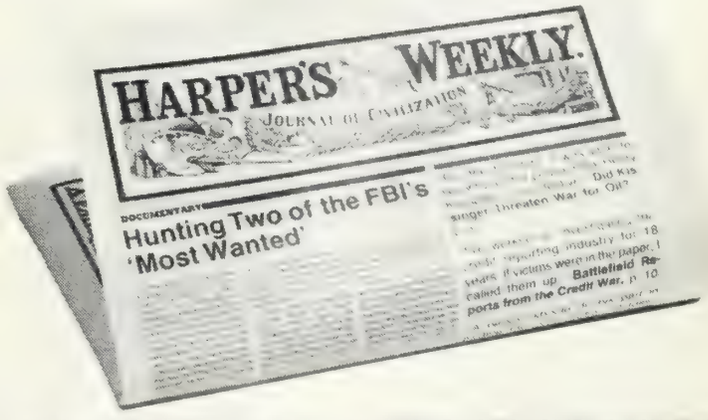
Call it a town meeting. A public forum. National dialogue. Whatever. The point is: HARPER'S WEEKLY gives *you* a chance to air *your* views . . . to learn what your fellow citizens are really thinking . . . and to hear them instead of the constant parade of experts, analysts, pollsters, and commentators.

Take a free look. Then save 50%

The coupon below invites your subscription to the next 24 issues for just $6.00. (HARPER'S WEEKLY is available at selected newsstands at 50 cents a copy—so you save half by subscribing.

What's more, you'll receive your first issue on a no-risk basis. Then if you decide it isn't for you, you may cancel your subscription and keep that issue *free.*

Send no money now. Just mail off the coupon today. I'm counting on your support. Again.



HARPER'S WEEKLY.
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

☐ **I'LL TAKE A FREE LOOK**

Rush me my complimentary copy of the current issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY. If I like it, I'll send $6.00 and get the rest of my subscription (24 issues in all). If I'm not satisfied, I'll write "cancel" on my bill and keep my first issue free.
SEND NO MONEY NOW!
JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TO:
Harper's Weekly, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302

Name
Address
City
State Zip

D2071

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED RATES

Rates: $1 per word. (10-word minimum. Deduct 10¢ a word if ad is to run six times; deduct 20¢ a word if ad is to run twelve times.)

All ads must be prepaid at the time you send your insertion. (If you are ordering more than one insertion, please send full amount to qualify for discount.) Telephone numbers count as two words, as do box numbers. ZIP Codes count as one word.

Copy must be received by the 8th of the second month prior to the issue date.

Harper's Magazine
Classified Advertising Department
Two Park Avenue
New York, New York 10016

TRAVEL

Australia. Authentic information is freely available *without charge* from the Australian Embassy in Washington, D.C. (202) 797-3000, and the Australian Consulate General in New York (212) 245-4000, San Francisco (415) 362-6160, Los Angeles (213) 380-4610, and Chicago (312) 329-1740.

A quiet paradise. Come to Grenada and experience the casual elegance, excellent food, and delightful atmosphere of SECRET HARBOUR CLUB. Call David Mitchell—collect —(212) 371-1323.

Family of Man Tours planned with UNICEF offer thirty adults memorable, enjoyable world travel programs. Write Harold Kuebler, Director, 639 Park, Huntington, N.Y. 11743.

Roam the world by freighter. Deluxe accommodations. Cheaper than staying home. Freighters, 163-09 Xc Depot, Flushing, N.Y. 11358.

RESORTS

Escape to our private island in the sun. Enjoy that rare commodity—tranquillity. Relax in your own cottage—swim on our private beach—have candlelight dinners with wine. Bring a book, forget your tie, unwind. Great game fishing, superb snorkeling and scuba diving (instruction available). Write: Marina Cay, Box 76H, British Virgin Islands. Or call Tortola 4-2174.

REAL ESTATE

Government lands . . . from $7.50/acre! Vacationing, farming, investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review," listing lands throughout U.S. Send $2. Surplus Lands, Box 6588-H, Washington, D.C. 20009.

Central Ontario—Choice 640-acre sportsmen's paradises still available—$20 plus $6.50 taxes yearly. Maps, pictures, $2 (refundable). Information Bureau, Norval 64, Ontario, Canada.

Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. Last of ocean-front condominiums—buy now, retire later. Write or call June FitzJohn, Showplace Properties, Inc., 3415 Galt Ocean Dr. (305) 781-5794 or (305) 563-6326.

Lowest-priced lakefront in Pacific Northwest! $6,950 for 10 acres with 400 feet forested mountain lakefront. $500 down. Free maps and pictures. Ms. Carole Muth, 4419 133rd Ave. S.E., Bellevue, Wash. 98006 Telephone: (206) 746-9381.

Widower, 46, children raised. Selling four-bedroom, four-bath home. Separate garage on fenced five acres. Irrigation water. $110,000. Box 83 American Fork, Utah 84003 (25).

VACATIONS

Holiday in a villa, apartment, chalet, Caribbean, Virgin Islands, Bahamas, Mexico. Villa Resorts (914) 241-3864, (212) 867-3180, (201) 842-4398, (415) 982-9374.

Expedition 'round the world. Remote places: Galapagos, Pitcairn, Easter, Tahiti, Fiji, etc. 180′ yacht. Share expenses, Shipmates wanted. Write Yankee Trader, P.O. Box 120, Dept. RW, 27 Miami Beach, Fla.

Condominium exchanges—worldwide. Executives and professionals only. Write: Vacation Exchange Club, Box 207H, Etters, Pa. 17319.

Jamaica, W. I.: Low-cost family vacations. Write: Box 372, W. Nyack, N.Y. 10994. (212) 233-6161.

The seaside—Favored smaller resort. Private beach. Near Sarasota. Longboat Key (HM), Fla. 33548.

Tired of high vacation costs? Live rent-free where you choose. Write Viking Home Exchange, Box 3007-HM1, St. Paul, Minn. 55165.

GOURMETS

Tea devotees savor world's rarest select teas. Grace Teas Importers, Dept. H 125, 799 Broadway, N.Y.C. 10003. Free brochure.

Winemakers' kit—free illustrated catalogue of yeast equipment. Write: Semplex, Box 12276-T, Minneapolis, Minn. 55412.

Matzoon! Traditional Armenian "yogurt." Easy recipe $1. Bentley, P.O. Box 2418, Carmel, Calif. 93921.

Holiday meat crepes. Delicious, festive, unique. Recipe, $1. Sonia's Kitchen, 3875 Wade St., #9, Los Angeles, Calif. 90066.

Wild rice fancy $4.20 pound prepaid. Five-pound minimum shipment. Gene Floura, Blackduck, Minn. 56630.

Granola. Unusual, easy receipts, $1, Martin, 916 Oneida St., Lewiston, N.Y. 14092.

Low-salt diet? Handy, attractive 48-page *Shopper's Guide to Salt in Foods.* Sodium, potassium listed. $2, includes mailing. RADA PRESS, Box 80011, St. Paul, Minn. 55108.

Grandmother's meat dressing (French Canadian). Recipe, $1. Box 887, Palm City, Fla. 33490.

STAMPS

500 diffe.ent stamps, $1.50. Smith, 508-E Brooks, College Station, Texas 77840.

GAMES

Association. Improves card play while enjoying fascinating game. Elephant memory system. $3 ppd. William Taylor, Box 397 (H), Newhall, Calif. 91322.

Unique "Bicentennial" MAIL CROSSWORDS GAME. Instructions, players to contact—$2. Unice, Box 8604, Greensboro, N.C. 27410.

Dart-a-Golf. Sensational new game: frustrations of golf, thrills of darts. $10 ppd. Box 3655, Portland, Oreg. 97208.

Market Skalp. Game that simulates commodity traders in action. Guaranteed fun. $4.99. Litco Enterprise, 6826 N. Sacramento, Chicago, Ill. 60645.

MOTION PICTURES

Super 8mm, 16mm, 8mm silent and sound film classics. Free catalogue. Niles, 1141-HP Mishawaka, South Bend, Ind. 46615.

MUSIC

Dulcimers—traditional mountain styles handcrafted in aged solid woods. Gotzmer Stringed Instruments, Rt. 2, Box 2286 A, La Plata, Md. 20646.

Learn to play the recorder—Free Catalogue—Recorders, Recorder Music, Beginners Birchwood Recorder, Instruction Book $12.95. Amster Recorder Company, 1624 Lavaca (HM1), Austin, Texas 78701.

Wholesale musical instruments and accessories. Allied, 573 Route 17, HM1, Paramus, N.J. 07652.

Liberace Music needs songs, poems. Free appraisal. Monthly awards. Free publishing selected material. Geo. Liberace, 6362 Hollywood, Dept. HR2, Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

UNUSUAL GIFTS

Kaleidoscopes—finest available, delicious visions guaranteed. $3.65 postpaid. Mr. Gyro, 3500 Davis Lane, Cincinnati, Ohio 45237.

Potpourri in 9", cork-topped crystal cylinder captures old-fashioned, aromatic blend of roses and lavender. A tasteful gift of long-lasting pleasure for any age or setting. $7.50, shipping 75¢. Everlasting Flowers by Alice, 8471 Lewis Road, Cleveland, Ohio 44138.

Herbal aphrodisiacs, naturally! 100 tablets, $7.75. Tea, $3.75. Smoking Blend, $2.75. Unusual health catalogue, $1. Potions, Box 5756 HM, Sherman Oaks, Calif. 91413.

Photo Stamps. We'll print your photo on a sheet of 100 stamps. Gummed and perforated. $3. Photos Unlimited, P.O. Box 101H, East Rutherford, N.J. 07073.

ARTS AND CRAFTS

Learn the folk art of decoy-making. Send $1 for instructions and diagrams. Carothers, R.R. #4, Fremont, Mich. 49412.

Limited edition, wildlife and Western art prints and bronzes. Famous Montana artists. Free color brochure. Trails West, Box 644C, Kalispell, Mont. 59901.

Sensuous art—Elegant, explicitly detailed nude torsos—male and female —from original sculpture. For those who appreciate the aesthetics of the human body. About 9" high with base. Unique, striking. Gift; bookends. Limited edition. $10 per statue. Available in bronze—gold, silver, brown and black finishes. G & M Enterprises, P.O. Box 752, Red Bank, N.J. 07701.

Appalachian handicrafts. Traditional and contemporary. Beautifully made by individual craftspeople. "Sampler" catalogue, 50¢. Cave House Cooperative-B, 279 East Main St., Abingdon, Va. 24210.

SCHOOLS

Florida Keys jr.-sr. high-school family. Excellent accredited prep curriculum; Marine Scubology; Biofeedback; Writing; Drama; six crackerjack teachers for 25 individuals. Abbott School, Living, Learning Center, Box 285, Key Largo, Fla. 33037. Brochure. (305) 245-4610.

Private-school placement servic Student's individual requiremen primary consideration. 163 Hi Street, Middletown, Conn. 0645 Telephone: (203) 346-5111.

Ph.D.s., Masters, Bachelors—offici nonresident college degrees easily a quired through mail-order univers ties. Complete directory, $2. Counse ing Connection, 5495 Claremon #BH, Oakland, Calif. 94618.

College degree at home. Your choi of subjects. Easy tuition plan. Fr information. Elysion College, B. Box 909, San Ysidro, Calif. 92173.

Earn a British degree in Philosoph Arts and Sciences. Catalogue $1 a mailed (refundable). Dept. H, Secr tary, Sussex College of Technolog Highfield, Dane Hill, Sussex, En land. RH17 7EX.

Unique college in Mexico. Institu Allende offers full undergradua graduate, and serious noncredit pr grams in English, specializing in ar crafts, writing, Spanish, and soci studies. U.S. Office of Education a V.A. approval. Perpetual sunshin inexpensive living. Mexico's mc beautiful colonial town. Free illustra ed prospectus. Instituto Allende, B H, San Miguel de Allende, Guanaju to, Mexico.

Creative writing in Arizona. New tw year program. Write: Creative Wr ing, Eastern Arizona Colleg Thatcher, Ariz. 85552.

International college on the Englis speaking Cayman Islands (B.W.I Small, private, higher education, li eral arts. Open year-round. Bacc laureate program. Tuition: $10 p credit hour. *Associated Stateside Pr gram on Graduate Level.* Catalogu P.O. Box 125H, Hamilton, Ind. 4674

Radiesthesia, Radionics, dowsin ESP courses and equipment cat logue, $1 (refundable). Establish 25 years. Dept. HM1, Bruce Cope Highfield, Dane Hill, Sussex, En land RH17 7EX.

CATALOGUES

Free! occult-witchcraft catalogu Books, curios, unusual jewelry, bizar miscellany. Importers, Box 2010-HM Toluca Lake, Calif. 91602.

Movie memories. Catalogue of n talgic souvenirs, memorabilia, bool Send 25¢. Bijou Movie Nostal Shoppe, 7800 Conser, Overland Pa Kans. 66204.

Chess catalogue—Hand-carved s P.O. Box 555, Santa Barbara, Ca 93102.

Leaded art stained glass catalogu Supplies. Wholesale/retail. Send Nervo Studios (HM1), 7th and A dison Sts., Berkeley, Calif. 94710.

BOOKS

Fiction, mysteries, war, science. F catalogue. Sunmount Books, B 145-H, Willowdale, Ont., Canada.

Book searching. Prompt service. gent House, 108 Roselake, (HM Los Angeles, Calif. 90026.

Complete list of books by Rud Steiner. Anthroposophic Press, In 258 Hungry Hollow, Spring Vall N.Y. 10977.

Forty books for $3.95. Free deta Harvest, Box 1807-HM2, Hollywo Calif. 90028.

lico Papers," Children's nature ies, crafts, $3 year. HM2, hecton, New York 12726.

lish your book! Join our success- authors: publicity, advertising, motion, beautiful books. All sub- s invited. Send for free manu- ot report and detailed booklet. lton Press (Dept. HZX), 84 Fifth ., N.Y.C. 10011.

e books. VanTreuren. 1950 Post, 8HA, San Francisco, Calif. 94115. d wants.

rn to read French, German, Ital- or Spanish *without memorizing thing.* Revolutionary new Rundle em. Send $19.95, specify lan- ge, or write for free descriptive don *Daily Telegraph* feature ar- . Templegate, Dept. EH, Box Springfield, Ill. 62705.

discount on new books. Book- k, B-3, Roseland, N.J. 07068.

ekend coinfinder! Metal detectors hat to buy, how to score. $2. Box 722A, New Providence, 07974.

mplain and Collect." New book 100 effective consumer letters can send to whoever bugs you. needs bugging. FREE consumer e. 10-day refund guaranteed. 1 $2.95 check to FARGO, 6677 oln H., Lincolnwood, Ill. 60645.

anist, rationalist, atheist litera- Outstanding selections, reason- prices. Information, 25¢. Inde- tent Publications, Box 162, Pater- N.J. 07513.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

of print. Send wants. Dept. AD, lo. Browning Ave., Tenafly, N.J. 0.

e the book—we'll get it! Free h service. CHICAGO BOOK T, Box 636-H, Chicago Heights, 0411. Est. 1948.

s located. Send wants. No obli- n. Bazaar Books, Box 496, Chi- Calif. 95926.

find books! Rare or out-of-print. search. Eva Davis Books, Box HW, Williamsburg, Va. 23185.

, used, out-of-print books, maga- . Bunton's, Box 4274H, Phila- ia, Pa. 19144.

LITERARY INTERESTS

anteed sales for your poems. details. Publications, Box 83, reesboro, N.C. 27855.

lists: Complete manuscript crit- . No con games, blue skies. onable rates. SASE for bro- : Hubristic Associates, Box 6, ado Springs, Colo. 80901.

ing for a publisher? Learn how can have your book published, oted, distributed. Send for Free let, HP-2 Vantage Press, 516 W. St., N.Y.C. 10001.

rs'-Publishers' Bonanza. Free et on profitable writing/market- ormula. Towers Club, Drawer 38, Vancouver, Wash. 98661.

ng course, criticism service, hops. Pauline Bloom, 20 Plaza, lyn, N.Y. 11238.

publishing—manuscripts and in- s invited. *Authors' Guide to cation* free upon request. Dor- & Company. Dept. F, 1617 dy Blvd., Philadelphia, Pa. .

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

Writing, research, editing. All subjects. Versatile, expert staff. Reasonable rates. Berkeley Research, Box 4241, Berkeley, Calif. 94704. (415) 848-6710.

Scholarly treatises, writing, editing, typing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team. *Research Unlimited,* Box 300-H, Dayton, Wash. 99328.

Manuscripts, reports, academic writing, editing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team at work. *Research Unlimited.* Box 300-H. Dayton, Wash. 99328.

Computerized information retrieval. Bibliography and abstracts from online computer archive bank of over 200 journals and periodicals. Berkeley Research, Box 4241, Berkeley, Calif. 94704. (415) 848-6710.

Professional editing, revising, typing manuscripts. Marye Myers, P.O. Box 2435-D, Pasadena, Calif. 91105.

Educational research from our catalogue now as low as 90¢ per page. Send 40¢ to: Writer's Unlimited, Box 4391, Washington, D.C. 20012. (202) 723-1715.

SERVICES

Cassette tape duplicating—C60 tapes, $2/copy; C90 tape, $2.75/copy. (Price includes new cassette tape.) Deduct 25¢/copy for five or more copies. Add 75¢ to order for packing and shipping costs. Ohio Cassette Duplicating Service, Dept. HM, P.O. Box 3629, Toledo, Ohio 43608.

PUBLICATIONS

High Times—only magazine dedicated solely to getting high. Dope articles, entertainment, information. Dope price index. A glossy quarterly. $3 for two recent issues. Subscriptions: $10/8 issues; $14/12 issues. High Times, Dept. HP, Box 386, Cooper Sta., N.Y.C. 10003.

Free booklist. Rockefeller banking conspiracy revealed. FFF-HC, Box HM1 11306, Palo Alto, Calif. 94306.

Witty conversation is yours! Build humor library. World-wide survey: 20,000 publications. 85% renew annually, $35. Month's trial: $2. FUNNY FUNNY WORLD, 407 N. Commercial Center St., Beverly Hills, Calif. 90210.

Bank Note. $9/12 issues; newsletter of U.S. Animal Bank. P.O. Box 15426, San Francisco, Calif. 94115.

Int. Film Buff—A monthly magazine for moviegoers. Interviews and features. Subscriptions $9 for one year. Film Buff, Dept G, 2309 Van Ness, San Francisco, Calif. 94109.

Nationally advertised condoms—finest quality in various new colors, shapes. 12 assorted samples, $4. Wholesale price list included. Hub City Distributing, Box 2081, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Alaska's government in a nutshell. $1 plus postage. LWV—Alaska, SR Box 20809, Fairbanks, Alaska 99701.

Notes from the Third Year—All-time best-selling Movement journal. 28 major feminist writings covering subjects like marriage, men and violence, socialization, women's diaries, lesbianism and feminism, the first feminists, children's books, prostitution, and rape. $1.50. 10/$9. Notes, Box AA, N.Y.C. 10011.

Arts Reporting Service. For five years, over 80% of the administrators, critics, trustees, and artists who read the Arts Reporting Service newsletter have renewed their subscriptions. To find out why, send $1 for four sample issues. ARS, 9214 Three Oaks Drive (HM), Silver Spring, Md. 20901.

Gagwriting earns $100-$500 month spare time. Professional's complete Gagwriters Guide $4. Peyser, 3955A Nemo Road, Randallstown, Md. 21133.

Why no inflation in China? For coverage of China's surprising economic developments, subscribe to *China Reconstructs,* illustrated monthly airmail $3/year. *Peking Review* weekly airmail $4.50/year; *China Pictorial* monthly $4/year; *China's Foreign Trade* quarterly $3/year. Send payment to China Books, Dept. H., 2929 24th St., San Francisco, Calif. 94110. Free catalogue on request.

China Reconstructs is the monthly answer on how to keep in touch with new developments in China. Feature articles, color photos, language & stamp corners. Send $3/year for airmail sub to China Books, Dept. H, 2929 24th St., San Francisco, Calif. 94110. Free catalogue on request listing direct imports from China: books, magazines, records, posters, and greeting cards.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Import-export opportunity, profitable worldwide, mail-order business from home, without capital or travel abroad. We ship plan for no risk examination. Experience unnecessary. Free report. Mellinger, Dept. A-102C, Woodland Hills, Calif. 91364.

How to make money writing short paragraphs! I tell you what to write, where and how to sell, and supply lists of editors buying from beginners. Small checks can add up to worthwhile extra income. Write to sell right away. Send for free facts, BARRETT, Dept. C-77-G, 6216 No. Clark, Chicago, Ill. 60660.

Misemployed? Start successful used bookstore. Details: Bookstop II-H, Panajachel, Guatemala.

$250 weekly possible stuffing envelopes. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope. Edray Mails, Box 188 RH, Albany, Mo. 64402.

Unlimited earnings—Mail circulars from home. Part/full time. Liberal commission. Rush self-addressed stamped envelope; Promotions, Box 446, Pasadena, Calif. 91102.

Sell businesses. High-paying profession. Free brochure. Or order *Business Broker's Guide.* $12.50 postpaid. Sherwood's, Box 1606, Carlsbad, Calif. 92008.

Homeworkers wanted! 50 firms need addressers/mailers. Details 25¢ and stamped, addressed envelope. Pioneer, RD1, Box 300-B, Wallkill, N.Y. 12589.

Double your money and more. Cash for U.S. Silver Coins. Write for details. No obligation. Morris Silver Exchange. Box 1213-R, Morristown, N.J. 07960.

Stuff envelopes. $25/100. Free supplies. Send stamped envelope. ISCO, 3835 42nd, San Diego, Calif. 92105.

Make money clipping newspaper items. $2-$10 each. Free details. Clippings, Box 10344-H3B, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303.

$500 monthly, stuffing envelopes, clipping newspapers. Rush self-addressed stamped envelope. Galli, 1147 Pinrun Drive, Manchester, Mo. 63011.

Free—486 money-making opportunities, spare-time, full-time. Send for five free issues. Specialty Salesman Magazine, Dept. HM-105, 307 N. Michigan, Chicago, Ill. 60601.

How to make money addressing, mailing letters. Offer details 15¢. Lindbloom, Dept. HRP (HM2), 3636 Peterson, Chicago 60659.

Addressing, stuffing, clipping, mailing. Details 25¢ and stamped, addressed envelope. Robross, Box 8768B-HM2, Boston, Mass. 02114.

$39.60 daily. Self-employment at home anywhere U.S.A. - Canada. No investment. For free details mail self-addressed stamped envelope: Sbiaharp, Postbox 4099-HM2, N. Hollywood, Calif. 91607.

Earn commission securing business accounts. Freight Overcharge Service, Box 17746 (HM2), Memphis, Tenn. 38117.

$350 weekly possible stuffing envelopes at home! Start immediately! Details $1 refundable. Royal/HA1, 531N La Cienega, Los Angeles 90048.

Do simple addressing-mailing. Receive $12.95 orders. Keep $8 profit. Details—rush stamped envelope. Distributors, Box 9-HR, East Rockaway, N.Y. 11518.

$25 daily possible! Addressing-stuffing envelopes. Typing-longhand. Details —rush stamped envelope. Elite, Box 715-HR, Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Men! Women! Jobs on ships. American, foreign. Guide, $3. Seafax, Dept. W-3, Box 2049, Port Angeles, Wash. 98362.

Teachers, administrators. Current school, college openings list in U.S., $5.95; abroad, $5.95. Leading Placement Sources: U.S., $3.95; foreign, $4.95. EISR, Box 662, Newton, Mass. 02162.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT

Worldwide opportunities . . . Australia, Europe, Asia, South America! All occupations! $700-$4,000 monthly! Employment International, Box 29217-HZ, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

Australia, New Zealand want you! 50,000 jobs! Paid transportation! Latest information and forms, $1. Austco, Box 3623-H, Long Beach, Calif. 90803.

Work overseas. Australia, Africa, South America, Europe, etc. Construction, sales, engineers, clerical, etc. $8,000 to $50,000+. Expenses paid. For employment information write Overseas Employment, Box 1011H, Boston, Mass. 02103.

Overseas jobs—Now hiring, 103 countries, all occupations, high pay, free transportation, tax benefits. Latest computerized reports—$2. TRANSWORLD, International Airport, Box 90302-H, Los Angeles, Calif. 90009.

Overseas—all occupations! New worldwide directory, $2. Opportunities, Box 6586-HY, Washington, D.C. 20009.

Free trips to Asia, Europe. All expenses paid! Advisory jobs. Apply now! Send dollar. WORLDATA, Box 8178-S, Huntington, W.Va. 25705.

CLASSIFIED

Worldwide opportunities . . . Australia, Europe, Asia, South America, Africa! All Occupations! $10,000—$50,000+. Employment International, Box 29217-HZ, Indianapolis, Ind. [illegible]

Employment! U.S.! Foreign! Skilled, unskilled, equal opportunity, all fields. Directory, application, résumé instructions, $3. National Information, Department 262, 422 Washington Building, Washington, D.C. 20005.

ASSOCIATIONS

Humanism questions old assumptions and probes new possibilities while developing an alternative to traditional philosophy, religion, and current mysticism. Free information: American Humanist Association, Box H, 602 Third Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94107.

Bertrand Russell Society. New. Information: Dept. HM3, R.D. 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

PHILOSOPHY

A logical and practical explanation of life linking mind, mathematics, language and name in a universal concept. Kabalarian Philosophy, Dept. A, 908 W. 7th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C., Canada, V5Z 1C3.

MEETINGS & CONVENTIONS

Speakers, conventions, all meeting occasions. 200 headliners, wide-ranging expertise. Free directory: *Success Leaders Speakers Service,* 3960 Peachtree Road NE, Suite 425, Atlanta, Ga. 30319.

MERCHANDISE FOR SALE

Headgear, Pipe gift sets from $3.25. Posters, jewelry, etc. Free catalogue. S-T Mail order. Box 1885, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48106.

Wallpapers at wholesale. WallTex, Schumacher, Sanitas, United, Birge, Strahan, Styltex-Katzenback-Warren, Fashion-Imperials-Murals. All famous makes at lowest prices. We can supply all brands. Send for free brochures and order forms. We pay UPS. Shriber's, 3220 Brighton Rd., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15212. Call Collect (412) 766-3274 for quotes.

Yarrow stalks, for I CHING consulting. Set of 50: $10 Soltysik, Churubusco, N.Y. 12923.

The Silk Connection. Sports Shirts. Value totally unequaled. Information 35¢. 8760 Amigo, Northridge, Calif. 91342.

Chimney candle lighters—Prevent burned fingers! $1, pair. Yankee Ingenuity, Box 133, Thompson, Conn. 06277.

Ecuadorian cooperative: Embroidered 100% cotton white muslin shirts, S-XL, western/peasant, $19.95, $1.75 postage/handling. No C.O.D. 5% tax Texas residents. Sesame Enterprises, P.O. Box 12674, El Paso, Texas 79912.

Self-Evident. "41" SIMBULZ" eeZI-Lee RED. $1 ppd. Typewritten Symbols, 46 Belleview Ave., Butler, N.J. 07405.

Kites make great gifts. Exotic, exciting, easy. Brochure, $1 (redeemable with purchase). Kite Shop, 542 St. Peter, New Orleans, La. 70116.

Hearing aids. Wholesale, buy direct. Eyeglass, in-ear, over-ear, body. Made in U.S.A. $160 complete. Eden Wholesale Distributors, Box 112-HM2, Buffalo, N.Y. 14221.

Spinning wheel kit-sets. Rotary Carders, $90. Velma Goode, Port Orford, Oreg. 97465.

Stained glass. Now make your own. Illustrated booklet. $2. Kosher Products, P.O. Box 917-G, Athens, Ohio 45701.

Selling comic books, *Playboy*s, movie and television magazines, pulps, radio giveaways, movie merchandise, etc. 1900-1976. Catalogues $1. Gail, Box HG1102, Flushing, N.Y. 11354.

Gaugin, Modigliani, Renoir on genuine postage stamps. Samples and approvals, $1. MilMed, P.O. Box 297H, Aurora, Colo. 80010.

Homestead Flour Mills: Ananda (HM2), Nevada City, Calif. from $75. Factory-direct.

Stone Home flour mills. Seven models, $75-$230. 201 L.A. Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94707.

PETS

Custom-made, no-wobble cat trees. Brochure. The Cat Tree House, 4173 Montecito, Santa Rosa, Calif.

PERSONALS

Penfriends. For free information, write: Papyrus, 927-H 15th St., Washington, D.C. 20005.

Moving to Cleveland? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, integrated neighborhoods. Contact Shaker Communities, 3380 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio. (216) 751-2155.

Intensive and group therapy—Austin Institute, Inc., 5000 North Lamar Blvd., Austin, Texas 78751. Staff did their therapy at Janov's Primal Institute. $2,000 for three-week intensive; subsequent groups are $10 each.

Instant memory—New way to remember. No memorization. Release "photographic" memory. Stop forgetting! Liberates extraordinary knowledge, talents, ESP. Free information. Institute of Advanced Thinking, Box 606-H, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272.

Good-natured young man available as traveling companion. Speaks five languages. Ed Lehmann, P.O. Box 11248, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

Learn professional astrology at home. Write World Astrological Services, Inc., Box 471-TP, Murray, Ky. 42071.

Eight personality traits, including original thinking, ascendancy, sociability. $5. Id Testing Service, Stewart, Nev. 89437.

Communal living magazine and utopian newspaper. Samples, $1. Storefront Classroom, P.O. Box 1174, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

Penfriends! Lonely and sincere, 25¢. Enterprises, 1626 Walton, Oceanside, Calif.

Handwriting analysis in depth. $10 and sample to Elisabeth King, 41 E. 29 St., N.Y.C. 10016.

Play chess by mail! Information: CHESSNUTS, 25-HB Mount Vernon, Saugus, Mass. 01906.

Overpopulation is a cancerous disease destroying mankind and the world. Negative Population Growth needed. Free brochure, NPG, INC., Room 414(H2), 103 Park Avenue, N.Y.C. 10017.

Degrees by mail. Accredited bachelors, masters, doctorates. No course work. Surprisingly low cost. Free details. Dr. John Bear, 7350-J Highway One, Littleriver, Calif. 95456.

The Bionomic Church of Mankind teaches the premises, principles and practices of the natural, biological, ecologically established religion of all life. It teaches a complete, detailed methodology, which if followed, will permit anyone to achieve enlightenment—the instantaneous integration of all their knowledge in a single, coherent, whole concept. It presents a comprehensive introduction to anthroponomical science and it provides the scientifically valid ethical requirements for every human action. To hasten the realization of mankind in complete harmony, and the fulfillment of every human life, the Church is soliciting donations to its education and information programs. All donors will receive literature describing the bionomic religion, its genetic origin, the obfuscating influences of myths, and enlightenment. Donors of twenty-five dollars, or more, will receive a copy of the book, *Bionomic Religion,* upon publication early next year. Donors who give substantially will be making a major contribution to the re-education of mankind. Please send donations to: The Bionomic Church, Box 265, Mount Eden, Calif. 94557.

Sincerely interested in marriage? Let us help you find your mate. Social Introduction Service, Box 1547, Eugene, Oreg. 97401.

Make friends worldwide through international correspondence. Illustrated brochure free. Hermes, Box 110660/H, Berlin 11, Germany.

Control people's actions from beyond the grave. Legal will form with instructions. Protect your family! $2. Sierra, Box 365, Pendleton, S.C. 29670.

Financial wealth increased by a proven, step-by-step method. Send $2 for our booklet. P.O. Box 8071, Cranston, R.I. 02920.

Free biorhythm information. A. J. Enterprises, Box 2211-HM2, Peabody, Mass. 01960.

Advertise in 50 different rural newspapers same time. Total cost under $20. Econo Ads, Box 5073-HM2, San Angelo, Texas 76901.

Stop balding. Ultra Hair grows hair. Spectacular results guaranteed. $19.95. Banner Laboratories, Box 10288 J-HM2, Detroit 48210.

New winning Bingo system—$1. Bingo, 1700 Haywood Road, (HM2), Asheville, N.C. 28806.

Minister for Christ. Lifetime ordination, D.D., church charters. Details 25¢. Ministry of Christ, Inc. R4, Box 314-D(HM2), Delavan, Wis. 53115.

Amusing European honorary fictitious degrees. For color brochures send $2. International Awards Committee. Dept. (HM2), 2350 Bean Creek Rd., Santa Cruz, Calif. 95060.

International Correspondence Club. Fred Knapp, P.O. Drawer 27866, Tempe, Ariz. U.S.A. 85282.

Rejuvenate, slow aging. Revolutionary medical discovery. Information: Swiss, Box 184, Station "E," Toronto, Canada M6H4E2.

Vegetarian quarterly invites letters, articles. Box 221-E, Haverford, Pa. 19041.

Happy birthday to John the Crystal Set Wizard from Marie.

The complete dream is consecutive emotions of love, sex, desire, hatred.

Articulate, dean's-listed Harva sophomore, economics major wi training in statistics and populatio studies, seeks summer employme where the nature of the position more important than the salar NYC-based but will travel. Résum Lewis, Quincy F-41, Harvard, Car bridge, Mass. 02138.

Attorney (interests landmark/wilde ness preservation, greenhouse oper tion, tree propagation) seeks esta business/grounds manager, relat position or foundation work. 1 East Bay, Charleston, S.C. 29401.

Help make a better world. Learn language, history, culture. Volu teer for PEACE CORPS opportu ties. Architects/planners, MBA CPAs, nurses, math/science degre agriculture, engineering. Africa, As South America, Pacific. Transport tion, living, medical expenses pa U.S. citizen. Singles or couples on Apply/Information: Lynn Rote berg, ACTION, ORC Box P-4, Was ington, D.C. 20525.

There is but one sin: stupidi Against it, the very gods contend vain! They must conquer or perish! Contribute $20 cash ann ally, pledge one hour's work mon ly (*Sinfighters' Bulletin* accompan receipt, guides efforts) toward an hilating the miasma which spaw sin, the chloropiquinous cloaca call "morality!" Cry, "STOMP!" (S pidity Thrives on Morality's Putre cence!) Stand with the gods; cont bute today! Unisin Aprocrypt Church, Ostmarkstrasse 20, Muni 70, Germany. E. X. Patria, T. I World Bishop.

Single Booklovers gets the cultur marriage-oriented acquainted. N tionwide. Write Box AE, Swar more, Pa. 19081.

Astrology, ESP, occult—penfrien Send self-description, birthdate, Leo, Box 7754-C13, Atlanta, C 30309.

Condoms! Three samples: $1. Twel assorted samples: $3. Illustrated c alogue free with every order. Choc from all nationally advertised bran Promptness and privacy assure Money-back guarantee. POPLA P.O. Box 2556—Dept. CHA-5 Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514.

Future psychiatrist needs college t tion. Your donation will be appre ated. Tony Martin, 601 Dewe Ave., Rockingham, N.C. 283 Thank you!

Revolutionary mind-stimulator he develop personality—confidence courage—creativeness—find yours . . . Forge Ahead. Tibolt, 2819H C mel, Glenside 19038.

Retire in Spain—small, self-run, n profit community adjacent tiny lage southern Spain now building all houses sea view. Inquire Virgi Bowman, Secretary, Skyview Acr Pomona, N.Y. 10970.

Creative genius seeks support John B. Nagel, Box 5932, Düsseld Germany.

Balding? Mr. Rogers, 75, grew h others too, ending scalp proble Ask proof. Kit, $18. Internatio Laboratories, P.O. Box 41-4176, M ami Beach, Fla. 33141.

Interesting penfriends! 25¢ handl HR Club, Box 5546, Ocean Pa Calif.

WRAPAROUNDWRAPARO

The Psychiatrist as Druggist

Mary is unable to marry: she compresses each suitor into the image of her father. Larry cannot hold a job: he fights ceaselessly with authority figures. These are problems of attitude and perspective, which are conveniently lumped together as neurotic behavior." Twenty years ago such people were likely to be treated by psychiatrists and psychoanalysts. Today they see the same therapists, but the therapists are likely to administer drugs, usually tranquilizers, to reduce the anxiety associated with a neurotic problem. Tomorrow they'll probably just be sent to the drugstore.

Advances in brain biochemistry and physiology suggest that the role of the modern-day psychotherapist is on the wane, while that of the psychopharmacologist is on the rise. Before penicillin was developed, for example, syphilis was treated as a mental disorder. Parkinson's disease, once also considered a mental disorder, has since proven to be an organic brain disorder which has recently been successfully treated with L-Dopa. Now pellagra madness is treated with megadoses of niacin, schizophrenia with chlorpromozine, melancholia with methedrine, and manic depression with Lithium. Scientists don't really know *why* these drugs work; they know only an "empirical truth." At the basis of this truth is a new understanding: all mental disorders must have organic causes—brain research will show us the way.

Take the example of Giles de la Tourette's syndrome. Discovered in 1885, this unusual disease has afflicted hundreds of people. It was believed to be brought on by fearful stress and tension (no one is quite sure anymore). Its symptoms, though diffuse, are remarkably similar in all cases: uncontrolled movements; muscle spasms of the face, arms, and, often, the legs; frequent, uncontrollable jerking of the head, with the head turning rapidly to one side sometimes as frequently as ten times a minute; and insomnia. Late in the onset of the disease, the victim's speech degenerates into hisses, coughs, grunts, and even barks. And almost everyone who gets the disease compulsively spews out the most profane, obscene, and scatological words. Although the sufferers are cognizant of these outbursts, they are nonstop and often uncontrollable.

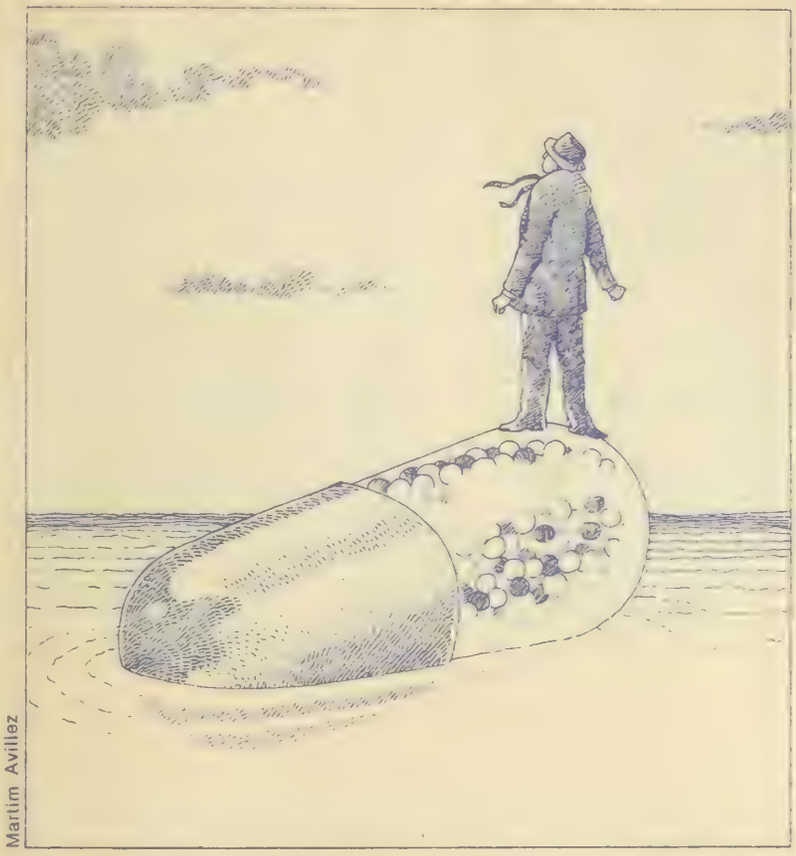
Until recently, the volatile outbursts of invective and the muscular idiosyncracies of Tourette's syndrome led therapists steeped in psychoanalytic theory to attribute the symptoms to deep inner conflicts. One psychiatrist concluded of a Tourette's syndrome victim: "He has lost contact with his own internal, aggressive, hostile, power-driving impulses, with the result that they speak for him without his voluntary control." Others diagnosed the patient as schizophrenic, passive-aggressive with paranoid overtones, or obsessive-compulsive.

Biochemically, the disease appears to be a deficiency of an enzyme which functions in reusing uric acid and which is normally found in the basal ganglia of the brain. The enzyme is hypoxanthineguaninephosphoribosyltransferase. The drug of choice is haloperidol, which helps restore the enzyme balance by blocking the action of one of the brain's half-dozen known neurotransmitter substances—dopamine. The drug does not cure the disease but does certainly alleviate the symptoms. Precise dosages are warranted, because the side effects of haloperidol may be harmful. In a forty-two-year-old female patient, for example, it was found that 0.8 milligrams of the drug induced Parkinson-like shakes and twitches, while 0.6 milligrams did nothing at all. When the woman was treated with 0.7 milligrams the symptoms disappeared—not, however, before the debilitating psychological effects of being a longtime sufferer of Tourette's syndrome had taken their toll in other ways.

Someday we may have drugs for treating all forms of bizarre and aberrant behavior, and this leads to a whole new set of moral problems: who decides whose behavior should be monitored, and how? On any mass scale, these problems are a long way off. Nevertheless, scientists are probably more concerned with them than any of us, and indeed a new corps of scientific professionals is developing to meet them: the bioethicists. In the meantime, the successful treatment of Tourette's syndrome with haloperidol is yet another vindication of the longstanding belief among biochemists and psychopharmacologists that behind every crooked thought is a crooked molecule.

—Samuel E. Bleecker

Sam Bleecker is a medical film script and science writer, with a special interest in high-energy physics.



Martim Avillez

"We are afraid because we run. We do not run because we are afraid."
—William James (1842-1910)

Headaches are not aches of the brain, but rather of the muscles in the neck, eyes, face, or scalp.

THE DREAD AND BLESSED LEUCOTOME

The eyelid is pinched between thumb, and forefinger, and the tip of the surgical instrument, called the transorbital leucotome, is inserted between the eyeball and the upper lid. The shaft is set parallel to the bony ridge of the nose, and the leucotome is thrust through the orbital bone into the frontal lobe by a sharp tap. After being driven to a length of four centimeters, the handle of the leucotome is moved laterally so far as the orbital margin permits. It is then returned to the slanting position and advanced to a depth of seven centimeters. It is then displaced 15 degrees laterally and then 15 degrees medially from the plane. After completion of the frontal incisions, at a depth of seven centimeters, the leucotome is displaced strongly in an upward direction in order to add a vertical section to the horizontal lesions. The instrument is then withdrawn.

This operation is called a transorbital lobotomy.

—From *Brain Damage*, a play by **Steven Shea**.
Copyright © 1974

WRAPAROUND CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

NOW WRAP AROUND OWR

A Delicate Operation

In the autumn of 1973 a woman in her early fifties noticed, upon closing one eye while reading, that she was unable to see clearly. Her eyesight grew slowly worse. Changing her eyeglasses did not help. She saw an ophthalmologist, who found that her vision was seriously impaired in both eyes. She then saw a neurologist, who confirmed the finding and obtained X rays of the skull and an EMI scan—a photograph of the patient's head. The latter revealed a tumor growing between the optic nerves at the base of the brain. The woman was admitted to the hospital by a neurosurgeon.

Further diagnosis, based on angiography, a detailed X-ray study of the circulatory system, showed the tumor to be about two inches in diameter and supplied by many small blood vessels. It rested beneath the brain, just above the pituitary gland, stretching the optic nerves to either side and intimately close to the major blood vessels supplying the brain. Removing it would pose many technical problems. Probably benign and slow-growing, it may have been present for several years. If left alone it would continue to grow and produce blindness and might become impossible to remove completely. Removing it, however, might not improve the patient's vision and could make it worse. A major blood vessel could be damaged, causing a stroke. Damage to the undersurface of the brain could cause impairment of memory and changes in mood and personality. The hypothalamus, a most important structure of the brain, could be injured, causing coma, high fever, bleeding from the stomach, and death.

The neurosurgeon met with the patient and her husband and discussed the various possibilities. The common decision was to operate.

The brain of Ivan Turgenev weighed 4 pounds, 6.96 ounces. The brain of Anatole France weighed about 2 pounds, 7.87 ounces. This has nothing to do with the merits of Russian over French literature.



A young woman, twenty-six-years old, suffering epileptic seizures of the temporal lobe, about to undergo cerebral cortex stimulation. Scratches on the scalp indicate where incision is to be made.

The patient's hair was shampooed for two nights before surgery. She was given a cortisonelike drug to reduce the risk of damage to the brain during surgery. Five units of blood were cross-matched, as a contingency against hemorrhage. At 1:00 P.M. the operation began. After the patient was anesthetized her hair was completely clipped and shaved from the scalp. Her head was prepped with an organic iodine solution for ten minutes. Drapes were placed over her, leaving exposed only the forehead and crown of the skull. All the routine instruments were brought up—the electrocautery used to coagulate areas of bleeding, bipolar coagulation forceps to arrest bleeding from individual blood vessels without damaging adjacent tissues, and small suction tubes to remove blood and cerebrospinal fluid from the head, thus giving the surgeon a better view of the tumor and surrounding areas.

A curved incision was made behind the hairline so it would be concealed when the hair grew back. It extended almost from ear to ear. Plastic clips were applied to the cut edges of the scalp to arrest bleeding. The scalp was folded back to the level of the eyebrows. Incisions were made in the muscle of the right temple, and three sets of holes were drilled near the temple and the top of the head because the tumor had to be approached from directly in front. The drill, powered by nitrogen, was replaced with a fluted steel blade, and the holes were connected. The incised piece of skull was pried loose and held out of the way by a large sponge.

Beneath the bone is a yellowish leatherlike membrane, the dura, that surrounds the brain. Down the middle of the head the dura carries a large vein, but in the area near the nose the vein is small. At that point the vein and dura were cut, and clips made of tantalum, a hard metal, were applied to arrest and prevent bleeding. Sutures were put into the dura and tied to the scalp to keep the dura open and retracted. A malleable silver retractor, resembling the blade of a butter knife, was inserted between the brain and skull. The anesthesiologist began to administer a drug to relax the brain by removing some of its water, making it easier for the surgeon to manipulate the retractor, hold the brain back, and see the tumor. The nerve tracts for smell were cut on both sides to provide additional room. The tumor was seen approximately two-and-one-half inches behind the base of the nose. It was pink in color. On touching it, it proved to be very fibrous and tough. A special retractor was attached to the skull, enabling the other retractor blades to be held automatically and freeing the surgeon's hands. With further displacement of the frontal lobes of the brain, the tumor could be seen better, but no normal structure—the carotid arteries, their branches, and the optic nerve—were visible. The tumor obscured them.

A surgical microscope was placed above the wound. The surgeon had selected the lense and focal length prior to the operation. Looking through the microscope, he could see some of the small vessels supplying the tumor and he coagulated them. He incised the tumor to attempt to remove its core and thus collapse it, but the substance of the tumor was too firm to be removed in this fashion. He then began to slowly dissect the tumor from the adjacent brain tissue and from where he believed the normal structures to be.

Using small squares of cotton, he began to separate the tumor from very loose fibrous bands connecting it to the brain and to the right side of the part of the skull where the pituitary gland lies. The right optic nerve and carotid artery came into view, both displaced considerably to the right. The optic nerve had a normal appearance. He protected these structures with cotton compresses placed between them and the tumor. He began to raise the tumor from the skull and slowly to reach the point of its origin and attachment—just in front of the pituitary gland and medial to the left optic nerve, which still could not be seen. The small blood vessels entering the tumor were cauterized. The upper portion of the tumor was gradually separated from the brain, and the branches of the carotid arteries and the branches to the tumor were coagulated. The tumor was slowly and gently lifted from its bed, and for the first time the left carotid artery and

"A vivid picture on the cinema screen represented a boy and a girl pulling down hay from a stack for bedding. I sneezed—from the dust of the hay shown on the screen."
—Joshua Rosett
The Mechanism of Thought Imagery and Hallucination
1935

AROUNDWRAPAROUN

ptic nerve could be seen. Part
the tumor adhered to this
erve. The bulk of the tumor
as amputated, leaving a small
t attached to the nerve. Very
owly and carefully the tumor
agment was resected.

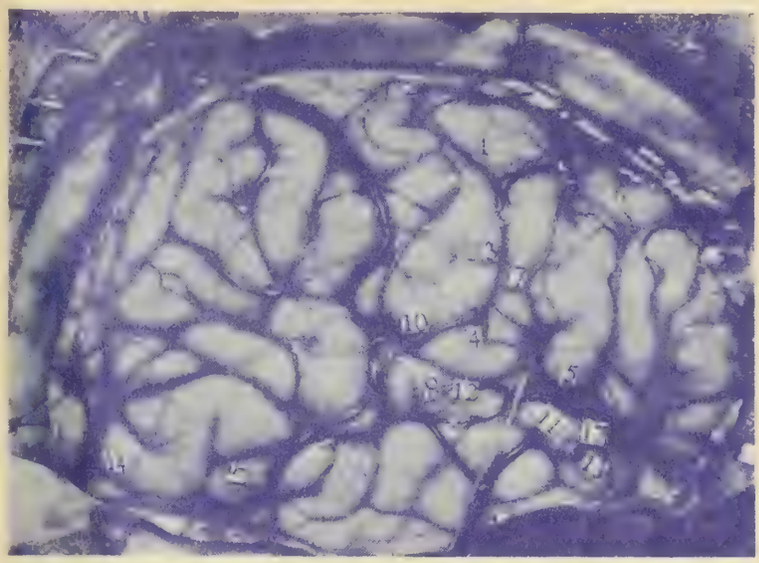
The tumor now removed, a
ost impressive sight came into
iew—the pituitary gland and
s stalk of attachment to the hy-
othalamus, the hypothalamus
self, and the brainstem, which
onveys nerve impulses between
ie body and the brain. As far
s could be determined, no
amage had been done to these
ructures or other vital centers,
ut the left optic nerve, from
hronic pressure of the tumor,
ppeared gray and thin. Prob-
bly it would not completely
ecover its function.

After making certain there
as no bleeding, the surgeon
losed the wounds and placed
ire mesh over the holes in the
kull to prevent dimpling of the
calp over the points that had
een drilled. A gauze dressing
as applied to the patient's
ead. She was awakened and
ent to the recovery room.

Even with the microscope,
amage might still have oc-
urred to the cerebral cortex
nd hypothalamus. It would re-
uire at least a day to be rea-
onably certain there was none,
nd about seventy-two hours to
onitor for the major post-
perative dangers—swelling of
he brain and blood clots form-
ng over the surface of the
rain. The surgeon explained
his to the patient's husband, and
oth of them waited anxiously.
he operation had required
even hours. A glass of orange
uice had given the surgeon
ome additional energy during
he closure of the wound.
hough exhausted, he could not
all asleep until after two in
he morning, momentarily ex-
ecting a call from the nurse in
he intensive care unit announc-
ng deterioration of the patient's
ondition.

At 8:00 A.M. the surgeon
aw the patient in the intensive
are unit. She was alert, orient-
d, and showed no sign of ad-
itional damage to the optic
erves or the brain. She ap-
eared to be in better shape
han the surgeon or her hus-
and. **—Roy C. Selby, Jr.**

*r. Selby is a practicing neurosur-
on and an associate professor at
e University of Illinois and at Rush
ledical College in Chicago.*



The woman's right hemisphere is exposed. Numbered tags mark the spots where the physician applied stimulating electrode (two to three volts) to the cortex. Stimulation activated the stream of consciousness, calling forth distant memories. (Both photos from The Mystery of the Mind, *Wilder Penfield, 1975.)*

"As long as the brain is a mystery, the universe, the reflection of the structure of the brain, will also be a mystery."
—Ramón y Cajal (considered by many the greatest neuroanatomist of all time), 1934

Ant Brains

A solitary ant, afield, cannot be considered to have much of anything on his mind; indeed, with only a few neurons strung together by fibers, he can't be imagined to have a mind at all, much less a thought. He is more like a ganglion on legs. Four ants together, or ten, encircling a dead moth on a path, begin to look more like an idea. They fumble and shove, gradually moving the food toward the Hill, but as though by blind chance. It is only when you watch the dense mass of thousands of ants, crowded together around the Hill, blackening the ground, that you begin to see the whole beast, and now you observe it thinking, planning, calculating. It is an intelligence, a kind of live computer, with crawling bits for its wits. **—Lewis Thomas**
The Lives of a Cell, 1974

Language Problem

"What brings you to the hospital?" I asked the 72-year-old butcher.

"Boy, I'm sweating, I'm awful nervous, you know, once in a while I get caught up, I can't mention the tarripi, a month ago, quite a little, I've done a lot, well, I impose a lot, while, on the other hand, you know what I mean, I have to run around, look it over, trebbin and all that sort of stuff."

"I want to ask you a few . . ."

"Oh, sure, go ahead, any old think you want. If I could I would. Oh, I'm taking the word the wrong way to say, all the barbers here whenever they stop you it's going around and around, if you know what I mean, that is tying and tying for repucer, repuceration, well, we were trying the best that we could while another time it was with the beds over there the same thing . . ."

—Howard Gardner
The Shattered Mind, 1974
Interview with victim of Wernicke's aphasia (lesion in the posterior portion of the left temporal lobe).

ALCOHOL AND BRAIN DAMAGE

Alcohol seems to produce minute blood clots and hemorrhages in the capillaries that feed the cells of both body and brain. Around each plugged capillary in the brain some nerve cells die for lack of oxygen. And though most of the body's cells are replaceable, the brain's nerve cells are not . . . .

With every single cocktail, we may kill thousands of brain cells. Considering that the adult brain contains some ten billion nerve cells, this is not so terrible —we never use more than a fraction of the brain's capacity, anyway, and hundreds of brain cells die every day for a variety of reasons. Nevertheless, in heavy drinkers the loss eventually takes its toll. Within a few years they may lose millions of irreplaceable cells, and when the brains of alcoholics are examined at autopsy they often appear shrunken or atrophied. Doctors disagree on what causes this damage, however. Some argue that it results from the alcoholics' notoriously poor nutrition. Others blame the by-products of a damaged liver. To date, there is no direct evidence that alcohol produces primary damage to the brain.

—Maya Pines
The Brain Changers, 1973

Chronic alcoholics were administered the Wisconsin Card Sorting Test. It was found that those subjects who admitted to an alcoholism history of greater than ten years were impaired at set persistence, set shifting, and error utilization relative to normal controls, while those subjects who described themselves as alcoholics for a period of less than ten years were deficient in only set persistence. Neither group of alcoholics were impaired in their ability to identify simple concepts or in learning to learn capacity. The manifest behavioral deficits are consistent with the anatomical and neurological evidence for a frontal-limbic focus of pathology in chronic alcoholism.

—Ralph E. Tarter
Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease, August 1973

"God may forgive your sins, but your nervous system won't."
—Old maxim

Left Brain, Right Brain

What you've got here, really, are two realities, one of immediate artistic appearance and one of underlying scientific explanation. —Robert Pirsig
Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance

References to a duality in the way we know and appreciate reality are numerous in both modern and ancient writing about human experience. Over the past two decades an increasing amount of data has been accumulating which suggests that this duality in thought modes is a reflection of the concentration of different mental abilities in the right and left cerebral hemispheres of the brain.

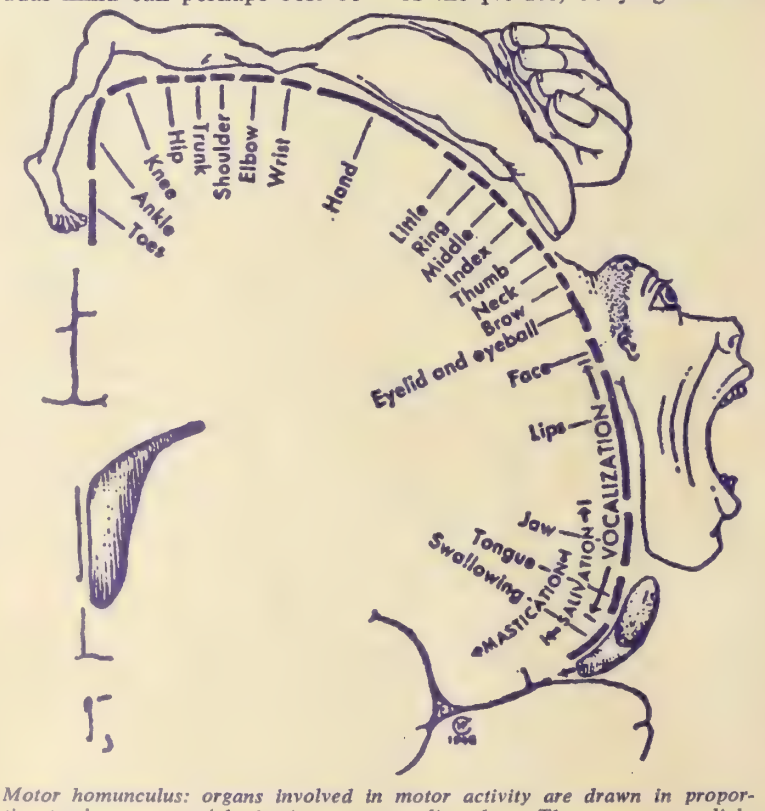
The cerebral cortex of man forms the large wrinkled outer structure which sits on the lower brain structures much as a mushroom cap sits on its stalk. It is divided in half, into left and right hemispheres, by a fissure running from front to back. On the simplest levels of information processing, each hemisphere performs the same function as the other, although in a mirror-image fashion. The left hemisphere sees, feels, and hears things primarily from the world on the right side of the body, and the right hemisphere senses the left world. In the same manner, the left hemisphere controls the right hand, and the right hemisphere the left hand. This crossing of sensation and behavioral control is also a feature of the brains of other primates and lower mammals.

However, it is a unique aspect of the human brain that, in the case of the more complex kinds of mental processing, the right and left hemispheres appear to have quite different modes of operation. For example, 95 percent of right-handed people have language functions located in the left hemisphere, the right hemisphere having only minimal language ability, perhaps limited to habitual expressions such as "Hello," "How are you?" and a surprising vocabulary of swear words. Most left-handers (64 percent) also have language dominance in the left hemisphere, the remainder having speech located either in the right hemisphere (20 percent) or distributed between both sides (16 percent). Along with language, the left hemisphere in right-handers and most left-handers is also specialized for such mental functions as communicative gestures, the appreciation of the temporal order of events, the planning of behavioral sequences, and abstract, analytic thinking such as mathematics and logic.

The right hemisphere was for many years considered the "silent hemisphere" because damage to this brain area did not seem to have dramatic effects on behavior. Recent research, however, has demonstrated a set of special abilities localized on the right side which include the appreciation of spatial relationships and patterns, imagery, fantasy and dreams, music, and the recognition of facial expression and body language.

The difference between the functions of the two hemispheres, and the fact that either hemisphere alone is sufficient for consciousness, personality, and thinking, has led to the theory that man has two potentially independent minds, a logical-verbal mind in the left hemisphere and a more image-oriented and intuitive mind in the right hemisphere.

The possible existence of a dual mind can perhaps best be illustrated by the behavior of patients who have had the large communication pathway between the hemispheres (*corpus callosum*) severed surgically as a treatment for epilepsy. Generally these patients behave quite normally. However, under controlled conditions Dr. Roger Sperry and his coworkers at the California Institute of Technology have shown that the two hemispheres of these people each have a distinct sphere of consciousness. In one of their experiments, a picture of a face, the left half of which was the face of a man and the right half the face of a gorilla, was flashed rapidly in the patient's field of view in such a way that each half of the composite face was seen by a different side of the brain. The patient was unaware of having seen anything but a normal, complete face. If asked to choose from a number of complete faces which picture was seen, the patient pointed to the man's picture when allowed to respond with the left hand and to the gorilla's picture when responding with the right hand. When asked to tell about the picture, the patient—talking, and therefore using the left hemisphere—always described the gorilla seen on the right side of the picture, denying that he had seen the picture of the man. Each hemisphere not only ha a different memory of the even but had "filled in" the rest o the picture based on the ha it actually saw.



Motor homunculus: organs involved in motor activity are drawn in proportion to the amount of brain tissue commanding them. The more nerves linking the muscle and brain, the finer the control of the muscle. Sketch shows lateral cross section of area in front of the gyrus (see page 7). From The Cerebral Cortex of Man, *by Penfield and Rasmussen, 1950.*

Five-sixths of the brain's physical growth takes place after birth.

The human brain normall functions in a more integrate and complementary manne than this, because of the sha ing of information between th hemispheres. But the degree t which the two hemisphere of a normal brain work inde pendently, resulting in tw minds in one head, is one of th exciting questions under stud in brain research.

—Warren S. Brow

Warren S. Brown is an assistant pr fessor in the department of psychi try at the UCLA School of Medicin

EPILEPTIC

Do you still have seizures?

Yeah, I still do. I wish didn't. I thought I had it licke

Is it a physical or mental . .

I don't know. Epilepsy something nobody knows muc about. It's just part of me. Pa of my head, part of what's hap pening in there. Sometime something in my brain trigge it off. Sometimes when I g really high it's a very psychede ic experience to have a seizur You slip into some other worl Your body's flapping aroun and you're biting your tongu and batting your head on th ground but your mind is o somewhere else. The only sca thing about it is not going c being there, it's realizing you' totally comfortable in this . *void.* And that shocks you bac into reality. It's a very disorien ing experience. It's difficult t get a grip on yourself. The la time it happened, it took abou an hour-and-a-half of just wall ing around the ranch with tw of my friends to get it togethe

—Interview with **Neil Youn** *Rolling Stone*, August 14, 197

Neil Young's condition has bee shared by some of history's mo notable men: Julius Caesar, Ale ander the Great, William Blak Dostoevsky, possibly Napoleon an William the Conqueror. A numb of saints showed signs of epileps during their ecstasies.

DUNDOWRAPAROUNDOW

The Optics of Memory

Of all the functions of the human brain, none has proved more mysterious or exasperating to scientists than memory, which in turn forms the basis of all learning. We all know that memories can be short-term (a dentist's appointment) or long-term (a relative's face); that memories can be slightly altered over time, or partially lost; that some can be recalled at command, while others just seem to "pop up" into consciousness. For years scientists thought memory depended on the electrical activity of the brain, which laid down lasting patterns called engrams, but they couldn't isolate an engram. Lines of investigation which ought to localize memory in a specific part of the brain, such as the hippocampus, also came up empty. Lately, with the appearance of drugs which can improve or impair memory, the research emphasis has been on the chemical nature of memory, with modest laboratory success. But perhaps the most promising area of memory research is the global approach, which treats memory as a phenomenon of the total brain, and not the most microscopic bits of the brain simultaneously, and looks for theoretical models to explain it.

A leading exponent of this approach, Dr. Paul Pietsch explains here why he thinks holography offers the best hope.
—Ed.

In the spring of 1965, two physicists, Bela Julesz and K. S. Pennington, proposed a similarity in principle between a then new type of optical hologram and memory stored in living brains. Optical holograms (as opposed to microwave, electron, and acoustical holograms) reconstruct vividly realistic images. It is often necessary to verify touching the objects to verify their absence. But the hologram produces neither illusion nor hallucination. In the most rigorous sense, the image is the same one the original scene would deliver if it were really present.

The hologram Julesz and Pennington had in mind had just been developed by a pair of engineers, Emmett Leith and Juris Upatnieks, and represented the beginning of holography as it is practiced today. The basic holographic principle—capture of a complete code on a wave front—had been discovered in 1947 by Dennis Gabor. But Leith and Upatnieks devised methods to make Gabor's code virtually sizeless and to endow every part of the hologram with a complete record of a scene's entire image. This equipotential property meant the whole message could be reconstructed from only a fraction of the hologram.

Equipotentiality was precisely what psychologist Karl Lashley had spent a lifetime demonstrating about the brains of laboratory animals. The stored stuff of our minds has incredible capacity to survive massive injuries to the brain. What Julesz and Pennington proposed, in other words, would resolve previously unexplainable facts about living brains, not with hat tricks, but with scientific principles.

Any equipotential brain theory would predict that stored facets of the mental world do not depend directly on the brain's anatomy, though it doubtless is essential in loading and calling upon information or in putting programs to specific uses, such as in vision or in language. I've been testing such ideas for several years by transplanting and reorganizing the brains of salamanders. My point of departure is to imagine memory as a deck of cards with all of the suits and numbers on each card; shuffling the deck would not change the deal. In earlier experiments, I found that drastic shufflings of a carnivorous salamander's brain do not scramble the beast's appetite—an instinctive behavior. Since then, I've extended shuffle-brain research to learned behavior. Let me summarize one series involving what I call the "looking-up" paradigm.

The adult axolotl, a Mexican salamander which spends its whole life in water, learns very quickly to look up when someone taps the side of its bowl and rewards it with a jiggling piece of beef liver or a live earthworm. Soon, tapping alone calls forth the response, even after weeks without immediate reward. My experiment was to transplant various parts of a trained adult's brain into the head of a naive larva. What happens is this: a previously naive host becomes a looker-up without any training. The transplant alone suffices to give him the necessary memory. Neither the part of the brain involved, nor the site in the host's cranium changed the results. What about the donors? They still remembered the task. In other words, the necessary information existed both in the piece of transplanted brain and in the parts left in place. The implication is that memory is hologramatic; all memory is contained in the smallest unit of memory, whatever that may be.

When I began shuffle-brain research in earnest, my intentions were to refute the basis for any hologramatic memory theory and document an alternative of my own. My research plan has long since perished. What Julesz and Pennington suggested over a decade ago has survived every test thus far conducted in my laboratory. Where it will lead, we don't know.
—**Paul Pietsch**

Paul Pietsch is associate professor of neuroanatomy at Indiana University.

THE AMAZING DELGADO

Into the center of the bull ring strode José Delgado, red cape on arm, electronic transmitter in hand. He looked at the bull, stomped his foot on the ground, and shook the cape. Enraged, the bull charged. But Delgado made no attempt to turn the bull aside, for in its brain was an electronic receiver. Grunting and snorting, the bull roared down at Delgado at full speed, only to come to a sudden halt a couple of feet away. The bull didn't know it, but Delgado had short-circuited his amygdala.

Another time, Delgado, a physiologist at the University of Madrid, implanted an electrode in the basal ganglia of a female monkey's thalamus. When Delgado activated the electrode, the monkey stopped her activity, changed her facial expression, turned her head to the right, then stood up. She circled to the right, walked on two feet with perfect balance, climbed a pole, climbed down from the pole, growled, and threatened the other monkeys. When the electrode was turned off, the monkey eyed one of the other monkeys suspiciously, but became friendly and peaceful. Delgado elicited the same response from the monkey 20,000 times in a row.

On another occasion, Delgado put an electrode in the brain of a thirty-year-old woman, and pushed the switch. The woman immediately told the scientist how fond of him she was, though they had never met before, and then kissed his hands. —L. B.

An Educated Guess

The operation of the mind is threefold. It is fantasy, rational intellect and memory. In the front ventricle of the brain, air is mixed and in that ventricle the animal spirit enters and makes the senses of sight, hearing, smelling, tasting, speech. From this space the animal spirit is carried to the medial ventricle where it is made pure and clearer for this is the seat of reason and intellect. The rear chamber is the seat of memory.
—**Constantine the African** (eleventh-century surgeon)

Welcome to Craniology

That the skull serves as the container of the brain is obvious. Obvious also is the fact that there extends into the millennia of past time a trail of fragmented crania derived from Ice Age gravels, pluvial swamps, or ancient caverns that mark the presence of man in Africa. Since the brains are long since vanished, the student of human mental development has to take as his clue the size and shape of the crania of the past and compare these fossils to the skulls of contemporary men. The scientist has developed all manner of cunning indices and measurements to enable him to trace into a time depth of millions of years the approximate shape and size of the human brain from its fossil container. He can also compare both contemporary and fossil skulls with those of our existing relatives, the great apes.

(Continued on page 124)

TOOLS FOR LIVING

THE SOUND OF NEAR-SILENCE

Stop what you are doing for a moment, and listen to the sounds around you. Do you hear the noise of traffic? the muffled squeals of children? the clanging of bells? Most of the time we ignore noise. Our brains screen it out as not being important. But sometimes noise *annoys,* as when we are trying to read, write, concentrate, or fall asleep. In certain circumstances dead silence can be as irritating.

Now recall the sounds one hears in the great outdoors. Waves breaking on the shore. The patter of gentle rain. The sighs of a breathing forest. These are nature's sounds. They harmonize with 2 million years of human evolution. Wouldn't it be nice if one could re-create them in the living room or the den?

A company called Syntonic Research has recorded fourteen of nature's characteristic sounds and grooved them into seven records aptly called *Environments.* They aren't necessarily meant to be listened to. They speak to the subconscious, providing a sympathetic background while the conscious mind proceeds with its tasks. An *Environments* sound can make washing dishes, reading, studying, or meditating seem like it's being done on a solitary beach or under the bough of a swaying elm. Or listen to each intently, and see where it transports you.

The records are available at record stores, or through us for $7.50 postpaid.

(A-1) The Ultimate Seashore/Optimum Aviary
(A-2) Tintinnabulation/Dawn at New Hope, Pennsylvania
(A-3) Be-in/Dusk at New Hope, Pennsylvania
(A-4) Ultimate Thunderstorm/Gentle Rain in a Pine Forest
(A-5) Ultimate Heartbeat/Wind in the Trees
(A-6) Dawn/Dusk in the Okefenokee Swamp
(A-7) Wood-Masted Sailboat/A Country Stream

GIVE YOUR RIGHT BRAIN A BREAK

While your left cerebral hemisphere goes out every day and discusses, analyzes, or manipulates reality for the sake of earning a living, the right hemisphere nags and complains about being dragged along on mundane errands. Stop that right-brain ennui! Give the right side of your brain its favorite treat—music.

As any rock buff knows, stereo headphones permit a luxurious self-indulgence in music. They connect you *to* the music; wire you for sound; your mind becomes infused with the textures and rhythms. A few minutes under the set can be as relaxing as a shot of bourbon, or as invigorating as a hot shower. One of the best headphone sets available in the lower price range is the Koss model K/6. Priced at $22.50, the K/6 reproduces music with excellent clarity. It comes with foam-filled ear cushions which block out environmental noise, and a ten-foot, coiled extension cord that plugs into any stereo equipment.

For people interested in the all-encompassing sound of quadraphonic music, Koss offers a combination stereophone/programmer which enables you to become your own sound engineer. By mixing and matching sounds with the hand-held programmer, you can create up to 127 different ways of rendering a recorded melody; in effect, you can re-create a song in your own style. This product, called the Koss Phase 2 + 2, costs $145. Both the K/6 and the 2 + 2 are available at music equipment stores, or through Tools for Living. Prices include shipping costs. (A-8)





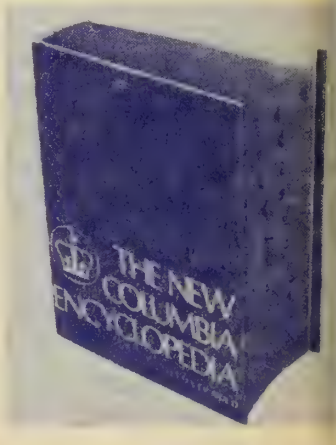
THE BIG ONE

Even the best minds cannot remember everything. Smart people know how to use reference books, and they consult them frequently. There is no denying the practical and educational value of a standard, multivolume encyclopedia—but the cost! $500? $700? For significantly less, you can purchase *The New Columbia Encyclopedia,* published two months ago by Columbia University Press and possibly the best single-volume desk encyclopedia ever compiled.

This is a big and heavy book —3,000 pages, large format— with information and articles on 98 percent of the people, places, and subjects you will probably ever want to look up. Divided into five broad categories that correspond with school curricula—humanities, geography, physical science, life science, and social science—the book is ideal for high-school and college students. Well written, adequately illustrated, in most cases providing excellent historical perspective on all subject listings, *The New Columbia Encyclopedia* is cross-referenced to make it easier to find what you are looking for. For example, the section on art is only twenty-six lines long, but lists more than forty other related articles elsewhere in the book, under such headings as "Painting," "Sculpture," "Forgery," et cetera.

The book's editors, with advice from the faculty of Columbia University, settled on an interesting editorial theme which they call "initial readability." The first few lines of an article on a complex subject are written in broad, general terms intelligible to bright grade-school students. As the article progresses, the concepts become more sophisticated and the terminology more extensive.

In short, we think this is the sort of book many of our readers would be glad to own. *The New Columbia Encyclopedia* is available at most bookstores or you can order it through us for $69.50, plus $2 postage and handling. (A-





GAME OF WITS

Master Mind is a new board game that pits one player's ingenuity against the other's cunning: can the "codemaker" foil the "codebreaker"? In Europe this game has become something of a fad, outselling both Monopoly and Scrabble, and winning the Game of the Year award from the English National Association of Toy Retailers. Here's how Master Mind is played: the codemaker sets up a line of differently colored pegs, all hidden behind a shield, all arranged in such a way as to maximize the opponent's difficulty in breaking their code; the codebreaker then has ten chances to figure out the color and location of each peg on the board. The game can be made easier or more difficult depending on the number of pegs used. The game is roughly 80 percent skill, 20 percent luck. With a nine-by-five-inch playing board and pegs, Master Mind is available at stationery and department stores, or through us for $5 postpaid. (A-1

RAPAROUNDWRAPAR

Y THE NUMBERS

This is the first time we've seen a paint-by-numbers concept plied to a functional, appealing product (unlike those fill-in--numbers painting kits people would sooner hide in the base-nt than display on a wall). Magic Murals are not mere dec-tion. When painted directly onto a wall, they create an im-ssion of living plants growing in the home. Normally the oblem in creating a mural is the expense. By the time you rchase the mural-design wallpaper ($30 or more per roll), and ssibly hire a professional paperhanger, the cost reaches sev-l hundred dollars per wall. With the Magic Mural kit, all you ed do is trace a pattern on the wall and paint in the number-led colors. Total cost varies between $15 and $50, depending the pattern and size you choose. There are over 100 patterns choose from. If you are interested, we'll send you a color alogue, with illustrated directions, for 50 cents. (A-11)



A HEAD OF ITS TIME

In the nineteenth century, a German physiologist named Franz Joseph Gall developed a technique of supposedly reading human character from the shape of people's skulls. Phrenology, as it was called, caught on, especially in the U.S., where Horace Mann and other notable gentlemen touted it as the medical breakthrough of the century. A typical phrenology text, dated 1872, carries an illustration of Aaron Burr, whose large occipital projection, according to the book, accounted for Burr's debauchery in private life and unscrupulousness in public life.

With the rise of neuroscience, phrenology fell into disrepute. Still left, however, are a few antique skull models once used by practicing phrenologists. These are mapped out with human qualities such as "constancy," "ideality," "amativeness" printed on the spot supposed to correspond with the quality. A gentleman we met has acquired such a skull from a museum and has had it excellently reproduced in glazed ceramic. (The technical term for this type of reproduction is "crazed.") It stands eleven inches high, and, although it's expensive, we thought a few of you might like to have one. It makes an unusual adornment, at once handsome and bizarre. An ideal gift for your doctor or analyst, the phrenology head can be ordered through us for $90 postpaid. (A-13)



TICK IT N YOUR EAR

Hot-shot writer moves to w York. Gets lots of assign-nts, and starts to work. Can't rk. Too much g.d. noise, m neighbors' apartments and e street below. Nearly driving n insane until he discovers eap little wax-cotton earplugs t *work*.

If noise is a problem in your e, try stuffing your ears with opples" from the Flents mpany. They may not have ich cosmetic appeal, but ey're hygienic and easy to e, and will block out about percent of surrounding noise. the telephone rings in the xt room, you'll barely hear "They saved my career," s one best-selling author. Stopples are available at me drug counters, or we can l you a box of six pairs for $2 postpaid. Each pair is good for about four uses. Anyone who works around constant noise might also be interested in the "Silenta," a lightweight, washable, earmuff-style protector, also from the Flents Company. It can be ordered through us for $10 postpaid. (A-12)



HOW TO ORDER

To order, fill in the coupon with the item number which appears at the end of each Tool description, the item name, the quantity of each item you want, the price. Fill in the total price for all items ordered, indicate whether payment is by check or bank card, including card number.

Send to: Tools for Living, Harper's Magazine, Department H-11 Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Item Number	Item	Quantity	Price

Total (N.Y. State residents, add appropriate tax) $_____

☐ Check enclosed (Make payable to Harper's Magazine)
Charge to ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard

Card number _____ Expiration date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

WRAPAROUNDWRAPAR

(Continued from page 121)

We cannot, of course, give intelligence tests to an organ which has perished. But since we know there is at least a rough correlation between brain size and the brain's protecting envelope of bone, the strata of the earth have left us valuable, if scattered, clues to our mental evolution long before the annals of recorded history. Three great surprises have been granted craniology in this century.

One involves the surprising length of the human story. From Lake Rudolf in Kenya we have acquired fragments of a skull which contained a brain that had undoubtedly crossed the human threshold approximately 2.5 million years ago. This creature, while not completely like modern man, already possessed a brain very close in size to the lowest capacities known in modern skulls. The face, as well, is less heavily browed than that of some fossil men much later in time. It begins to appear that more than one type of man existed on the Old World land mass and that some were not ancestral to our present species.

The second surprise that Africa held in store for us was the discovery of some of the largest crania in the world, with a corresponding reduction in the proportional size of the face, teeth, and jaws. Thirty or more years ago a leading scientist-explorer offered to magazine readers his vision of future man. Naturally the artist employed by the magazine in question took as his model the high-domed forehead of the author. He exaggerated this feature and refined and reduced proportionately the explorer's face. No one who read that article realized that the artist was unconsciously sketching a human type which had already lived and passed away in Africa perhaps 10,000 years ago.

A cast of one such calvarium, or partial skull, lies upon my desk as I write. It spans my own cranium exteriorly, and I am not a small man. The space housed in that cranium may have exceeded 1,700 cubic centimeters, ranging well over the modern average of 1,475. A South African investigator has reported skulls ranging up to 2,000 cubic centimeters. These are striking records for ancient men, even though the human brain today varies markedly in size and in statistical runs which are not available to us from the distant past. The brain, in fact, is not a very stabilized organ. Perhaps it is still revealing its evolutionary plasticity.

These remarkable crania recovered from South Africa and from places as far north as Lake Naivasha in Kenya are all characterized by what the physical anthropologist would call extremely pedomorphic features; namely, an almost childish retention of juvenile characteristics into the adult—bigheadedness in relation to body size, small mastoid processes, and a face drastically subordinated to brain growth. The cranium-to-face ratio runs at 5 to 1. In modern Europeans the same ratio is only 3 to 1. This brain and face type was once current over parts of Africa but has since disappeared. Called Boskopoid, or prebushman, it is a racial variant distinct from that of modern blacks. Its investigation has been neglected in late years because of our concentration upon the exciting discoveries concerning our earliest ancestors.

The mystifying aspects of African prehistory contain a third unusual and little-understood biological problem—how one human type, still living a primitive hunting and fishing existence, took long ago a road into the future which seems, in spite of the great brain and delicate human features it produced, to have led to extinction. Did the development fall out of its proper time and setting? Was the pedomorphism so extreme as to have induced other dangers to survival? We simply do not know. We know only that these people once existed, people whose essential features we have projected in science fiction as being of the future. But they lived in the past of a still mysterious continent. Moreover, they have vanished, leaving no word, no inkling, of what potential capabilities or genius lay hidden in those brains lost out of time and place.

—Loren Eiseley

Loren Eiseley is Benjamin Franklin Professor of Anthropology and the History of Science at the University of Pennsylvania.

The first successful brain transplant will occur in 2394.



Anyone who wishes to know the true meaning of this symbol should write to T. D. Lingo, director, Adventure Trails Research and Development Laboratories, Black Hawk, Colorado. Ask for information regarding the three-eighths frontal-lobe experience and multiple orgasm.

"It is difficult for a phil opher to realize that anyo really is confining his discussi within the limits that I have before you. The boundary set up just where he is beg ning to get excited."

—Alfred North Whitehe (1861-19

WHILE THEY'RE HOT

Kay Deeter of Anchora Alaska, writes, "WRA AROUND is the best teachi device since the typewrite Let it be known, Miss Deet that reprints of this WRA AROUND on the brain available at a price of 75 ce for a single copy, $1 for tv and 35 cents for each additio copy. Write to Reprint Depa ment, Harper's Magazine, T Park Avenue, New York, N. 10016.

For More on the Brain...

In the course of putting together WRAPAROUND, our st found it necessary to wade through a lot of books. Some drivel. Some are interesting. A rare few inspired us so mu that we found ourselves reading them on Friday and Saturd nights.

Short of witnessing brain surgery, interviewing brain speci ists, or attending lectures at your neighborhood neurological stitute, the only way to learn about the brain is through boo If the preceding articles have made you want to learn more, recommend the following. All are currently in print, and th with prices affixed can be ordered directly through Tools Living.

The Mystery of the Mind, by Wilder Penfield (Princeton U versity Press, $8.95), is a stirring account of one man's inve gations of the brain for over forty years, and also serves as a f primer on brain structure and function. A fragment of it appe on page 6. After Penfield, you're ready for *Facing Reali* by J. C. Eccles (Springler-Verlag), an extremely difficult but timately illuminating excursion into the microscopic activity brain cells (the introduction alone is thrilling). *The Shatte Mind,* by Howard Gardner (Alfred A. Knopf, $10), is the m comprehensive book that we have seen for a general audience the fascinating subject of brain damage. *The Brain Changers,* Maya Pines (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $8.50), is well writ and makes for good bedtime reading. Subtitled "Scientists the New Mind Control," it can be thought of as the *Fut Shock* of the brain field. Another good book that explores biological future is *The Second Genesis,* by Albert Rosenf (Vintage), science editor of *The Saturday Review.* A poten best-seller, and certainly one of this year's most excerpted boo is Adam Smith's *Powers of Mind* (Random House, $10), wh might have been subtitled "The Money Game Meets Cosmic C sciousness." Smith writes entertainingly, and seems to have lear something about the brain between visits with sufis, swamis, parapsychologists. More academic but equally interesting is *S gestion of the Devil,* by Judith S. Neaman (Anchor Press, $2.5 a history of theories about insanity from medieval times to present. Finally, a classic: *The Doors of Perception,* by Ald Huxley (Harper & Row, $1.25), is the best description ever w ten, at least as far as we know, of the effects of psyched drugs on the brain. More a personal memoir than a technical cussion, the book does not really hold up as a scientific wo But it was written by a man who, when told on his deathbed t he had only a few hours left, decided to go out on LSD. —M.

COMMENTARY

ON NATURAL ARISTOCRACY

I agree with you that there is a natural aristocracy among men. The grounds of this are virtue and talent; formerly bodily powers gave place among the aristoi, but since the invention of gunpowder has armed the weak as well as the strong with missile death, bodily strength, like beauty, good humor, politeness, and other accomplishments has become but an auxiliary ground of distinction. There is also an artificial aristocracy, founded on wealth and birth, without either virtue or talent; for with these it will belong to the first class. The natural aristocracy I consider as the most precious gift of nature, for the instruction, the trusts, and government of society. And indeed it would have been inconsistent in creation to have formed man for the social state, and not to have produced virtue and wisdom enough to manage the concerns of the society. May we not even say that that form of government is the best which provides the most effectually for a pure selection of these natural aristoi into the offices of government. The artificial aristocracy is a mischievous ingredient in government, and provision should be made to prevent its ascendancy. On the question, What is the best provision, you and I differ; but we differ as rational friends, using the free exercise of our own reasons, and mutually indulging its errors. . . .

With respect to aristocracy we should further consider, that before the establishment of the American states, nothing was known to history but the man of the old world, crowded within limits either small or overcharged and steeped in the vices which that situation generates. A government adapted to such men would be one thing; but a very different one, that for the man of these States. Here everyone may have had to labor for himself, if he chooses; or, preferring the exercise of any other industry, may exact from it such compensation as not only to afford a comfortable subsistence but wherewith to provide for a cessation of labor in old age. Every one by his property, or by his satisfactory situation, is interested in the support of law and order. And such men may safely and advantageously reserve to themselves, a wholesome control over their public affairs, and a degree of freedom which in the hands of the canaille of the cities of Europe would be instantly perverted to the demolition and destruction of everything public and private. The history of the last twenty-five years of France and of the last forty years in America, nay of the last two hundred years, proves the truth of both parts of this observation. But even in Europe a change has sensibly taken place in the mind of man. Science has liberated the ideas of those who read and reflect, and the American example has kindled feelings of right in the people. . . . An insurrection has consequently begun of science, talents, and courage, against wealth and birth, which have fallen into contempt. It has failed in its first effort because the mobs of the cities, the instrument used for its accomplishment, debased by ignorance, poverty, and vice could not be restrained to rational action.

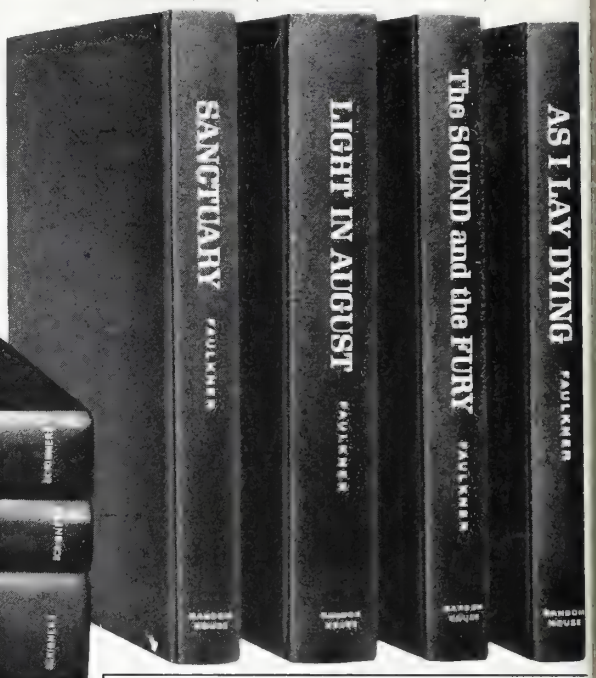
—Thomas Jefferson
Letter to John Adams, October 28, 1813

Great reading. Great authors. Great buys.

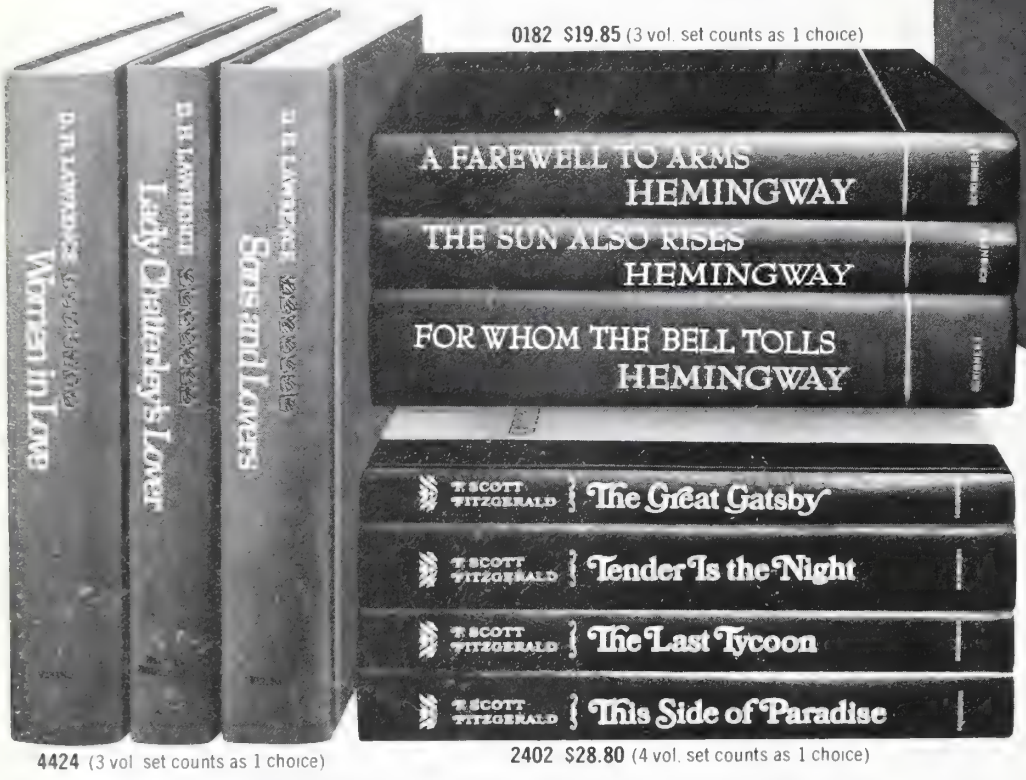
Any 3 sets for $1

when you join The Literary Guild.

2691 $20.80 (4 vol. set counts as 1 choice)



0182 $19.85 (3 vol. set counts as 1 choice)



4424 (3 vol. set counts as 1 choice)

2402 $28.80 (4 vol. set counts as 1 choice)

More famous sets to choose from:

0554 JOHN STEINBECK SET, The Grapes of Wrath, The Winter of Our Discontent, The Short Novels of John Steinbeck. 3 vol. set counts as 1 choice (Pub. ed. $18.50)

4192 THOMAS HARDY SET, Far From the Madding Crowd, The Return of the Native, Tess of the D'Urbervilles. 3 vol. set counts as 1 choice

5231 HOMER SET, The Iliad, The Odyssey. 2 vol. set counts as 1 choice (Pub. ed. $27.50)

7179 ARTHUR HAILEY SET, Airport, Hotel, Wheels. 3 vol. set counts as 1 choice (Pub. ed. $22.85)

8540 KURT VONNEGUT SET II, Breakfast of Champions, Slaughterhouse Five, Sirens of Titan. 3 vol. set counts as 1 choice (Pub. ed. $23.85)

5371 THE SWASHBUCKLERS, The Three Musketeers by Alexandre Dumas, The Scarlet Pimpernel by Baroness Orczy, Scaramouche by Rafael Sabatini. 3 vol set counts as 1 choice

Choose superb classics in handsome, matched sets as your introduction to membership in The Literary Guild. As a Guild member, you can enjoy great reading as you save up to 40% on today's most talked-about books—current runaway best sellers, lavish art books, compelling biographies and matched sets. With every Selection or Alternate you buy, you get Bonus Coupons good for discounts of up to 80% on a variety of popular books. Start today to enrich your leisure and your library with The Literary Guild.

The Literary Guild

Dept. JR 069, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Please accept my application for membership in The Literary Guild. I have printed the order numbers of the 3 sets I want in the boxes above, and agree to the membership plan described in the ad. Bill me only $1 plus shipping and handling. I understand that I need buy only 4 more books, at regular low club prices, whenever I want them.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss_____

Address_____ Apt._____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only.
Canadian members will be serviced from Toronto.
Offer slightly different in Canada. 36-G236

Here's how The Literary Guild works:

After your membership is accepted and you get your 3 sets for $1, you only have to buy four more books during your membership. Then you can cancel anytime you want.

So, choose 3 sets now and send in the coupon. Pay $1—plus a charge for shipping and handling. If, after 10 days, you decide you don't want the books, send them back and we'll cancel your membership.

About every four weeks (14 times a year) you'll get the Literary Guild magazine. Free. Each issue will offer dozens of books on a wide range of subjects, all at up to 40% off publishers' prices.

If you want the main selection featured in the magazine, do nothing and it will be shipped to you automatically. If you would like an alternate, or no book at all, tell us so on the convenient form always provided and return it to us by the date specified.

This date is designed to allow you at least 10 days for making your decision. If you do not receive the form in time to respond in 10 days and receive an unwanted selection, you may return it at our expense. There will be a small shipping and handling charge on all books ordered.

The Guild offers its own complete, hardbound editions, sometimes altered in size to fit special presses and save members even more.

NOTE: First number listed beside each book is the order number. All prices quoted are for publishers' editions.

